

February 15, 1897.

The Student Record

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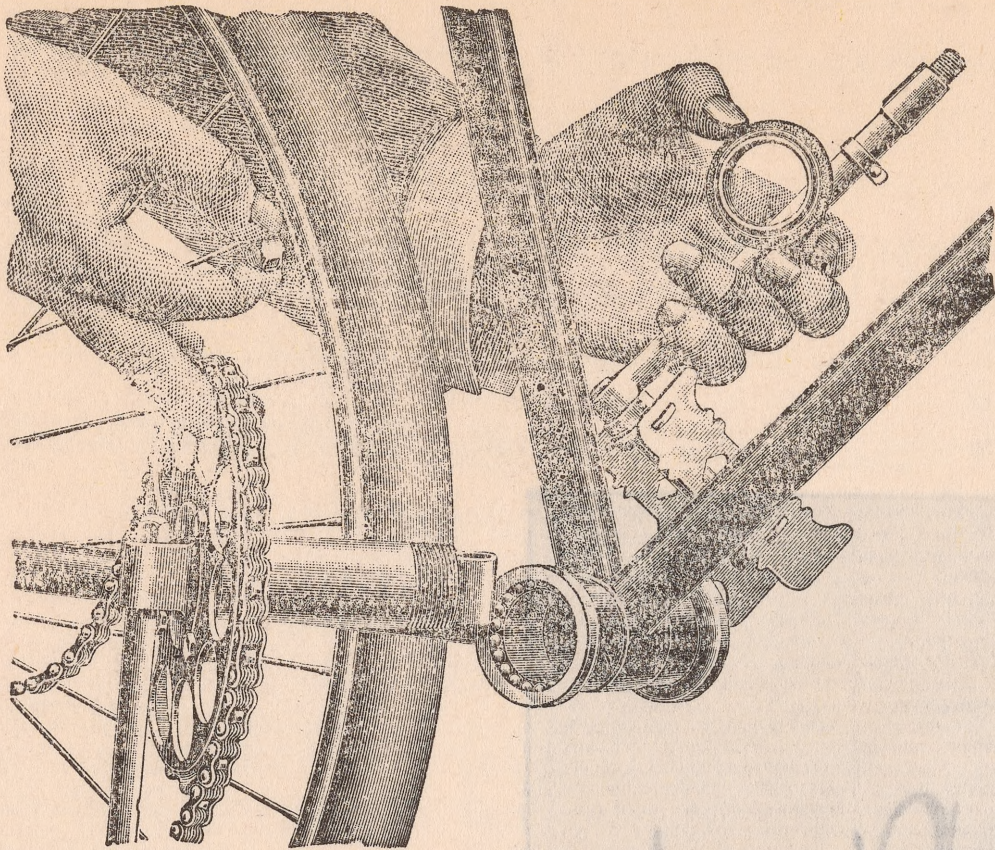
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University of Nevada Student Government Association—G. R. Bliss '97, President; H. H. Dexter '99, Secretary.

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Debating Union—R. Brambilla '97, President.

T. H. P. O. (secret society)—M. A. Feeney '97, H. R. J. I.; C. R. Ford '00, H. R. C. W. II.

Social Club—M. A. Feeney '97, President; J. B. Higgins '97, Secretary.

Lincoln Hall Fire Department—R. Brambilla '97, Foreman; H. Cahill '00, Assistant.

Literary Society (class of '99)—Miss Della Boyd, President;

Miss Amy Sherman, Secretary.

Literary Society (class of '00)—C. R. Ford, President; Miss Mae Marshall, Secretary.

STUDENT RECORD—G. R. Bliss '97, Editor-in-Chief; J. R. Magill '97, Associate Editor; R. Brambilla '97, Business Manager.

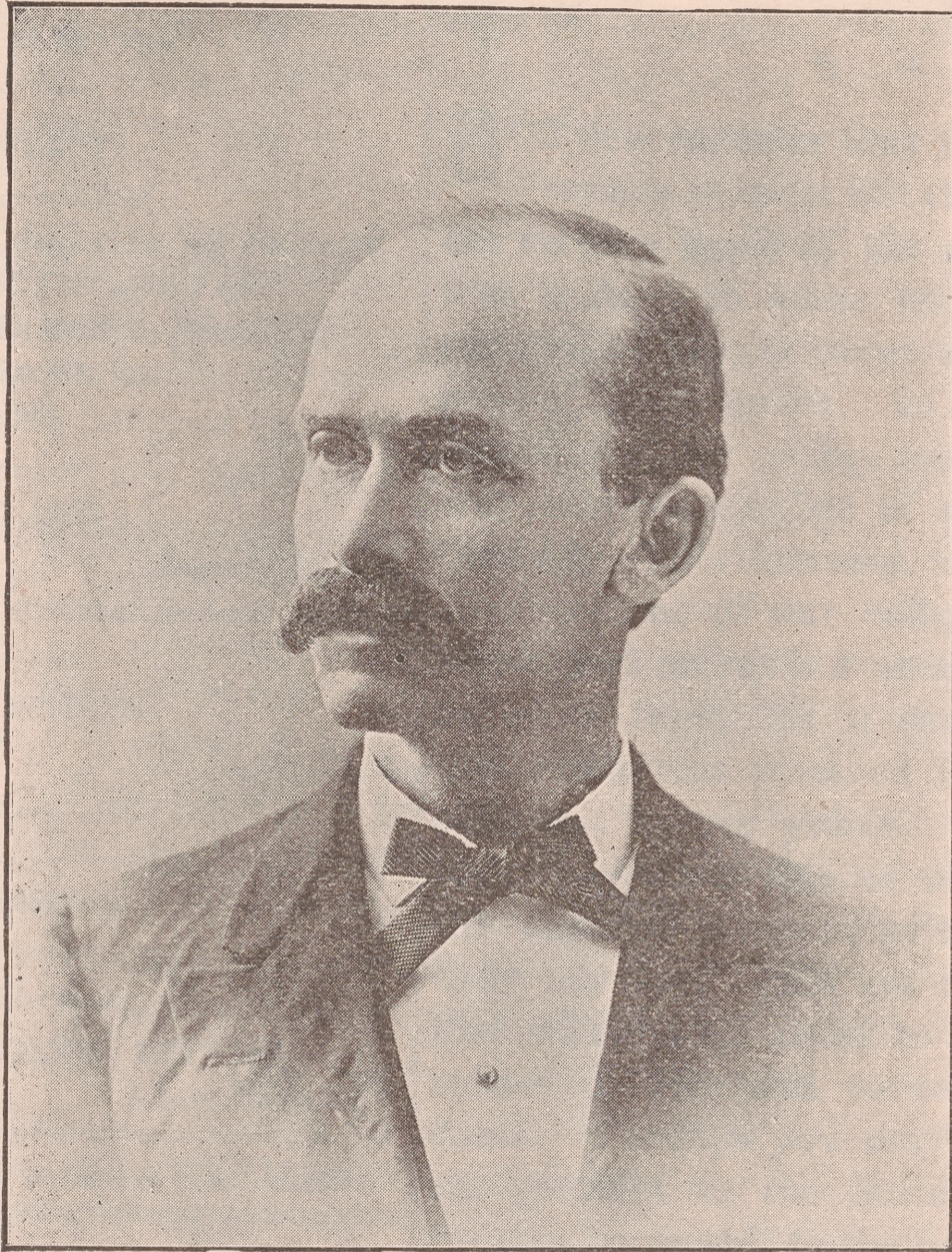
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Class of '97—G. R. Bliss, President; Miss Victoria Godfroy, Secretary.

