

March 1, 1897.

The Student's Record

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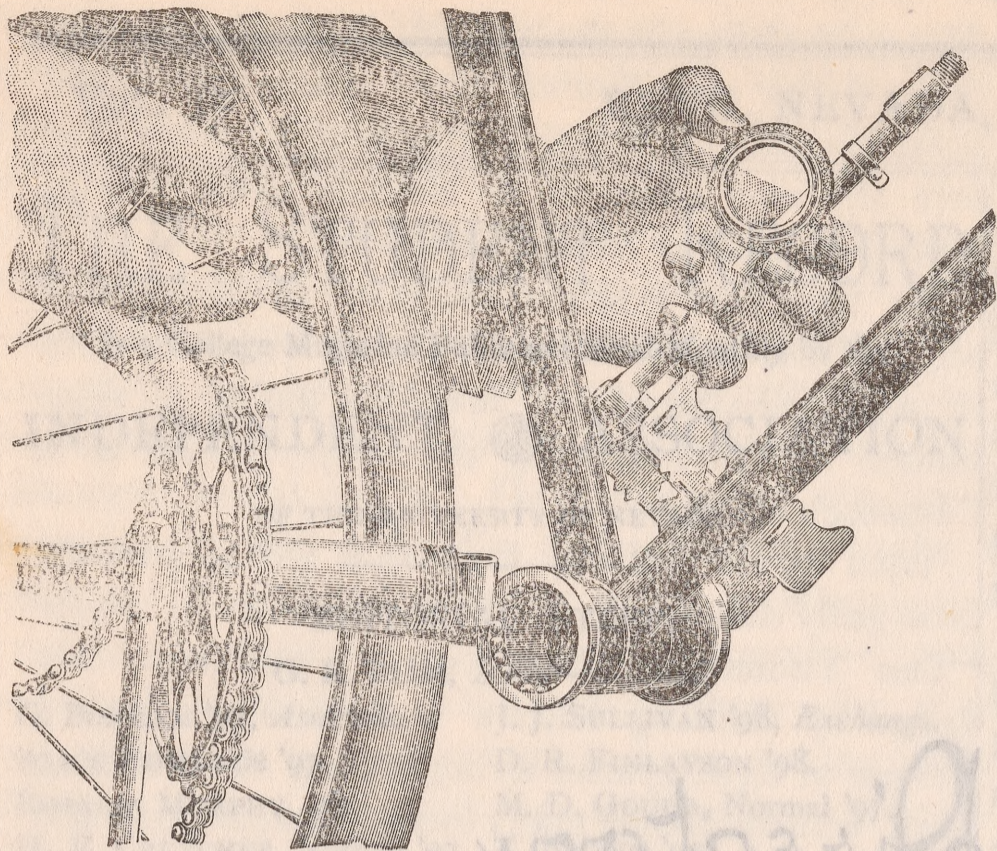
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EDITORIAL.

OUR college is singularly free from the discord which in many colleges exists between faculty and students. Of course, there are some individuals who will always find fault with the powers that be; but as a student body we seem to be in perfect harmony with our instructors. The advantages that accrue from such a harmonious state are many. Students are more loyal to college and faculty, more obedient to discipline, and the work ought to be of a higher grade and more thoroughly done; the influence of the worthy men and women of the faculty

upon the students' characters is better, farther reaching and more permanent. The students lend themselves freely to the advice, influence and help of professors. The professors in turn being kindly disposed, give their best help, their best influence, their best work to guide and aid the students, as well as to give instruction in their given branches of knowledge.

The college that has no schism will have a better standing in the community; it will be better patronized; it has a chance to grow along all lines of improvement. May our beloved *Alma Mater* never know any discords or dissensions between faculty and students.

* * *

AS soon as President Stubbs has the business of the University appropriations off his hands he will probably make arrangements for the organization of the Students' Congress. The students are greatly in need of the training that such a Congress would give in debate and in the consideration of interesting and vital questions. We are in hopes that the organization may be accomplished soon, so as to give the class of '97 all the benefits to be derived from it between now and June. One is not in condition to cope with the world till he or she has learned to think and talk of business of the world and to take an interest in passing events.

* * *

THE Legislature has been very generous to the University in its appropriations. The greatest educational need of the State now is the need of a high school in each county. There are seven high schools in the State; there are several counties, however, without any. The University tries to supply this need by its preparatory department. Many young people are unable to attend the University who would be very greatly benefited by a course in a county high school. Good county high schools, moreover, would enable the University to raise its standard and would place it on a level equal to any college on the coast.

LAKE TAHOE IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES.

AS I look backward over the gulf of twenty-five years that intervenes between that time and the present, a vivid picture of the group under the trees around the cone fire arises before me, and a feeling of thankfulness fills my mind anew that "heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate." Could they, could we, have known what the future held in store small would have been the present enjoyment. Well for us

God in mercy kindly orders
That from our poor mortal sight
Coming sorrows shall be hidden:
Hope shall keep our pathway bright.

