

Vol. IV.

No. 12.

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# The Student's Record

## CONTENTS:

College Directory - - - -	4
Editorial - - - - -	5
Education a Circumstance - -	6
Fishing Trip to Little Truckee -	7-8
A "Red Letter" Day - - -	8-9
Near to Nature's Heart - - -	9-10
A Trip Down the Sacramento -	10
The Unsuspecting Farmer - - -	10
Exchange - - - - -	11-12
Campus - - - - -	12-13
Athletic and Society Notes - -	14
Reminiscence of an Old Man -	14-15



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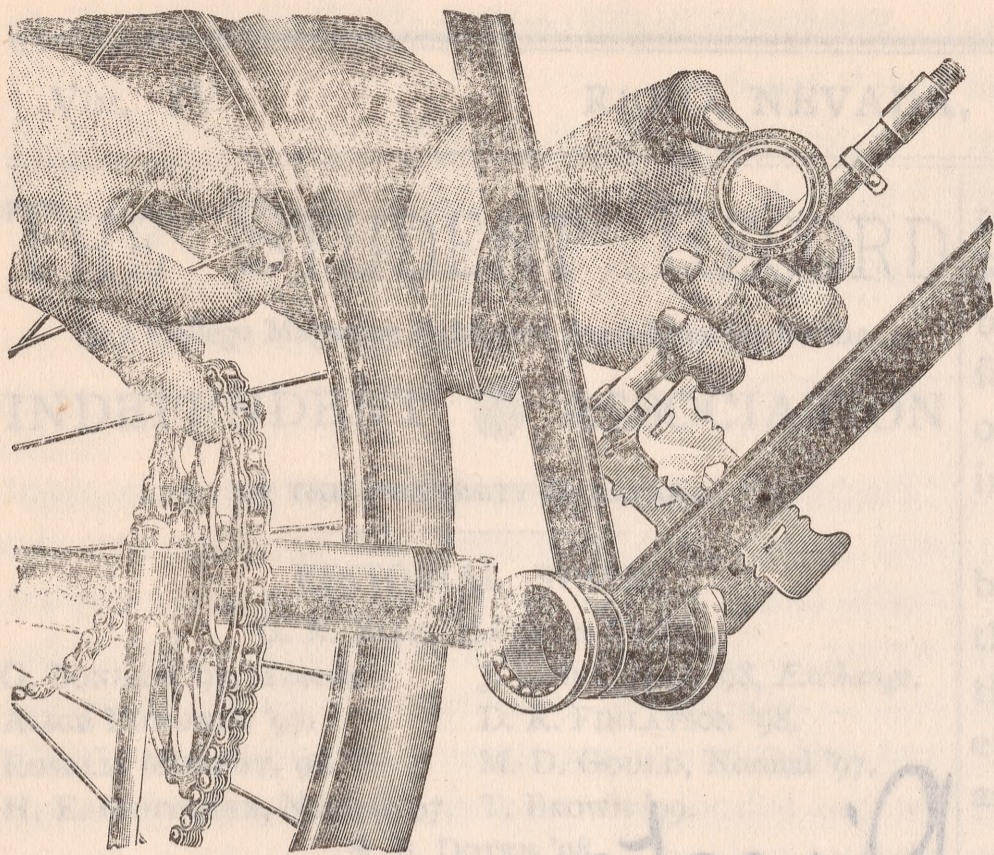
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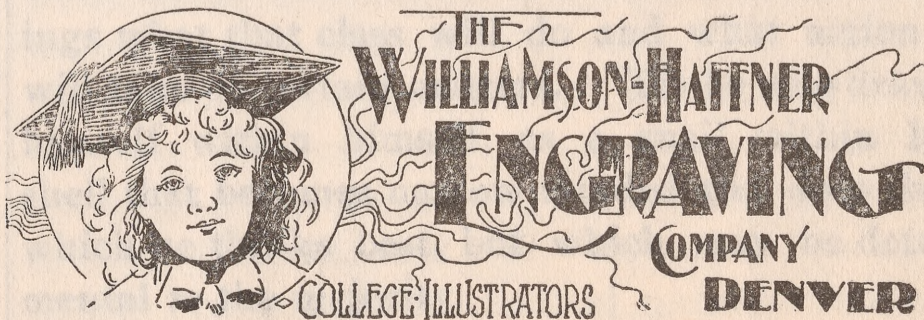
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Athletic Association—J. B. Higgins '97, President; J. B. Jones '99, Secretary.

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

Young Ladies' Council—Miss Victoria Godfroy '97, President.

Debating Union—H. H. Dexter '99, 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)—T. W. Mack, President;

Mattie Parker, Secretary.

Literary Society (class of '00)—Arthur Keddie, President; Miss Lizzie Dodd, Secretary.

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

Student Body—G. R. Bliss '97, President; Miss Victoria Godfroy, Secretary.

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—T. W. Mack, President; Miss Mattie Parker, Secretary.