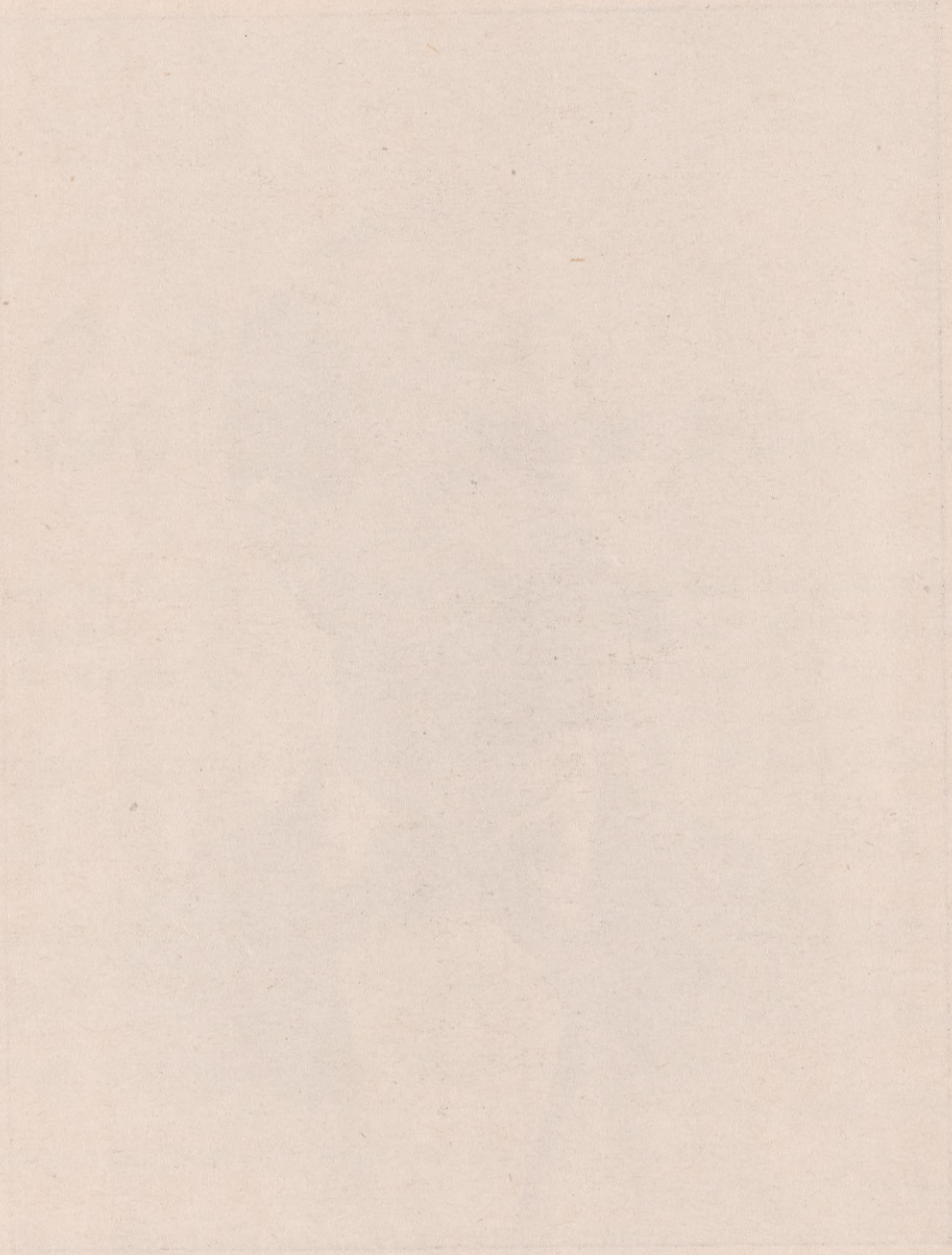
Class of '98—J. W. Thompson, President; Miss Sadie Phillips, Secretary.

Class of '99—Miss Della Boyd, President; Miss Amy Sherman, Secretary.

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MUSEUM OF ART AND ARCHITECTURE

THE STUDENT RECORD.

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STUDENT RECORD,
RENO, NEVADA.

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EDITORIAL.

WE remember the efforts of our first football team to win a place for our college in the football world. The team won at home, but when the boys met the well-trained teams of Belmont and Berkeley their efforts were not crowned with glory. We hope the future has a more successful season in store for them. Although the football season is past we have procured a cut from a photograph of the team, and hope that the picture in this issue will be acceptable to our subscribers. We have also a cut of the RECORD staff in this number, and even if

we are egotistical enough to want to see our physiognomies on paper, and even if we do carry copies of this issue around in our pockets, we hope that our friends will remember that this is the first time, and be generous enough to forgive us.

* * *

BUT few consider that it takes a great deal of money to meet the expenses of our college, nor do they know of the scheming and twisting that is done to make both ends meet with the amount of money received from the State and general Government. In the last few years the standard of our college has been raised considerably, and the number of students has increased twofold. This increase in attendance and the advancement of our college creates greater expense, and makes it a necessity to ask the State for more funds, for it cannot be expected that that which was received in our infancy will be sufficient in our youth. There are many who look at but one side of our college, and that is the expense account, without considering that their boys and girls are receiving an education that will enable them to battle with the difficulties of life, and to reflect honor on their donor. Perhaps you may believe that we are not grateful to the State which, though the "rotten borough" to the uninformed, offers with outstretched hands a boon to its young men and women, but deep in our hearts is a feeling of gratefulness and pride to our State. Though on the verge of bankruptcy, she says: "My children shall be afforded the opportunity to learn; let those who will profit by it."

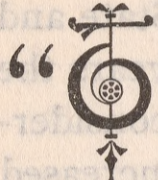
* * *

IS it not a fact that our National holidays are receiving less attention each year? Nowadays on the Fourth of July we close our stores for half or the whole day, have our parades and fire works, but are there so very many that think, with anything more than a passing

thought, that the Fourth of July is the anniversary of our independence and of its significance to our forefathers? The 22nd of this month is the anniversary of the birthday of the "Father of Our Country." The public schools will be closed, business will be suspended, perhaps we will eat a holiday dinner, but everyone will not think of those eight long years of war during which Washington led his army through cold and misery to victory. How many as they sit around their dinner tables eating and enjoy-

ing an abundance will think of the soldiers who shivered and starved around their little campfires at Valley Forge? That we should forget those who fought and bled for us is not because we are not patriotic, for let a wrong be done to Uncle Sam and every American will rise in arms as one man, but in this age of advancement and competition the business man devotes all his thoughts and energies to his work, and has but little time to think of our nation's struggle for liberty.

"THE SELF-MADE MAN."

" HERE are three classes of successful men, those who are born to success, those who have success thrust upon them, and those who achieve success."

Holland says:

"We build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And mount to its summit round by round."

The self-made man begins life at the bottom and works his way up, round by round. The first requisite of such a man is an ability to control circumstances, and to turn them into a means by which he may rise to something higher.

A man to be successful in any way, must develop all his capabilities to their highest degree. In this country all have an equal right to aspire to any position or to gain any rank within their possibilities, but it depends entirely upon how they use their traits, whether they will reach the desired end or not.

A poor man's son has the same privileges as the rich man's, and if his father be a farmer there is no law which compels him to be the same; he may make a lawyer or merchant of himself instead of letting the farm make a farmer of him.

It is impossible for one to go at a single bound from one thing to another, much higher, but he must pass through all the intermediate steps leading up to this. He cannot successfully

enter upon the middle of a business life.

As we all know, the man who entered upon business life first as an errand boy and from that has worked his way up to the position of proprietor, will be a much more successful merchant than the one who has entered upon that position without a preliminary knowledge of the business.

Those who attempt to go at once to the top of a business life, may be compared with those who attempt to leap at a single bound from the bottom to the top of the ladder. They are very apt to lose their footing and fall. We find the same law of gradual advancement in operation in every department of life.

Many have the idea, that after they have completed a course of study, to fit themselves for some profession; they may immediately enter upon successful practice. This however is not true, for example a young man after graduating from a medical school, is first obliged to serve as a nurse, then practice under some older physician, and then after he has established a reputation and gained the confidence of the people, he may practice by himself and succeed.

Our characters are also elevated step by step. There is no surer way to build a safe, strong character, than to do each day, faithfully, accurately, and honestly, the duties of that day; for the rounds of duty may be likened to the rounds of a spiral and in treading these we may find ourselves each day one step higher.

By nature man is a selfish being. He is en-

dowed with traits and passions, some of which result in good and others unless subdued or rightly directed result in evil.

True, a sudden change of character is impossible, but we may be dropping one bad habit after another, overcome many of our faults and become noble. Our first effort may only be a self denial but by this we gain strength and are better able to do something greater."

For Holland says:

"A noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view."

As students of the University, how may this apply to us? Who among our numbers are the most successful students? Those who begin at the bottom and work their way upward

to the top round of the ladder of success, or those whom fortune favors and for whom circumstances of life make the climbing of the ladder easy? Those who battle with adversity or those who gain their ends through others means than hard study?

