

January 15, 1897.

The Student Record

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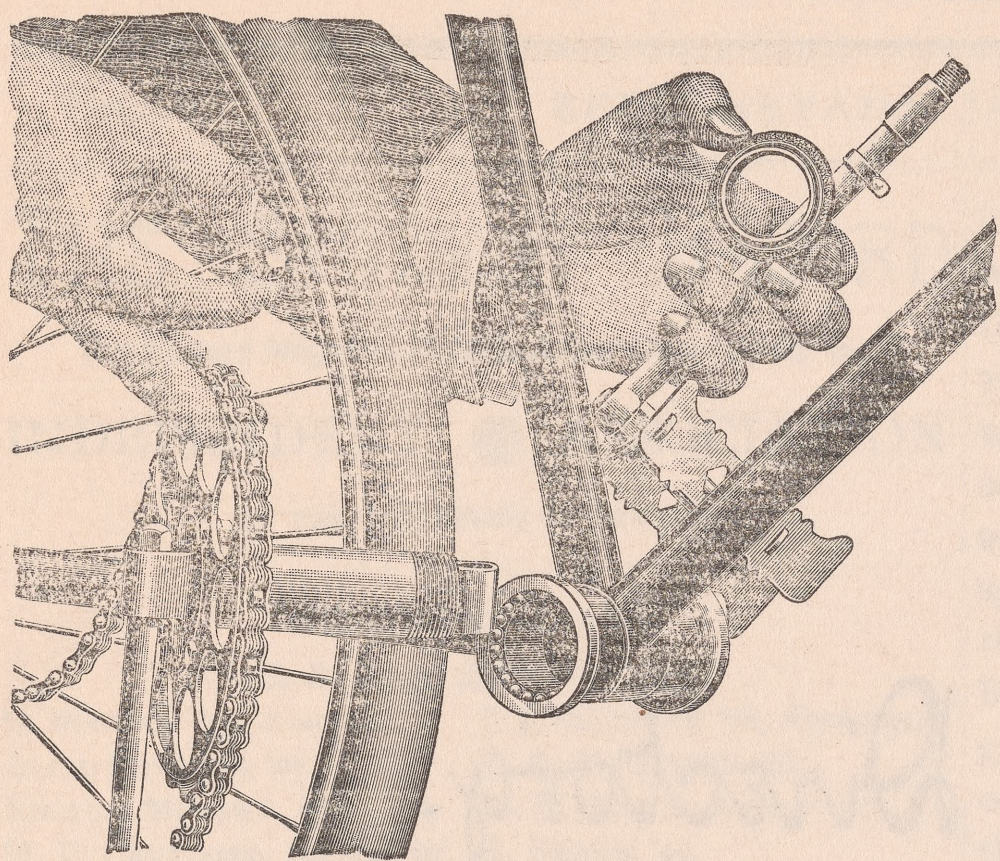
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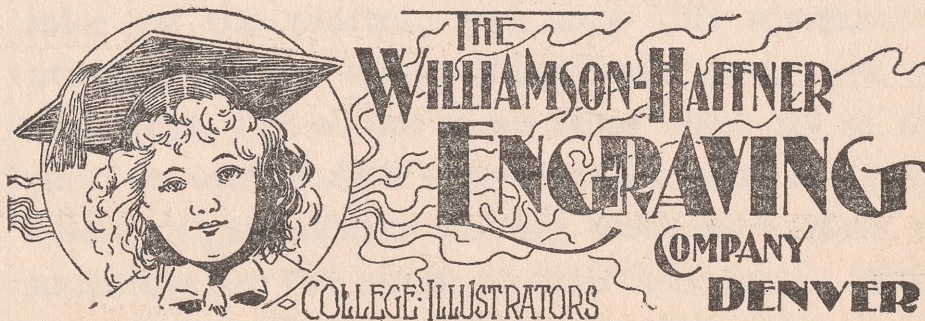
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EDITORIAL.

WHY should we not have a College Literary Society? We have a great deal of talent. Many of our students are very good debaters and reciters, but the majority are not able to express themselves when called upon to do so. All have ideas in regard to questions which arise, but when called upon to express them, in the greater number of cases, they fail utterly. We are taught in the recitation rooms to think and revolve questions in our minds, but there is no special opportunity to express our thoughts. Many sit and think, but, unless called upon

individually, do not put their thoughts into words. What we need is an opportunity to cultivate a habit of free expression in debate or conversation. A power of conversation is needful to every man of business, and some time in every one's life he is called upon to speak before an audience. Making the habit of free and easy speech in public is equal to half a man's education. The only place in college where this can be cultivated is in a literary society, and if the graduates want to enter life with a well-rounded education it is necessary that they should make themselves active members of some literary society, and, even though backward at first, they will soon be able to talk with ease.