Class of '00—A. Keddie, President; Miss Lizzie Dodd, Secretary.





# THE STUDENT RECORD.

VOL. IV.

RENO, NEVADA, MARCH 15, 1897.

No. 12.

## THE STUDENT RECORD

Is a College Magazine Published Semi-Monthly by the

INDEPENDENT  ASSOCIATION

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA.

### EDITORIAL STAFF:

G. R. BLISS, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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ALICE EDMUNDS '97. D. R. FINLAYSON '98.  
ROSALIA MURPHY, '98. M. D. GOULD, Normal '97.  
H. E. CRUTCHER, Normal '97. T. BROWN '99.

S. B. DOTEN '98.

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### EDITORIAL.

AS the time rolls around, and copy must be obtained for another issue of the college paper, these are the thoughts that pass through the editor's mind: "Where can copy be obtained, besides that written by the staff. The reserve string is empty and there don't seem to be any chance of getting more." The first place where we seek contributions is from the students, but, alas, 'tis easier to grind it out of your own head. All students have not received a personal invitation to write for the RECORD, but an invitation has been extended to all through these columns. But if it should happen

that some student wishes to write for the RECORD and feels slighted because he has not been asked personally and on that account refuses to contribute, let him inform some member of the staff and the invitation will be forthcoming.

The second place where contributions have been sought, and nearly in vain, has been among the alumni. The alumni has passed through the stages in which we are now struggling and evidently wish us to have as much fun out of it as they had.

Lastly, we wish to thank those who have kindly contributed to our columns and to whom they are always open.

\*

A GOOD, healthy, strong class spirit is a necessity to the welfare and growth of every college. A class spirit which is generous to others and attractive to its members. This class spirit which tends to create a worthy and desirable college spirit, of which our college is greatly in need.

'Tis well enough for classes to separate themselves for interclass games, rushes, etc. This is a proper class spirit, but for a class to form a clique and express a desire to become an aristocracy in itself is unbecoming a body of college students. While I am sure no one cares personally, about the actions of different classes, yet through the eyes of a class such actions appear selfish.

If in after life we are to become men and women successfully battling with the world, we must learn now to think for ourselves, and not allow one or two leaders to dictate in class meetings what that class will do and what action it will take on certain matters. 'Tis he who draws himself within himself, as a snail within his shell that becomes narrow-minded and does that which he thinks best, but which may be detrimental to the majority.



WE gladly note here the advancement made by the members of the University band since its organization by Lieutenant Hamilton, who deserves a great deal of credit for the work he has done in raising the money necessary for the purchase of band instruments.

#### EDUCATION A CIRCUMSTANCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER says: "Education not only fills the mind with knowledge, but it disciplines the feelings; it restrains the passions; it inspires true and worthy motives; it instills a profound religious feeling, and inculcates a pure morality under all circumstances."

Mind as an organism needs the same conditions or circumstances of growth that other organisms need, viz., nurture and direction along the lines of its development. The circumstances or conditions with which education surrounds the child constitute this nourishment and direction.

If the organism in the infant, be acted upon by given circumstances, it will produce mental faculties.

The products of the mind depend upon the materials with which it is nourished. If the materials are scanty and of poor quality, the products will be similar.

In the embryo of the mind are possibilities which must be developed into realities, the nature of which depend upon the materials with which the brain is fed.

The world with its circumstances of virtue and vice furnishes the materials; and it is through its agents, the family, the school, and society that the mind of man is shaped.

The time of formation is when the brain is in a plastic state and will receive the impression readily. The place wherein the capabilities of the mind begin to develop is the home where the mother is the teacher. 'Tis here the seeds of the virtues—honesty, justice, hope and faith are sown and nurtured. 'Tis here the child receives the first training in love, obedience and truth.

Student—Is the saying, "History repeats itself" true?

Prof.—Why do you ask?

Student—Because it never repeats itself when I'm digging away trying to learn it.

'Tis here he learns the difference between right and wrong and is started out in life upon the right path with a power of guarding against wrong. 'Tis here the noble traits of individuality, will-power, ambition, self-determination and self-reliance are encouraged, and he is ready for the school where each of these faculties are further trained.

In the school his mind is filled with theoretical and practical knowledge and is fitted for the greater school of experience in the practice of his calling. He no longer learns by precept. The many trials and failures which accompany him during this period of life are the educators which more fully develop those traits which originated in the home; and which in some natures would remain forever undeveloped except through the harsh teacher of experience.

Education dissipates the unreal and fantastic dreams so peculiar to the ignorant and the young mind and tends to lead man out of a torpid state and to arouse in him a sense of quick perception and a desire to know.

Thus the limitations of the animal nature disappear and the dawn of intelligence awakens his soul. He sees the causes and effects of many existing things, and works onward to the perfection of this knowledge, and these pleasurable activities quicken his mind into living thought.

Education tends to make man sincere and to promote his morality. The eternal laws of right and wrong exist independent of man and he is incapable of altering them to fit his own individuality; but education enables him to discover the laws of virtue and he dares not depart from them because it is through his obedience to them that he hopes for future blessedness.