Who but the self-made young man or young woman graduate of this or any university becomes the successful citizen in after life? We are here to achieve such success, by fair means, and to gain such nobility of character as will enable us to meet the demands made upon us by the State in whose interest we are being educated. Let us make the most of our opportunities that it may not be necessary to lesson our numbers, as the result of careless, indifferent work.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF NEW ENGLAND.

THE early settlers of New England were people of more than average intelligence, and many of them had received an education from the great English universities. It is not surprising, therefore, that one of the first things to engage their attention in their new home after their immediate material wants were supplied was the providing of means for the education of their children. Nor is it strange that all their educational ideas should be colored by their religious zeal. People who willingly sacrificed so much to their religious convictions, who left their homes and braved the dangers of an unknown land that they might serve God according to their ideas, naturally held those convictions above all else in life. The Bible was read daily in all schools, not only in those colonial days, but until within the last twenty-five or thirty years. The minister of the town generally had the supervision of the schools. He had the leading voice in selecting the teacher, in the regulation of studies, etc.

The spirit of the times may be seen from the following, taken from the laws of Connecticut in 1650:

"Forasmuch as the good education of children

is of singular behoof and benefit to any commonwealth, and whereas many parents and masters are too indulgent and negligent of their duty in that kind, it is therefore ordered by this Court and authority thereof that the selectmen of every town, in the several precincts and quarters where they dwell, shall have a vigilant eye over their brethren and neighbors, to see, first, that none of them shall suffer so much barbarism in any of their families as not to endeavor to teach, by themselves or others, their children and apprentices so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue, and knowledge of the capital laws, upon penalty of twenty shillings for each neglect therein; also, that all masters of families do once a week at least catechise their children and servants in the grounds and principles of religion."

But the people were not long satisfied with primary education. It had been the ambition of some of their leading men from the first to establish a college in New England. As early as 1636 the first step was taken by the General Court of Massachusetts for the founding of a college. They agreed to give £400 for the purpose, and decided to locate it at New Towne, which name was afterward changed to Cambridge, in memory of the place so dear to many

of them.

In 1637, Rev. John Harvard became interested in the project, and bequeathed to the college, half of his fortune, probably about eight hundred pounds, and his excellent library of three hundred and twenty volumes. This generous gift made possible the immediate organization of the college, which was opened under the name of its benefactor, Harvard. The conditions for admission were as follows:

"Whosoever shall be able to read Cicero, or any other suchlike classical author at sight, and make and speak true Latin in verse and prose, and decline perfectly the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue, let him then, and not before, be capable of admission into the college."

This shows the importance attached at that time to the study of the ancient languages. The sciences were of secondary consideration. Young men were prepared for college by the minister of the place, generally a man of excellent education. It was not till 1803 that applicants were examined in mathematics. Since then entrance examinations have grown more thorough and comprehensive, and the first college in America in point of time now ranks probably the first in the country in point of excellence.

Besides Harvard, there are now in Massachusetts Amherst College, a Universalist theological school at Medford, Boston University, three colleges for women—Mt. Holyoke, Wellesley and Smith—Worcester Polytechnic Institute, an agricultural college, and others, besides innumerable high schools and academies. In the estimation

Don't tell them that you saw me,
Or they will know I flunked,

Don't tell that I've failed at all you know.
Just keep it to yourself awhile,
And when I make them up

I'll study as I did, long, long ago.

On what day should you eat pancakes?—Friday.

of Massachusetts people, her public schools can hardly be excelled by any in the country, but the following report written a few years ago by J. M. Rice, a prominent educator, is significant: "The sooner the Boston educators recognize the fact that their high schools can be improved the better will be their chances of getting them where they belong."

No other of the New England States can boast of so many colleges as Massachusetts, but each has her own of which she is justly proud. The University of Vermont, Yale in Connecticut, Dartmouth in New Hampshire, Brown University in Rhode Island, Bowdoin and Maine State College are all widely known. These and others have or may come to have, in time, more than a State or sectional reputation. Excellent academies are numerous all through New England. From some of these students are able to enter the sophomore classes of the colleges. In them much attention is given to debating, declaiming, etc. All things considered, New England has reason to be proud of her schools. From them have gone forth some of the ablest men of our country—John Q. Adams, Franklin Pierce, Edward Everett, John C. Calhoun, Webster, Choate, Sumner, Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, and a host of others. Many are the colleges in the United States presided over by graduates from New England colleges. In our own University the predecessor of our President, S. A. Jones; the Professor of Anatomy, the Instructor in English, and the Chemist of the Experiment Station, all claim some one of the New England colleges as their "Alma Mater."

For college honors he had scorched

And on the gridiron roasted,
And though his comrades said, "well done."
At banquet he was toasted.

A mouse! a mouse! my kingdom for a mouse!
Thus spoke the actor in the play.

The women, terrified, now clear the house
And to their homes run all the way.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

IT has pleased the Almighty God to remove from this earth the beloved mother of our esteemed classmate, Jas. Giles, be it

Resolved, That we, the class of 1900, extend to our classmate and his family, our heartfelt sympathy, in this, their hour of bereavement; be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our classmate, Jas. Giles, and that a copy be printed in the STUDENT RECORD and Reno *Journal*.

C. R. FORD,
Pres., class 1900.
F. W. LOCKMAN
IDA HOLMES.

WHEREAS, The Omnipotent One has called from this life, one who has always been a loving

LAKE TAHOE IN THE EARLY '70s.

RUSKIN says: "It is better to live in a cottage and have Warwick Castle to wonder at than live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to wonder at." Perhaps this will apply to some of the unlovely places of the earth in which, from various reasons, homes have been made and towns have sprung up; but which have never lost their primitive ugliness. The dwellers in these places no doubt feel that it is better to live in the ugly spots and have the pleasant ones to visit, wonder at, and admire, than to live in pleasant places and have none to flee to as a refuge and a change.

Probably actuated by some feeling of this sort, the people of Western Nevada were among the first to appreciate the beauties of Lake Tahoe, and to take advantage of it as a place to flee to when the heat and the dust of their own unlovely homes became unendurable.

The trip to the lake from the Comstock was in the '70s, and indeed still is, a round-about one, requiring what seems unnecessary time in the completion, especially when one considers that

and devoted father to our classmate, James F. Abel, be it

Resolved, That we, the class of 1900, do, in this time of sorrow, offer our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

MAE MARSCHALL,
F. W. LOCKMAN,
GEORGE SAXTON,
Committee.

WHEREAS, death has removed from this life, the brother of our esteemed classmate, John Wright, be it therefore

Resolved, That we, the members of this class of 1900 do extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family in this hour of affliction.

MAE MARSCHALL,
F. W. LOCKMAN
GEORGE SAXTON.

"as the bird flies;" and even as horsemen make the trip over the mountains, the distance is comparatively a short one.

On a pleasant evening in June somewhere back in the '70s, a merry party left the Gold Hill depot just as the sun was sinking over "Dead Man's" mountain, en route for Lake Tahoe. The aforesaid party consisted of four ladies, two single and two married, who left their husbands at home to keep house and otherwise enjoy themselves until such time as they could join their loving wives at the lake. One of the former was a school ma'am, the other a school girl of eighteen; both just emancipated from a year of toil and drudgery, the one as a teacher, the other as a student; and all ready for anything in the shape of harmless fun and enjoyment.

It was an all night journey. A weary wait of some two or three hours at Reno, enlivened in their case, however, by a chat with old friends and a treat in the shape of an oyster supper; an arrival at Truckee just as the stars were growing pale and dying out in the light of the morning sun; a hurried breakfast there; then a long jolting ride to Tahoe City in a species of infernal

machine, familiarly known as a mud wagon. A fine Concord stage would leave later in the day, but, as often happened, our party, with two others bound in the same direction, would fill one stage; and being anxious to go on, the mud wagon was fitted out for them, the stage waiting for the train from the west, on which other passengers lakeward bound would be most likely to arrive.

At first all were a little dispirited, perhaps even inclined to be somewhat cross. An all-night journey with no sleep, to say nothing of continuing the journey in the morning in a jolting mud wagon, is not calculated of itself to make even the most pronounced disciple of the Mark Tapley school come out particularly "jolly;" but soon after leaving Truckee and beginning the long mountain ascent their spirits began correspondingly to rise. And he whose spirits wouldn't rise to the highest pitch in such air and under such surroundings must be possessed of a variety as dull and stagnant as ditch water.

