Vol. IV. No. 3.

October 15, 1896.

The Student Record

CONTENTS.

University Bulletin.

The work in the University Extension Department will be taken up systematically on the fifteenth of October. Ten students have applied for lessons by correspondence. The subjects chosen are Algebra, French and Latin.

The first course of University Extension lectures for this year was begun at Carson last Friday evening by Professor Thomas W. Cowgill. Subject for the course: English Poets of the XIXth century.

Syllabus of Professor Cowgill's First Lecture.

INTODUCTION.

A.

I, THE STUDY OF POETRY,

1. Objects.
   - *a.* Not mere amusement.
   - *b.* Not mere knowledge.
   - *c.* Instruction, consolation, strength.
2. Methods.
   - *a.* Reading poetry itself, not criticisms of it.
   - *b.* Study of words, figures, allusions, structure.
   - *c.* To understand the meaning, purpose, spirit.

II. WHAT IS POETRY?

"A criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such criticism by the laws of poetic truth and beauty."—Matthew Arnold.

III. HOW TO ESTIMATE IT.

- *a.* The personal estimate.
- *b.* The historic estimate.
- *c.* The real estimate.

IV. MARKS OF THE BEST POETRY,

- *a.* Matter—Truth and seriousness.
- *b.* Diction and movement.

B.

I. REVOLUTIONARY POETS. 1770-1850.

- *a.* Spirit of the Revolution—A reaction againt the abuses of Feudalism.
- *b.* Origin—Uncertain; perhaps a religious revival; a spirit of inquiry.

II. IT SHOWS A BROADER SYMPATHY WITH MANKIND.

Seen in the English writers:

- *a.* James Thompson, 1700-1748.
- *b.* Oliver Goldsmith, 1728-1774.
- *c.* William Cooper, 1731-1800.
- *d.* Robert Burns; 1759-1796.
- *e.* George Crabbe. 1754-1832.

III. For Historical Conditions see Lecky's England in the XVIIIth Century; Chapters IX, XX and XXI.

THE STUDENT RECORD.

VOL. IV. RENO, NEVADA, OCTOBER 15, 1896. No. 3.

THE STUDENT RECORD.

Is a College Magazine Published
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OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA.

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EDITORIAL.

IN the fall of 1891 the class of '92, while experimenting with alloys of copper, discovered that an addition of about one-half of one per cent of arsenic increased the tensile strength about twenty per cent. Before this, it was thought and published in books on the subject of alloys, etc., that arsenic decreased the tensile strength of copper. The professor in charge of the class was about to have the discovery published in one of the scientific papers and the U. of N. would have received the credit, but before this was done an article appeared stating that a board of British officers at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, England. investigating the tensile strength of metals, had made the same discovery. Though the class of '92 did not receive the credit which was due them, yet there was some satisfaction in knowing that their experiments were correct. From this, all may receive a lesson and that is to prove to oneself that a statement is true. Everything is not infallible, though such is considered the case by too many. Numbers of students will look over the solution of a problem, for instance, and if there is something they do not quite understand they will not take the time to study it out but pass it by and take for granted that the solution is correct. By digging out and sifting down the problems met with in life, one not only gains a good understanding but is also unconsciously made self-reliant.

* * *

THERE is no one connected with the U. of N. who takes a greater interest in athletics than President Stubbs. At a baseball or football game President Stubbs is always present and his yell is the loudest and heartiest. It is through his kindness that we have a football coach. During his last visit to San Francisco, President Stubbs obtained Mr. Frank Taylor, a senior at the U. of C., as coach for our team. Mr. Taylor has arrived and will do all in his power to bring the football team up to the standard.

* * *

THE editor of the RECORD is in receipt of several letters inquiring for terms and asking for space for campaign advertisements. We consider that a college paper, published by the students of a State institution, should be non-partisan. Though we may have our personal

beliefs, it is not becoming a paper of a public institution to advertise any political party. We are working for the benefit of our college, and there are as many men in one party that have aided the U. of N. as in another. Could we help all parties we would gladly do it, but as that is impossible we must refuse all. There is something, however, which we believe we have the right to do and that is to bring before our readers the names of our alumni candidates irrespective of party.

* * *

THE flag which now floats over Morrill Hall was presented to the U. of N. by the Junior Order United American Mechanics. How many of us feel the meaning of the stars and stripes? How many feel their blood throb and feel a greater desire to be loyal, true Americans, when they see the flag of the United States displayed? Unless excited by some other influences, I suppose there are comparatively few; not that there few loyal, true Americans, but to see the flag is common and Americans are so interested in the pursuits of life that they do not stop to think of the meaning of the flag unless their attention is directed by some other influence. If a man does not himself feel the meaning of the stars and stripes without outside influence, can he teach his children to feel that the flag represents "the land of the free and the home of the brave." To have children taught the meaning of our flag is one thing which the Jr. O. U. A. M. is working. They want to place a flag on every public building and in every school room that it may always be before our eyes.