* * *

MANY students wish to know why they cannot have access to the library at noon. To many students who remain at the Varsity throughout the noon hour it would be a great advantage to prosecute their studies with the aid of the reference books. Some colleges keep their libraries open during the evening also. We do not ask this, but only that we be given the use of the library during the noon recess. If no professor has leisure to take charge an upper classman might act as assistant librarian for an hour or two.

* * *

LAST year when a student from another college came to us he was amazed and shocked at the prevalence of cheating in our recitations and examinations. The professors have done what they could to suppress this evil, and it is time the Student Government Association should take up the matter, and stop this abominable practice among those devoid of honor and uprightness, and at the same time clear us of this stain on our student character and student fame. These organizations should hold each class responsible for the honor of their members. Make it a matter of class honor and pride as to which

has the least cheating, or, better, none at all, and thus effectually stamp out the dishonorable practice. We are far behind other institutions in this matter, and how long shall we be in the rear? Fellow-students, the honor of our college rests with us.

Why should an octopus play a good game of football? Because he has tentacles.

Ah, there, my friends—

Up to your tricks?

Write ninety-seven

For ninety-six.

Holidays are o'er;

School has come once more.

Studies now begun;

Exams come on the run.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

SUPPLEMENTING the work in Child Study and Psychology of last year the class of Normal '97 took up the study of human nature and character delineation as portrayed in good works of fiction.

A review club was formed, and many good books were read and discussed, the authors chosen being Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Goldsmith, Sir Walter Scott, Black, Hawthorne, Jane Austen, Dumas, Stevenson, Arnold, Lytton, Wallace, Barrie, Crawford and others.

A recent book, "Ships That Pass in the Night," was selected by a member of the class for the purpose of character sketching. As an illustration of the work we present the sketch entire: Character study of Bernardine Holme, in "Ships That Pass in the Night," showing the necessity of love and sympathy to every human heart.

Bernardine Holme was a school teacher of London. She was small and slight, with a plain, unattractive face—a woman who took an active interest in science, politics and literature. She had a great ambition: she wanted to write a book, and to be rich and famous. She had no affection to bestow upon any one, and no special desire to be of use to any human being but herself. Her great desire was for work. She was always in earnest, always restless. Life for Bernardine Holme meant something serious. She had lived a cold, cheerless, loveless life. In the house of her uncle, where she had been cared

for from babyhood, affection was a stranger. No one loved her as a child, and she loved no one. She had no dolls, no toys: she had no fondness for the things which are commonly so dear to every child. Even the fairies failed to rouse any sympathy in the little, unresponsive breast, so long accustomed to coldness.

No softening influences had ever been at work in Bernardine's life, either at home or at school. Where were her teacher's eyes and sympathies that they did not see and feel that starved, hungry nature, and let in the sun of affection and kindness in life's green springtime?

"She had always been a diligent scholar, and when she had grown up she became an able teacher," says the author. "Bernardine as a teacher had learned what Bernardine as a child had not: she had learned to smile." Perhaps her smile was a response to the sweet influence of the little children who gathered about her daily. Who can tell?

Bernardine was undoubtedly cultured. The great work of her life had been self-culture. To know and to understand she had spared neither herself nor any one else. To know and to use her acquired knowledge intellectually as a teacher, and also as a writer, had been the great aim of her life. When she was in the very midst of her hard work—teaching, writing and discussing—when her ambitions were highest, and about to be realized, she was suddenly taken ill, and was obliged to go away from the busy, noisy city to rest. To be cut off from her work, and to see all her cherished hopes suddenly vanish, was to

Bernardine Holme the most bitter disappointment of her lifetime.

She was selfish, but never knew it until the check to her ambitions came. Then she began to think a little about herself. She saw her life, not as it really was, but as she was able to see it with her own cramped vision. This woman realized that she had taken life into her own hands, and had made little of it. She had asked for only one thing, and that was fame.

Bernardine sought rest and quiet at Petersoff, an invalids' winter resort in the Swiss mountains. The place was full of sick people, some who would get well, but more who would not. Among the latter was one who, by his unfriendly and uncourteous manner, had been termed the "Disagreeable Man." He was a doomed consumptive, and had many high ambitions in which he had been disappointed, and now he longed to die. His illness and its results had made him hard, cold and selfish, yet under his rough exterior he had at times a kind heart—a sort of assertion of his better self. There were hours when he nursed the sick and dying with all a mother's tenderness and care.

Robert Allitsen, as he was named, took an interest in Bernardine Holme because he saw the bitter disappointment which her life had been to her, and wished to save her from being as cynical as himself. He thought she might never be well, and was touched at her sadness and blighted life. It may have been that he simply was drawn toward her. At any rate, he tried to help his fellow-sufferer, and took an unusual way to do it. He was always rough in his manner, always sarcastic, seldom kind. At first Bernardine tolerated him. She found something interesting in his companionship. Next he awakened her pity, and, by seeming hard-hearted and careless of suffering, aroused in her heart a protest against injustice.

