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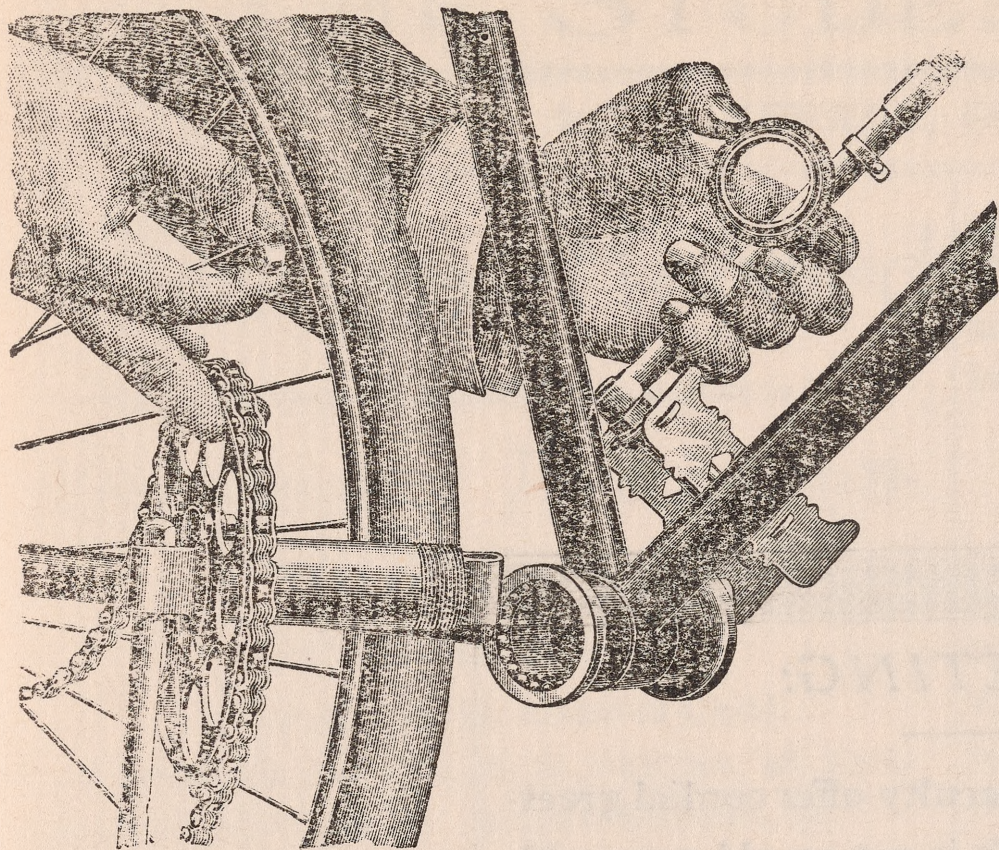
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GREETING:

The President and Faculty offer cordial greetings to all students. It is not an old year with a record of failures and successes against its name, but it is a new year, bright with courage and hope.

This ought to be the best year in the history of the University. The conditions favor growing scholarship, and high attainments in character.

Energy and enthusiasm should abound in our college life. We, perhaps, have been somewhat lacking in the sustaining power of an aroused, healthful college sentiment in support of self-government, vigorous athletics, and the higher culture of life and letters.

It is our privilege and duty to make better the past and more hopeful the future.



THE STUDENT RECORD.

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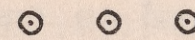
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WITH this issue the RECORD enters upon its fifth volume, and the new staff assume their duties. The policy of the RECORD will not be changed with the management, and its aim, as in the past, will be to advocate the rights of students, foster athletics and promote the best interests of the University. We wish it clearly understood that the RECORD is not edited by any one class, and that its columns are open at all times to any who may feel disposed to contribute.

STUDENTS of the University, we ask you to carefully note the business men who advertise in the RECORD and give them a trial before taking your patronage elsewhere.



