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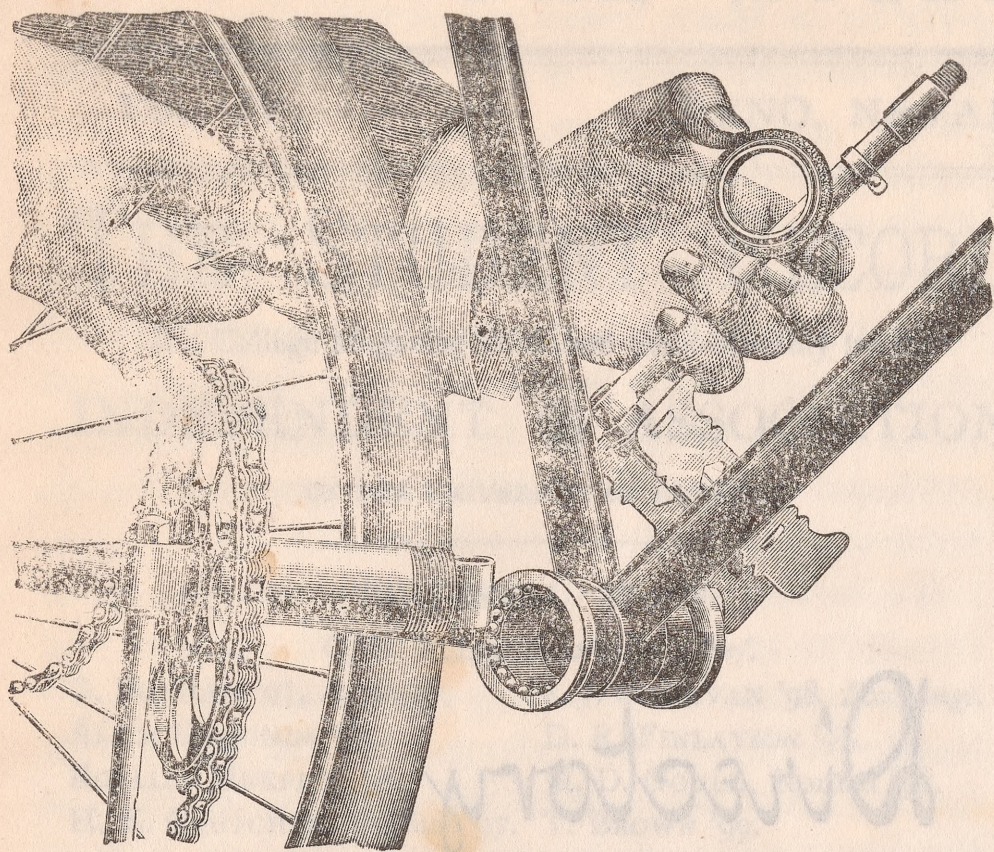
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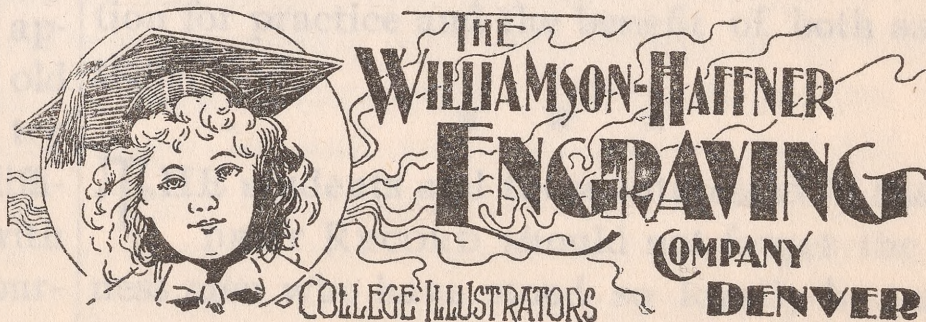
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# THE STUDENT RECORD.

VOL. IV.

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## THE STUDENT RECORD

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WE wish that we could impress upon every member of the Student Congress the value of the advice given by our three alumni several weeks ago. The members belong to, and attend, the Congress for the sole purpose of learning parliamentary usage and of gaining practice in debate. This can only be gained by taking active part in debate, even though apparent failures are made. There is a trite old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," that should be the motto of every diffident member. If you fail once, go again with the firm determination that you will master yourself, and keep at it till you do. No man or wo-

man is fit to go out of college to take the place of a citizen of this Republic, until he or she is able to rise in an assembly and state his principles and convictions in clear, well-chosen and well-delivered language.

The students are watching with interest the preparations for the debate Commencement week. It is to be hoped that this will awaken a good natured rivalry between the Congress and the Debating Union, which will be a stimulus to better work in both organizations.

\* \* \*

WE would like to hear more about the Sophomore-Freshman literary contest. That surely would be an admirable feature of Commencement week. Both literary societies have done good work. A contest would bring out the strong points of each and strengthen both in the year to come. The literary life of the college has been at a rather low ebb until lately, when there have been signs of a new interest. Rival literary societies are the soul of literary activity and interest in all colleges. The rivalry of the above mentioned societies would keep alive the activity and interest of the college until a permanent society open to the entire college can be established.