She began to see how he suffered and how others suffered. She observed, and thought, and learned as the days went by. All her life she had measured people by an intellectual standard; now she was learning to measure them as they lived and suffered. She began to grow tender,

and to pity and to help the sick ones.

One day Bernardine found for herself a peculiar duty. She discovered that she could be of help to a neglected sufferer who, like many others, had come to Petershof with the vain hope of prolonging life. To this invalid she talked of higher things which hitherto had been scarcely known in her own mind, and not realized until she was obliged to give hope and consolation to others. Daily she grew more sympathetic and womanly.

One morning Robert Allitsen took Bernardine for a sleighride to show her the country and the things of nature in which he was so deeply interested. At a Swiss farmhouse where they stopped he was gladly and kindly welcomed. When associated with the simple-hearted, friendly Switzers he became for the day tender, kind and merry.

Feeling the influence of unaffected, sympathetic friendship, Bernardine herself gathered the spirit of her companion, and became happy for a few hours. She was ever like a musical instrument in Robert Allitsen's hands: often out of tune, but upon which he could strike wondrous chords, and awake a delightful harmony.

After their return Bernardine feared the Disagreeable Man was much to her, but she scarcely dared admit it even to herself. He became after this occasion the same as before—gruff and uncivil.

By and by the time for Bernardine's departure arrived. Robert Allitsen began to realize that inasmuch as he had helped her she had helped him, and had woven herself into his life. In a few days she bade him a friendly good-by, and the Disagreeable Man was left alone again. Then he went back to his secluded little workshop, where he pursued the study of things which interested him, and where he had tried to show Bernardine the wonderful works of nature, and to interest her in his simple pastimes.

He sat down and wrote a letter. It was a love letter, the first and only one of his life. He had repressed his feelings at parting, but now he wrote of his love to Bernardine. In this letter he showed either his better self or what Bernardine's unconscious influence had made him.

"Dear little playmate—little comrade," he said, "do you know who has helped to make your life better? It was I. But because I love you I will not spoil your life. So go back to your work and your book. I think you have something to say to the world."

When he had finished writing he tore the letter into fragments. Then the Disagreeable Man wept. Love for Bernardine had opened the blessed fountains of relief, and his sorrow was lighter. Through the gentle tenderness which Bernardine had at last found in her nature she had ennobled his life, and he had found a new existence for himself in trying to make her life better.

Bernardine Holme went back to her uncle's house. She felt that she had lost something out of her life. She also knew that she had obtained a better growth of mind and soul, but she was lonely, and longed for companionship and affection. She began to try to make the old uncle's life pleasant and the home attractive. In time he, too, grew to love Bernardine.

One day she began her book. She wrote with a sudden gush of feeling, and with a desire unknown to her before. She had not written much when her uncle came in, and, laying down her pen, she asked him to listen to what she had to

tell him. She told him of her life at Petersoff, and the result. As she told it the door opened, and who should enter but the Disagreeable Man. No word of love passed between them, but she fearlessly told him that she cared that he might live. He left her, intending to return on the morrow and tell her what he had written in the letter. But the next day Bernardine was dead; she had met with a fatal accident.

Before Ropert Allitsen went away the old man told him that Bernardine had said: "I love the Disagreeable Man." He took the few sheets of the unfinished story, together with her picture, back with him to Petersoff, there to live out his life with the memories of the only love he had ever known.

Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing—
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness.
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another:
Only a look and a voice; then darkness again, and silence.

The author of this book has meant the world to see that somewhere in every human heart are the germs of affection and tenderness, awaiting many times too long the warmth and sunshine of another's influence to quicken it into life; and also that in morbid, melancholy lives the inherent good of man's nature, after having been perverted, may find itself again through suffering.

THE THIRTEENTH GUEST.

"**B**E sure to lay the table for thirteen, Allie. I know some folks say it ain't good luck, but I ain't superstitious about such things."

"But, Auntie, there are only twelve, counting yourself and Cousin Weldon."

"Haven't I counted 'em again and again, Allie? There's your Aunt and Uncle Harris, and Cousin Sapphiry and Aunt Debby, and Cousin Jim and Cousin Will, and Uncle Jake and Aunt Eliza, and little John. Now, that's thirteen, accordin' to my 'rithmetic."

Thereupon Mrs. Paddingtree mentally re-

counted her guests with the aid of her fingers. Then, as if satisfied with the result, she resumed her task of decorating a Christmas cake. Allie, knowing the uselessness of argument, did as her aunt desired, and soon the long table shone with old silver, cut glass and carefully kept china.