NORMAL, '94.



## A FISHING TRIP TO THE LITTLE TRUCKEE.

NEAR the end of last August, my friend Libby and I decided to go for a fishing trip to the little Truckee.

I don't believe anybody ever went for a fishing trip without leaving some important thing behind. We forgot the coffee pot and our bag of bread.

The morning when we started was delightfully cool and pleasant. It was still early when we tied the horse in the willows on the river bank near Verdi. We fished here for some time without catching anything, and then drove on through Verdi into the mountains. Late in the afternoon we reached the little Truckee and began our fishing. It was glorious sport. One after another we hauled in the slender, white bellied trout, until by night fall we had nearly thirty.

The dinner we had that evening was simply "out of sight." What if we had left the coffee pot behind? Can't a fellow make coffee in a tomato can?

My worthy reader, I wish you had some of that coffee; not here, of course, you wouldn't drink it in any civilized community. It tasted better than any other coffee I ever drank, even if the water for it was heated in a "clean" frying pan, and even though our condensed milk was in the coffee pot, where it would be easy to find it.

While I was busy cooking dinner, Libby had made us a bed which did honor to the School of Mines and the class of '99. The sub-stratum was composed of a layer of willows with the branches trimmed off; next came willow twigs and leaves and then our blankets. We slept like logs, although we had to assume rather serpentine positions in order to avoid the sharp stumps of trimmed branches in the sub-stratum. Early the next morning, Old Sol beamed over the mountains and waked us. Our fire had died down to a mere heap of ashes with a thin column of smoke going straight up from the center. Our blankets were white with frost. A cloudy vapor was rising from the river into the chilly

air east of us, the ruggedness of the mountains was hidden by a fleecy, drifting haze; but in the west the high peaks shone pure and white in the early sunlight.

When we got out of bed and touched that frosty grass with our bare feet, we felt that camping out is not one continual round of joy.

Pancakes, coffee, and fried trout, frozen when we put it in the pan, and white and steaming and delicious when we took it out, put an end to all such delusions.

All that day we fished with great success. No one had been fishing there that year; so whenever we made a cast into a hole, we were pretty confident of an immediate response. I would be dragging the grasshopper on my hook through a clear pool when there would come a silvery flash in the water, a sharp jerk on the line then a short, sharp struggle, and splashing frantically another gamey trout would be hauled out on the low bank.

We came at last to a place where the river widens out into a broad, deep pool. Libby threw in first, and I stood watching him while he slowly dragged his bait through the water. Suddenly the line stopped short and the pole bent sharply. Then tight as a bow string the line began moving slowly up the stream. It stopped; then with a rush that made the reel sing the line shot out to the middle of the pool. There was a splash and a gleaming trout shot into the sunlight above the water. Twice more it leaped, then, after a protracted struggle, it was drawn nearly up to the bank. Libby knelt down and, with his pole bent nearly double, he slid his left hand along the line. Then he hooked his finger under the fish's gills and cast it, flapping vigorously, onto dry land. It was a fine fish, weighing nearly four pounds.

That night, after supper, we reformed our bed and slept like kings, or perhaps more like hobos. At noon next day we started for home without stopping to cook lunch. We were very hungry when late in the afternoon we found elderberries growing in great, flat, purple clusters on the bushes by the roadside. They were ripe and juicy and tasted exceedingly nice. I am



afraid we ate a good many. Soon we relapsed into a moody silence. I had often wondered how it would feel to be seasick. Now I felt that I knew, but I didn't tell Libby about it. He sat with his chin in his hand, buried in deep thought. The tired horse jogged along in the darkness, and the cart creaked and swayed in a

way which I never observed in a cart before. Suddenly Libby rose up and said fervently: "Heaven bless those elderberries!" or words to that effect. It was too much—but I am not going to tell what happened then. You had better ask Libby.

D.

#### A "RED LETTER" DAY.

**T**HE May morning that Chaucer made famous in his songs could scarcely have been brighter than the morning last June when a party of twelve, myself among the number, made the trip from Santa Monica, a suburb of Los Angeles, to the summit of Mount Lowe.

We started at six o'clock in the morning, and even at that early hour, the ride to Los Angeles was dusty and disagreeable. It was when we boarded the suburban train which was to take us to Pasadena that our real pleasure began.

Far away on either hand, stretched groves of oranges and figs and here and there we could distinguish the darker green of the olives. As we neared the outskirts of the town, there appeared the low roofs of the dwellings, each house surrounded by low spreading trees; one little street seemed, in the hasty glimpse I caught of it, to be bordered by great yuccas, loaded with creamy, bell-shaped blossoms.

Leaving Pasadena, we sped through the open country once more. The orange groves were gone and in their stead were miles and miles of vineyards which stretched to the mountain of the Canyon of Rubio. Here the cars stopped, that we might see and enjoy the beauty of this tiny canyon.