* * *

THE first foot ball practice, with Mr. Taylor as coach, was held last Monday night. A large crowd of spectators were present which was encouraging, but there is one noticeable feature which if carried far enough will tend to kill the game. This evil is "joshing" the piayers. It must be remembered that the game is comparatively new to all and if a mistake is made by a player he should not be "joshed" and laughed at but rather encouraged, that next time he will put forth his whole energy to making a correct play. We are satisfied that all the students are working for the best interests of the college, and that no more need be said on this subject. A large crowd of co-eds, cadets and people from Reno with the college yell or any other yell but a "josh" is encouraging, So if you desire to encourage the team in this way, do it with your presence.

THE TRAVELER.

THE DESERTED FORTS OF NEVADA.

NO. I,

FORT MCDERMITT.

THAT Nevada has architectural ruins is known to comparitively few. But nevertheless, they do exist in out of the way places. One of the most interesting of these is old Fort McDermitt.

If you should chance to go there in the late autumn you will see its greatest scenic beauty. The lofty, though bare mountains, the pretty river and the grand old trees are all blended into a picture of such coloring as is only caught by the truest artists. Nearly ten years have passed since the soldiers were ordered away. The touch of time has already fallen upon what they left.

The buildings form a quadrangle facing upon the parade ground. But the tenantless barracks are falling into decay; the pretty house of the captain's is hardly habitable, and the large, white-walled hospital on the hill is like a sepulchre. The only building that is in repair is the

drill hall. This building cost several thousand dollars.

A melancholy feeling steals over one as they wander through this Government reserve. The white marked graves that are perpetual sentinels remind one of the men who lived and breathed here in the past. They crowd in and out, to and fro, all busied with pursuits of war. A mockery of life! The poplars and cottonwoods, though yellow and brown, scatter their leaves plentifully it would seem, over tumbled bricks and stones. Crickets chirp incessantly beneath the crumbling boards.

Fort McDermitt was first garrisoned to protect the trafficers over the old stage road that runs from Winnemucca to the mining camps of Idaho. But a northern railroad having been built this route was abandoned: It was named for Captain McDermitt, who was killed in the canon near by. At present the Government retains an agent who lives in the "captain's house." Last summer this man was married and one can but wonder at the home-coming of a bride who enters a deserted fort.

In the old days McDermitt was often a gay place. That has all passed away now and the old houses mutely speak of their desertion. What the Government will do with them no one knows. Each year they fall into useless ruins.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst the beloved sister of our esteemed classmate, Miss Edna Evans, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the Normal Class of '98, do extend to her and the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in this their sorrow, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and also printed in the STUDENT RECORD.

MINNIE LOUNSBURY,
WINNIE BOWMAN, } Committee.
C. G. STEINER.

WHEREAS, The Omnipotent One has called from this life one who has always been a most loving and devoted father to our dear classmate, Grace Herrick, be it

Resolved, That we, the class of '97, do, in the time of sorrow, offer our heartfelt sympathy as a tribute of our friendship and affection, begging the bereaved ones to believe that

"There is no death, what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

CLASS OF '97, N. S. N.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

OPPORTUNITY.

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain,
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered; then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought: "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing!"— He snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away, and left the field.
Then came the king's son—wounded, sore beset,
And weaponless—and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it; and, with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

EDWARD R. SILL.

NORMAL GRADUATES AS TEACHERS.

THE necessity of a professional training for the teachers of to-day is very generally accepted. There is less and less prejudice against it in the profession, and a greater demand for it among the employers of teachers.

People as a rule are beginning to realize that the ultimate preservation of the nation lies in the wise and judicious education of its youth, and are unwilling to trust the culture and care of their children to that most vicious of all class of teachers—those with whom education has been made subordinate to examinations, and who secure their positions in the public schools through the influence of persons or political friends.

The Normal training is quite necessary to determine whether or not those who would adopt the profession have those peculiar qualifications which go to make up a true teacher's personality. Teachers, as well as poets, must have aptitude for their work. In the practical up-to-date Normal School if this aptitude exists in one of its students it is discovered and developed. If it is not found to be an inherent quality the would-be teacher is advised to take up some other line of work for which she may be better qualified.