Amanda Paddingtree had been a widow for five years. When her husband died their only son, Weldon, was nineteen. To him virtually fell the Paddingtree homestead. Weldon was a big, good-natured, industrious lad, whose whole life had been spent on the farm. The neighbors would have told you that there were not two better farmers in the district than Josiah Paddingtree and his son. So the young man took

up the thread without hesitation where his father dropped it. His life seemed to have centered in his mother, his herds and his fields. His habits became painfully regular. His politics, like his religion, he had inherited. He questioned neither. Such a man was Weldon Paddingtree at the time of which we write.

"Here's an empty chair," remarked Miss Sapphira when all the guests were seated at the table.

"Bless us!" exclaimed Mrs. Paddingtree. "If I didn't count wrong after all."

"And its extry bad luck to lay the table for thirteen when there's only twelve," continued Miss Sapphira.

Just then a faint tapping was heard at the kitchen door.

"Allie, there's somebody knocking."

Allie went out, but shortly returned, half carrying, half leading a slight figure wrapped in a shawl.

"It's some poor frozen body," Mrs. Paddingtree said, hastily rising from the table.

Allie and her aunt placed the frail form in a big chair, and removed the shawl.

"Poor little girl!" they cried.

And there, indeed, were the pinched and purple features of a young girl. Mrs. Paddingtree began to chafe the small hands. Aunt Deborah got some brandy, and Uncle Joshua forced a quantity down the girl's throat. After a while they put her to bed in the little room off the kitchen, where Allie sat by and watched.

The next day the little wayfarer seemed not to have known the suffering of the previous day. She sat by the window in the cheerful, old-fashioned living-room, and looked sadly out upon the snowy landscape. The fields were white wastes; the lane could be known only by the fence posts. The sleigh tracks of yesterday had disappeared.

To Mrs. Paddingtree's persistent questions the girl gave but few answers. Her name, she said, was Paula.

"Paula what?"

"Just Paula," was all she would say.

On Sunday Paula wanted to set out for the

town, but Mrs. Paddingtree, having found out that she had no friends there, would not consent.

"You'll stay right here, Paula—at least, until I know you're going to a better place."

Christmas week passed quickly. On New Year's day Mrs. Paddingtree went with Weldon to dine at her sister's. Allie and Paula remained at home. Already Paula had shown herself a girl after Mrs. Paddingtree's own heart. She was neat and quick, and had "worlds of patience." "Allie's as good as gold, but she's finicky," was the good woman's summing up.

On Mrs. Paddingtree's return she was unwell. The next day she found she had taken a severe cold. On the following Monday the doctor pronounced it pneumonia. Then came days and long nights of uncertainty. Allie and Paula took turns at watching, but Allie grew nervous and ill, so that the charge fell almost entirely to Paula.

The patient mended slowly, and weeks slipped into months before she was able to get about. Allie had been suddenly called home, so that all the household duties had fallen upon Paula. But she was young and strong, and even in the sick-room her cheeks had grown rosy. Weldon had bargained with a negro woman who could do the housework, but Paula would not consent.

"You will have enough of expense," she said, "with the doctor and the medicines."

When Mrs. Paddingtree took her place once more in the family circle, she, with a mother's keen eye, observed a new condition. Now that the April sun had warmed the earth, the birds returned, and the grass renewed its verdure. Paula's heart seemed to have lost its burden. Weldon, while he was just as grave and worked as hard as ever, seemed to have undergone a change. He was more careful of his personal appearance, was wonderfully interested in the kitchen garden, and preferred a chair in the kitchen to his accustomed paper and place before the grate.

One hot August afternoon when the harvest was at its height Paula was busy in the milk-house, and Mrs. Paddingtree sat on the vine-covered porch talking to a neighbor woman.

One of the hired men came running up the path, and, with a scared face, stood before Paula.

"Mr. Weldon's 'most dead, Miss. The team run off, and the mower cut him badly."

Paula dropped her pans.

"Where is he?"

"Over in the back pasture, next to the lane. Get some rags to tie up the cuts. Come quick."

The girl ran into the house, and, gathering as much self-possession as she could, said to the mother:

"I am going to run over to the back pasture with some buttermilk for the men."

Without noticing Paula's disturbed air, Mrs. Paddingtree replied:

"That's Paula—always thinking of somebody else."

Quickly the girl gathered the bandages, and ran across the field to the back pasture. There upon the sweet, green hay lay the young farmer, cut and torn. A doctor had been brought from C—, and, with Paula's aid, he soon bound up the wounds. While the doctor was arranging with the men for carrying Weldon home, Paula washed the blood and dust from the disfigured face. Then, in his slow but honest way, Weldon took the small hand in his and kissed it repeatedly.