Had any one told these well-to-do Comstockers, who spent money as freely as if they possessed an inexhaustible supply, that loss of means—nay, even actual hardship—awaited most of them, such a tale would have been greeted with shouts of derision.

Had any one told this jolly printer, so wedded to the charms of single blessedness, that fate in the shape of a red-headed Irish grass widow who would lead him a merry dance was even then awaiting him in a Comstock lodging-house, what a laugh of scorn the tale would have provoked from him!

Who could believe that this fair maiden, now so innocently gay, would, after a few years passed as a happy wife and mother, then widowed and married again to one far beneath her in the social scale, seek to drown the troubles thus produced in the cup that brings destruction to both mind and body, and in time should fill the grave that awaits those who thus transgress?

Or that this staid young man, the principal of a flourishing public school, should soon become one of the chief actors in a social drama that would cause more than a nine days' wonder and gossip to the people of the Comstock, and end in the breaking up of a home and the sacred ties of marriage?

Or that his brother, the principal of another public school, was even then doomed, and would in a few short years end a lingering and painful

illness by dying in the arms of "Mother Bickerdyke," the well-known army nurse, who had been his patient, faithful attendant for weeks before the end came, in a Nevada town among strangers and far from all he loved?

Or that this bright-eyed man, the favorite of all, the gayest of the gay, should soon be torn in pieces, shattered and mangled out of all semblance of humanity by the angry wheel of a Comstock mine?

Who could believe that this jovial parson, now gaily dancing to his own music as he sings "Ten Thousand Miles Away," and ends his dance by sending with a well directed kick a shower of light sparks flying among those sitting near, would, before many more years, an apostate from his church and weary of the hard struggle for existence, put an end to all worldly things, and die by his own hand?

Still in that dread book, waiting for time to turn the fatal leaves, all this and more was written.

But turn we to lighter subjects. I have already mentioned the hunters and fishers who lived at different points on the lake, queer characters most of them, men in whom the native savage instinct of living in the woods, subsisting by hunting and fishing, untrammelled by custom or her laws, had never been wholly crushed out. These men knew every nook or corner in the mountains around where a deer or a bear was most likely to be found, and could tell by an almost unerring instinct where to cast a line for trout; therefore their services as guides and boatmen were often in demand.

In one of the prettiest spots on the lake, where the ground sloped gradually to the water's edge, the green grass sprang naturally from the soil, thus forming a beautiful lawn, and a little creek, the outlet of some spring or perhaps of one of the small lakes of which there are so many hidden high up on the mountain side, sang its way cheerily along as it went to add its mite to the waters of the larger lake, stood a little one roomed cabin, owned and occupied by one of the most peculiar of these denizens of the pines, known to all the lakeside as the "General."

A man of at least seventy years, but still erect, agile and light of foot, wearing his age gracefully and seeming much younger than he really was—here he had dwelt, usually alone, for years. One of the most successful fishers on the lake, in season he shipped large quantities of the trout for which the lake is so noted to different markets, and by this means, and the cultivation of a little garden patch, he easily provided for his own frugal wants. He was a sunny dispositioned old fellow, kindly and courteous in his manner to all, and never so happy as when the center of a group of guests at McKinney's—especially if there were ladies among them—for whose edification he was spinning some fishing or hunting yarn. Of book knowledge he was profoundly ignorant, being unable either to read or to write. Nothing seemed more ridiculous to him than the idea commonly held that the earth is a sphere, and is rapidly revolving in space.

"Sho', now, you needn't tell me any sech stuff as that. Why, I know better. If the airth was a whirlin' round as you say it is all the water in this here lake would be spilled out in no time. Why, I've set a glass of water close to my bed for years, and never a drop spilled, and all of it would if the airth was tearin' round as you try to make me believe it is. Ye needn't tell me."

No amount of practical illustration would make the slightest impression on the General's mind.

Of one thing the good man was especially proud, and this was a most perfect set of "store teeth," as he called them. He lost no opportunity of calling attention to them, often removing the plates from his mouth with a flourish, and pointing out their beauties to the admiring lookers-on.

Well, the General has long since passed beyond the smiling and the weeping. His lovely home spot soon after his death was disposed of by auction sale, the purchaser being, it was said at the time, the famous actress Mrs. Langtry, who, however, has made no improvement on the place.