The sides were covered with trees and vines, with great rocks jutting out here and there, and a mountain brook foamed and dashed along its stony litte bed. At the head of the canyon, rose Echo Mountain, and far above, towered Mount Lowe. In the whole scene there was an indiscribable life and beauty, which once seen or rather felt is never forgotten. Before we had looked at it half as long as we wished to, the cars

moved on, and in a short time we reached the inclined railway, which was to take us up the steepest part of the mountain.

We felt rather nervous as we looked at the steep track above us, but taking courage we climbed into the car, holding to the railing with all our might. Up, up, up we went till the canyon and the railway station faded from sight. Soon, with a sudden jerk we stopped short on the top of Echo Mountain.

To make the remainder of the journey we took other cars, which were propelled by electricity. These were open, and a slender railing around the sides is the only thing visible "to hold on to."

From Echo Mountain to the top of Mount Lowe, the ascent was much more gradual. As we looked down we could see the beautiful San Gabriel valley, but soon we turned around a curve, the valley disappeared and instead we saw a little canyon literally carpeted with the flaming orange of the California poppy. We had barely time to exclaim over this, when we were whisked around another curve and a great rocky wall rose on either hand, shutting out for a time everything but the birds and the fresh mountain air.

The more timid ones of the party were just beginning to enjoy all this when we turned a last curve and saw a charming little hotel, built against the mountain side like a veritable Swiss chalet. A quaint sign hanging over the door, informed us that this was "Ye Alpine Tavern," and a maid wearing an old-fashioned kerchief, cap and apron, stood at the door to welcome us.

She seemed to realize the effect that mountain air has on one's appetite, for she took us at once to the dining-room. A huge stone fire-place occupied one side of the room. Over it in quaint



lettering were these words: "Ye ornament of a house is ye guest who doth frequent it." While we were eating our lunch, Professor Lowe, after whom the mountain is named, told us the story of the motto, which, as I remember it, was as follows:


There was once a landlord whose guests complained that his tavern was not decorated in a suitable manner for them. The landlord was too poor to buy handsome furnishings, so he placed over his fire-place the words quoted above.

"Now," said he to his guests, "It is your fault if my house is poorly ornamented."

After lunch we walked beneath the great trees, enjoying the quiet, which was broken only by our voices and the songs of the birds. Then at dusk came the long ride down the mountain side and home again.

I never passed a day which gave me more pleasure, and the trip to the summit of Mount Lowe will be a pleasant memory as long as I live.

### NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

 HE unique in athletics has occupied so much attention of late that any form of exercise that has not novelty to recommend it, is scorned. For this reason there is no recreation more generally neglected than walking, even though doctors testify to its value. No elaborate apparatus is required, nor are there any rules to confuse and discourage the novice. The country roads are open from early spring until late autumn, and in our own locality are mountain streams and lakes as charming as the Swiss Alps.

It is not, however, the physical exercise alone that makes walking both pleasant and healthful, for it may be made to possess a distinct ethical and intellectual value. To most fully enjoy a walk, you should be interested in nature, or better still, an enthusiastic and industrious naturalist. Botany, entomology, zoology and geology offer unlimited range of activity. Specimens are to be collected, studied and classified; observations made; and careful records kept of the various phenomena observed. It is not necessary that you give your attention to any particular field of work, to the exclusion of others. Very often the notes of botanists have been found to contain valuable geological data.

Two persons, interested in different lines of research, can often materially aid each other, lending companionship and the results of experience. Long excursions can be made into re-

gions, otherwise inaccessible. Suppose that one be a geologist, the other interested in botany, in which case the one could supplement the work of the other. The writer was once a member of a party of students who spent a vacation in such a manner. A distance of two hundred miles was traveled on foot. In pleasure, health and knowledge gained, the results were ten times greater than the efforts made in accomplishing the journey.

You will find it best to take the road leisurely and to observe carefully the surroundings and conditions existent, in each locality. The temptation to generalize is ever present, but the best results are not obtained thereby, for observations are valuable only as they are exact.

Local excursions can be arranged that will offer pleasant walks and opportunities for interesting studies. Various methods have been devised for carrying specimens. Plants are carried in cans and pads; eggs are packed in cotton; insects may be placed in closed bottles; while birds and small animals are carried in paper bags that fit into larger bags or boxes. It is best to take notes on the spot, when a specimen is collected.

Equally as valuable as the intellectual element in such creation, is the ethical element. No lives are more worthy of admiration than those of our true naturalist. To live in such close communion with nature, to sit at the feet of the Great Creator has been the privilege of few men. Audubon, wandering through the wilderness of the Mississippi, and Thoreau in his forest home, are the types of the ideal naturalists, who have



held such divine communion. For such

“There are tongues in trees;  
Books in running brooks;  
Sermons in stones;  
And good in everything.”