Weldon Paddingtree mended slowly. The summer waned before he could stir about; but during those days he never lacked loving care. The mother sat by her son through the long afternoons. Every evening Paula brought in an account of the day's doings on the farm. Each day she wandered far into the woods, and returned with wild flowers that brought sunshine into the disabled man's room. Often she read, in a clear and pleasing voice, some simple tales, or the contents of the farming journals. To each, unknown to the other, these were blissful hours.

"It was very foolish of you taking the girl in, Mandy. I knew something ill would come of it."

Mrs. Paddingtree and her husband's sister, Mrs. Brandt, were seated knitting before a cheerful fire one dull November afternoon, when the conversation turned upon Weldon, and eventually

to Paula.

"I have been holdin' it in my mind to speak to you about the girl for a long time, but I haven't had any chance. Now I might as well say my say."

"Now, Liza, you needn't say anything against Paula to me, for it's just the same as if she was my own," Mrs. Paddingtree said.

"But I tell you it's gettin' to be a serious matter if, as you say, Weldon's got to thinkin' considerable of her. There never was any Paddingtree, Mandy, that married a nameless girl, nor any charity person." And Mrs. Brandt put special stress upon this last.

In the midst of this Paula would have entered the room, but she heard her name spoken, and stopped. Neither of the women noticed her. The poor girl tarried but a moment, yet she heard enough to drive all of the sunshine out of her heart. Had she forgotten her position? Mrs. Paddingtree doubtless meant what she had said, but was there not truth in her sister's words? And if Weldon really cared for her had she now any right to demand his respect—she, a nameless charity girl? Thus did the thoughtless, unkind woman crush and make miserable the sensitive girl.

That night she decided that she must go away—where, she did not know, but she could no longer share that pleasant home. She wrote a note, and placed it on her small table:

Dear, Kind Friends: My name is Paula Gist. I left my home because of my stepfather's brutal treatment. I bear an honest name, I assure you. I would have told you this long ago had I not feared that my stepfather would find me out. May God bless my kindest friends.

PAULA GIST.

Wrapping herself in a heavy blanket, and carrying a small lantern, she stepped out into the night. A strong wind was blowing, and before the excited girl had walked a mile snow began to fall. Through the rest of the night and the next day the storm continued. The entire neighborhood had been roused to assist in searching for "the girl that stayed at Paddingtree's."

Mrs. Paddingtree was quite disconsolate. She wandered about the house, through the cellar and sheds, in the vain hope of finding Paula.

Her joy was pathetic when, about three in the afternoon, a man came in saying that the girl had been found, still alive, but buried in a deep ravine in the wood. She had strayed far from the road, and would have doubtless perished had she not been so warmly wrapped.

* * * * *

When June came to the old farm once again it brought the day for a happy wedding, in which Mrs. Eliza Brandt's aristocratic precedents were perverted: a Paddingtree married "a nameless girl, a charity person."

By a vote of 215 to 140 the congregation at Oxford College rejected the resolution to allow women to take the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

LITERARY HITS.

It is strange that in the history of literature many writers have gained fame through the production of a single work. Many poets, too, have written but one poem of note which has lived in literature. In some happy moment they have had an inspiration, and have been fortunate enough to clothe it in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." It is stranger to note how these writers—at least, many of them—have made a second effort, being flattered by the success of their first, and have failed utterly.

Perhaps the most notable poem in the English language that alone has given its author such great fame is "The Elegy, Written in a Country Churchyard," by Gray. This, however, was not the inspiration of an hour, but the thoughtful labor of seven long years. The author well deserves the name which it has made for him. Some of his shorter poems may have charmed the ear and dazzled the imagination for a time, but they did not last as this great poem, and could not touch the hearts of the people as did the "Elegy."

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

WHEREAS, Death has removed from this life the father of our esteemed classmate, Miss Florence Deitz; be it therefore

Resolved, That we, the members of the Second Year Class of the State Normal School, do extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family in this their hour of affliction.

MAE POLLOCK,
MARIE E. RICHARDS,
TESSA LARSON,
Committee.

Ohio has more colleges than any other State in the Union.

Thomas Hood, too, may be considered an author of this class. Though he wrote many short poems, he did not gain much fame for himself till "The Song of the Shirt" was published. That pathetic poem was read at nearly every fireside in the land, and is yet a great favorite. His "Bridge of Sighs" is also good, but it might never have been noticed had he not already gained renown as the author of the "Song of the Shirt."

Robert Southey and Dr. Johnson both declared that Pomfret's poem, "The Choice," was the most popular one in the language. Though endowed with a prosy mind, he chanced to stumble upon a poetic theme and treat it in a poetic manner. His poem won great praise during the author's lifetime, but nobody ever wasted time on his other efforts. The life of his intellect seemed to run itself out in one trial.

Lady Annie Barnard wrote the ballad "Auld Robin Gray," but is said to have committed poetical suicide by continuing her writings.