Mine host of Su ar Pine Point—John, as everybody called him—deserves more than a passing notice. He was a Missourian by birth,

but had left his home when quite young, and made his way to California in search of a fortune, which, however, he never found. He was one of the earliest settlers on the lake, having taken up land and built himself a cabin there long before it became known as a summer resort. He was a typical backwoodsman, standing over six feet in his stockings, broad and heavy in proportion. His face was round and full, framed in a bristly black beard that was, if truth must be told, much blacker at some times than at others, and even occasionally took on a suspicious purple hue. His smile was so vast that the witty ones termed his mouth the "half-moon bay," and his eyes, as blue as if they took their color from the depth of sky that spread out above him, were kindly and pleasant as a rule, but could become set and determined when occasion required. He was possessed of a heart, moreover, that expanded to every unmarried woman who could lay the slightest claim to youth or beauty; but, though "Barkis was willin'," up to this time he had found no Peggotty to cheer his loneliness.

His place was first visited quite by accident by some hunters from the Comstock, who afterward made it their yearly headquarters during the hunting season, and in course of time brought some of their womankind with them. As the beauties of the place and the genial qualities of its owner became more widely known increasing accommodations were needed and added from time to time. Perhaps the fact of the landlord's being a bachelor—the greater freedom this gave to all, and especially the opportunity this fact afforded the ladies to interfere in the household arrangements, and thus feel themselves almost at home—had something to do with making the Point so popular.

It soon became evident that of the party assembled here at this particular time the school-ma'am was John's especial favorite, and, with the usual perversity of the sex, she by turns encouraged his addresses, or plunged him into the depths of despair by seeming to ignore his very existence. When such was the state of affairs it was useless for any of the others to ask

a favor of John, such as a sail to any of the points of interest on the lake, a fishing excursion or anything of the sort; and the poor fellow would sit around looking so glum that the ladies would unite in entreaties to the cause of his woes to let her smiles fall upon him again, and thus restore him to cheerfulness, after which things would go on in their usual manner.

As may be imagined in an establishment presided over by a lone bachelor, assisted only by a queer specimen of a heathen Chinese, the housekeeping was of a peculiar character; but, as before hinted, every good woman who spent a part of the summer here felt it her duty and her privilege to have a voice (a loud one sometimes) in the matter, with dubious results and any amount of friction at times. One great source of trouble was the impossibility of getting any washing done; and the good dames, most of whom would have scorned to do such menial work at their own homes, were obliged to take their weekly turns in cleansing the family linen at a huge fire-place on which a rude tank was fitted for heating water and boiling the clothes, which stood outside of and at a little distance from the main building.

As even here under the shade of the pines the sun sent down scorching rays in the middle of the day, it was customary for the ladies, when about to engage in the agreeable pastime of washing, to rise at a very early hour, and by so doing to get through before it became too uncomfortably warm. Here one morning, between the hours of four and five, the schoolma'am came to take her turn at the washtub. Early as it was, however, John was before her. He had the fire brightly burning and the water steaming and bubbling in the tank, all ready for her to begin her work; nor did his kindness stop here. He plainly felt an active interest in what was going on, and showed the same by assisting whenever he could do so. Soon it became only too evident from sundry and divers remarks, accompanied by languishing glances, that his thoughts were taking a highly sentimental turn. As the fair object of his desires noticed this, she became more and more reserved, not to say cross,

—a woman's prerogative when washing, surely—but all was of no avail, for, taking advantage of a moment when, having assisted her to empty the huge tub she was using, they were necessarily brought into close proximity, he drew still closer, and peering anxiously under the green gingham sunbonnet she wore, he asked: "Say, do you like to wash?" "I like it well enough when I can't help doing it," was the answer. He fidgetted a moment, then drawing still nearer and laying his hand on her shoulder, said in the most affectionate tones he could assume: "Say, now—you know—how would you like to stay here and wash always?" "I wouldn't like to wash always, anywhere," she answered with an ominous flirt of the garment she was wringing, but, nothing daunted, he continued, "Say, what would you say if I was to ask you to marry me?" "You'd better ask and find out," snapped the schoolma'am, so viciously this time that the discomfited suitor, evidently considering discretion the better part of valor, beat a hasty retreat into the house and fell into a fit of sulks which lasted for several days, or until the young woman took special pains to conciliate him and restore herself to his good graces.

But fate had her revenge in store for the schoolma'am, and it came when the husbands of the married ladies arrived to look after their loyal spouses; for with them came a newspaper man who, having spent two score and more of his years in single blessedness, was now in search of a wife to cheer the remaining score and ten should they be allowed him. Though time had left his marks upon the whitening locks and the robust form of the editor, so that he had lost much of the grace and lightness of youth, in his heart youth still dwelt, and love and romance there still held their sway. Under the shade of two lofty pines that stood at quite a distance from the house, whose spreading roots extended into the very waters of the lake, the schoolma'am had often found a refuge when the fun grew too fast for her taste, or when tired of human society she chose rather that of the trees, the sky, the song of birds, and to watch the sportive play of myriads of minnows in the clear water before her.