A DEPLORABLE fact in connection with the University is the seemingly lack of college spirit. A short time ago the Reno Dramatic Company gave one of its splendid plays to a crowded house for the benefit of the football team. During the play the college colors were worn by some of the cast, and although two-thirds of the house was composed of college students, but three or four gave the college yell. Is it that the students do not know the yell, or are they ashamed to give it? Students, wake up and show your loyalty and spirit when the occasion demands it.



WITH the opening of this college year we notice two changes in Faculty: Lieut. Elmer W. Hubbard, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed Professor of Military Science and Tactics, under detail by the Secretary of War, and has also been appointed by the Regents, head of the Department of Civil Engineering. Lieutenant Hubbard comes to the University well fitted for the position he holds. After his graduation from West Point in 1885, he spent some time in that academy as Instructor in Physics and Chemistry, and later spent two years at Fortress Monroe.

The Department of English Language and Literature and History has been separated into two departments, with Miss Anna H. Martin Instructor in History. Miss Martin graduated from the U. of N. in '94, then spent three years at Stanford, graduating from the Department of History in '97.

The RECORD, on behalf of the students, bids them welcome to the U. of N.

THE TALE OF THE BLACK CAT,

As Told By My Great, Great Grandfather and His Descendants.

ONCE upon a time—for did ever fairy tale or legend begin in any other words?—there lived in one of the New England States on the borders of a dense forest, an honest farmer, my great, great grandfather, with his wife and family of happy, growing boys and girls.

The house stood in a natural open space such as Nature sometime leaves in the midst of woods, as if thus to encourage someone there to settle and make a pleasant home, and this my ancestor had done. A lovely spot it was; great stretches of natural meadow, pasture and swamp, the latter, under my great, great grandfather's careful attention to drainage, fast being converted into meadow land. A brook of purest water flowing from a spring that lay high up among the hills which rose at some distance from the clearing, made its way through field and meadow, bordered on each side with fringing plants bright with the blossoms of summer and brighter still when tinted with the brilliant dyes of autumn or when covered by the frosts of winter with myriads of sparkling gems.

Near the house a young orchard was growing, and sufficient land was under cultivation to supply the needs of the family. Poultry roamed the fields and woods at their own sweet will, their numbers, it is true, being occasionally thinned by the depredations of the wild animals that lived in the surrounding woods. Cattle, sheep and porkers added to my forefather's wealth, and he was called—what all would like to be—a "forehanded man." The house, which originally consisted of one room, had been added to as occasion required or circumstances would allow, until it had become quite a roomy structure, of which, as was usual in those days, the kitchen was the principal room. A sunny, cheerful room it was, large enough to make a whole house the size of some of the tiny cottages built in these degenerate days. Here the true home life of the family centered; here the

mother spun and wove, making the cloth and then the garments for family use; here she made the butter and the cheese, impressing the children to her aid, teaching the girls to become true home-keepers like herself, and bringing up both girls and boys in the strict, methodical way of our forefathers and mothers. Teaching them, too, reverence for God and all good; to honor their parents and to do to others as they would have others do to them. She taught them also such "book learning" as she herself possessed, for, so far away from school were they, that the children could receive only from their parents what little education was at that time thought necessary.

Across more than one-half of one side of the kitchen extended the great, old-fashioned fireplace, in whose roomy depths almost the whole family could gather, and in the recess on one side of which a settle was placed, while on the other blocks of wood cut from some huge forest trees were made to do duty as seats for the younger members of the family. Happily here the long evenings of winter sped away, the mother busy in fashioning the many colored, diverse-sized stockings for the use of all; the father reading from some old book brought from England by his father, or telling some old world tale to the children, who listened with eager attention, or joining, perhaps, in some noisy romp of the youngsters. Though "Early to bed and early to rise" was the motto here, as in all well-conducted families of those days, the winter evenings contained many long, pleasing hours, invariably closing with a "night-cap" lunch of apples gathered from their own trees, nuts from the woods around about, doughnuts warmed before the fire, or golden pumpkin pies—the whole washed down by the universal beverage of those times, sparkling cider. The lunch was followed by the usual family devotions, and sleep sweeter and sounder than might be considered natural after so heavy a meal.