The road wound up the mountains, underneath tall pines that nearly meeting overhead, not only shaded it from the sun, but filled the air with fragrant odors that mingled with those sent out from the wild flowers of countless varieties and hues which grew in profusion everywhere. Near the road ran the Truckee river, smoothly in some places, in others it leaped and foamed and bubbled, its clear waters sparkling and flashing in the sunlight, as if rejoicing at making their escape from confinement in the lake of which this river is the outlet. The trees were alive with birds, twittering, chattering, singing their sweetest songs. Truly, a land of enchantment it seemed to these dwellers on the barren Comstock, where scarcely a tree or green thing was to be seen twenty-five years ago; and where the little children born and growing up under such dwarfed conditions believed that fruit grew in the boxes in which they saw it exposed for sale.

After a drive of a few hours' duration, the summit of the mountains was at last gained; and soon by a sudden turn in the road the lake lay

spread before them in matchless beauty. No tongue, no words, no pen, no poet, no painter, can ever do it justice; many have tried, but all have failed in the attempt. It lies to-day as it has lain for ages past, under the clear sun and bright skies of its mountain home, reflecting in its transparent bosom, sun and sky, mountain, shrub and trees; a delight to all who behold, a tribute to its great Creator.

Tahoe City, consisting then, as now, of a large hotel, the Grand Central, and a few scattered houses, not half a dozen in all, was soon reached; but our party were not yet at their journey's end. Communication with different points on the lake was imperfectly carried on by means of steamers, or at that time by one steamer rather, the Governor Stanford, a huge unwieldy craft that usually took an entirely opposite direction from that in which the unlucky passenger wished to go, sometimes even forcing him to remain over night where he did not in the least want to, while occasionally it would be taken with some internal disorder that would cause a stoppage of hours in mid-ocean (or lake), while repairs were in progress.

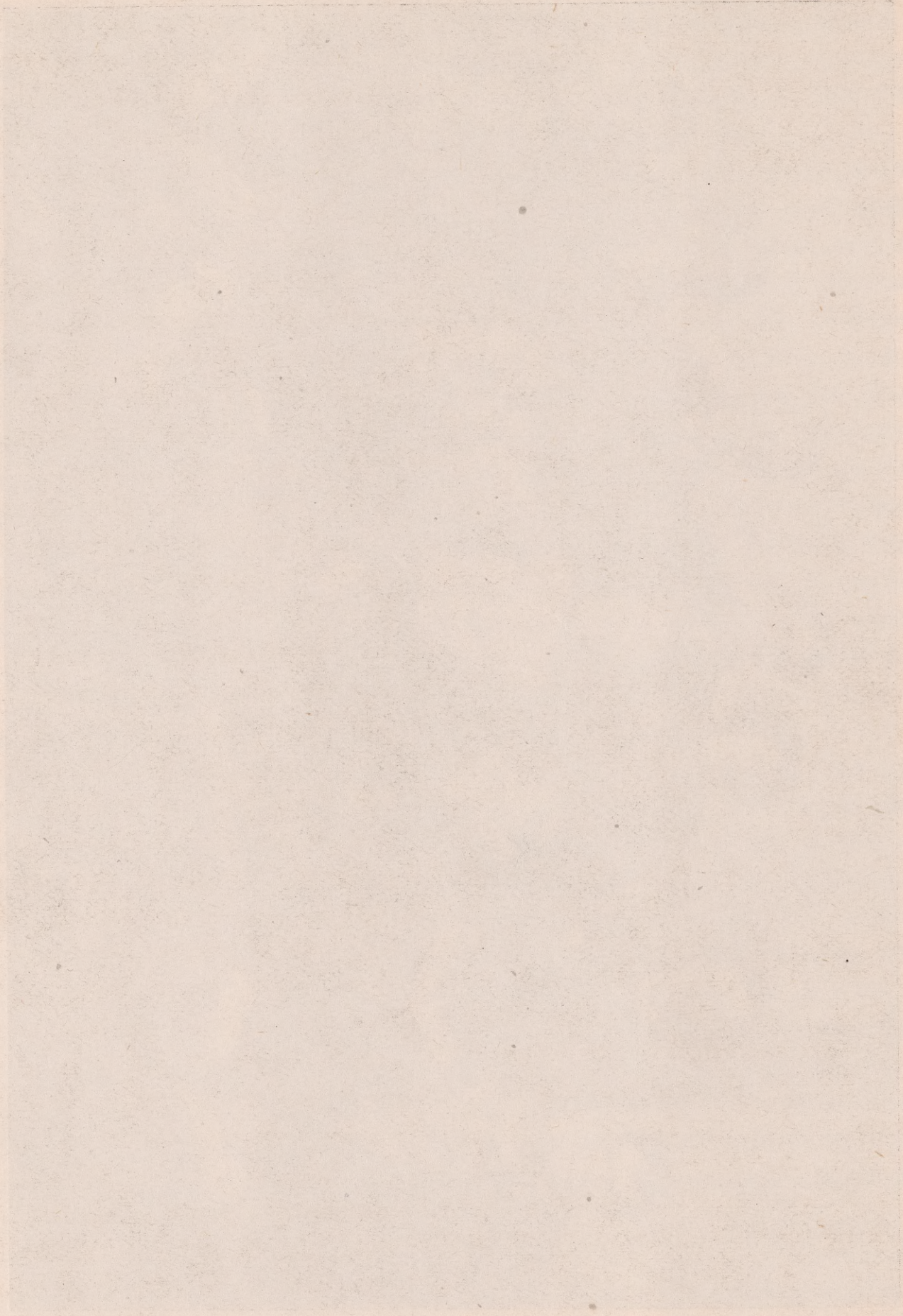
Taking all these things into consideration, mine host of Sugar Pine Point, the destination of our Comstockers, made it his custom when duly notified to meet at Tahoe City or Glenbrook, as the case might be, and convey them in his swift-sailing boat, the Tourist, to his place on the west side of the lake, thus saving them the delays and annoyances caused by the eccentricities of the steamer. So now, those on the lookout soon descried the well-known sail making its way into port; and shortly thereafter the burly figure of the captain, bluff John McKinney, was seen coming up the long steps which lead to the hotel from the Custom House, a saloon at the end of the wharf. Handshakings and hearty greetings exchanged, a mid-day lunch was disposed of, and all were soon under way to McKinney's.

The day was perfect for such a trip, a brisk breeze was blowing, out in the distance the white caps tossed and rolled. On flew the Tourist, past shores where grew tangled shrub and



EDITORIAL STAFF STUDENT RECORD.

J. W. THOMPSON, '98. G. R. BLISS, '97. MARTH A GOULD, '97 (Normal). D. R. FINLAYSON, '98.
ROSE MURPHY, '98. S. DOTEN, '98. H. E. CRUTCHER, '97 (Normal).
ALICE EDMUNDS, '97. GERTRUDE BONHAM, '97. T. BROWN, '99. R. M BRAMBILA, '97.



vine, bright with flowers shaded from the too ardent rays of the sun by the tall pines and cedars that then grew majestically all around the lake; past the old saw-mill, past Blackwood's where Mrs. Crocker of Sacramento has since built a summer residence, past the "stub," as an old tree stump standing out in the water quite a distance from the shore and serving as a hitching post for the fisher to tie his boat to, is called. On, on they flew, the water occasionally dashing over the bows, the sail dipping now and then, eliciting a slight scream from one or the other of the ladies; still all were good sailors and had perfect confidence in their captain, who was known to be the most competent boatman on the lake. Just as the sun was setting over the pine-covered hills back of the house, the landing was reached; our party disembarked and soon found themselves quite at home.

Some years before this a clearing had been made here on the shores of the lake and a hunting lodge built. This lodge, or cabin, consisted originally of but one room, but as occasion required, more had been built on from time to time, so that now it was a house of considerable pretension. The big sitting-room was the central point, around whose huge fire-place of an evening, when the wind blew too chill down from the beds of perpetual snow with which some of the higher peaks were covered, all loved to gather and watch the ruddy blaze and crackling sparks as they flew upward, while they told stories of their own adventures, or better still, listened to those told by the hunters and fishers who made the lake side their home. Since that time quite a hamlet has sprung up at this point and the old house has been still farther improved and enlarged, but with these later days we have nothing to do.