#### A TRIP DOWN THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

**I**N the latter part of June, 1894, during the great Pullman strike, I found myself, with several hundred fellow passengers, in Sacramento, bound for San Francisco, but unable to proceed because of the total railroad tie-up.

It took but a short time to see how useless any attempt to run trains would be, with three thousand determined strikers surrounding the depot, so we gave up all hope of reaching the city by rail, and a party was organized to search for a river steamer bound for San Francisco.

They found one, and we all embarked and were soon under way. The day was as beautiful as only a California day can be; the sky blue and clear and a gentle breeze tempering the sun's heat. Our boat had none of the luxuriant elegance of the Pullmans we had just left, but its soft gliding motion, broken only by the rythmical beat of the paddle wheel, contrasted pleasantly with the rough ride over the mountains, and all objections were soon forgotten.

We steamed all morning through the beautiful summer landscape of the great Sacramento valley, whose richness and beauty is said to rival that of sunny Italy, and reached the junction of the San Joaquin early in the afternoon. From here on, the river is much wider and the traffic much greater, as the principal part of the produce of San Joaquin valley takes this route. Two hours later the foothills of the coast range came into view, a yellow sea of ripening grain. We passed by the United States Arsenal at Benicia and Port Costa and Vallejo on the Carquinez Straits, and entered San Pablo Bay as the sun went down like a huge globe of fire sinking into the sea.

It soon became dark, and after passing by the Twin Brothers lighthouse at the entrance to San

Mr. E. was scratching on his drawing desk the other day, when the professor said: “Mr. E. you know you ought not to do that Mar-ette.” Phil dosen't think so though.

San Francisco Bay, we soon reached our destination. We were twelve hours in making the trip, which would have taken three by rail, but it was the unanimous decision that we had gained by the experience. E.

#### THE UNSUSPECTING FARMER.

**A** FEW nights ago, when John I. Sullivan was expected, two of our University boys were at the train to get a look at him. It was a cold night and the boys were far from comfortable. Their noses were blue, and with their hands in their pockets and coat collars turned up, they waited for the coming of the train.

Presently two farmers from Podunk, or the suburbs of Milpitas, drifted alongside of our friends, and in the short conversation which followed, said that they, too, had come to see the great pugilist.


The train arrived, but John I. did not. As soon as the boys found this out, they came back and were just going to tell their agricultural friends about it, when, coming right toward them, they saw Dr. Stubbs. “That's him,” they cried, with more exactness than grammar.

Now, these two University boys are very bashful in the presence of all great men, so, when they saw Dr. Stubbs, they quietly vanished.

Those two farmers, however, feasted their eyes on our President. “Small man to be such an awful sluggard,” said one. “You can just bet he's a holy terror, all the same.” When the President had passed, they followed him four blocks. Satisfied at last, they slipped into a saloon and treated each other to something hot, happy in the thought that they had seen the great ex-champion of the pugilistic world.



## EXCHANGE.

 HE Cornell freshmen succeeded in holding a banquet without interruption from the sophomores. This was only the third freshman banquet which has been held at Cornell free from interruption by the Sophomores.—*Palo Alto*.

## THE NEW METHOD OF MAKING X "RAISE."

Tho' Jack at college likes his tun,  
Just now, alas, he lacks his mun,  
Unless he some new scheme invents,  
He knows he cannot raise ten cents.

"Dear Dad, you've heard, no doubt,"—  
wrote he,

"Of Roentgen's great discovery,  
'Tis quite expensive, yet it pays  
To learn to make the new X-rays."

Well pleased, the old man "drags his jeans"  
And sends ten dollars of his means.  
Now 'twixt the treats the boys all praise  
The way Jack made his great X "raise."

## IN THE READING ROOM.

His eyes were closely fastened  
On the book before him spread,  
And his heart was with the hero  
In the story that he read.

Then there came a sound of footsteps,  
And he raised his eyes of brown  
To scarcely meet the blue ones  
So quickly they looked down.

The hero now has faded,  
And the villian was no more,  
For his heroine had entered—  
Entered through the library door.

Cornell has abolished the degrees of Ph. B., B. S. and B. L. and has coalesced the four general courses into one leading to the degree of A. B., all work in that course being elective during the entire four years.—*Pennsylvanian*.

## "WON AT LAST."

Under an ancient elm tree stood  
A fairy form in gray—  
Her eyes were bright as the stars at night,  
As she merrily trilled a lay.

I stood in the window and watched her face  
It was eerie and passing fair,  
As the ditty she sang so merrily rang  
On the waves of the evening air.

I was stirred to the depths of my very soul—  
Ne'er heard I a voice like that,  
And I threw all I owned at her very feet,  
For she was my neighbor's cat.

—*Ex.*

They started out on horseback,  
Their Latin for to get.

The Prof. caught them at it, and  
They've not their "horse" back yet.

—*Ex.*

True college spirit is an evidence of a broad mind. Not every one can be an orator, nor an athlete, nor a musician, but every one can and ought to have an interest in the different lines of college life. Ability to sympathize with all kinds of work and activities should be the result of a liberal education.