A happy, wholesome life, though at times the younger members of the family would express a natural regret at being so far away from all other young people; and the mother would sigh

that she had no friendly neighbor near, for their nearest neighbors lived a good two miles away, and no town or anything that could be spoken of as such lay within a nearer radius than a full ten miles. Still, this loneliness, this distance from town was little felt, and in reality gave one great source of enjoyment to their lives: the excitement and pleasure incident to a trip to the nearest town to purchase the few things that the farm did not of itself supply, or to carry to the mill the corn and grain to be ground for family use. These occasions were great events in the lives of the children, one or more of whom was allowed, when the weather would permit, to accompany the father or the mother; the latter, however, seldom felt that she could be spared from home long enough to make the trip. It sometimes happened that it would be necessary for some one to go to the distant town when the weather was too unpleasant for the children to go, when great would be the mourning thereat, though the disappointment was somewhat sweetened by the knowledge that "father" would be sure to bring home something, a little more than usual, for the children, when none could go with him.

An occasion of this kind happened on a day late in November of the year in which the first of the events I am about to relate occurred. Thanksgiving had been appointed, as was then the custom, by the Governor of the State, and, as my ancestors were of good Puritan stock, this was the day of all the year to them. Good, true Christians as they were, they still held Christmas in abhorrence, regarding it rather as an observance instituted by the Pope of Rome for the benefit of the Catholic church than as a day set apart for the commemoration of the birth of the Savior, Christ. To Thanksgiving they looked forward from the time of the passing of one anniversary to the coming of the next; for this was the great feast day of their year. Still, so isolated were they from the outside world, that friends or strangers seldom visited them on this day; but the mother would prepare a grand dinner, while the bustle of preparation that began days beforehand to herald the coming good

cheer, was enjoyed and participated in by all, and made as a rule a trip to the town to obtain supplies a necessity.

This year proved no exception to the rule. Father must go to town and Sam and Bob, the two oldest boys, had the promise of accompanying him, should the weather prove good. On the night before his going all gathered round the fire, indulging in pleasurable anticipations of what the next day should bring forth; but, alas! "The best laid plans of mice and men full often gang alee," and so it proved in this case.

In the course of the night the wind rose and howled dismally through the woods and about the house, increasing so much in force as the day broke and wore on that even the father himself concluded that it would be better to do without some of the luxuries that he usually provided for the day and remain at home. Indeed the storm soon rose to such a pitch of violent wind and rain that all were glad to keep within doors as much as possible.

Night settled down early and all drew about the cheerful hearth, enjoying the sense of protection and shelter, as they listened to the howling and shrieking of the wind and the furious patter of the rain. The parents both told tales of storm and disaster on sea and land; then, as was too much the custom of the age, drifted idly into tales of the supernatural, in which, possibly, our ancestors placed more confidence than is the custom of their descendants. The children listened with rapt attention, casting occasional uneasy glances into the darker corners of the room and drawing nearer to their elders. The tall old Dutch clock ticked loudly, telling the minutes and the hours, but none seemed to hear, or to be at all eager to go to bed. Suddenly the clock struck the hour of twelve, an hour of unprecedented lateness in the family of my great, great grandfather.

"Mercy on us!" cried my grandmother, springing up and looking nervously around; "twelve o'clock! midnight! What has possessed us to set up so late! Marthy, fetch out the bible, quick. It's time you children was asleep hours ago."

Martha, a blue-eyed, rosy little maiden of ten, placed the round table in the middle of the room, then reverently brought a huge family bible from the best room, where it was carefully kept except when in use. All gathered around the table. The father, turning to the Psalms, read one of thanksgiving as appropriate to the season, then offered a simple prayer, after which Martha replaced the bible and all were about to seek their rooms, the children a little reluctantly, it seemed; but as no one had to sleep alone, the ordeal of going to a distant room was not quite so severe a one as would otherwise have been the case. Before leaving the kitchen, Sam, the eldest boy, stepped to the outside door to look out and see "how the night behaved;" but scarcely had he unlatched the door, when a furious burst of wind shook the house as if it had been in the clutches of a hurricane. Slam, bang! came the door, and at the moment a flash of lightning of such brilliancy that it seemed to blind them all illumined the room. The door, which Sam had just unlatched, flew open with such violence as to throw him backward into the middle of the room, overturning the table and the candle at the same time, the latter rolling to the floor and being extinguished as it fell. The commotion of the elements seemed to have entered the house; wind, lightning and driving rain; but worse and more fearful than these, with them something living, human, animal, or demon, had also made an entrance. Demon, it seemed; demon with flaming, staring eyes, whose hateful glances met each affrighted member of the family from the different parts of the room to which each had retreated. Growling, snarling, spitting, with lightning flashing from its eyes, what devil incarnate had come upon them!