Our party, tired with their tedious journey, quickly selected their apartments, and after eating a light supper in a long, low, dimly lighted room, which served as kitchen and dining-room in one, gladly retired, too weary to be fastidious or to take especial notice of their surroundings. The morning dawned on what seemed to these dwellers among the sagebrush as a new world.

Instead of being awakened by the shrill scream of the mining whistles, or the puffing and blowing of locomotives, the stamps of the quartz mills crushing and grinding the precious rock to powder, or the oaths and shouts of the drivers of the teams bearing the quarts to the mills, no sounds greeted them here but the ripple of a little brook behind their cabins, the gentle wash of the water on the beach, and the songs of innumerable birds in the trees. The air, filled with health-giving odors from resinous pine and fragrant flowers, moistened by vapors rising from the lake, so different from the dust-filled atmosphere of the mining town, seemed as they drew it in a very "elixir of life." The sun-kissed lake, lying without a ripple on its bosom, invited all to trust themselves fearlessly on its surface; close at hand were boats waiting for that purpose, free to all, and these were soon put to use. Rowing, fishing, rambling in the woods, gathering wild flowers, picking strawberries, lying under the trees pretending to read, telling stories, eating three immense meals a day (such appetites as this wonderful air produced, and fish, bear meat and venison were plentiful in those days!), flirting harmlessly when there was anyone near at hand to flirt with—in this manner the time passed all too quickly. Perhaps the evenings were the most enjoyed, however. As the mosquitos were only too plenty, just before dark all hands made it their business to bring in quantities of pine cones, and when the supper was over, a big fire was built under the trees in front of the house, and the smoke rising from it kept the long-lanced intruders away. Around the fire all gathered for a sociable time—the guests, the hunters and fishers, and the host himself. Games were played, songs sung, stories told, barn door jigs danced; all was merriment, sparkle, life and fun. Sad hearts and sorrowful thoughts could not exist here, there was no room for them.

(To be continued.)

A bill recently introduced in the New York Legislature purposes to give \$25,000 to the College of Agriculture of Cornell.—*Ex.*

"THE SECTION BOSS' DAUGHTER, OR THE TRACK WALKER'S REVENGE."

QMONG the new books recently published by the noted American printing house of G. I. James & Co., is a most interesting little volume bearing the somewhat sensational title given above. The author is unknown, the only signature being "T. C. W. and The Long Ghost."

Who the ghost is, nobody knows. It is bad enough for any ghost to write a book, and the fact that he is a long ghost throws very little light on the matter. In the initials "T. C. W., however, I think that I recognize Professor T. C. W., a man well known to all thinkers. I know the reader will feel that I am justified in this assumption when he peruses the masterly paragraphs in which are settled, with mighty intelligence, once for all, the most difficult questions of art, hygiene, finance, science, morals and athletics.

The book starts with a prologue relating to the appearance of the ghost. "'Twas a dark and stormy night in December. Outside, the wind howled across the campus of one of our Western universities, and whirled the scudding snow against the rattling windows. In the laboratory of chemical science the professor bent his thoughtful brow low over a skull which lay beneath the wierd, sickly light of the Crookes tube. 'An!' he muttered; 'Would that I were—.' He stopped short in his soliloquy, frozen with terror at the sound of a low, shivering groan behind him. The Bunsen burner turned blue and went out, leaving the room lighted only by the sickly green lustre of the X-ray. Instinctively the Professor turned on the electric light—another awful moan. He turned, and there before him stood a gaunt figure nearly seven feet high, trembling and moaning. The Professor, recognizing that he was in the presence of a ghost summoned by the X-ray from the skull, and liable to be immediately dissipated by the electric light, hurriedly mounted a chair and wrapped a large rubber focusing cloth about the shoulders of the apparition and then put out the light.

"Then the ghost was happy. During his life-

time he had studied laboratory chemistry himself, so he got the jar containing the citric acid, and mixed, in a beaker of hot water, a strong lemonade with just a dash of $C_2 H_5 OH$ in it for his stomach's sake. Then, smoking placidly in the Professor's chair, before the congenial X-ray, he sipped his 'lemonade' and began his story. 'I am a student's ghost, doomed for a certain term to walk the night and for the day confined to lasting fires.' "

"Oh, choke off!" said the Professor. "You may omit your spiel. It isn't original, anyhow. You faked it out of Hamlet. So you've been to Purgatory, have you?"

"Yes; I've been to Hades. How comes it that I haven't seen any of our old Profs. there?"

The Professor was silent a moment and then said: "Why, my worthy apparition, there are none of them dead yet."

"Ah, yes, that is the only reason;" sighed the ghost.

From these topics he wandered to chemistry and kindred subjects; for, ever true to his university training, the ghost had preserved all his interest in scientific subjects.

"Good Lord, Professor!" he exclaimed, "you've got no idea what commercial opportunities are going to waste in Hell. Take the single item of sulphuric acid, for instance; the amount of SO_2 given off every day from the burning brimstone would make a river of $H_2 SO_4$ by the lead chamber process."

The poor ghost was much disturbed, so hoping to quiet him, the Professor brought out his latest discovery. This was a process for photographing ideas directly from the brain, on sensitized films. Stack after stack of plates had been tried, and now the process was perfected.

First came mental pictures of the editorial force of the college paper—simply large plates covered with dense gray fog.

Photographs of students' minds showed some remarkable results. First, a plate covered with butterflies, bugs and beetles, and in the background, two or three girls surrounded with a mist of Trig. and Constitutional History and other things. Next came the mind of the funny

boy with the long hair—not even a mist of knowledge in his case; simply girls, girls, girls, and jokes laboriously gathered from all conceivable sources.

Following his came an impression of a Nevada legislator's mental condition. In the foreground two burly prize-fighters appeared, carrying between them a huge sack of coin. Behind them stood our rejuvenated business interests, viz., one hundred and two saloons and six jails all in full blast.

The next plate showed the ideas of a professor. Hand in hand, a prize-fighter and football player were running riot over stacks and stacks of uncorrected essays. Toward the rear of the picture appeared the mummified remains of Lear, Hamlet and Othello embalmed in words, words, words. At one side was a horrid "new woman" in bloomers struggling vainly to master the in-


tricacies of a ballot as big as a circus poster.

All these pictures and the Professor's explanation of them pleased the ghost immensely. He was so pleased, in fact, that he readily consented to relate the history of the events immediately preceding his untimely death. Mr. T. C. W. was summoned, and in his admirable style, he wrote down the story.

In writing this paper it was my intention to present a synopsis of the events related by the ghost, but as it spoils a tale to have it told before one reads it, I have decided to leave the book to the reader's own perusal. The book is neatly bound in white and is printed on the newly invented paper made from woody fibers. Unfortunately the edition is not large, but copies may still be bought of Brown, James & Co. of Carpenter's Place, Mechanicsville.

D.

EXCHANGE.

 HE University of Chicago proposes to have the finest gymnasium in the world. The building itself will be 300x100 feet, and to it will be attached an athletic field 600x400 feet, with a seating capacity of 25,000.

—Ex.

Columbia University is to have a dormitory which will be the largest building of the kind in the world. It will be nine stories high and accommodate over 910 students.—Ex.

Let a man but admit his ignorance and be willing to learn, there is always hope for him; it is for those alone who are invincibly ignorant of their own ignorance that there exists no prospects of intellectual salvation.—Ex.

It is a near probability that the University of Michigan will make the degree of B. A. from some reputable college, one of the requirements for admission.—Ex.

The *Student Life* comes to our table this month with a new cover and in a new size.

Whatever trials Adam had,

No one could make him sore,
By saying when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."

And Cain and Abel's little hearts
No doubt beat wild with joy,
Because the old man couldn't tell
What he did when a boy.

And Eve no doubt was glad because
Old Adam couldn't say
Her pies were not like mother made
Back in his youthful day.—Ex.

A Freshman wrote a letter home,
The weather he said had been clear,
But what he dreaded most of all,
Was its *Hazy* atmosphere.—Ex.

Two hundred dollars has been given to Yale to start a fund for the erection of a monument to Yale men who took part on the Union side in the Civil War.—Ex.