\* \* \*

INTEREST in athletics among the co-eds seems to flag. Their athletic association had intended to form a college team in basket ball and arrange for several games, but the interest of last fall seems to be lacking and at present it is impossible to accomplish anything. The association should co-operate with the U. N. A. A. and have the tennis court put into good condition for practice and the benefit of both associations.

\* \* \*

THE students and those interested in the STUDENT RECORD should not forget the business men who have stood so loyally by our college paper. Give them your trade and support.



## THE "LITTLE JEN MINE."

(A Story of the Comstock Lode.)

A BEAUTIFUL day in early Autumn. Over the hills and mountain ranges that encompassed the town, aye, even shut the most densely populated part of it in, in a narrow gorge or ravine, the sky bent clear and blue. Looking up toward Mt. Davidson, one could see that at its top, sky and mountain must surely meet—if the tall old mountain did not actually do his part in holding up the blue canopy that bends so gracefully over the world.

Here and there floated a fleecy cloud whose shadow might be seen falling on the hills beneath, while the hills themselves, those which faced the morning sun, were bright with the blossoms of the golden sunflower and the silvery poppy which cover these Nevada mountain ranges. Mountain and hill everywhere. Range after range, as far as the eye can reach; bold, abrupt barren and brown, for the most part, those which are near at hand; but, distance lending enchantment to the view, the farther ones are softened in outline and chastened in coloring until those the farthest away are blue and indistinct, save where, here and there, whitened by the never melting snows of untold years.

One long, deep street runs down through this mountain ravine, in and on the sides of which clusters the once prosperous mining town of Gold Hill, thickly built up on both sides for quite a distance, the buildings growing fewer as the ravine widens out at its lower end, and at the upper end the street climbs the steep hill and turns to become, a little farther on, the Divide between the two towns, Gold Hill and Virginia City.

At the time of which I write, Gold Hill was a lively, flourishing place. On both sides of the ravine, quartz mills stamped and thundered as they ground to powder the rock taken from the mines beneath the town. Here and there stood huge hoisting works, the busy hum of whose machinery, and the peculiar puff, puff of the engines as they hoisted or lowered the cages into and from the bowels of the earth; the discordant

shrieks of their many toned whistles—all combined to give an air of life and business to the town.

One of these quartz mills stood facing the main street, down towards the lower end of the town, and was known as the Crown Point mill. On the other side of the ravine were the hoisting works of the same name, a name once synonymous with wealth, for in this mine was uncovered one of the richest bodies of ore ever found, even in the rich "Comstock lode."

To further the transportation of the rock from the mine to the mill, a miniature railroad had been constructed, crossing the ravine on a high trestle-work bridge, under which ran the street. Immediately under the "trestle," so close that the frame-work of the one fairly touched that of the other, stood a tiny cottage, bright with its coat of fresh white paint, and its dark green blinds. All the homes thereabout were constructed on the smallest possible scale; but this particular one seemed to try to outdo its neighbors in the matter of tinyness. Still, it contained three rooms, which were quite enough to take care of; or so thought its mistress, Kitty Trozona, whose pride it was to keep the house as bright and clean as soap and water, broom and mop could make it.

Kitty herself fitted the house to perfection, being tiny and bird-like in her every motion; but her husband, big, lumbering "Cousin Jack" that he was, seemed entirely out of proportion to his surroundings, and Irish Kitty often said: "It brings me hart to me mouth, shure now, ivery time Tom do be afther going into the parler. He's certain to destroy somethin' with his great sprawling legs and arrums, so he is."

As a rule, there seems to be an "irrepressible conflict" waging between the two races, Irish and Cornish, whenever they are thrown into contact; but once in a while they will mingle in matrimony, notwithstanding this fact. Sometimes the conflict dies out entirely in such cases, while in others it rages with renewed vigor after the first transports of love have had time to cool. This unfortunately had been the case with Kitty O'Maher and Tom Trozona; though those who



knew them well thought there would have been no trouble between them had Tom done his duty, and let drinking and gambling alone. This, however, he did not do; and many were the pay-days on which he would leave the mine with six shining, golden twenties, to go home, not until hours afterwards, with only a few dollars in his pocket; or worse still, with none at all, having left them all in the "bank," as the gambling room was termed. Money deposited here could not be drawn out again, nor did it bring any interest save poverty, misery, and final ruin. Was it any wonder that Kitty's temper should break its bounds, when after a month of hard work in the mines, her Tom would come home to her empty handed, the bills remain unpaid and she and her children were obliged to do without the things that were absolutely needful for their comfort? Still, Kitty had plenty of company in her misery, for in those days everybody gambled on the old Comstock. Dealing in stocks was the favorite and most legitimate form; and even Kitty herself had a few shares of "Kentuck" hidden away somewhere, on the possible rise of which she built many a hope.

This morning Tom had come home again without money, although the day before had been pay-day; worse still, he had been drinking freely, and was cross, morose and even brutal in consequence. Kitty knew only too well that it would be worse than useless to talk to her husband under such circumstances, and she set his breakfast before him grimly, trying hard to keep back the stinging words that trembled on her tongue. But it was of no use; out they would come, and out they did, till stung by her reproaches and his own conscience, Tom Trozona, the brute Tom, sprang up and shook poor Kitty till her head seemed ready to fly off her shoulders; then, with a curse, he threw her into the farthest corner of the room, where she fell in a heap on the floor. Going to their neat bedroom, he then threw himself on the bed, working clothes, dirty boots and all; not even taking the trouble to remove the white spread and the elaborate lace-worked shams with which the Irish so

delight to array their beds.