Here the editor found her one beautiful July day, when, with his heart full of love and his pockets full of copy, he had gone in search of her. His tale of love was soon told, and they left the shade of the trees, "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," it is to be presumed; for within a few days thereafter came the jolly parson, bringing the marriage license and the ring. The wedding vows were made in the Transit, away out in the middle of the lake, while from the Governor Stanford, which lay close by, rose the shouts and congrat-

ulations of "all the world," who were invited to the wedding. The lake lay clear and glassy, without a ripple to disturb its surface; bluer skies were never seen: all nature seemed to smile on this bridal in the high Sierras.

After the ceremony was over the party boarded the Stanford; and here it is well to leave them, homeward bound, just starting on the voyage of life. Novelists do well to leave their characters on the wedding day, for with marriage romance ends and the stern realities of life begin.

M. S. D.

MENTAL ACTIVITY.

WE believe that the surrounding circumstances do not constitute the factors of development, but that these are found in mental activity. It has been argued that such is true with other natural organisms, and must therefore be so with the mind.

Note the seed. The seed has one nature; man has two. The seed can take to itself such nourishment as is necessary for its existence and physical growth. Man is not content to take that nourishment alone, but strives to take into his mind that which will elevate him and develop his higher nature.

Again, the seed takes to itself only that which is necessary to its individuality, as is shown by planting the corn, potato and pansy seed in the same soil. Each takes from the ground, the sunshine and the dew only that which will nourish its own individuality.

The corn does not become a pansy, nor does the pansy seed become a potato. Circumstances do not make these; if they did all would be the same. It is the inherent nature of the seeds which determines the character of the plants.

Do not the minds of men possess this same inherent individuality? We believe they do. Man has a mind by which he can adapt himself to circumstances. By his reason he can determine the benefit or injury of certain circumstances. He can then make use of those that will help, and can struggle against and keep at a distance those that tend to harm him.

Through the activity of his own powers in most lines of work man secures to himself the only true education. Consciousness of power prompts him to try again and again, instead of giving way to surrounding influences.

Personal worth should be the ideal power of the world. It is the personality of the individual that makes the man. The highest form of personality shows itself in the individual will acting energetically, and guided by reason, morality and religion.

It is said the self-originating and sustaining force of one's will is the greatest influence in one's personality. It is the force of will, a sense of duty and a determination not to give up that enables many a man to make himself a model for us to follow.

Do we not all know many men who have fought their way through adverse circumstances and against strong opposition until they have won success? Yes indeed. This activity carries men and nations onward. Every step of progress in the history of our race has been made in the face of opposition and difficulty. Every great truth has had to fight its way through many adverse circumstances.

Innate ideas of truth and justice inspire man to replace wrong with right. This mental activity to oppression and wrong, together with a power to change circumstances, led to the wresting of the Magna Charta from King John, to the Reformation, to the Declaration of Independence, to Lincoln's proclamation, and this same mental activity will ever lead man to higher civilization.

DOES THE EXCELLENCE OF THE ART DEPEND
UPON THE EXCELLENCE OF THE MAN?

WHEN we read a good book in which lovely characters are depicted, cruelty and injustice are punished, generosity, courage and nobility are portrayed in brightest colors; when we gaze at a beautiful picture, listen to soul-stirring music, or are carried away by the realistic performance of some master actor, we are apt to think of the artist as a person of noble character and virtuous life. Do the biographies of famous artists sustain this idea?

Two questions may come to mind in the consideration of this subject: If art is ennobling, must not the artist live a noble life? Can a person whose life is marred by wrongdoing conceive high ideals and give to the world works of true art?

What is a work of art, and what are the qualities necessary for the best artist? The former may be defined sufficiently for our purpose here as the production or the result of the labor of the artist.

There is a somewhat different standard of true art in the different branches according to their characters. The successful artist may represent the passions as well as the gentler feelings and aspirations of the human soul, but there must be underlying all, and showing through all, the presence of the ideal.

A painter may picture the passions—anger, jealousy and fright—as well as love, sympathy and joy, and become famous thereby. An actor may be great because of his ability to present the character of a villain in its most natural, vivid form, as well as that of a hero or heroine. May not the artist, having lost for a time the inspiration of his art, lose sight of the ideal he has conceived so clearly, and, like ordinary mortals, yield to common temptations?

The ancient Romans, who earned a reputation for their works of art, and kept it for centuries, were not models of conduct in political and home life, yet their writings and architecture are models to-day of form and beauty.

Byron at times soared on the wing of his

genius into the realm of beauty and goodness; but his weak will, made weaker by foolish bringing up, yielded continually to vice, and gave this poet a reputation as a man whom we do not like to think of in connection with his excellent productions.

Goethe's naturally strong character and powerful mind was not without a weak side which left a stain upon his life in spite of his friends' attempts to excuse him. As a dramatic writer only Shakespeare can compare with him. His "Faust" is considered the greatest work of art in the German language, and among the greatest in the world's literature.