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

The Carlisle Indians, having made such a good record in football, are contemplating putting a baseball team in the field.—*Ex.*

The game of association football is gaining great favor in the East, especially as a means for settling class rivalries.—*Ex.*


A certain college student sums up college life thus:

Half an hour of napping,
 Half an hour of fun,
 Three and twenty hours of work
 And then the day is done. —*Ex.*

Twenty-two American colleges and universities now belong to the association that supports the American school at Athens.—*Ex.*

Every man on Harvard's last year baseball team has returned to college.—*Ex.*

CAMPUS.

HE Ensign, a novel drama written by William Haworth, will be presented to the public about March 1st, by the Reno Dramatic Club, a large amount of new scenery has been painted, and the club has procured an outfit of uniforms especially for the play.

A map of the University grounds prepared by P. E. Emery '98, was presented to the Honorable Committee on Ways and Means of the Assembly during their visit here on February 6th. The map was a very meritorious drawing, being by far the best of the kind prepared so far by the class.

Lieutenant Hamilton is endeavoring to raise money to buy instruments preparatory to the organization of a band from among the members of the cadet corps. He will deliver a series of lectures on life at West Point Military Academy and several forts in the United States.

Why is not some of the breakage fund, which the students have to carry, used to replace one or two broken panes of glass in the Gymnasium? A pane in the skylight is broken and whenever it storms the water leaks through onto the floor.

Professor Jackson visited his mining property in the southern part of the State last week.

The Honorable Committee of Ways and Means of the Assembly of the Nevada State Legislature visited the hospital for mental diseases on the morning of Feb. 6th, and the University on the afternoon of the same day. The cadet battalion fell in and drilled in honor of the visitors, after which all repaired to a General Assembly of the students and listened to remarks made by the members of the Honorable Committee and their friends of the University. The Committee was then shown around the grounds and buildings and afterward dined with President Stubbs. On February 13th, we were also honored by a visit of the Honorable Committee of Ways and Means of the Senate. The honorable members of the Legislature who visited us on these two days seemed well pleased with the work done in the University and expressed a wish to do all in their power to aid us.

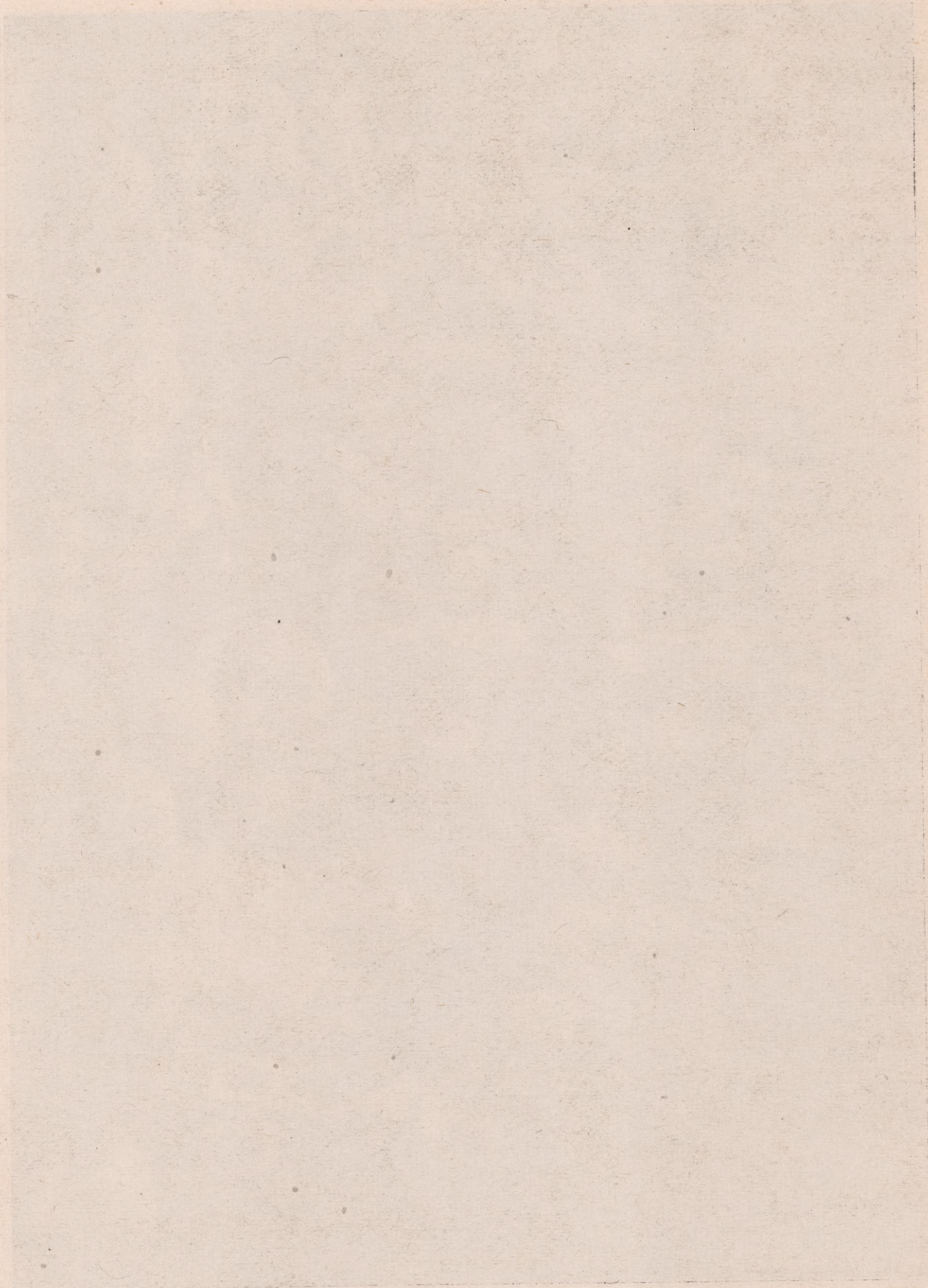
A committee of students with the aid of a committee from the faculty prepared a memorial and sent it to the State Legislature, asking that the members of the Legislature act favorably on the bill for an appropriation of \$12,000 for the Mechanical Department, and Gymnasium.

Some of the students made a "kick" about the quality of board they were receiving at the dining hall. We hope that it may have the desired effect.



UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA FOOTBALL TEAM.

MOORMAN, T. GIGNOUX, G. CARMEN, C. CHISM, G. THOMPSON, T.
DUNSDEN, T. KEDDIE, E. EVANS, E. BRULE, Q. B.
SIELAFF, H. B. J. SUNDERLAND, T. FEENEY, Mgt. PRATT, G. HERITAGE, E.
O'NEALL, F. B. CAHILL, H. B. FINLAYSON, Q. B., Capt. R. SUNDERLAND, H. B. BLISS, H. B.



I, ll go you for puddin' !

A few members of the A. A. have been playing baseball during the past week.

The new assignment cards are superior to any that have hitherto been used.

Seagraves, '96, was at the social Saturday night. Harry accepted a vacation for a couple of weeks and returned to Reno to visit his parents and friends.

The religious services at the Opera House have ceased. They have been attended by quite a number of students.

Owing to the fact that orders for the attendance of the cadets on Saturday afternoon, the 13th, for drill before the Ways and Means Committee of the Senate, were not published until late, the ranks of the battalion were not very full, but the drill was excellent.

James Wright (Special) and George Plummer have left for their homes.

Governor Sadler and State Controller La Grave were on the campus on the 11th.

Attendance at classes until after March 17th will be enforced. This is a very significant fact. Rumor has it that some of the warm admirers of "Gentleman Jim" and "Lanky Bob" will be sick about that time.

A new student was heard to ask if "General Assembly" is hard. Perhaps some of those who "cut" it last year can tell.

The friends of the Varsity are rejoicing at Dan Stuart's selection of Carson for the battle-ground. Had it been at Reno, the temptation to go and the influence upon the students would have been demoralizing.

Professr Church is again teaching his classes.

Now that the exams. are over, inquiries are heard about the proposed Student Congress.

"Jim" passed through Reno on the night of the 11th. Quite a large delegation was at the train to greet him. Of course, none of the students were there.

A committee from the University was appointed to draw up resolutions to the State Senate, asking for appropriations for the Shop and Gym. Bliss '97, Sullivan '98, Lamb '99, Brule '00, Gilson, Com. '97; Crutcher, Norm. '97; Stiner, Norm. '98, were the members.

The necessity for a band has at last been recognized. There will be about fifteen members. A dozen of the instruments have already been ordered.