The Yale-Harvard debate will be held on March 26. The subject is: "*Resolved*, That the United States should adopt definitely the single gold standard and should decline to enter a bimetallic league even if Great Britain, France and Germany should be willing to enter such a league."

The class of '97 of the University of Pennsylvania will be the first to graduate without having written theses.

Eleven of the thirteen men elected as football captains for '97 carry the figures '98 after their names.



When a freshman doesn't hear plainly the professor's question, he says in a subdued voice, "Pardon me, professor, but I did not understand you." The sophomore says, "Will you please repeat your question?" The junior, "What, sir?" The senior, "Huh?"—*Collegian*.

The college Greek letter fraternities in the United States have a membership of 100,000, with about 650 active and 350 inactive chapters.

Seeing the names of several Senators registered at the hotel with the words, "and valet," a freshman from Wabash registered "\_\_\_\_\_ and valise."

Hobart College has a faculty of nineteen members and has but eighty-two students, or approximately one professor to four students.—*Palo Alto*.

H.—Why is that bicycle like a four-quart jug?

G.—Because it holds a gal-on.

## CAMPUS.

It is rumored that Dr. Phillips has made an important discovery that will in all probability replace the present systems of artificial lighting. As yet we are unable to ascertain what his theory is, but we think from hints dropped by "Doc" that glue is one of the principal constituents. "That's right, Doc, don't be outdone by Edison."

The T. H. P. O. held its regular meeting at the usual time and place last Friday evening, and preparations were made for the initiation of several new members. The grand old order still lives and new interest has been created. It is expected that in a short time the strength of the T. H. P. O. will equal the palmiest days of the Ram Pasture.

Dr. Miller delivered a lecture on "Mother Earth" to the students in General Assembly on the 10th ult. An apt comparison of the wrinkles of Mother Earth to those of an old maid, brought the color to the faces of several present.

The Cadet Band did themselves proud in their first appearance before the public at the last General Assembly. On all sides we hear words of praise, and we hope that the band may progress in the future as it has since it was organized.

The Freshman class enjoyed a select party in Assembly Hall on Saturday evening, March 6th.

Beginning with March 8th, all commissioned officers will be alternately allowed to drill the cadet companies, till March 29th, when drill in military ceremonies will begin. This is undoubtedly a good plan, as it trains the cadet lieutenants to have confidence in themselves when in command of a company, and also gives them a chance to put theory into practice.

The Reno Dramatic Club played the "Ensign" by Wm. Haworth, on March 1st and 2d. The acting equaled professionals and the scenery which the club had painted for the play was the finest that has been seen in Reno.

We are in receipt of a letter from the publishers of "The College Athlete," a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the American college athlete, asking for the name of an undergraduate who will serve as their local correspondent.

Father Kiely of St. Mary's Church of Reno delivered a very interesting address before General Assembly on the 3d inst. His subject, "The Value of a Classical Education," was ably and practically handled.

One of the Lincoln Hall boys wanted to buy 18 oz. boxing gloves. Take our advice boys and buy pillows.




The Students at Lincoln Hall have raised money for the purchase of boxing gloves and hand balls. We expect soon to see a number of discolored optics and swollen noses.

The cattle corral has become the University amphitheatre for the settlement of personal affairs. The only disadvantage being that it affords too great a chance for sprinting.

There is a movement on foot to procure a new pipe for the Senior Mines, as all that remains of the one in use at the present time is the joint and hole in the stem.

E. E. Caine, '93, was on the campus on the 10th inst, his school in Verdi having closed on account of measles.

#### FRESHMEN.

 how fresh and green the freshman really feels,

When college duties first beset our verdant heels.

We wonder and we ponder, when the assignment card is given,

How one fresh head would e'er contain the role of study even.

When loaded down with books, by fresh bewilderment we're then assailed,

To know where to go or what to do were facts to be bewailed.

In seeking the recitation rooms where each must answer to his name,

We lost our way in halls, or stairs, but the soph's were once the same.

The transits were rather scary, but we blazed our way right through,

And we learned to vent our knowledge as freshmen always do.

The college yell at first seemed strange, but soon we caught the tones;

We now can give it with a vim, for among us are no drones.

Lieutenant Hamilton has arranged to deliver a series of lectures upon Napoleon's campaigns, at the Y. M. C. A. Hall for the benefit of the public library.

Watch out! In the next edition will appear a story entitled, "The Land of the Inebriate," by "His Highness" (6 feet 8 ins).

Some of the members of the Cadet Band have become so proficient as to recognize a funeral dirge from a quick step.

Kodak fiends have been enjoying themselves at the expense of the co-ed in the library.

Assemblyman Allen of Eureka county visited the University last week.

One day some wily freshmen thought they'd improve their leisure time;

When they used a donkey for a canvas and on him painted '99.

O, how mad the sophomores were, when their long eared friend went grazing,

And began to bray his knowledge in tones that were brain crazing.