After he had left the room, Kitty drew herself up into a sitting posture, and sat there in the corner shaking her head, clenching her little fists, uttering incoherent sounds, the very picture of impotent rage. Six-year-old Jen, the darling of the house, looked on, not so much amazed or unused to such scenes as she ought to have been, while baby Tom from his cradle cooed and laughed as if he enjoyed it. Pretty soon Kitty got up, and her speech having by this time returned, she rared and stormed furiously, till little Jen, tired of the scene and somewhat frightened at the unusual violence of her mother's wrath, picked up her straw hat and started for the door. As she passed by the table, the "Cornish pasties"—turnovers made of pie crust filled with bits of boiled beef and gravy, and much esteemed by the Cornish—and the saffron cake thick with currants, both of which had been cooked by Kitty with especial reference to her husband's tastes, caught her eye; and seizing a pasty and a large, thick piece of cake, she escaped out of the house scarcely noticed by her angry mother. Once out of the door, she sought her own especial corner, a space between the supports of the trestle, which ran directly over the house, and the house itself; scarcely big enough for a good-sized cat it seemed; but little Jen found it sufficiently large for her wants. Here she loved to sit and watch the varying features of landscapes and of life. On the hills, on the opposite side of the ravine, was an Indian campody, a cluster of huts around which men, women and children, horses and dogs, might be seen at almost any hour of the day. Above her head at regular intervals rolled the cars going to and from the mine and the mill. Directly opposite stood the mill itself, the unceasing hum of whose wheels and the pounding of its heavy stamps as they crushed the ore, often served to lull her to sleep, but she never slept so soundly that the rumble of the quartz wagons; the rattle and the clatter of the metallic work about the animals, six, eight, ten and sometimes twelve, or even more in number; the shouting, yelling and swearing of the driver, as he urged his team



along, failed to awaken her, for to hail the drivers, all of whom knew her well, get them to stop and lift her up on the high seat beside them, to go on into the town with them and then run back alone was one of the chief pleasures of little Jen's life.

This morning she had hardly seated herself in her accustomed nook, when the well-known sounds, rattle, creak, rumble and oath in a familiar voice, told her that one of her especial friends, Hank Blanchard, the roughest and wickedest of all the drivers, was approaching. Gathering her cake and pasty up in her little apron, she ran out to hail her friend, and in a moment was seated by his side.

As they went slowly up the long steep street, little Jen was so much less talkative than usual as to attract Hank's attention, and he asked with an oath—for he never spoke without one—what was the matter with her. In return, she told him in her childish way the whole story of their home troubles. Rough, but kindly natured, Hank sympathized in his rude way; then, to draw her thoughts away from these troubles, pointed with his long whip to the hillsides gay with the gold and silver sheen of the flowers. "See them purty flowers, Jen? Right up thar. I make no doubt, thar's lots of money; lots of gold and silver, Jen, down in the ground below them shining flowers. I kinder think myself," he went on, shifting an immense chew of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, and throwing a string of oaths at the animals he was driving as he did so; "I kinder think myself as how it's the mettles as gives the colors to the flowers. It stands to reason, now don't it"—Hank evidently forgot that his listener was only a little child—"that as they's mettles in the sile whar the roots to them flowers grow; them roots should drink in the color of the ore along with the m'isture as they takes up. Least ways I'm inclined to think that's the how of it myself, an' Jen, some day you an' I'll go up there an' kinder prospect around an' see what we can find. Mebbe we'll find a mine, a real mine, Jen; an' if we do, why you an' I'll be as rich as, as John Mackey or Uncle Jimmy Fair, see? An'

we'll call that mine, Jen, let's see, we'll call that little mine—now I have it, the Little Jen mine. The Little Jen! ha, ha, ha!"

Jen's face brightened as she listened with eager attention, and as she gazed at the shining hillside a new thought came to her mind. She would go by herself; she would not wait for Hank to go with her; for with a child's intuition she realized that his promise of going was rather vague; besides, he was always busy; indeed, she could not remember ever having seen him away from his team and his quartz wagon in the day time; if the gold and silver were there, she could get them. She would go right away and dig down to the roots of the flowers and see. How proud she should feel if she could take an apron full of the precious, glittering ores to her mother, her poor mother, who needed shoes and clothes so badly. Indeed, she would try, and at once.

Arrived at the upper part of the town, Hank stopped first at the brewery for a glass of beer, then a little farther on for one of whisky. Teaming, owing to the dust and the continued swearing at the animals, being such thirsty work that frequent drinking, according to the driver's code, became a necessity. As he came out of this second place, wiping his mouth, he called to the child: "Now, little Jen, I reckon you've gone about far'd enough; lem'me take you down, an' you git fer home."

"No, Hank," was the answer, with a resolute shake of the curly head. "I ain't going to git down, ain't going home now, neither."

"Why, whar in Tunket be you goin' then?" asked Hank; but Jen not being in a communicative mood, failed to answer, nor would she allow him to put her down until the point where the road turns around towards Virginia City was reached. At this place she commanded Hank to stop and set her into the road, which he did, with the injunction to hurry right home.

"Aint' going home now," was her only answer.