The elder Booth, who could represent the noblest and strongest characters in Shakespeare with such skill that he became one of the finest artists of his profession, had one failing which mars the lustre of his fame. How could he become the personality, as he said he did, of King Lear or of Hamlet so many times, and then lose all personality in drink?

These are only a few of many examples which might be brought up as illustrations of the antagonism between the art and the lives of the artists.

How can those who see the "eternal soul of goodness" which true art brings out amid the dark circumstances it pictures live other than noble lives? It is easier for all to preach than to practice. *Video meliora proboque deteriora sequor.* Why? Good conduct is more a matter of the will than of the imagination or reason. The contemplation of ideals of beauty and art does not train the will—rather does it weaken it by accustoming us to an attitude of passive pleasure instead of active struggle. It is liable to make us satisfied with fine dreams instead of fine actions.

"Genius," says Herbert, "depends too much on varying moods to permit of the exercise of the will. The moods of the artist do not constitute character. Besides, an artist's occupations lie always in far too remote a corner of human life and creation to permit of the whole man ruling himself therefrom."

The fixing of his attention on ideals is apt to

make him somewhat careless in the ordinary duties and conventionalities of life. George Eliot, of whose genius and success I need not speak, is often severely criticised on this score. She is an example of a noble mind disregarding conventionalities.

Then, too, the life of an artist is somewhat abnormal. We know from the biographies of many that they work rapidly and steadily for some time, and, after the strain is over, are completely exhausted. It is said that after the completion of "Mill on the Floss" the author had nervous prostration, which nearly ended her

life. Other artists have collapsed in the same manner.

In this weak condition they wish rest from all mental exertion. Often they do not exercise any control over themselves and run into excesses from mere weakness. Does this not show that a man can produce a true work of art and still possess a weak moral character? In theory it seems as though true art can only be produced by a true man, but the examples mentioned do not uphold this idea. The explanation of the cause shows it possible to conceive and portray ideals, and fail in their realization.

OF PASSING INTEREST.

THE students of the California University have recently been criticising through the columns of the college journals the extreme selfishness of the faculty in their relations with the student body. The *Berkeley Magazine*, which represents the highest literary journalism of the students, draws a parallel between the relations of California's professors and classmen and those of Stanford. In the latter institution the ends and aims of students and faculty are harmoniously adjusted, so that all work together pleasantly and intelligently. In our own college we can freely say that our social relations with our faculty are most generally agreeable. Our professors are most democratic, and associate with their dignity a pleasing fellow-feeling that tends to win the students to their cause. It is always well, however, that both teacher and pupil should make liberal sacrifices for the common weal, thus drawing all into closer communion.

* * *

Nearly all of the large Western States maintain two or more Normal Schools for the instruction and training of teachers. California has three of these; Idaho and Oregon two each. Nevada has what is one in name, but what is really an annex to her State college. A Normal School is not an academy or a university. It is

intended for professional training, as is a medical or a law school. Nor should Normal Schools attempt to specialize along any other lines. Everything should be sacrificed to thorough training in the knowing and teaching of the common school branches. Normal Schools should not undertake to educate high school instructors unless they are especially fitted for the work. This work is the prerogative of the University. California maintains a first-class Normal School at San Jose offering a four years' course, but the graduates receive, besides their diplomas, only grammar grade certificates. It is wrong to bring the State Normal into competition with the University, for their ends are as entirely apart as are those of any professional school.

* * *

Editors and politicians have seemingly taken much pleasure during the past few months in endeavoring to show that the college sport of football is no better than the up-to-date prize-fight. This is largely an attempt at justification, for nearly all the arguments advanced have been trite. Football as played in colleges has a distinct ethical value. No one can deny that the moral atmosphere of our college was greatly improved, both temporarily and permanently, by the series of games played last fall. On the other hand, pugilists, being professionals, are not fighting for pleasure, but for cash. To them a

fight means often a fortune. As a rule their associates are gamblers who live, like parasites, upon the successes of their heroes.

* * *

A great many public officials seem infatuated with the idea that Nevada has a healthy school fund, and they cannot keep their itching fingers out of it. Legislatures have willed away considerable sums of it. The University has very graciously accepted large slices of it without any show of compunction. It is true that the State eases her conscience by giving bonds that are about as worthless as the paper on which they are printed. But is this filching of school moneys right? If the people of Nevada were

compelled to support their schools by direct taxation few districts could maintain a school for a term of three months, so sparsely is our State inhabited.

* * *

While we realize that Nevada has disgraced herself in legalizing prizefights we are reminded by the attitude taken by her sister States of the words of Christ to the Jews who would have stoned the sinful woman. There is not, we believe, a State in the Union in which prizefights could not occur. In many of the puritanical Eastern cities they take place almost nightly. We would say: "Let one among you, my sisters, who is without sin cast the first stone."