That poem by Wolf, "Burial of Sir John Moore," has probably been a greater favorite among the youthful declaimers of schools and academies than any other poem. Nor has any

poem had more parodies than this. Byron declared that it was one of the finest in the language. However, the poet's subsequent efforts show only too plainly his poverty of imagination. He hit the bullseye at the first shot, but in his other trials he so far missed the mark that his efforts were never heard of.

In America we have various instances of poets with but one production of worth.

In one moment of inspiration "The Old Oaken Bucket" flashed upon Wordsworth's mind. Following efforts of his, however, show that his success was due to fortune rather than to real poetical genius.

Key, while pacing up and down on the deck of the Alabama as a prisoner in the war of 1812, composed "The Star Spangled Banner," which has become one of the national songs of our country. It will live probably as long as the Stars and Stripes shall float.

There is yet another poem, the author of which is unknown, and will probably never be known, that he may gain his just glory. It is that beautiful favorite of Abraham Lincoln: "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" If the writer were familiar he would be honored by the American people.

There are also numerous novel writers whose fame is the result of one great effort in the literary line. Would Harriet Beecher Stowe still be praised if she had not written "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when she did? History says that this book so moved the people that it was one of the immediate causes of the Civil war.

Other sole productions of authors might be mentioned, but enough have been pointed out to show that many a writer's ability is exhausted in a single effort; that sometimes their literary fame is gained by accident. However, I think that one good poem or verse is more to an author's credit than a myriad of poor ones. A man who has made one good hit is of more use to humanity than if he had distributed his energy through a dozen mediocre productions.

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LOCAL NOTES.

IN everyday life the habit of sarcasm represents unlimited conceit and want of good breeding, and credits one with dishonor and the dishonor of his fellow-men. With how much greater disdain should the professor be regarded who has the habit of making, at every opportunity, sarcastic remarks to his students in the classroom. One should not be permitted to command others till he can command himself, and sarcasm in this case shows an outburst of temper where the professor is too cowardly to express himself otherwise, but takes advantage of one who has not the means of replying without conveying an insult.

There was no issue of the RECORD on December 15, 1896, as our then printer *couldn't* get it out.

At a meeting of the Faculty of the Massachusetts Agricultural College a petition to do away with commencement orations has been refused.

As we were unable to get the cuts which we hoped to put in this edition of the RECORD, it has been decided to issue the Midyear Edition on February 1st.


The University is again open, and all have returned with renewed energies and a desire to increase the efficiency of their work. The RECORD bids you all welcome.

The last issue of the RECORD was the poorest that has ever been published by the Independent Association. The arrangement was poor, and typographical mistakes could be found on every page. The Independent Association has changed its printing office from that owned by W. M. David of Carson to the *Journal*.

He—Never mind, dear. Time softens all things, and—

She—Yes, all things, except the fellow who parts his hair in the middle. He is as soft as he can be made.

EXCHANGE.

 HE question for the Cornell-Pennsylvania debate will be: "Resolved, That the United States and the several States should establish Courts of Compulsory Adjustment of Disputes between employes and private corporations which possess franchises of a public nature." The debate will be held in Philadelphia on March 6th.—*Palo Alto*.

No teacher but a coward will ever use sarcasm toward a student, for then he deals a blow on one who is unable to strike back.—*Colorado Collegian*.

A commission of New England college professors met in Boston last July to consider plans for having a uniform system of college examinations. Resolutions were adopted favoring the plan.

How glad we'll be when in the exam—
The Prof's bald head turned aside—
We'll feel in our jackets and seize our prey,
And take our last dear little ride.

"Alas!" the Freshman cried in pain,
"From study I'm almost insane."
Then to a Prof he quickly went
To ask if he could home be sent.
"Your sickness, sir, is but a feint,"
The Prof replied without restraint.

AN ALL-AROUND MAN.

In the classroom while students
More brilliant are known,
He finds no great hardship
In holding his own.

On the gridiron and diamond
With victories sown,
There, too, he is in it,
And holding his own.

And now in the evening,
When daylight has flown—
But words are too feeble—
He's holding his own.

In Germany one man in 213 goes to college; in Scotland, one in 520; in the United States, one in 2,000; in England, one in 5,000.

The Ohio State University authorities have expelled and refused to reinstate a student who gave up all his time to football. Their extraordinary conduct is well calculated to startle the educational circles at this season of the year.

A college course a race course is,
With a difference, though, 'tis said,
For those who trot the fastest pace
Come rarely in ahead.
—*Vassar Miscellany*.

The man who laughs amid his care,
And lifts the care of others,
Is richer than the millionaire,
And all men are his brothers.

She was walking with my rival:
As they chanced to homeward roam,
It was from my garret window
I was seeing Nellie home.

HER ANSWER.

They were standing alone in the dim-lighted hall,
Where the flickering hearth fire its dull lustre
shed;

He was saying "good night" again after the
ball,

Yet lingering there as for something unsaid.