*(Concluded in next issue.)*

He—Oh, go on, only just one.

She—If you don't stop I'll squeal.



## POWER OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

**J**UST as the spirit of a nation is largely determined by the position and nature of the country, the success of an individual is determined by the circumstances surrounding him.

It has been remarked that a tree which will droop and die in a flat swamp will live and flourish on the hill-top. Just so with man; he requires certain surroundings to develop certain talents, and if these be lacking, the talents will never be developed.

The success of a literary man depends almost wholly on the time in which he lives. He may possess all the will power in the world, but if he have no great cause to inspire him he will be a failure.

The career of a man has been compared to the crossings in one of our great thoroughfares. Some arrive just when it is clear and get over at once; others find it blocked up, are kept waiting, and arrive too late at their destination, although the latter may be the better pedestrians. (One man who might have become pronounced as a poet was Parnell. Had he lived in London instead of Ireland, or had Popic influence reached him when he was younger, the world might have gained another Milton. Had the world shown him a little sympathy, it might have gained another intellect as great as Shakespeare's.)

Again, Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would not have been as well received by the people at any other period in the world's history. And could she have written it had she not traveled in the South and herself witnessed the ill treatment of the slaves? No; no more than Francis Key could have written the "Star Spangled Banner" under different circumstances of time and place. The great effect Mohamet produced on the Eastern nations was not due solely to his strong character and good management, but to the moral and political conditions of the time.

On the other hand, many of our great reformers were ahead of their times. If they had lived nearer our own day, their great schemes

would have been appreciated and not scoffed at.

Garfield, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson and the majority of our great men were poor boys, but not destitute and starving as many seem to suppose. Garfield, Blaine and Webster all lived on the frontier, where they were obliged to work hard for a livelihood. This vigorous work on the farm gave them a feeling of self-reliance and independence which they never would have gained had they been cradled in the lap of luxury and every want supplied without effort on their part. Again, their station in life was very different from that of the poor boy, brought up in the slums of the city, where he is humiliated by being forced to accept charity; where every effort is required to sustain his physical being, and no time left for the development of the moral and intellectual side of his nature.

You may ask why the sons of these men did not become great men. We answer that the luxurious circumstances surrounding them hid and enfeebled their native powers.

A circumstance or condition in Daniel Webster's life probably made him the great man that he was. Ill health rendered him unable to assist his brothers with the farm work, and he was sent away to school. If it had not been for this, as his father was poor and had a large family to support, he might have plodded on the farm all his life and America lost one of her greatest orators and statesmen. And, indeed, who can tell but what one of his brothers, as well as thousands of other men, might have become as noted as he, had they had the same opportunities.


"But knowledge to their eyes, her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of their souls."

Why does man surround the home with ennobling and purifying influences? Why has the mighty system of school education been instituted for the training of the young? Why have the good and the wise banded together under the laws for mutual benefit in society? Simply that circumstances may benefit the man.

N—— '94.



### A DAY'S OUTING IN EASTERN NEVADA.

NE fine day in July last, while staying in Hamilton, Nev., a friend of mine suggested that we ride out to Cathedral Canyon, a wonderful bit of scenery about ten miles south of the town. Soon the necessary arrangements had been made and we were on the way.

It was a typical July day. Not a cloud was visible in all the broad expanse of blue heavens; not a breeze stirred the foliage of the stunted shrubs upon the mountain sides. Perhaps even Aeolus himself felt the enervating effect of Sol's superabundant rays and wisely remained in his cool caves. All things seemed to acknowledge the same master hand and our collars readily bowed their heads and bent their usually stiff necks in meek submission.

In due time we reached the mouth of the canyon and forgot the discomforts of our ride in the admiration excited by the grand scenes on every hand. This gorge is about two and one-half miles in length and is evidently the results of the action of mountain torrents working tirelessly for ages. On each side the high cliff-walls have been worn into curious and fantastic shapes. Near the entrance, several large openings may be seen in the west wall, one of which, much larger and more irregular in shape than its fellows, cuts out a huge natural bridge above it. The tops of the walls nod to one another here and there as if they wished to shake hands.

As we proceeded down the canyon the cliffs rose higher and higher until they reached an elevation of more than 800 feet. The feeling of his own insignificance that comes over a man when he first beholds this tremendously sublime piece of God's own workmanship is almost overwhelming. Here are great stone steps like those leading to a giant's fortress, while just beyond turrets and towers rise without number. There the wall is composed of solid slate as smooth and vertical as a plummet, making a huge blue black-board 500 feet high and 200 feet wide, such an one as the Cyclops might make use of in computing how many more thunder-bolts they must


forge before their endless task is accomplished.

We halted for lunch at a cave so spacious that we lariatied our horses inside and fed them their grain while we refreshed ourselves. This place has been used so often for picnics that some one has painted the sign, "Boarding House," on the outside and others have provided it with a stove, a table, etc. It may, however, be truthfully said that as a boarding house its accommodations are pretty rocky.

When we had rested our steeds and gazed upon the wonders of the place till our eyes were weary, we returned to Hamilton well pleased with our day's outing.

H. A. S.

### A NEW PROFESSORSHIP.

HE last time the Rev. Mr. Lee held divine service in the Reno Opera House, some unregenerate small boys in the gallery made more noise than the mighty man from Michigan could stand. This gave him a good opportunity to strike a Fitsimmons blow at the general cussedness of the wild west. He struck, but he hit the wrong man.