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

FOR some time past each day's issue of the papers, great and small, has contained a telegraphic item stating the condition of the above-mentioned lady. Ask any young person and many older ones who this woman is, and why she is considered of sufficient importance to have the latest news regarding her state of health telegraphed all over the world, and the answer will be:

"Oh, she was the wife of Henry Ward Beecher."

"And who was Henry Ward Beecher?"

"Oh, he was a minister, I guess, or something of that sort."

But few know of the grand qualities, of the noble, self-sacrificing nature of the woman who now, past the life allotted to mankind, lies waiting for the change that will set her chastened soul free from the bondage of earth.

As a rule the husband of a noted woman or the wife of a noted man loses individuality, so to speak, obscured by the brilliancy of the dazzling light to which he or she is placed in the nearest contact. This, however, cannot be said to have been the case with Mrs. Beecher, for her light, though less brilliant than that of her gifted and erratic husband, has still shone with a steady lustre that fades only with her death.

Married to Mr. Beecher while both were in the first flush of youth and hope, and while life was still untried by either, she bore her full share of the trials incident to the life of a struggling minister and wife, cheering, aiding and sustaining him through all discouragements, clinging to him through "good and evil report," seemingly never losing faith in him, though that faith must surely have been more or less shaken at times.

Those who remember the notorious scandal case in which Mr. Beecher figured as the defendant, and at the end of which he was declared innocent by a jury of his peers, will remember also that no more faithful friend, no more zealous defender of his cause, could have been found than was this true wife to the lover of her youth and the husband of a lifetime. Still, the trouble left its impress on her features, which from that time took on a new and unusual sternness, and on her whitened hair. Shortly after the ending of his trial Mr. Beecher, accompanied by his wife, made a tour of the Western States, lecturing in many of the larger towns and cities, among them Virginia City, in this State.

The lecturer's fame as an eloquent speaker, together with the unpleasant notoriety he had gained in the trial through which he had just passed, drew out a large and appreciative audience, who listened with respectful attention to a

UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC CLUB.

AT the last meeting of the University Dramatic Club there was presented a lively farce entitled "The Quart Bottle." This play depicts college life in one of our Western universities. The first act represents a rollicking drinking scene, in which Hamlin '99, Gignoux '99, O'Sullivan and Bliss '97 played the principal parts. The first three gentlemen were in possession of a quart bottle, and their skillful way of holding it upside down and smelling the cork showed the results of frequent rehearsals.

Mr. Bliss played the part of the policeman, and, since he was only a stage policeman and not a real "bobby," he arrested not the bottle, but the three miscreants, and marched them off to jail.

A scene in the courtroom of the Student Vigilantes followed. With infinite gravity a jury was summoned, and all the elaborate machinery

of a regular court was set in motion. The witnesses were as stupid and the jury as intelligent as they are off the stage.

Thompson '98, as Judge, preserved an air of such icy solemnity that the spectators longed for their overcoats.

Doten '98, as lawyer for the defense, made a remarkable plea. "Gentlemen," he said, "Mr. Bliss don't know a quart bottle when he sees it. The honorable defendants were simply observing the transit of Venus through a small telescope about the size of the bottle mentioned."

Then he ended with the usual warwhoop for free speech, freedom of the press, free cider and the glorious bird of American independence. This satisfied the jury, and they ended the farce by a verdict of not guilty.

Throughout the piece the acting was of the highest order of realistic excellence. At the next meeting "Trilby" will be presented. Box sheet now open at S. J. James'.

CAMPUS.

THE lecture given by Lieutenant Hamilton on the 20th was a very instructive one. It was treated in a masterful way, and he showed a thorough knowledge of the subject, which was "Uncle Sam's Kindergartens." The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views.

Dr. W. McN. Miller of the Uxperiment Station, with the assistance of Sullivan, '98 and Sunderland, '98, spent Wednesday, the 24th of February, in fumigating the rooms at the Hotel Clarendon where there was recently a case of scarlet fever.

Teasland, '00, and Giles '00, have returned from their homes to take up their Varsity work.

The attendance upon Lieutenant Hamilton's lecture was not half what it should have been. When Joaquin Miller lectured for the benefit of the football team there was also a very poor at-

tendance. The lecture given on the 20th was for a purpose that concerns the whole student body, yet barely half of the students were there. The criticism upon the action of those who didn't buy tickets cannot be made too harsh. But few of those who took tickets to sell did any rustling, and yet all this work is for the benefit of the students. The Faculty gave good financial support, but the professors can't be expected to do all. It is never too late to mend, but the delay in the meantime is doing permanent injury. Students who don't aid such worthy enterprises should not be considered members of the student body.

Rev. Dr. Eddie, rector of the Episcopal Church at Carson, delivered the lecture at Assembly on the 24th. He talked of his experiences on the Congo, some of which were quite humorous, and told of the life of the natives. The usual comparison of savages to football players was not

discourse that was not in the least remarkable, either in matter or in delivery, but, on the contrary, left the listeners in a more or less disappointed frame of mind.