Your kin! indignantly they cried, but e'en in this a truth there is,

For when we kicked we kicked the football past the sophs with a whiz.

Still they could not understand why they did not win the game,

But this is very easy, they were kicking at their name.

When our college days are ended we'll be mustered into line

With those who kicked the century in the class of '99.

Although they scored the point of time, yet neither class has blundered;

Together we'll oft recall the Now and Then in the days of 1900.

'00.



## ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

**T**HE Freshmen have sent a challenge to the Sophomores to play a game of baseball in the near future. We hope that the Sophs. will accept the challenge, as the athletic spirit has been waning of late.

The Freshmen Literary Society met on the evening of the 6th and a pleasant evening was reported by all. The regular program was rendered, after which refreshments were served and games played. Following is the program:

Address..... W. A. Keddie, Pres  
Instrumental music..... Miss Rosseau  
Recitation..... J. Giles  
Cornet solo..... R. Toben  
Reading..... Miss Williamson  
Instrumental duet... Mrs. Rosseau and daughter  
Essay..... Mr. Saxton

The Athletic Society held a regular meeting on the 3d inst. A committee was appointed to select a sweater to be adopted by the Association, which will be worn by all members of the college baseball team, track team and football team.

## REMINISCENCE OF AN OLD MAN.

**I** AM an old man; my hair is gray and my step infirm, and yet I remember as well as though 'twas yesterday the first essay I had to write.

I was a young fellow attending college, and in the district from which I came, essay writing did not make up a part of the routine of daily work. In short, having been accustomed to follow a plough during the greater part of my life, I did not feel exactly at home in a recitation room, and, when the professor, an amiable, middle-aged gentleman, gave out the subject and said that he wished it to be ready within two weeks, I had a feeling somewhat like a small boy must experience when he finds himself lost in a vast city. It actually took my breath away.

It is reported that Moorman, '00, has broken the record for putting the shot, by several feet. He has also broken his own record for throwing the hammer.

The Social Club held its regular meeting on the evening of the 12th. A number of students are keeping Lent, and as a consequence the attendance was not up to the average.

The Sophomore Literary Society held its regular meeting on the 8th. The following program was rendered:

Address..... President  
Instrumental solo..... Enid Williams  
Violin solo..... M. Robinson  
Soliloquy..... Lulu Culp  
Debate..... Delle Boyle and Emmett Boyle  
Sophomore whim..... Jennie Mulcahy  
Reading..... Annie Sherman  
Story of College Life (three chapters).....  
..... Messrs. Gignoux, Frazer and Longley  
Vocal solo..... Louise Ward  
Declamation..... Mr. Lamb

There was a man in Cedarville, the village in which I lived, known as Jack Hayes, who used to write articles for a paper, and oftentimes he came to our home and read them to my father, and I used to steal quietly in and listen to them. When he had finished, I would draw a long breath and think, "Oh, what a mighty man you are!" I regarded him with a feeling of awe; he seemed almost immortal to me, and when that professor told me to write an essay, and the thought came to me that I was expected to do something which the all wonderful Jack Hayes had done, it made my brain reel.

The subject was, "How I Spent My Last Vacation," and the essay was to be from three to five pages in length. The only thing that I had done that summer was to pitch hay, and how I could tell that in such a way as to make it cover



three pages was more than I could see. I puzzled my brain over it for some time, but I could not solve the problem. When I was at the lowest depths of despair, I called to mind something which I had heard my father say once, namely: "If you have just so much time in which to do anything, you can usually do it." I always placed the greatest confidence in whatever my father said, and, accordingly, I resolved to forget all about this essay till the night before it was due, and then, since I had just so much time in which to write it, why, of course, I could do it.

I let it slip from my mind and lived the life of the happy till Father Time warned me that the essay was due next day.

Well, I sat down about eight o'clock, got some paper, sharpened a pencil, and wrote the subject of the essay, but that was as far as I

could get. The clock struck nine, and not one sentence had been put down; ten, and still that blank paper stared me in the face. At eleven I was desperate and resolved to "do or die," so I jotted down a few sentences, and by letting my imagination have full sway, I managed to make out an essay, but I had to express every thought in a round-about way and spread my writing out quite extensively before I could fill three pages. I was proud of my first essay, and when I handed it in next morning I felt like a mighty general who had just conquered an army, but when it was returned the following week and I saw a *D* on it, I felt more like one of the conquered. I wrote it over and managed to get a passing grade. That was many years ago, but even now I have a vivid recollection of my first essay.

#### "THE SINEFRAUS."

I HAD finished college about two years previous to the time of this event, which I am about to narrate. After having obtained my degree at college, my father, who had won fame and fortune by the invention and manufacture of a successful airship, sent me abroad. I visited the principal cities of Europe and traveled in Africa, and at the expiration of about a year, returned home.

Having a disposition for work of some kind, I entered my father's airship shops as his junior partner and by applying myself closely to the manufacture of the airship, I was soon master of the principles of its construction.