Unquestionably the school is what the teacher makes it. Her work is similar to that of the careful gardener. As it is the latter's duty to give proper nourishment and culture to the growing plants, so it is the teacher's duty to surround the young minds with the most favorable conditions of development, and to stimulate by all worthy incentives the inward germs of aspiration and desire toward perfection.

The professionally trained teacher enters her school-room feeling master of the situation. Her previous experience in the Training School has given her, first of all, a knowledge of herself. She knows her weak points, and how to guard them—her strong points, and how to make the most of them. She has learned to study children along the lines of their own peculiar traits and development, and to suit the method to the individual. She knows that no half-hearted work is ever permissible; that effort is ever back of all result, and that back of effort stands the personality of the teacher—a personality steadfast, strong and true.

Inspired with the high ideals of her work, she is an enthusiast, knowing that fresh intellectual breaths are as necessary to a healthy mind as pure air is to a healthy body. She is a student, keeping ever before her this thought: "The infutility of doing is naught if the heart is not with it." She is a worker. Such is the true Normal teacher of to-day.

Miss Minnie Sadler and Miss Mae Allen, Normal '95, both enthusiastic teachers, were on the Campus last week, and spent most of their time in the Training School, gaining new thoughts and new ideas to take back with them to their own schools.

It is gratifying to note that those whom the State is educating are in turn being employed as its teachers. The employment records of the classes previous to '94 are not complete, but with much pleasure we submit the following:

CLASS OF '94.

Arthur Brandon is teaching at Franktown, Nev.

Jennie Jameson, at Verdi.

Josie Blum, at Signal District, Elko county.

Ottilia Zecherle, at White Plains, Churchill county.

Cora Light, in Oregon.

Lucy Parker, at Wadsworth.

Francis Wright, at Brown's.

Kate Mapes, at Amedee, Cal.

Josie Robertson, Post Graduate Senior Normal, N. S. U.

CLASS OF '95.

May Allen, at St. Clair, Churchill county.

Eva Bradshaw, at Silver Peak, Esmeralda county.

Edna Catlin, at Carson.

Marion Edmunds, in Anderson District, Washoe county.

Kate Robb, in Long Valley, Cal.

Anna Robb, in Whitman District, Churchill county.

Ina Stiner, at Buffalo Meadows, Washoe county.

Nellie Murphy, at Peavine.

Minnie Sadler, at Gerald, Eureka county.

CLASS OF '96.

Mary R. Erwin, at East Walker, Esmeralda county.

Lucy Grimes, at Forest Hill, Cal.

Lillian Jones, in Plummer District, Lyon county.

Jennie Mulcoy, Post Graduate, N. S. U.

Edith McLear, at Sattley, Cal.

Belle Rulison, at New River, Churchill county.

Leona Mitchell, at Lewis' Mill, Cal.

Edith Hurd, at Smoky Creek.

Josie Kelly, at Ely, White Pine county.

Louise Evans, at Pioche.

Lillian Douglas, at Clark's Station.

Ella Duffy, Post Graduate and substitute in Reno Public School.

Agnes Maxwell, Post Graduate and assistant in Training School.

Margaret Hymers, at Guano Valley.

Kate Moore, at Spanish Springs.

WITH MY CATHODE RAY.

FROM recent observations with my wonderful ray a picture of a meeting of the Athletic Association has been developed. There are gathered together about a quarter of the Cadets, and these few represent the student part of athletics at the University of Nevada, yet I have seen twice the membership of the association on the Campus using association property. There is an article in the constitution of the Athletic Association which says: "None but members shall have the right to use association property." It is the duty of members to see that this article is enforced, and you who do not belong to the association are simply stealing ('tis a hard word) the use of other people's property. If you are unable to join the association let their property alone. If you use association property, yet hold your purse strings too tight to join, then you have neither the spirit of a student nor of an American. The Athletic Association is not on an overly firm financial basis, but your help would do much toward placing it there. Perhaps you would day: "I don't take part in athletic sports." There are several of the members of the association who do not take part in the athletic sports, and some, I believe, who have never kicked the football nor batted a baseball. Why do they pay their monthly dues and remain members? Because they take pride in trying to help those who can win honors for the University. They do not wish to receive credit when it is said the University team won the football game without in some manner deserving it. There has never been a field day nor a football or baseball game in which a team of the University of Nevada has taken part that the Athletic Association, with the aid of the Faculty, has not paid the expenses of the team, and yet whatever honors that have come to the University from them have been credited to you all. It is time, then, for you who do not belong to the association to become members, and let it be not said that a few represent you all financially.

IN a recent letter from Cacem Cacem to the members of the T. H. P. O. his Royal Highness states that he is suffering from a severe cold, contracted by stepping into the mudhole just north of the Mining Building while in pursuit of information with his Cathode Ray.