With all the eloquence of a tongue hung in the middle on ball bearings and warranted to wag both ways, he appealed to the next Legislature to establish a chair of etiquette and good manners at the State University, for the especial benefit of the Varsity boys, a few of whom were slumbering peacefully in the gallery.

When I graduated, a few years ago, there was no need of such a department. The steady improvement which began as soon as I left is a sufficient warrant that none such is needed now.

If it is established, however, much good may come of it, for Mr. Lee can then reap inestimable benefit from a few years' work as a special student in the new course.

AL UMNUS.

He—What is the number of most girl's shoes?

She—Two, of course. You don't suppose girls are quadrupeds, do you?



## PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

*(Concluded from last issue.)*

SHAKESPEARE'S life on the stage lasted seventeen years, during which time he visited Stratford every year. His family still resided there. When thirty-three years of age he purchased the house at Stratford with barns and gardens. During all the busy, bustling London life his aim seemed to be to amass a sufficient fortune to enable him to retire to his well-loved birth-place to enjoy the declining years of life.

Venus and Adonis, published in 1593, was his first poem given to the world. One can better understand the passion and beauty of this creation of his mind when remembering that during the time when it was written he was associated with so many dissolute young nobles. The life they led was one of extreme licentiousness, and Taine says of the poem:

"Never was seen a heart so quivering to the touch of beauty of every kind, so delighted with the freshness and splendor of things, so eager and so excited in adoration and enjoyment, so violently and entirely carried to the very essence of voluptuousness."

Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays are classed as tragedies, comedies and histories. The great tragedies are fine; Macbeth, King Lear, Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet and Othello, The Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like It, and The Merchant of Venice are perhaps the finest comedies, while Richard III, Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar stand prominent among the noble series of histories.

The student who knows these eleven plays knows Shakespeare in his finest vein. But to know Shakespeare as he should be known we must read him right through, from first to last; and in days when our most brilliant essayists draw gems of illustration from this exhaustless mine, when every newspaper and magazine studs its leaders with witty allusions to "Dogberry" or "Shallow" and every orator borrows the lightning of Shakesperean lines to gild his

meaner language with its flash—not to have studied this Prince of Poets proves not merely the absence of a fine literary taste, but the total lack of that common sense which leads men to aim at knowing well every subject that may help them in their daily life.

When you read Shakespeare and do not get a good thought, rest assured your mind is failing.

Dr. Johnson says. "He who tries to recommend Shakespeare by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles who, when he offered his house for sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen."

Shakespeare's grand, surpassing quality of genius was his creative power. Wherever lived a man of such versatility! The bloodiest crimes, the broadest fun, the laughter of innocent maidens, the shrieking of maniacs, the roar of battle, the jest and ribaldry of tavern bouts—pictures from every life and yet not a discordant note in it all.

To know the man, we must study his works. Says Carlisle: "His works are so many windows through which we see a glimpse of the world that was in him." Shakespeare is the only true biographer of Shakespeare. His cheerfulness of disposition, his sympathy, his kindness, his friendships, are portrayed in every line. He was truly great, too, in that he was so unconscious of his greatness. And yet, no man was ever great enough to know Shakespeare. Enough has been written about him to fill a fair-sized library; men have spent their lives trying to learn of him; volumes have been filled with controversies and, after all, only a few meager facts, mostly relating to his property, have been gleaned. After that, who can follow the wonderful workings of his mind? "He is one of those delicate souls which, like a perfect instrument of music, vibrate of themselves at the slightest touch."

At the time when Shakespeare left Stratford and went to London, a great many stage plays of various dates and writers existed in manuscript. These, in common with his comrades, Shakespeare used as foundation work for new plays. Some were revised, some entirely re-written,



using the original plots. Many of his plays were thus composed and a careful student may detail the original cropping out amid the powerful lines of our own genuine Shakespeare. It is said that he never erased a line as he wrote.

Incredible as it may seem to us, the favor of the wits and writers of his time was divided between Shakespeare and Robert Greene.

Tom Nash, an envious dramatist and critic, asserted his own superiority by decrying that period by saying: "You cannot see a mountain near. It took a century to make it suspected, and not until two centuries had passed after his death did any criticism which we think adequate, appear. It was not possible to write the history of Shakespeare until now."

At any rate, time has revoked all those old judgments and vindicated Shakespeare's immeasurable superiority over all his rivals. Their names and works are almost forgotten, while Shakespeare's writings are read and his name has become a familiar household word wherever the English language is spoken or English literature loved and understood.

"Shakespeare is the intellectual ocean towards which all rivers flow, whose tides touch all the shores of knowledge."

Johnson, alone, of that time, gave him due credit. He called him the "Soul of the age." He was more than right; he was prophetic when he declared that "He was not for an age, but for all time."

The year 1612 is given as the date of the poet's final retirement from London life. He was then only forty-eight years of age, and undoubtedly hoped to spend many years in ease and comfort at his Stratford home, New Place, yet but four years elapsed until his great life was brought to a close. It was on his fifty-second birthday that he passed away. As to the cause of his death, there is no certain knowledge. One man says that the poet drank too much at a feast and fell ill of a fever, from which he died. Four lines are carved upon the flat stone over his grave, supposed to have been written by his own pen:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here.  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones."