Lieutenant Hamilton's lecture on "Esprit de corps," given at General Assembly on the 10th inst., was very instructive and enjoyed by all.

Now that prize-fighting is occupying the attention of the people, its supporters seek to excuse it on the grounds that it is no worse than football. To those who are familiar with football, such remarks only provoke smiles. But few who are acquainted with that game make such comparisons.

'Tis the last bang of foot-ball left all alone;
All its beautiful companions to the barbers have gone;
No bang of its kind, unless that of the girl,
To ware o'er the forehead or twist into curl.
I'll not keep thee there lone one, for people to guy;
But just as the rest 'neath the scissors you'll fly,
Then I'll scatter you gently where the battle was won,
For now your not needed, as foot-ball is done.

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.



HE baseball game between the Seniors and Juniors of Berkeley resulted in a victory for the latter. Score, 24 to 6.

The Social Club met on Friday evening, the 12th inst., and a very pleasant time was reported by all present. Mr. Moore was present, and the Club extends thanks to him for instruction in the new dances.

General Assembly was called on Saturday, February 6th, in honor to the "Ways and Means" Committee of the Assembly, who were down to inspect the University. Assembly was again called on February 13th in honor to the Ways and Means Committee from the Senate.

Mrs. Seland Stanford has donated her mansion situated on Knob Hill, San Francisco, to the Stanford University to be used as a library. She will use it as her home until her death.

TWO MIRACLES.

IT had seemed in the jar and fret of life such a little thing to ask for out of earth's abundance. The struggle had been long and weary, but now at last it had come to her, the miracle for which she had prayed, and worked, and wept, and she realized that instead of the least it was the greatest miracle of life: the miracle of opportunity—the miracle that would transform gray, narrow lives of multitudes into glorious fulfillment of dreams.

From babyhood her cry had been development of mind, soul and body. The pity of it! To feel within one's self the capabilities of widest, fullest living, yet be compelled to dwell pent within cramped bounds that paralyzed mind and spirit.

Her very room was typical of all these years. Round its walls were on every hand the com-

In this, our holiday edition of the RECORD, will be found a cut of the University football team. The University may well be proud of the boys who represented it in the various games last Fall. With but one year's coaching it has arrived at a standard to which there is no comparison in Nevada, and in another year, if proper coaching can be obtained, it will turn the tables on the California teams, who defeated us so badly. Nearly all of the old members of the team will be back next year and will begin training immediately upon the opening of school in September. Carman, who played center, will return to take Freshman work, and will be a most formidable man. The vacancy at half-back, left by Sunderland, will be hard to fill. The position of full-back is the weak point in the team, but Moorman, '00, will be a very promising candidate for the position.

Haskell of Berkeley has been selected to captain the college football team of that institution during the next football season.

monplace, the necessary. The little strip of carpet in the center symbolized the distance that intangible thing—self—might walk in life unhindered. A window high above the din and turmoil of the city, framing a glimpse of emerald sea and turquoise sky, was as the tiny rift in the curtain through which, in fleeting dreams, she beheld unknown heights and breadths.

Yet for the greater part the mystery was mystery still; the light a mere glimmer in the darkness, and at the heart of every enthusiasm was doubt—doubt of herself, her power to do, her strength to be.

It came to her now. She rose, pacing the tiny room with impatient step, questioning with keenest analysis her every attribute. Had she within herself wider capabilities? Why ask and ask when the answer must inevitably wound? Why not be content to drift with the tide?

In the days of childhood almost it had begun.

When she left school at sixteen, in spite of having always longed for the broad culture of a classical education, the question "Why did I not go on?" found no satisfaction in the answer, "Because you were not strong, dear." All through life they had told her that in loving deprecation. For years it had been accepted passively, acquiescingly; then suddenly the term struck keen, with a deeper, double significance. Ah, had she been strong the lack of physical strength would not have daunted her. Others had fought successfully against greater odds.

From that day she silently repudiated that excuse, and sought shelter behind the lack of opportunity.

First had been elocution: the teacher enthusiastic over her talent, predicting greater things. Years had passed since she had dropped the study to take up vocal music, the stern old professor vouchsafing meager (but for him unusual) praise of her voice. Her piano teacher assured her after a few months that if she continued to do as well the great master would surely consent to take her as a pupil. The lessons were given up before the year was ended for lack of means to continue; the vocal studies went the same way soon after. Later she entered the art school. On the walls still hung some life class drawings that Mathews had commended.

Surely, surely the lack of money was the root of evil.

With the opportunity for development in all these things she might have been something more than the mediocrity she scorned. That had been the thought, but years had passed since this last shelter had been swept away by the tide of self-analysis. Yet it seemed only yesterday, the bitterness of that hour was so near in which she had first realized the fault was not of the gods, but of herself.

It was at the beginning of her literary work. Several sketches were published. They had kissed her, and said: "You write very prettily, my dear."

She had ground her teeth in protest against the adjective. Must it always be thus?

Her work simply pretty, her singing only

sweet, her drawing but fairly well done? It was too bad of the fates to deny her opportunity. But when the literary promise that depended on her alone for fulfillment failed—she knew.

Reasoning backward from effect to cause, like a flash came the realization that the vast majority of the names on the pages of the book of fame were those of men and women who, in music, art or letters, had succeeded by the power that was within them, against which power no adverse fate could avail. Had any one of these things been enough to her, been what she had imagined them to be, she could not have failed. Alas, her talents resolved themselves into a merely superficial cleverness. In impotent despair she bruised her soul against the limitations of her own nature.

But this! She went to the window, leaning out into the dying gold of the day. This was tangible: within her grasp even. Nothing could cheat her of this.

To Dives a pitiable sum indeed, but to her everything.

There was not even a pang for the old man who had died across the seas: died as he had lived—unknown.

That blood was thicker than water was evinced only by the fact that he had left his little fortune to his sister's child rather than to strangers. To be sure, it might have come sooner, but not a single moment of enjoyment of life was begrudged him, for at thirty-five one is still so young that the days stretched on before—a glorious procession bearing every good and perfect gift.

Ten years earlier, perhaps, might have been too soon; but now the lessons were learned. She knew the worth of every tiny joy. Surely there was a vast chance for happiness.

She, closing the window, smiled, drawing a little low rocker to watch, as always at dusk, the lights flash out along the bay, upon the hills, each one to-night a symbol of the glow within her heart.

It was so good to rest: she was very tired, so unused to joy. Ah, well! She had gone to work in the stuffy little office for the last time.

She had told them of her good fortune, and they had been so kind, had rejoiced for and with her.

Her face was radiant as the tired eyes closed, and the weary head dropped against the window frame.

* * * * *

"The casement slowly grows a glimmering square" as Irish Polly climbs the stairs to her room, carrying a dainty tray, for it is but proper that my lady of fortune should have her coffee in bed. Is it not written that "unto him that hath shall be given"? Behind Polly puffs the mistress, turning with curious fingers the official-looking envelope just left by the postman.

She is sitting at the window, the fair, soft light of the early morning illumining her face with ineffable glory.

They, finding only the soul's "deserted house," mourned that night had fallen while yet it was noon, mourned for the promise all unfulfilled, grieved for the "might have been," not knowing at that very hour in a little Italian town a priest sent up prayers of gratitude for the finding of a later will, which proved that not vainly had he striven to win a soul for the only true church, for had not the old man left his all to build an altar to the holy virgin?

But the angel of recompense, unto whom is given the knowledge not only of what is, but of what would have been, looking down the vista of years to come, and beholding the lonely figure of a woman, old, worn, bowed with grief and disappointment, smiled as he wrought the miracle of compensation—the miracle we call death.

MAY ETHELYN BOURNE.

AN AMUSING RETROSPECT.

AS I sat in my chair one evening smoking my cigar, watching the blue smoke ascend toward the ceiling, and musing over different events of my life, that part which I had spent at college usurped the foreground.

There seemed to appear in the cloud of smoke a picture of Lincoln Hall, with its long front porch, gables and cupola. As the picture grew brighter I saw half a dozen boys arrayed in night attire climb out of one of the windows. Their mission appeared to be a secret one, judging from the manner in which they peered here and there into the darkness of midnight as they cautiously moved toward the Gymnasium, near which two cannon had been placed. Two of the boys each carried a tightly sewed canvas bag containing something which they expected to use during the night's escapade. Attached to these bags were long pieces of fuse.