IN the last issue of THE STUDENT RECORD there was an article inquiring when '99 intended giving a reception to '00. At first there was no intention of answering such a boorish article, but as the writer of it has not declared himself there has been no chance to render him such an explanation as he should receive. Though his ray failed, yet if he had used a little common sense, and burned the midnight oil over his studies instead of meddling with that which did not concern him, he might have seen that it was none of his business whether '99 gave a reception or not. It seems to me that a man who enters here should have learned enough of the manners of a gentleman to withhold him from asking for a reception. It appears, however, that such is not the case, so if he will make himself known to the class of '99 I will guarantee that he will receive a proper explanation of all he wishes to know, together with the rudiments of a polite education.

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

Hereafter all meetings of the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association will be attended by the Faculty Committee on Athletics.

The foot-ball grounds in the hollow back of the Gym. is being rapidly put in shape. About the last of this week they will be ready to play on and by the time a game is played with Wadsworth the grounds will be in first-class condition.

Our fondest hopes have at last been realized, and the thought of it brings to mind the old saying, "Where there is a will there is a way." We have secured our coach and now that he is here let all turn out and give him plenty of material from which he may select an eleven.

The Social Club gave the second of their series of dances Friday evening, October 9th, in the Gymnasium. About forty couples were present and a most enjoyable time was had by all. We were pleased to note the presence of one of the Professors, and we hope it will act as a stimulus to the rest of the Faculty and assistants who are all honorary members of the club.

Every night between the hours of four and five you may see a group of girls wending their way toward the Gymnasium. If you should happen to follow and peek in through a window you would see the girls busily engaged in that fascinating game—basket ball. For the past three weeks they have practiced steadily, and we hope the time is near at hand when a pnblic game will be played.

The following is the list of Sergeants and Corporals appointed October 2d:

SERGEANTS.

Company A.	Company B.
Fulton,	Luke,
Sunderland, R.	Everett,
Sunderland, J.	Duffy,
Tally,	Emery,
Robinson, R.	Robinson, G.

CORPORALS.

Dunsdon,	Richards,
Bruette,	Gignoux,
Smith,	Dexter,
Nichols,	Moorman,
Ford,	Mack,
Jones,	Sielaff,
Phelps,	Longley,
Boyle.	Frazer.

Lamb, Color Sergeant.

The Seniors of the Normal are under many obligations to Dr. Bergstein, of the Hospital for Mental Diseases and Mrs George Alt of Glendale, for the flowers they so kindly gave them last week.

The punching bag and chest expander have been placed in the Gymnasium and the bars and rings will be put up this week.

The mats for the Gymnasium are being made in San Francisco and are expected here about the last of next week.

Frank P. Taylor, member of the class of '97, at the U. of C., and the man who will coach the Varsity team for their games this year, arrived in Reno Monday morning, October 12th. A delegation from the Athletic Association met Mr. Taylor at the depot and escorted him to the Varsity where he was received by the students in true college style.

Regular company drill was begun on Monday, the 12th, for all cadets excepting members of the awkward squad.

MISCELLANY.

BYRON'S GOOD QUALITIES.

BYRON was not expecting success, and, as he puts it, he "awoke one morning to find himself famous." When Scott was asked why he left off writing poetry he answered, "Byron beat me."

"Childe Harold" opened a new field of poetry —the romance of travel, the picturesque aspect of foreign scenery, manners and customs. These poems at once took the place of Scott's in popular interest, dazzling the public with pictures of Eastern life, with incidents as exciting as those of Scott, but with a much greater intensity of passion.

But there is a deeper reason for the impression that Byron made on his contemporaries. He laid his finger right on the sore spot in modern life. From the irritations of that period the disappointment of high hopes for the future of the race, the growing religious disbelief, and the revolt of democracy and free thought against conservative reaction, sprang what Southey called the "Satanic School." Byron was the leader of this school. Certainly there are periods in every age when reaction in thought and literature takes place. There is a demand for new writers, new thinkers, and the demand is invariably supplied. This is true of any great reform along the line. Byron was created for his day; he had a mission to fulfill.

The influence exerted by him on the taste and sentiment of Europe has not yet passed away. At the period in which he wrote his style of writing came, as it were, in the niche of time.

Taine, in writing of him, begins thus: "I have reserved for the last the greatest and most English of these literary men. He is so great and so English that from him alone we shall learn more truths of his country and his age than from all the rest put together."

The loss of capacity for pure emotion in his day was the constant burden of Byron's lament.

Oh, could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanished scene,
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all blackish tho' they be,
So, midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow for me.