In a niche in the wall above is a bust of the poet. No name appears on the grave. Can you guess why? He was a play actor, and the church people would have been outraged at the thought of burying a strolling player in that sacred chancel. But his son-in-law, Dr. John Hall, honored the great man and was bound that he should have a worthy resting-place; so, at midnight, with the help of a few trusted friends, he buried England's greatest son.

Do you not think England should have a fitting monument to Shakespeare? He was her one universal citizen; born in England, never out of England, his ashes rest in England. Victor Hugo has said: "Why a monument to Shakespeare? He is his own monument and England is its pedestal. Shakespeare has no need of a pyramid; he has his work. What is as indestructible as these: 'The Tempest,' 'The Winter's Tale,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Coriolanus?' What monument sublimer than 'Lear,' sterner than 'The Merchant of Venice,' more dazzling than 'Romeo and Juliet,' more amazing than 'Richard III,' more mystic than 'A Midsummer Night's Dream?' What frame-work of cedar or oak will last as long as 'Othello?' What bronze can equal the bronze of 'Hamlet?' What architect has the skill to build a tower as high as the name of Shakespeare? Add anything, if you can to mind! Why, then, a monument to Shakespeare, I answer, not for the glory of Shakespeare, but for the honor of England?"

About sixty-five trees are being planted in the hollow west of the mining building. Grass seed will also be sown and in years to come that barren holtow may become a delightful park.

Teacher—What are the three graces? Tommy, you may answer.

Tommy—Breakfast, dinner and supper.

What kind of lips has Mr. "Phil-lips?"



## EXCHANGE.

THE college year at the University of Chicago is divided into quarters. Three of these constitute a year's work, and in this manner the students can choose their own vacation time. When the Professors teach steadily for three full years they are allowed a year's absence on full pay.—*Occident*.

The new library at Princeton will contain over a million volumes.—*Ex*.

Blessed are they that edit a college newspaper, for their's shall be the "kingdom of flunks."—*Ex*.

Africa has the largest and the smallest educational institution in the world. The smallest has five students; the largest, at Cairo, has 10,000.

The field day between Berkeley and Stanford was won by the former. Stanford won the debate.

The Illinois State University has been involved to the extent of \$823,000 by a recent bank failure in Chicago.—*Ex*.

It is proposed to consolidate Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This

would give Harvard about 6,000 students.—*Cloverleaf*.

## Golf.

Baggy trousers,  
A padded calf,  
Dazzling stockings,  
And that is half.

A queer-shaped stick,  
A rubber ball,  
A five-mile walk,  
And that is all.—*Ex*.

In vain he plead,  
She shook her head;  
A flash!—he photographed her brain.  
Strange to confess,  
Her "no" meant "yes,"  
Although the negative was plain.  
—*Ex*.

Ere they were wed he called her "Love,"  
And "Darling" and "My Sweet,"  
And other pet names  
That I need not bother to repeat.  
But they are married,  
And when he addresses her to-day,  
He doesn't call her "Pet" or "Dear,"  
But simply hollers "Say." —*Ex*.

## CAMPUS.

WORK on the Gymn has been resumed and will be completed by the middle of May. A large balcony running around the entire length of the building is a prominent feature.

The band is a success. This may be ascribed to the indefatigable efforts of the Commandant and the hearty support of the Faculty and students. The lecture delivered by Lieutenant Hamilton on the 23d fulfilled all expectations, while the music of the band was superb.

The time for the Inspector to arrive is now close at hand. We hope that the inspection will be more satisfactory than it was last year.

Freshmen wonder why they are called upon to pay so many assessments. The latest assessment is for a pair of handcuffs.

Upon the completion of the Gymn, a military reception will be held. The leading society ladies of the State will participate and everything will be done to make it a success.



Seven Freshmen succeeded in handcuffing a Soph. on the morning of the rush. A bus was hired and the Soph. was taken out to the pest-house and there tied to the floor. For his comfort the Freshmen laid down some robes and one of them gave the Soph. his coat for a pillow. The wily Soph. further requested that they handcuff his hands so that he could chew a plug of tobacco, as he hadn't had any breakfast and was rather hungry. To this the Freshmen acceded. When he was securely bound and had all the comforts they could give him under the circumstances, they left, saying that he would be called for after the rush. In about ten minutes Gig had worked himself loose and was tramping over sagebrush and through ditches, with his hands handcuffed. He reached Lincoln Hall even before the Freshmen returned and was soon ready for the rush. This serves to show Freshman cunning and the bungling devices they use to carry out their plans.

The "Parson" made a trip to Virginia City which turned out rather disastrously, as he is limping around.

S. C. Durkee, Ray Murphy and O'Brien rode on bicycles to Virginia City and returned last week.

J. J. Sullivan, '98, visited Virginia City a few days last week.

On the morning of the 23d, Arbor Day, exercises were held on the Campus, and the following program was rendered:

Selection.....U. of N. Cadet Band  
 Song.....Mr. H. Start  
 Address....."The Significance of Arbor Day"  
 Mr. E. R. Dodge.  
 Song.....Miss Maud Haines  
 Planting and dedication of tree to Prof. R. D.  
 Jackson.....R. M. Brambilla, '97.  
 Selection.....U. of N. Cadet Band

On Friday, P. M., April 23, the Coronas played the Champions of Carson a match game of baseball, the former winning by a score of 17 to 12. The game was played on the U. N. baseball grounds. A good-sized crowd was in attendance.