For a time, all were too frightened to move, and crouched and trembled in their corners. The mother was the first to regain her presence of mind. Breathing an inward prayer for protection, she groped about the floor for the candle, and having at last found it, tried to light it from the fire, which had not yet been covered for the night, but was still only a bed of coals.

A vain attempt for what seemed a lifetime, with those glowing eyes fastened on her every movement; but at last she accomplished the task. The light burning feebly at first after the manner of the tallow candle, soon flamed up brightly and disclosed the object of their terror and alarm—a huge, black cat! black as the night but for the exception of one tiny spot of white between its eyes. "Only this, and nothing more!" As much disturbed as any of them did the poor cat appear, as it stood with arched back and enlarged tail, its eyes seeming to emit sparks of fire as it swiftly turned its head from side to side.

"God preserve us! A black cat!" cried my great, great grandfather, seizing at the same time his old-fashioned flint-lock musket that stood in a corner of the room nearest to him. "A black cat! Let me shoot it for a witch!"

"You have no silver bullet, father," cried Sam, "and if it be a witch you cannot kill it without."

"Silver bullets or no, I'll even take a shot at it," was the father's reply, raising the gun to his shoulder at the same time; but before he could strike the flint, little Martha's voice was heard begging her father not to shoot.

"I don't believe it's a witch, father! Please, please let the poor kitty live!" and she sprang forward to protect it.

"The poor kitty!" cried her father sternly; "talk not to me of kitties! No mortal cat e'er came here on the wings of such a storm as this. Nought but a witch could ride the elements to-night and live. Stand aside, child, that I may not shoot at you."

Poor Martha so repulsed ran across the room and dropped into her mother's rocker, covering her face with her hands to shut out the dreadful sight. The cat, thus doomed, watched the father's preparations, till seeming suddenly to comprehend that they boded him no good, he made one great leap and landed in little Martha's lap just as the gun went off. The bullet passed harmlessly through my ancestor's great coat which was hanging in its usual place upon the wall, and imbedded itself in the wood,

where it remained so long as the house stood. There in my childhood days I often saw it myself; and never without a superstitious thrill creeping down my back and through my marrow bones, as I thought of the marvelous tale it commemorated.

The cat, one of whose nine lives had been thus endangered, cast a knowing look in my great, great grandfather's direction, then curled himself quietly down in Martha's lap, and began to purr as contentedly as if he knew himself in a place of safety,

"Why, father," said his good wife, "it seems nothing but a cat, after all."

"Of course it's a cat," cried both boys at once; "it's no witch, even if you couldn't hit it with that old musket of yours."

"Put away the musket, father," pleaded little Martha. "See, poor pussy is just as nice as he can be."

"And," said her mother, "you know, Daniel, how much we have need of a cat; the mice are bad in both house and barn. Let it live, Daniel, let it live."

"Cat! cat! you call it! I hope much it may prove to be nothing worse. How, think you, any christian cat could come here in such a storm, flying into the house on a hurricane? Do you not mind that the wind has all gone down since it landed the cat here? Put it off your lap, child; let me see if it be a cat or no!"

A loud protest rose from all at this mandate, and sorely against his will, my ancestor replaced the old musket in its usual position, grumbling much at being obliged to do so, and muttering to himself about black cats and witches.