The best and most serious of Byron's writings are found in cantos 3 and 4 of "Childe Harold." Of "Childe Harold" it is said: "In intensity of feeling, in richness and harmony of expression, 'Childe Harold' stands alone in our literature."

Scott spoke beautifully of it, but said it did

not even do justice to "his noble friend," as he called Byron.

Byron was indeed a great poet. He is unexcelled in the direct, strong, sincere utterance of personal feeling.

"It has been attempted to depreciate his genius since his death. Even at the present day English critics are unjust to him. He fought all his life against the society from which he descended, and during his life, as after his death, he suffered the penalty of the resentment which he provoked, and the dislike to which he gave rise." So says an eminent historian of him.

He cared not for public opinion, and was sincere in writing what he deemed would be of benefit to the public mind.

He was a lover of nature, and wrote many beautiful soul-inspiring thoughts on this subject. His "Apostrophe to the Ocean" will live through the ages. He had a passion for night and storm:

Most glorious night! Thou wert not sent for slumber!
Let me be a sharer in thy forced and far delight—
A portion of the tempest, and of thee.

He had many traits of bravery and generosity. His heroes are always pictured as being originally noblemen, but whose lives some great wrong has blasted and embittered. Thus he weaves his own personallty into his poems. He shows extraordinary genius in communicating to his pictures the traits of his own feeling and character.

One reason why he is believed to be so dissolute a villain is because he took pleasure in shocking people by exaggerating his wickedness. Perhaps in this way it has become a part of history to believe him worse than he really was.

He made strong friends wherever he went. "He is the strongest personality among the English poets since Milton," says Henry Beers. Has ever style expressed a soul? "He was a great reader and admirer of the Bible, and, next to the Bible, he loved Pope, tne most correct and formal of men."

The last years of his life were given to aid the Greeks in their struggle for independence. His fortune and influence—his all—he freely gave, showing striking indications of his self-sacrifice and ardor. It was while engaged in this strife that he died.

"The Dream" is one of his most touching minor poems. In all literature one will seldom find so tender, so lofty, so condensed a life drama as is found in these verses. His energy in all his poems is striking. "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn" is expressed in every line.

Thomas Campbell says: "Byron's poetry is great—great. It makes him truly great."

Says Taine: "If there ever was a violent and madly sensitive soul, but incapable of shaking off its bonds; ever agitated, but yet shut in; predisposed to poetry by its innate fire, but limited by its natural barrier to a single kind of poetry—it was Byron's."

Cannot we realize how this over-sensitive man—tender, passionate, soulful—would fret under the criticisms and harshness of that age, and, being weak in this point, was often misjudged? Cannot we overlook the wilfullness of this poor, straying sinner, and think and speak only of his nobler traits—of his beautiful, soul-inspiring poetry?

We are all prone to wander. Most strong natures have a vulnerable point, and, sad to say, the one weak point in one's nature often brings him near to destruction. But must we always judge the strength of the chain by the weakest link? Why not look always for the good, the beautiful in life? Let us get the best from from everything, and not stop and frown, with uplifted hands, at poor, weak, erring humankind, and thereby lose what good we might gain.

Byron's great fault—sensuality—should we stop and stumble over it, and thus lose the beauty, the strength, the life of his poetical works? Nay—thrice nay!

After having studied the little I have of his life and works, I bend and raise that shattered idol—my hero picture friend—and place him

once again among the noble, energetic writers of the day. I will not, perhaps, when I again study his face, give to him all the attributes I once did. But none are perfect; at best we are erring children.

Let us believe in the survival of the fittest. Had his poems not been worthy, long ere this they would have passed into oblivion. His "Hebrew Melodies" pleased me most of all. They are all based on Old Testament facts. They are written in a sad minor strain:

A spirit pass'd before me: I beheld
The face of Immortality unveiled—
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
And there it stood, all formless, but divine.
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake,
And, as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake:
"Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust!
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?
Things of a day, you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light."

A. V. D. W,

EXCHANGE.

"Shall I brain him?" cried the leader,
And the victim's courage fled.
"You can't—it's a Freshman;
Just hit him on the head."

The editor sat in his sanctum,
Penning a beautiful thought;
Next day came his compensation—
The Professor recorded a naught.

Statistics gathered during the past summer show that three-fourths of the "honor men" of Princeton's '96 class expended less than $500 per year while at college.

The Chinese orderly called the roll—
The tourist, delighted, fell,
For he felt in the depth of his Yankee soul
'Twas his old-time college yell.

The Chemical Building of the University of Illinois was recently nearly destroyed by fire. Many valuable pieces of apparatus and collections of chemicals were destroyed.