"Your eyes say yes, but your lips say no,
And you leave it to me; do you think it quite
fair?"

Do you think an unprejudiced judgment I'll show
When there's so much at stake, and all that I
care?"

"If the lips say no, but the eyes say yes,
Perhaps there's excuse if decision you lack;
Maybe it is hard, and this once I guess—
If you can't, then I will—the eyes have it,
Jack!"
—*Yale Record*.

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

AT the present time athletics are rather quiet, and every one is making the best of the winter months by enjoying the winter sports and long, pleasant evenings. But we all look forward to a profitable baseball and athletic season. The managers of the various teams, especially the baseball manager and the manager of the track athletes, are turning the various questions over in their minds to determine upon the one that will bring the greatest amount of satisfaction and credit to our University. The baseball team will be stronger than last year, and if all candidates for positions will give their full amount of support a good team will be developed. The battery will probably be weak for a while, but hopes are entertained for the development of a fairly good one in a little while. There is plenty of good material, and each player should make it his duty to see that the University suffers no drawback on his account.

The Athletic Association, at its last regular meeting, passed the new constitution. The Freshmen, assisted by a few Seniors and Juniors, opposed the passage of it until that time, and prevented the other members from securing a two-thirds majority, which is necessary to adopt a new constitution. Until the last meeting, and even then for a while, the outlook was very discouraging to the supporters of the new constitution. Finally the better judgment of the Freshmen prevailed, and they threw their support to

the other side. The principal point of discussion was upon the question of allowing the Freshmen to be represented upon the Executive Committee. It has never been the custom of the college to have a Freshman representative on the committee, and never has been the intention of the framers of the various constitutions to allow them to be represented, and not until the Freshmen obtain a two-thirds majority will they have a representative upon the committee.

The Soph-Fresh field day will be looked forward to with considerable interest. Many of the best athletes of the two classes are now doing steady training, and the feeling is very marked between the classes. The Freshmen have lost their crack bicyclist, Robert O'Neil, and now concede the bicycle event to the Sophs. Otherwise the events will be hotly contested, and will be enjoyed by all.

A regular meeting of the Social Club was held in the Gymnasium on Friday evening, January 8th. A pleasant time was reported by all, and several new dances were introduced by the students from Virginia. M. A. Feeney is the chief professor of the club.

A new feature in athletic sports has been introduced by Professor C. P. Brown. The principal object of the game is to skate with boards on the University reservoir.

She—What was the first thing you did when the football season was over?

He—I filled up on all kinds of cake.

She—You did?

He—Yes; and at last I enjoyed stoma-cake.

No college in all England publishes a college paper.

To drift with the tide is easy, but to go against it requires energy and effort.

The St. John's *Collegian* for December contains many commendable short stories.

President Stubbs has been confined to his room for a day or two from overwork.

CAMPUS.

A JOINT meeting of the officers of the Young Ladies' Council and Student Government Association was addressed on January 1st by President Stubbs in regard to the suppression of the use of tobacco on the college grounds, disorder in the halls during recitation periods, etc.

The Legislature convenes Monday, the 8th.

There are a few new students, several of whom will room in Lincoln Hall.

The Gymnasium is to be furnished in the near future with more apparatus.

P. V. Gillson, Commercial '97, has been laid up with a sprained ankle, but is out again.

The change in the weather seems to have pleased every one. Even the co-eds are making snowballs.

Roy Phelps '99 was down for a few days, and has returned to Carson. He will not be with us again for some time.

In the past month there have been several cases of measles at Lincoln Hall. Can't we have another quarantine?

Will Bowman, who has attended school for several years past, died on the 4th instant from typhoid fever. His death is regretted by many friends.

The lectures of the President at the past two Assemblies have been of an ethical and economic nature, and apply directly to the everyday life of the students. The one on "Altruria," or the "Alter Ego," and especially the one on the "Thinking Will," contain thoughts which should occupy a good part of the leisure moments of the students, and all will be profited thereby.

The Reno Dramatic Club will render "Jim the Penman" at McKissick's opera-house on February 5th.

The members of the Editorial Staff of the STUDENT RECORD have had a group picture taken. The result remains to be seen.

The flowing locks of the "Noble Ten" are to be seen no more. The spell has been broken, and the enchantment no longer remains.

Senator Gregovich and G. A. Bartlett of Eureka and the Hons. F. H. Norcross, C. H. Stoddard and S. J. Hodgkinson visited the University last Thursday.

The exams commence January 25th, and will continue for five days. Now is the time to dig if you are to avoid failures and the inevitable cinch which follows.

The Nevada State University is to have a Student Congress, which will be manipulated on a strictly parliamentary plan, and in which will be discussed the leading questions of the day. The organization will be effected in a few days.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN ATHLETICS.