By this time the cat seemed much at home, responding in intelligent cat fashion to the caresses which Martha and the other children showered upon it and eating crumbs of doughnut from their hands. Rob brought a saucer of cream from the milk-room, and of this the cat eagerly partook, seeming to be in an almost famished condition; and conducting itself in all points so like a common cat that even my ancestor himself soon laughed at the fears which he at first felt concerning it. After a little dis-

cussion it was decided that pussy must stay, since he showed no inclination towards continuing his journey; therefore a bed was made for him by Martha in a snug corner of the wood-room. This, however, did not at all suit the new-comer, who mewed so piteously after being thus shut out, that he was at length allowed to re-enter the kitchen and curl himself up on a cushion in a corner of the huge fire-place.

Having thus become by adoption a member of my ancestor's family, he behaved himself in all respects like an ordinary, well-conducted house cat. Perhaps in all respects but one, for it was remembered of him long afterward that he would never remain in the house during the progress of family prayers, but would become uneasy about the hour of their observance and would not rest until allowed to leave the room. Nor would many minutes pass before he might be seen perched upon the window sill outside, regarding with a watchful eye all that was taking place within. When the devotions were concluded and things moving in their ordinary round, he would demand admittance, and would then take his place on the cushion in the warmest corner of the fire-place.

In this way the cat, whom Martha christened Brutus, because, as she said, she was sure he was an honorable cat, passed much of his time for several years. "An honorable cat," indeed, he proved to be, one who would scorn to yield to petty temptations in the line of meat or cream, and one that could be trusted in the room alone, no matter how temptingly the table might be spread, even with his favorite dishes. A dainty fellow, too, he proved, for though a good hunter, extending his field of operations far beyond the house and barn, and often bringing in chipmunks, squirrels, and even rabbits, it was soon noticed by the family that he seldom ate of the game he brought in, and of mice and rats not at all, though he kept the premises free from both. Indeed, they often remarked that Brutus was quite like a human being in his likes and dislikes regarding what he ate, and that he showed a marked preference for cooked food and cream for his daily food.

(Concluded in next issue.)

CAMPUS.

Miss Clara Martin, '98, has entered Stanford.

M. A. Feeney, '97, sailed for Juneau last week.

Susan B. Tredway, '97, is teaching at Wadsworth.

The Misses Edmunds, '97, are back taking P. G. work.

H. A. Start, '97, is principal of the Reese River school.

Roy Sunderland, ex-'98, has returned and is taking special work.

J. R. Magill, '97, is working for a mining concern at Cold Trail, B. C.

Miss Victoria Godfroy, '97, is assistant principal of the Empire school.

Most of last year's graduates of the Normal School have secured positions.

J. B. Higgins, '97, has signed a contract with a company in Alaska for one year.

F. M. Linscott, '96, Mechanic Arts, has returned and is taking Senior Mines.

F. Nichol, '99, was on the Campus last week. "Nick," expects to enter Berkeley.

J. N. Evans, '97, is up in Oregon after a band of cattle which his father recently purchased.

The Mechanical Building was finished during vacation and work will begin about October 30.

F. H. Saxton, '95, is taking special work in chemistry under Professors Jackson, Wilson and Phillips.

G. R. Bliss, '97, has accepted a position under the Chainman Mining Co., Ely, White Pine County, Nev.

F. E. Waltz, '96, now teaching in the Reno Public School, was married to Miss Zena Blakeslee, ex-'99, last July.

A partition and the old reverberatory furnace are being torn down in the Assay room for the accommodation of Mines '99.

Several of the delegates to the U. S. Letter Carriers' Convention, held in San Francisco, stopped over a day in Reno to visit the 'Varsity.

Dr. J. W. Phillips delivered the lecture at General Assembly on September 22d. Subject: "A retrospect of the development of sciences."

Professor Jackson of the Mining Department has been granted a leave of absence for one month. The Professor has lately bought some tailings and a mill near Silver City, Nev.

At the last regular meeting of the Independent Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: To be Editor-in-Chief, J. J. Sullivan, '98, of Virginia City; Associate Editor, S. B. Doten, '98, of Reno; Business Manager, J. W. Thompson, '98, of Quincy, Cal.