The September number of the *Delphic* contains a very good article entitled "In the Realm of Natural Science," in which the author gives an idea of the scope and usefulness of chemistry.

In the September issue of the *Dickinson Union* we find a well-written article on "Firm Resolutions."

The largest institution in the world is the University of Berlin, with an enrollment of 8,343 students.

The man who studies a single subject until he loses sight of everything else is always in danger of parting with his judgment. When he does that—when he is entirely wrapped in a single idea—he almost inevitibly develops what unspecialized people call crankiness.—*College Herald.*

Said a maiden once—a foolish maid,
For such maids are quite few—
"I'm going to boycott college boys,
And with them have naught to do."

But she chanced to meet a gallant youth,
Who, with his winsome ways,
The maiden's heart quite quickly won
Ere very many days.

"Is that the way your boycott works?"
Said a friend. "Ah, don't you see?"
She asked. "I tried to boycott them,
But a college boy caught me."

The Yale Academic Freshman class numbers 384 this year.

By next month we expect a full supply of college papers, and we will then be better prepared for our exchange work.

A Freshman once to Hades went
For something he might learn.
They sent him back to earth again—
He was too green to burn.

Georgetown College, D. C., has begun to get her track team ready for the Mott-Haven games next spring under the captaincy of B. J. Wefers, champion sprinter of the world, a student at the college. Preparations are also being made for an inter-collegiate invitation track meet, to include a relay race. Invitations will be sent to every college in the country.

At the initial games of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club of New York, held at Columbia Oval, three world's records were broken. Rain had made the track and infield bad, so the records are the more remarkable. R. S. Sheldon of Yale threw the discus 111ft. 8in. (previous record, 101ft. 9in.); Thomas E. Burke of Boston won the 600-yard run in 1:11; Jerome Buck won the 440-yard hurdle race (ten hurdles) in 0:56 2-5. —*Palo Alto.*

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE DELIGHTS OF BASKET BALL.

WHEN basket ball was first introduced at our University, it took like wildfire. For a while the prevailing topic among the girls was basket ball. While studying, at meal times, during recitations—in short the glories of basket ball were proclaimed at all seasonable and unseasonable hours. Such exclamations as, "What fun!", "It's all right, isn't it?" were produced by that charming pastime.

If a girl were seen crossing the campus, tennis shoes in hand, flushed, heated, tired out, and limping, but with a sort of "Isn't it fine?" look in her eyes, the cause was undoubtedly basket ball.

Let us keep company with the player through the mazes of a game and judge for ourselves of its delights. The proper number on a side is from seven to nine, but in the first stages of its infancy every one is so eager to play that each side can boast of at least fifteen. Here we are, thirty girls unfamiliar with the rules, lined up in truly military style, waiting for the command, "Take your places." It soon rings out, places are taken, the umpire throws up the ball and the two captains rush for it. The one who gets it throws it to you, you throw it to another, from her it goes to another, and is worked quickly toward your basket. The struggle has commenced. Just as it gets to your goal an opposing player grasps it and hurls it toward the other basket. The opposing side keeps it for a long time, you have no chance to get it, you are growing desperate, when the happy chance, you catch it. With one of those confident, do or die looks, you send it swiftly towards your basket. As you look, expecting to see the ball nearly at your basket, the cries "Well that was bright," "You're an excellent player, aren't you?" make you realize the unhappy fact that you threw the ball directly into the outstretched arms of an opponent. Anxious to contradict the bad opinion you have gained for yourself, and wishing to show that you can do something after all, you rush wildly into the thickest of the fight and soon find yourself struggling on the floor with five or six piled on top frantically endeavoring to grasp the ball. You have hold of it, at least you think you have, but somehow it won't come no matter how hard you pull. Finally you look up and see the ball clear across the hall. You are vainly wondering how

it got over there when you thought you had hold of it but when you are greeted by an angry looking girl with "It's a wonder you didn't pull my head clear off my shoulders. My neck feels as if it has been stretched a mile," your wondering ceases and you know the stubborn fact. You are really anxious to help your side so you do not let these little things trouble you, but, putting on a determined look, you sally after the ball with renewed vigor. You espy it. No one has it, it is rolling on the floor and you are the nearest to it. Ah, you think, here is a chance to show how well I can do. You are near it, It is almost within your reach. You stretch out your hands to grasp the ball, swelling with pride at the thought that now they will have to recognize what an excellent player you are, when you suddenly slip, fall hit your head violently against the floor, and lo, as if some magician had cast his magic spell around, daylight is suddenly changed to darkness. It is night and the stars, thousands of them, are shining. You are stunned for a moment, but finally come to and find yourself on your knees, hitting your head against the hardest floor in the State as if you were paid for it. You hear some one say, "O, she's always doing something awkward, anyway. You move slowly and silently towards a corner and there, during the rest of the game, stand a silent spectator with the firm conviction that all mankind is ungrateful—basket ball players in particular.