To many the sad-faced woman with the set, compressed lips, sorrowful eyes and white hair who sat in a private box throughout the evening, seemingly so absorbed in her own thoughts as to be oblivious to all her surroundings, was far more an object of interest than was her commonplace looking husband. No one could look at her without wondering what were her thoughts regarding the husband whose pulpit utterances had resounded with startling eloquence throughout the world for years—the husband whose fair fame had been but recently so cruelly brought into question.

Probably no family in America can count a greater number of gifted ones among its members than can the Beecher family. Surely no two names are better known among us than are those of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe; but that Mrs. Beecher was almost as highly gifted in a literary line is perhaps not perhaps so well known; still it is more or less true.

She began her literary work when still quite young, and continued it until within a short time before she met with the unfortunate accident that will without doubt result in her death. Her first published work of any importance was a book called, if memory serves me rightly, "From Dawn Till Daylight." This was written in the form of a story, and was based upon the experiences of her own and her husband's life—experiences gained in a country town in which Mr. Beecher was stationed for a time, it being, I think, his first pastorate.

Illinois contained this country town, and at that time it was "away out west," while the people of this particular place were rude, rough and uncongenial to the pastor and to his more sensitive wife. She tells the story of their life here in a simple, touching way, sometimes dropping into a humorous vein, oftener seeing things from the more pathetic point of view. In all cases she interests the reader in the details of

their struggle for a living, and causes him to rejoice with her when the pastor receives a call from a great Eastern city, their removal to which ushers in the daylight to which they had been looking forward with longing eyes.

Of late years Mrs. Beecher has been a more or less constant contributor to various periodicals, some of a religious nature and others of a secular character. Some of her best work has been done for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Through its columns she has made the world better acquainted with the home life of the husband whose memory she fondly cherishes, and by means of it she has given precious words of advice to all, but more especially to the young of her own sex. As friend, wife, mother, womanly woman, her life has been all that a true woman's life should be.

Men whose deeds or whose virtues exalt them above their kind are honored, living and dying, with the interest and the regard of their fellow-men. Equally appropriate, then, it is that a woman whose life has been spent in doing good to others should receive equal interest and attention.

Happy he

With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and, though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

M. S. D.

ON BICYCLES.

AS you gaze upon the flying
Bloomer ladies on their wheels
You are more or less enraptured
By the sight the gaze reveals;
And of this you're very certain:
You can see, unless you're blind,
There are spindles on the treadles
Beside the metal kind.

—G. & M. Concern.

Listen to the music and the laughter
Up and down the snowy ways—
There are sleighbells on the horses
And sleighbells in the sleighs.

made, but a laughable use of ipecac was described. Had it been used upon those persons who attended the last social the result of the recent trial might have been different.

Some of our botanical co-eds are learning that they can't wear a veil and look through a microscope.

The Rev. Van Deventer spoke of the "Men of To-day" at Assembly on the 17th. His lecture was from a moral standpoint, and received close attention.

Jones, '99, and Norris, '00, have been sick but are at their work again.

The seniors seem to have been snowed under on the 17th. At least their attendance at Assembly was very slight.

Recent promotions have made Gignoux, Bruette and Dunsden sergeants; while Doten, Seagraves, Pratt and Hunter are wearing corporal chevrons.

H. A. Young of the Mint at Carson was on the Campus on the 24th.

Fitz went through to Carson on the 20th. The usual number of prizefight devotees were down to see him. Some of the ladies thought that his dog was the better of the two.

During the past week several of the co-eds have been put in embarrassing positions, caused by slipping upon the steps of some of the buildings which are covered with snow and ice. A little labor, together with some ashes and sawdust, would remove this difficulty.

What became of the second lady?

The four '99 co-eds at the cottage gave a party to the rest of the class on the 10th. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and during the evening the fair hosts received many compliments.

Owing to the extreme cold and the clemency of the Commandant there was no drill on the 23d.

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

WHAT is the matter with the Athletic Association? It has not had a regular meeting for two months. Many are delinquent in their dues, and the Association is in debt. Where will the baseball support come from if the members do not dig up pretty soon? Pay up, every one, and do not have your name removed from the roll.

Hurrah for the State Legislature! It has appropriated the \$2,000 asked to complete the Gymnasium, and the students are looking forward to better athletic attainments.

The Sophomores held a class party in Assembly Hall on the 19th. A pleasant time is reported by all who attended.

What is the reason there is no athletic excitement in college at present? Since Nevada's debut into the sporting world is so pronounced should not the college follow? Of course, we are not "hard hitters," except in the baseball line. Perhaps that has something to do with it.

The band instruments ordered by Lieutenant Hamilton will soon arrive, and then regular practice will be taken up by the members of the band. How much nicer it will be to have our own band to play at all socials and athletic events. Students, see that nothing is left undone that will aid in any way to defray the cost of band equipments. Each and every one should do his or her utmost to aid this good cause. Make a touchdown for once.