The boys reached the cannon, and placed the bags in the muzzles, ramming them home. All

but one retired to their respective apartments and "to bed"; the remaining one lit the fuses, and then left for his room. All was quiet in Lincoln Hall, except the regular breathing of the sleepers, with here and there a snore to break the monotony.

All of a sudden "bang" went a cannon. For an instant all was still; then voices were heard, and the boys began to move in the different parts of the building. "Bang" went the second gun, rattling the windows and bringing everybody from bed with a jump.

After a few minutes had elapsed a white-robed figure with tally sheet in one hand and a candle in the other—a representation of the Goddess of Liberty—was seen to pass through the halls and enter every room in quest of an absent member. But no; the members of his flock were all in their rooms, and, indeed, two more than usual were present.

Suddenly a knock at my door arouses me from my pleasant reverie, and I am once more face to face with life's problems.

THE ESSENTIAL THING.

YOU may have an education
That would mystify a nation
Given to investigation
Of most eruditic kind;
You may have a reputation
For high supererogation
Or the contraindication
Of a selfish, sordid mind.

In all your adjudication
You may scorn equivocation
Or the smallest deviation
From the plane of abstract right,
And your mere recommendation
May procure a situation
For a man in degradation
Blacker than the darkest night.

While in fierce argumentation
You may rise to recantation,
Shunning misrepresentation
While your foeman mocks your pain;
But, despite this combination,
If not mentioned with elation
For a cabinet situation
You have lived and worked in vain.

CICERO MODERINIZED.

HOW long, O, thou lazy scholar, wilt thou
abuse our patience? How long will that
idleness of yours mock us? Does not
your self-respect, the regard for your fellow stu-
dents, your low ranks and the respect for your
teachers move you at all?

O thou unzealous one! Your parents know
this, your teachers see it, yet thou dost still con-
tinue in thy idle ways! Nay, more; thou hast
the gall to come to school as though thou wert
doing thy duty and all that is required of thee.
Canst thou hope to continue in this? Nay,
verily, take my advice: turn from thy evil ways,
turn from them, and study with all thy zeal to
make up in some measure for the time thou hast
lost.

SHADOW SONG.

SHADOWS, shifting to and fro,
Quickly come and quickly go.
Brown hills and meadows green
Lying distant, cool, serene,
Kissed by shadows fleeting by
That on sweetest errands fly.
Haymen working in the field
To their soft embraces yield.
Drink the freshness of the breeze
Stirring in the leafy trees.
Quickly shadows haste along,
And with them the breeze is gone.

* * * * *

A shadow fell across a summer vale,
And the warm light began to softly pale
Until at last it lay, a dull, cold gloom,
Where sunshine found no longer any room;
But from the blossoms that no eye could see
A fragrance rich and languid seemed to be
Diffused throughout the shadow-stricken vale.

A shadow fell across a frozen realm
That seemed the sickly sun to overwhelm,
Until at last 'twas wrapped in darkest night,
Through which no star cast down its mellow
light,

Nor of the dead, cold, snowy-mantled earth
No song, no perfume, had its tender birth,
For when the sunshine fled all else was dead.

A life full of the sweetest new-born hope
Comes into completeness with one last stroke.
When from a sky as bright as that of June
A shadow falls across the light of noon
Woe to that soul if it sings no sweet lay,
And in its sorrow hides itself away.

No death can be more cruel or complete.

Mickey Cahill 'oo, who has been at home for a
couple of weeks on account of his health, has
returned.

Several examinations were given last Saturday
to students who were conditioned at the final
examination of the last semester.

A SPECIMEN ESSAY.

FOURTEEN out of a class of forty Freshmen failed to pass the examination in Rhetoric at the last examinations. The following is from the pencil of Herr Freshman, and yet he kicks because the Faculty thinks he ought to study English:

"As I came up the hill to take the examination I was not in the best of spirits haveing in my mind all the time that I would fail. On coming in to the room and reading the questions I was more sure than ever but I though it was best to try but I find it very hard though I find it not a very hard on one but one that will may you think. It is rather hard on one that has miss a good many lesson I find. The room is very quite only the sound of the pencils as they move along the paper, now and then a rusle of the feet or the rattle of paper as some one moves his sheets. Every thing go on nicely and the hours slip by then the ones that have finish fould the paper and quietly leave the room the wonder and wait until the papers are corected to find there standing where they fail or pass.

"If they fail some blame the Pirof. some blame them selves—but never the less are glad that they are through."

George Teasland '00, who had a very severe hemorrhage of the lungs last week, has been removed to his home at Mound House. From last reports George was getting along as well as could be expected, and we hope soon to see him back on the campus.

We have heard Professor Thurtell discuss in an interesting manner the fourth dimension, but we wonder why the professor has never thought of the four-sided angle as discovered by Saxton '00.

Lieutenant Hamilton will deliver a lecture in Assembly Hall on February 20th to increase the fund for the purchase of instruments for the proposed Cadet band. Admission, 25 cents.

SHEER LAZINESS THE CAUSE.

WE have noticed in our rambles around the grounds the disregard of students not only for the State's property, but also for their own. In a room of the Gymnasium are nearly all of the suits of the football team, covered with mud, and piled up just as they were left after the Sophomore-Freshman game last fall. The Athletic Association has about \$200 invested in football paraphernalia, the most of which is represented in these uniforms. No one seems to have charge, and the individuals who wore them last do not seem to think that perhaps they will be needed next year. We understood after the last game that the uniforms were to be cleaned and packed away in a box, and an assistant mascot was to be appointed to help the regular one guard the uniforms night and day.

TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES.

WE are glad to see that the Legislature has taken action in regard to granting teachers' diplomas to graduates of reputable universities. At the teachers' examination held here last summer graduates of the University of Nevada were required to take all the examinations, no credit being given them for their four years at college. This state of affairs is not only a drawback to the proper filling of the ranks of the college courses, but it is discouraging to those who, after completing a college course, wish to teach for a living or in order to complete their education. For these reasons, and many others, we hope that the ability of college graduates may be recognized, and Senate bill No. 3 passed without a dissenting voice.

Ainley '03 has begun to slave. He wants to surprise the folks when he returns home.

Nearly all the Faculty and a number of friends of the University have subscribed for the purchase of instruments for a Cadet band that is soon to be organized.

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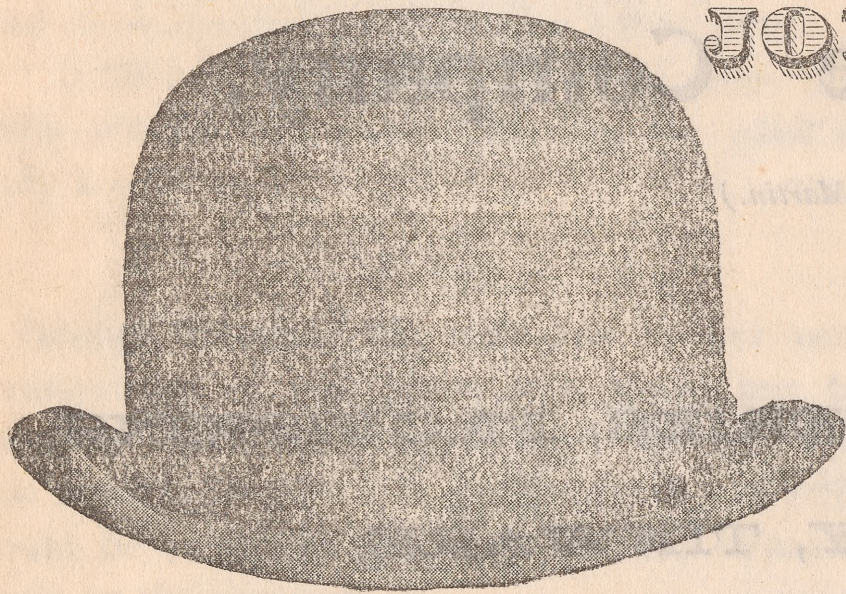
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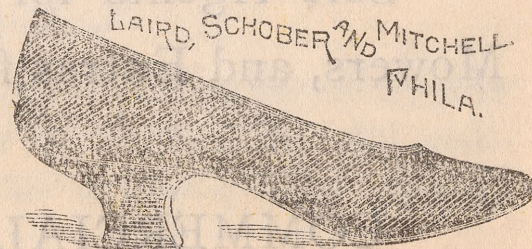
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