The next day upon being asked by some one who had not been a witness of yesterday's defeat, how you like basket ball, you promptly unswer, "It is fine. I enjoy it immensely." Such is life when you play basket ball at the Nevada State University.

Wandering Whiskers—I ask de lady fer sometin' to eat, an' she showed me the woodpile.

Walker Jones—Well?

I told her I didn't like chops as they didn't agree with my digestion.—*St. Louis Dispatch.*

LITERARY.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

HISTORIANS tell us that the life of Washington Irving was one of the brightest ever led by an author. He discovered his genius at an early age; answered the literary condition of the period when he appeared; won and kept a distinguished place in the republic of letters; was generously rewarded for his work; lived a long, wise, happy life, and died at a ripe old age, in the fullness of his powers and his fame. Born under a lucky star; all things sought him out, and were turned by him to delightful uses. He made the world happier by his gifts, and the world honors his memory.

He was born in New York, April 3d, 1783, and was the youngest of eleven children. He was not a prodigy, for at the first school where he was sent at the age of four, and where he remained for two years, he learned little more than his alphabet; at the second school, where he stayed until he was fourteen, he was more noted for his truthfulness than for his scholarship.

About the age of fifteen he wrote a play which stimulated his boyish fondness for the stage. So great was this liking for plays that he would climb out of his window, after pretending to retire for the night, and go to the theater. If these youthful escapades had only been detected, he would no doubt have been subjected to a severe lecture from his father and to tender reproaches from his mother. "Oh Washington," sighed the old lady, "if you were only good."

He found his vocation in his nineteenth year.

The *Morning Chronicle*, a daily paper had been started by his brother a few months before and to this he furnished a series of essays over the signature of "Johnathan Oldstyle." These essays betrayed the bent of his mind toward the humorous, and the character of his early reading. They were so much superior to newspaper writings of the time that they attracted great attention; and in spite of their local and temporary interest were copied in the journals of other cities.

At twenty-one he went abroad for his health; after two years rest he returned greatly benefitted. He then looked about him for a field of authorship in which he might safely venture. Irving had had experience in essay writing and as his friend Paulding was of the same turn of mind, the two sketched out a plan of publication, in which they might have their fling at men and things,and which should appear whenever it suited their pleasure and convenience. The title they selected was "Salmagundi," which is a Latin name meaning "preserved pickles." The first number of "Salmagundi" was issued in January, 1807, and the last about a year later, because, I suppose, it suited their pleasure and convenience to discontinue it. The time, which was ripe in America for almost anything worthy the name of good literature, was so propitious for a periodical of this kind that the success of the first number was decisive. Everybody talked about it, wondered who the author could be and nobody was much the wiser for his wonderment, for the secret was well kept.

"The History of New York" was written in 1809 and was a success in more ways than one. Its whims and satires amused lovers of wit and humor, and its irreverence toward the early Dutch settlers of the State annoyed and angered their descendants. Between the two classes of readers it was much talked about and largely circulated. It was pronounced the wittiest book our press had ever produced. Scott said he never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift.

Bryant, who was still at college when it came out, committed a portion it to memory to repeat before his class but was so overmome with laughter when he took the floor that he was unable to proceed. Fifty years later when he detivered a discourse on the life, character and genius of Irving his admiration had not subsided. "When I compare it with other works of wit and humor," he said "I find them unlike most of them, it carries the reader to the conclusion without weariness or satiety, so unsought, spontaneous, self-suggested are the wit and humor. The author makes us laugh, because he can no more help it than we can help laughing. Of all the mock-heroic works, Knickerbocker's History of New York is the gayest, the airiest and the least tiresome."

Irving was greatly admired by Scott, who said of him, "He is one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day."

In his thirty-sixth year after the death of his promised wife, he settled in London for a time. Here he finished some sketches which he dispatched across the Atlantic to his brother. It was printed under the title of "The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon," simultaneously in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

There was an immediate demand for it, for as one of his critics observed, the honor of our national literature was so associated with his name that the pride as well as the better feelings of his countrymen were interested in accumulating the gifts of his genius.

The second number was enriched by the exquisite paper on "Rural Life in England," and the pathetic story of the "Broken Heart." A copy of this number was placed in the hands of William Goodwin, the famous author of "Caleb Williams." He found in it the marks of a mind of the utmost elegance and refinement, (a thing you know he was not exactly prepared to look for in an American), and he was pleased to say that he scarcely knew an Englishman who could have written it.