My father's airship, while it was successful in the limits of the denser atmosphere surrounding the earth would not allow the traveler to go beyond these limits.

My father, at the time of my entrance into the shop was working on a contrivance, which, with the aid of air made from chemicals, would allow the navigator of an airship to travel in any atmosphere no matter how rare. I had been in the shop about a year when my father completed his invention and it became necessary to make

a trial trip. At first he was opposed to my making the trip, but after some time, and by a great deal of argument, he acceded. At 6 o'clock A. M., July 4, 2002, I entered the airship with two companions and amid the cheers of the workmen we began our eventful trip.

It was the intention that we should go but ten or fifteen miles from the earth if it were a success, but after attaining that distance and all had been successful, we, who were all of a venturesome spirit, determined to visit the moon. We had plenty of food, water and chemicals for the manufacture of air and felt no uneasiness on that score, all that we needed to do was to inform my father, which we did by attaching a letter to a parachute which had been supplied for that purpose and dropped it from the bottom of the ship. We had risen directly over my father's shop so the parachute would fall somewhere in his vicinity and, as he had men on the watch for it, there was but little danger but that he would get it.

It would probably seem foolhardy to the reader that we should attempt a voyage to the moon, a distance of 238,000 miles, and since our air ship traveled only at the rate of 30 miles an hour in the air it would take us a little less than a year to make the voyage.



But we had discovered that in the rare air or ether which surrounds the denser atmosphere around the earth, we could go at the rate of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred miles an hour, so that we could reach the moon in about sixty days. We had traveled about fifty-nine days when we learned from the barometer, which was placed outside and was visible from within, that the air was getting denser and we knew, or at least thought, that our journey was nearly over. From our peep-holes we could see the moon, which appeared the same as the earth when we had left it behind a day's journey. By means of our telescopes we could discover what appeared to be towns, and as we approached nearer we could distinguish them. We now knew that the moon was inhabited, though what the disposition of its people toward us would be we could not imagine.

About noon of the sixtieth day of our voyage we stopped the ship at a distance of about a mile above a town which, from our former observations, appeared to be the largest. We could see the people running about as though greatly excited. All over the city were large crowds, but in the center around a large, dome-shaped build-

Only the utterly selfish or the utterly ignorant can be happy with the happiness of savages or children, however prosperous their own affairs. For to the rest, to those who think and have hearts to feel, and imagination to realize and a redeeming human sympathy to be touched, the mere weight of the world's misery pressing round them like an atmosphere, the mere echoes of the groans of the dying, and the cries of the children are sufficient, and more than sufficient, to dull, aye, to destroy, the promise of their joys.—*University Chronicle*.

Small Boy—Papa, what kind of a town is a dry town?

Papa—It's one where they drink nothing except water.

Small Boy—Why, papa, is water dry.

ing appeared to be the largest assemblage. I turned my telescope on this building and pronounced it an observatory, containing a large telescope, which, no doubt, was turned on us, and the crowd was awaiting the report of the astronomers as to what sort of an animal our ship was.

Soon we saw the people running hither and thither, as though they were panic stricken, and in a little while every one had disappeared, leaving the streets deserted. We pondered over this for some time, till at last Jack, the youngest of our trio, a bright, handsome lad of twenty, burst into a fit of laughter and said: "They believe our ship to be some sort of a great bird come to destroy them." After a moment's thought, this appeared to be feasible. We then determined to approach, and if there were no hostile demonstrations, we would let the ship settle down on one of the large buildings and toss up to see who should remain with the ship, while the other two investigated. As the people did not show themselves at our approach, we did this, and Jack and I descended from the ship to learn what had become of all the people.

(To be continued.)

"What are these cups for?" asked a well-dressed man of a jeweler, pointing to some elegant silver cups on the counter.

"These are race cups, to be given as prizes."

"If that's so, suppose you and I race for one?" And the stranger, with the cup in hand, started, the jeweler after him. The stranger won the cup.—*Pick Me Up*.

Dearest, you are more precious to me than all the earth, and if you'll marry me I'll lay my soul at your feet. But his soul was made of leather.

Why do young ladies like to go walking during the cold weather? Because they are generally protected by an armor 'round them.

Why does Mr. O'S. visit the library so often. Because it is the land of der sun.



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Ah, she was a lovely maid  
 In the latest mode arrayed,  
 Profile like a cameo  
 Cheeks with rosy health aglow,  
 A bewitching dimple in  
 Her enchanting little chin;  
 Wavy curls of russet brown,  
 O'er her brow were hanging down.  
 Such she was when at Assembly  
 She took a seat in front of me,  
 Soon she caught my eye and smiled,  
 Her beauty nearly drove me wild;  
 Then behold, she smiled once more,  
 Looking at me as before.  
 I winked and so surly thought,  
 The fairest maiden I had ever caught.  
 On she rubbered, but alas for me  
 I got it in the neck you see;  
 For she had really meant her smile  
 For a chap further down the aisle.



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