A PEDESTRIAN team has been organized, and may be observed lining up near the side door of the dining hall every evening after supper. Their practice shows the members to have become adepts in the art of slow walking, and they have become so trained that they practice without signals, though for the first few evenings Manager Feeney of the football team called signals for the team, which consists of only eight members at present. It is rumored that Sam will be the captain.

HIS PONY.

GREEN Freshie had a pony,
It was a dapple gray.
He rode it! Yes, he rode it!
But he flunked in Algebra.

Now, dear Sophie had a pony,
Which he took along to class.
He rode it! Yes, he rode it!
But alas! he couldn't pass.

Well, the lucky Junior he came next,
And his pony did its best.
He rode it! Yes, he rode it!
And passed his Latin test.

Then the Senior, with his pony,
Thought he'd work Geometry.
He rode it! Yes, he rode it!
But pony's name was Chemistry.

Now, these fellows, with their ponies,
Had better take a ride
To some forsaken racetrack,
And teach them how to hide.

—Argus.

The Sophomores one rainy day
With the Freshies at football tried to play.

They entered the field with step so proud,
And hooted and yelled, and said aloud:

"Ye heavens! cry on for the Nits!
They need your tears; we'll give them fits!"

The Sophs played, but alas and alack!
All covered with mud, each lay on his back.

Twenty for the Freshies, the Sophs but four—
Oh, go home to mamma; don't play any more.

Next time when a game with the Freshies you
try
Don't eat your pancakes till the batter you fry.

The pony is mightier than the horse:
Thus says the college lad;
But yet he knows the safest course
Is the brain-producing fad.

A SNOWBALL SEANCE.

LAST Thursday the companies of the Cadet Battalion engaged in a snowball battle, which was fought according to the rules of the drill regulations, and different strategic movements were attempted and successfully carried out. Company B was posted behind the cannon, and Company A, which acted as the attacking party, attempted to carry the position. It was very exciting for a time, and, besides being a great deal of fun, the affair was as instructive as a drill. Among the killed and wounded were: Captain Brambilla, shot to pieces; Private Mack, hemorrhage of the nasal organ; Private Leavitt, contusion of the optics; Privates Murphy and Graff, "cold feet."

There were several others who sustained very grave injuries, such as "cold feet," etc., but we have not as yet been able to obtain a complete list. However, such a list will appear in these columns as soon as it has been compiled.

SHEEPSKIN AS COLLATERAL.

THE Senior Class of the University of California is in a serious predicament. According to our exchange, the members of the Class of '97 at Berkeley will have their sheepskins attached unless they settle with their creditors. This means that every member of the class must redeem his diploma. Nor is this all that is worrying the members of the class: they do not want the attachment made because it would be considered a blot upon the class record in the college world. Let prospective graduates take warning and pay up.

The glass in one of the back doors of Morrill Hall was broken Thursday by a snowball thrown by one of the students. Of course, the price of it comes out of the guarantee fund. Boys, get away from the buildings when you want to snowball.

Boston University has made a rule that those students who are unwilling to give up tobacco while in the University may withdraw, and their tuition fees will be refunded.

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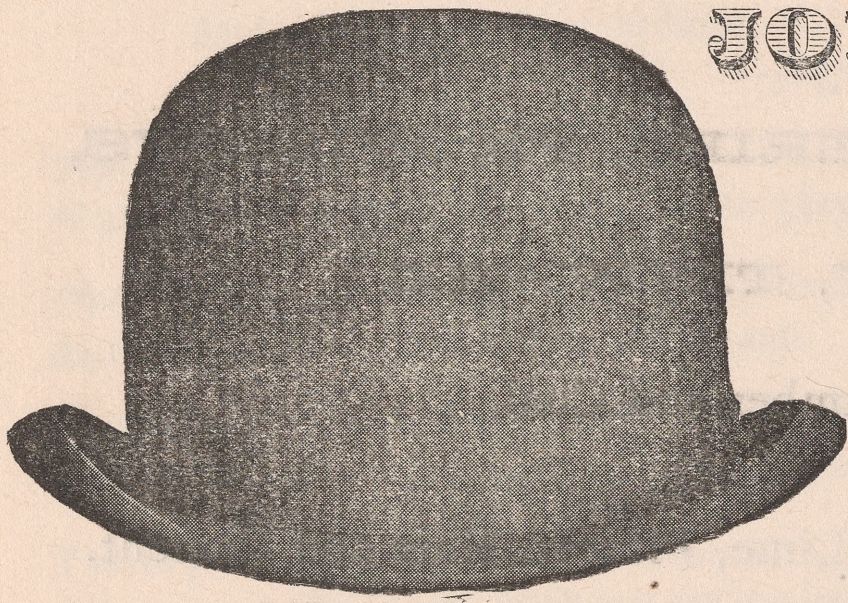
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