The Sketch Book made its author famous. Lockhart declared that "Mr. Washington Irving is one of our first favorites among the English writers of this age and he is not the less so for

being an American." Byron paid him this compliment. "I have not wept much in this world, for trouble never brings tears to my eyes, but I always have tears for the "Broken Heart."

His "Life and Voyages of Columbus" was recognized on both sides of the water, for its brilliancy and importances. He commenced "A History of the Spanish Conquest of Mexico," but generously abandoned it in favor of Prescott, who had taken up the same subject. "The Life of Washington" was written in the latter part of his life at his home on the Hudson.

Thackery said of him: "Irving was most finished' polished, easy and witty; in his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood, quite unspoiled by prosperity, never obsequious to the great; eager to anknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable with the young members of his calling; an exemplar of goodness, probity and a pure life."

F.

NO HURRY.

There was once a young lady of Crewe,
Who wanted to catch the 2:02,
Said the porter, " Don't hurry,
"Nor scurry nor flurry,
" It's a minute or 2 2 2!" —*Judy.*

"Mr. B——, tell the class what you understand by optimist and pessimist."

"Yes, sir. An optimist is a man who is happy when he's miserable, and a pessimist is a man who is miserable when he's happy.

Mary has a little lamb,
But what makes people laugh,
When she goes out upon her wheel
Is Mary's little calf.
—*Detroit Tribune.*

She—I wonder what makes the Mediterranean look so blue?

He—You'd look blue if you had to wash the shores of Italy.—*Punch.*

University Bulletin.

SYLLABUS OF PROF. COWGILL'S SECOND LECTURE.

WORDSWORTH.

INTRODUCTION.

A. His Life.

I. BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

a. Born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, April 7, 1770.

b. Attended school at Hawkshead, and in 1787 went to St. John's College, Cambridge.

c. After taking his degree at Cambridge in 1791, he went to France.

II. Returned to England in 1792, just before "The Terror," and lived in London, in Dorsetshire, in Somersetshire, and finally in Westmoreland, at Rydal Mount, where he died April 23d, 1850.

III. Published Lyrical Ballads, Vol. 1, 1798; Vol. II. 1800; The Prelude, 1805; The Excursion, 1814; other collections at intervals till his death.

B. His Poetry.

I. The historic estimate.

a. Style—great simplicity.

b. Subject—Nature, man.

II. The real estimate.

a. Diction and movement—very unequal.

b. Seriousness—intense. "He was," he says, "a dedicated spirit, whose duty it was to add sunlight to daylight by making the happy happier."

c. Truth developed from his own thought and experience. His message of truth is that man must find his happiness in nature and in the simple primary affections and duties.

Conclusion.

C. Read.

1. Life of Wordsworth.
2. Matthew Arnold's or Lowell's essay.
3. Study: Reverie of Poor Susan; Expostulation and Reply; The Tables Turned; Lines Composed above Tintern Abbey; Lucy; The Two April Mornings; The Fountain; At the Grave of Burns; Thoughts (of Burns) near the Poet's Residence; To a Highland Girl; Yarrow Unvisited; Yarrow Revisited; Ode on Immortality; The Prelude, Bk. VIII; Sonnets, Milton, etc.

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EDITORIAL.

IT is generally understood that the bell on Morrill Hall has one, and only one, mission to perform at night. Its ringing means a fire alarm or that danger otherwise menaces University property, The ringing of the bell on Sunday night was no doubt the work of some thoughtless students, but should it ever be repeated, thoughtlessness will not shield the perpetrator of the act from just punishment. Outside of the fact that this was merely breaking one of the college rules, it is a felony and punishable by law to forcibly enter a building:

* * *

WHY are not more co-eds seen at the practice football games? Turn out in force, girls, and let the boys know that you are interested in the success of the eleven. As Mr. Taylor said in his talk before general assembly, "there is nothing that inspires the players more than to have an enthusiastic throng of young ladies cheering them while they work to uphold the name and honor of the University." This applies equally as well to the young men, but their presence would be assured were the co-eds present as interested spectators.

* * *

THE true college man is he who without any hope of getting on the eleven, faithfully works that he may be of some assistance in helping the football team. It is he who reports daily at the practice game and plays for the sake of giving the boys proper training.

* * *

THERE is no manifestation or effort on the part of the students toward the revival of the literary society. What is a college without such a society? It may be likened to an engine without steam in having no motive power with which to drive it.

* * *

TWO of the series of lectures by Professor Lewers on "The History of Nevada" have been been delivered before Assembly and were great-