Recently two of the senior girls met with a pathetic(?) accident on the Campus, presumably from the increased weight of the head; their equilibrium was destroyed and the force of gravity did the rest. We would suggest that they consult Dr. Phillips about "the line of direction falling without the base," and the "laws of falling bodies."

## ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

THE regular field day has been stated for May 22d. Entries will close on the 15th. The Freshman-Sophomore field day will take place on the 15th and the baseball game upon the 8th.

Berkeley defeated Stanford in the inter-collegiate field day. Brenton Stemford's fast sprinter was not in it with Drum of Berkeley; but Stanford played even by winning the debating contest.

Who is going to miss the military reception to be given on the 14th of May? Are any of the cadets? Don't you believe it. Are any of the girls? Nit. This reception is going to be the event of the season and will be largely attended


by prominent people from various parts of the State. It will be strictly a military affair and all cadets will attend in uniform.

Is the Social Club going to give its regular social again?

The entertainment given by Lieutenant Hamilton and the band was a success in every particular.

The Junior Class held a party in the Seminary building on the 23d and a very pleasant time was reported by all. Mr. Emery, Lieutenant and Mrs. Hamilton were present and entered into the fun as though they, too, were classmates.




 O suit the taste and inclinations of the married, or those who propose marriage, we transcribe the following; but to convey a directly opposite sentiment, for the benefit of the singly blessed, it will be necessary to alternate the lines, reading the first and third, then the second and fourth:

"That man must lead a happy life  
 Who is directed by a wife;  
 Who's freed from matrimonial claims  
 Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace  
 Till he beheld a woman's face;  
 When Eve was given for a mate,  
 Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female race appear  
 Truth, darling of a heart sincere;  
 Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,  
 In woman never did reside.

What tongue is able to unfold  
 The worth in woman we behold?  
 The failings that in women dwell  
 Are almost imperceptible.

Confusion takes the men, I say,  
 Who no regard to women pay.  
 Who make the women their delight  
 Keep always reason in their sight."

—*Home Journal.*

A few days ago, while rummaging in a garret, a copy of the *Mountain Messenger*, dated January 18, 1862, printed at La Porte, Sierra county, Cal., was found. The paper contained a criticism on Governor Downey's message, which declared for peace and compromise with the South.

A telegram dated St. Louis, Jan. 8, 1862, gave an account of the battle of Blue Gap, Va. There was also an account of the breaking of a levee on the American river and the flooding of Sacramento to a depth of from five to seven feet.

We clip the following: "Governor Stanford's inaugural address is a brief document, sensible and to the point. We hope his acts will correspond with the sentiments he plainly expresses."

### THOSE ELUSIVE WHISKERS.

#### I.

Gaily bedight,  
 In broad daylight,  
 Some jolly '96ers,  
 Had journeyed long,  
 Thinking strong  
 Of their lack of whiskers.\*

#### II.

But they grew old—  
 These lads so bold—  
 And took unto their names, Mist'ers,  
 Ere they found  
 Hair to abound  
 That deserved the name of whiskers.

#### III.

As their age  
 Had not made them sage,  
 They met a pair of Senior Mist'ers.  
 "Mist'ers," said they,  
 "Where can they stay—  
 These elusive whiskers?"

#### IV.

"Under the skin,  
 Beneath the chin,  
 In little blisters.  
 Shave, often shave,"  
 Replied one knave,  
 "If you would raise useless whiskers."


\*During the Soph. year of the Class of '96, many of its male members would fain have sported mustaches, had nature been kindly disposed.—AUTHOR.

Though the sky was blue above her,  
 And the hearts were warm that love her,  
 Yet heavy was the pressure  
 Of sad misfortune's yoke;  
 Though fate on her was smiling,  
 To her woe there's no beguiling,  
 Nor any hope to cheer her  
 When her garter broke.

How daintily across the street,  
 A woman trips with grace complete,  
 While men, inferior in all,  
 Can never trip without a fall.—*Wash. Star*



### THE SOPH.-FRESHMAN CANE RUSH — THE SOPHS. AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

N Friday morning, April 17th, the Varsity was awakened from the lethargy into which it had sunk, by a notice which appeared upon the bulletin board, in which the Sophomores set forth their intention to carry a cane across the football field. It immediately occasioned wild disorder in the ranks of the Freshmen, who instantly sought the never-failing counsel of their patrons, the Juniors. At this juncture James Jiles, the Freshman giant, accomplished a deed of unparalleled bravery. He stalked into the corridor of Morrill Hall and with stern visage and stalwart arm he tore from the bulletin board the obnoxious sheet.

The Sophomores having thus expressed their bellicose intentions, scorned the invitation of the Freshmen to meet in solemn conclave and complete the arrangements for the funeral of "'00." However, on second thought they condescended to meet a committee of Juniors to draw up rules and regulations for the government of the rush, which were effected to the satisfaction of the Sophomores and Faculty. In brief, these were that the Sophs. should carry a cane from goal to goal of the football field without losing it. In case the Freshies gained possession of it for an instant the Sophomores to be denied the right to sport canes.