EXCHANGE.

LIVES of old maids should remind you
Your sweet charms won't always stay,
And the blush of youth, dear maidens,
Soon—ah, soon—will pass away.

Oh, girls, then be up and doing;
Seize on any chap you can,
For remember time is fleeting:
Let your watchword be—"A man."

The Freshman looked up into the sky,
And slowly shook his head:
"When one looks at these other stars
How small one feels," he said.

New exchanges received since our last issue are: The *Philalethean*, from Myerstown, Pa.; the *Bulletin*, from Menominee, Mich.; the *Lake Breeze*, from Sheboygan, Wis., and the *S. & C. Student*, from Los Angeles, Cal., all of which we gladly welcome to our exchange table.

The University of Utah is agitating with much zeal the question as to whether or not students should wear the cap and gown.

The widow of Baron Hirsch has given the Pasteur Institute \$400,000. This gift will be used to enlarge the chemical and biological laboratories.—*Berkeleyan*.

It is reported that Postmaster-General Wilson will accept the Presidency of Washington and Lee University after the expiration of his term in the Cabinet.

Statistics from sixty-seven colleges in thirty-seven States show that football men stand one-half per cent higher in their studies than the average of the whole college.

The requirements of Johns Hopkins University have been of such a high character that of 2,976 persons who have been students at the University but 784 obtained degrees.

He entered the editor's sanctum,
And vented his views unsought;
Next day he was hanged as a bandit
For wrecking a train of thought.

Now, since Eve tempted Adam
Man has been a total wreck;
And the apple above our collar bone
Proves we got it in the neck.

I slept in an editor's bed one night
When no editor chanced to be nigh,
And thought as I tumbled that editor's nest
How easily editors lie.

They asked: "And what is space?"
The trembling Freshman said:
"I can't think of it at present,
But I have it in my head."

In the debate for the Carnot medal between Stanford and Berkeley the latter won. The question for the intercollegiate debate which will be held next April between these two universities is: "Resolved, That [each member of the Cabinet should have a seat and voice in Congress."

The regular meeting of the Debating Union was held on the 19th. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That the passage of the law licensing glove contests is detrimental to Nevada." The judges decided in favor of the negative.

The Saginaw Medical College has had a bill introduced in the Michigan Legislature providing that that college be supplied with the bodies of paupers for dissection.

President Eliot recommends to Harvard students to study ten hours, sleep eight, exercise two, leaving four hours for meals and social duties.

With anger burning red within her eyes,
 Her face as white as death,
 Her lips drawn tight and blue, she hissed be-
 tween
 Her teeth each choking breath.
 Her hair unkempt, her hands in frenzy clenched,
 She raged the room about—
 She'd lost her collar button, and, alas!
 She'd been invited out.

Teacher—Bobbie, you may explain the phrase
 "to lie."
 Bobbie—"To lie" is the imperfect form of
 "to fish."

Of the total number of graduates of Johns
 Hopkins more than half have become teachers
 in the colleges and universities of America.

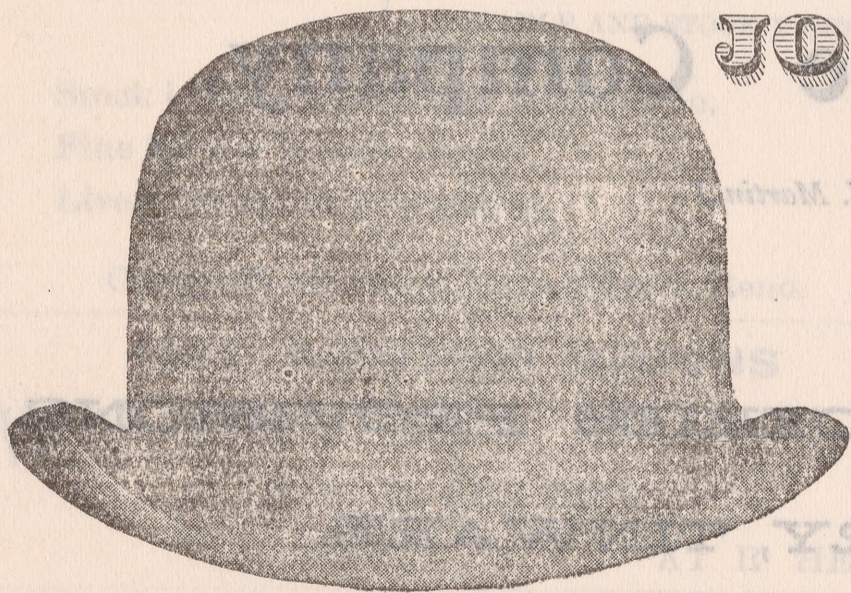
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