With the worthy help of the Juniors, the Freshies evolved the scheme of kidnaping the most formidable rushers of the Class of "'99." Mr. Gignoux was the first victim. He was cowardly assaulted, roped and ironed by a gang of fourteen courageous disciples of Murphy, who immediately hied themselves off with their prey to the pest-house, where he was left securely bound.

No sooner had the Freshmen departed than he, Sampson like, burst asunder the shackles which bound him securely to the four walls, the floor and the ceiling. He arrived at Lincoln Hall in time to greet with a glad hand his captors when they arrived, worn out with their exertions.

It being now 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Sophs. repaired to the football field, where they were greeted with the plaudits of the assembled multitude. They took their position at the northern end of the field and formed a hyperboloid of revolution of one nappel with Nichol at the origin. Capt. J. N. Evans, '97, stepped proudly forward from under a high silk hat and presented Nick with an elegant mahogany stick, silver mounted and emblazoned with the colors of '99. At this juncture the portly form of Brule, '00, was detected, disguised as a gentleman, amid a group of Normal co-eds, whither he had secreted himself with a view to personal safety.

He was immediately dragged forth by little Ray Richard, who relinquished his hold only when Brule had been restored to the bosom of his class. The presentation of the cane to Nichol was the signal for a wild Soph. onslaught on the now thoroughly frightened Freshmen, who were promptly upset and sat upon.

Nichol now walked rapidly down the field, impeded only by Brule, Heritage, Lockman and other harmless barnacles, who were promptly left groveling in the dust under the fierce charge of sturdy little Roy Mathewson. The progress of the cane was materially delayed by several stops made by Nichol for the purpose of carefully wiping off the dust, which was constantly being bitten up in large chunks by the prostrate Freshies. After a leisurely jaunt of three minutes the cane was carried to its destination.

Murphy, goaded on by desperation and D. Moore, evinced his weariness of life by accepting a challenge to a fistic encounter at the hands of Gignoux. Pale and trembling, he was led up the hill, but was saved by the timely intervention of the President, who declared that under the new law the contest could not come off, a license not having been procured.

The festivities of the day were brought to an abrupt close by a vain attempt of '00 to precipitate "Spider" Hunter into the raging torrent of the Orr ditch. The rush thus ended to the satisfaction of all right-minded persons, excepting Deputy Sheriff Hays, who desires an immediate



settlement for the broken shackles obtained from him by Messrs. Murphy and Cahill for the purpose of binding Gignoux.

"SILVER RIBBON."

The Student Congress met as usual Saturday evening, April 17th. After the usual business, the Assembly went into a Committee of the Whole and invited Judge Cheney to address the members. Judge Cheney's subject was "The Preparation for Debate," which was very interesting and instructive, and from which the members gained a great many good points.

The members of the Student Congress wish to express their appreciation to Judge Cheney, and hope that they may soon listen to him again. Saturday evening, April 24th, the Student Congress was called to order by Speaker pro-tem, Crutcher, President Stubbs being unavoidably absent. Nothing of importance was transacted.

The gallery around the inside of the gymnasium is nearly completed with the exception of the painting.

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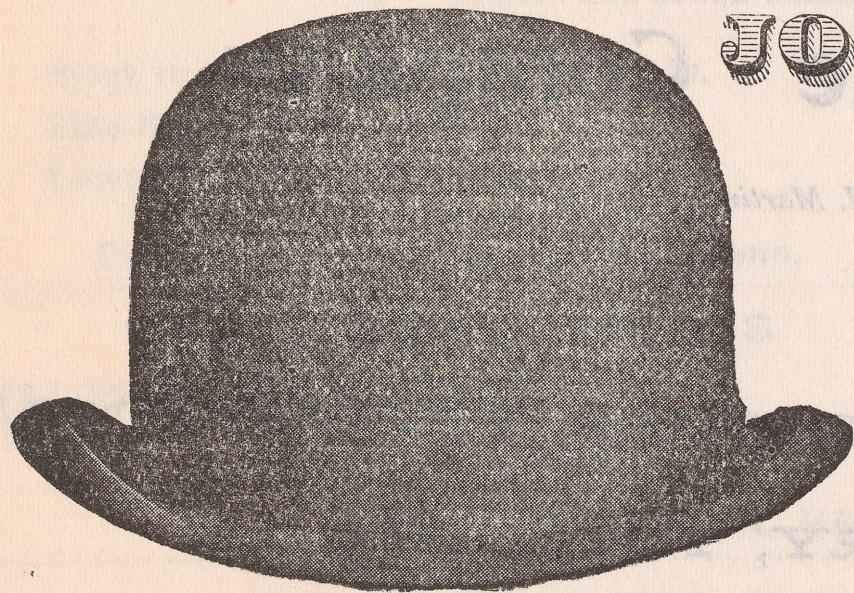
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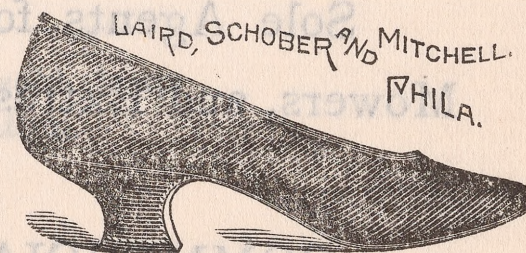
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