The T. H. P. O. held a meeting September 6th at the usual hour, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: H. R. M. J. I., J. J. Sullivan; H. R. C. W. II., R. E. Talley; T. K. L. B. T. III., N. H. Bruette; H. R. R. R., N. E. Dunsden; H. R. N. G., No. 1., A. M. Smith; H. R. N. G., No. 2, F. H. Saxton. After the election a bounteous spread was partaken of by the members, and several new members were initiated into the "grand old order."

The following appointments have been made and approved by the President: To be Cadet Major, D. R. Finlayson; to be Cadet Captains, Thompson and Fulton; to be First Lieutenant and Adjutant, J. Sunderland; to be First Lieutenant and Commissary, J. Sullivan; to be First Lieutenants, Emery, Doten and Everett; to be Second Lieutenants, Duffy and Tally; to be Q. M. Sergeant, Dunsden; to be Sergeants, Mack, Richard, Smith, Robinson, Dexter, Bruette, Gregory and Sielaff.

THE LAST TIME BEETHOVEN PLAYED.

BEETHOVEN'S last days, as all the world knows, were days of disappointment and privation. His resources were small, his genius unappreciated, his hearing entirely gone, and—small wonder!—his temper was a very irritable one. He dragged out his life in a workhouse near Baden, often needing the ordinary comforts of life.

He had been deaf for twenty-five years, nearly half of his life, when in 1827, a letter reached him at Baden from his nephew, the being dearest to him on earth. The young man wrote from Vienna, where he had got into a scrape from which he looked to his uncle to extricate him. Beethoven set out at once; but his funds were so low that he was obliged to make the greatest part of the journey on foot. He had gone most of the way, and was only a few leagues from the capital, when his strength failed. He was forced to beg hospitality at a poor and mean-looking house one evening. The inhabitants received the exhausted, ill-tempered, dark, gulf-voiced stranger with the utmost cordiality, shared their meagre supper with him and then gave him a comfortable seat near the fire. The meal was hardly cleared away before the head of the family opened an old piano, while the sons each brought forth some instrument, the women meantime beginning to mend the linen. There was a general tuning-up, and then the music began. As it proceeded, the players, the women, all alike, were more deeply moved. Tears stole down the old man's cheek. His wife watched him with moist eyes and a pathetic, far-away smile on her lips. She dropped her needle-work and her managing

daughter forgot to find fault. She was listening, too. The sweet sounds left only one person in the room unmoved. The deaf guest looked on at this scene with yearning melancholy. When the concert was over, he stretched out his hands for a sheet of the music they had used. "I could not hear, friends," he exclaimed in hoarse tones of apology, "but I would like to know who wrote this piece which so moved you all." The piano player put before him the "Allegretto" in Beethoven's symphony in A. Tears now stole down the visitor's cheeks. "Ah," he exclaimed, "I wrote it; I am Beethoven! Come and let us finish the piece." He went himself to the piano, and the evening passed in a true delirium of pleasure and pride for the dwellers in that humble musical home. When the concerted music was over he improvised lovely songs and sacred hymns for the delighted family, who remained up far into the night listening to his playing.

It was the last time he ever touched an instrument. When he took possession of the humble room and couch allotted to him he could not sleep or rest. His pulses beat with fever. He could not breathe. He stole out of doors in search of refreshment, and returned to bed in the early morning chilled to the heart. He was too ill to continue his journey. His friends in Vienna were communicated with and a physician was summoned, but his end was at hand. Hummel stood disconsolate beside his dying bed. Beethoven was, or seemed to be unconscious. Just before the end, however, he raised himself and caught the watcher's hand closely in both his own. "After all, Hummel, I must have had some talent," he murmured, and then he died.—*Literary Digest.*

COLLEGE ENTHUSIASM.

HE came! He saw! He wondered! 'Tis even so—but my heart grieves that you knew it not. For weeks you have revolved an endless chain of queries and predictions, but do not longer linger in suspense—for

he is here. Let the winds again repose in contentment and the trees resume their regular vocation of growing and shedding leaves, for verily I say unto you—*the coach is here.* Ah! now you "tumble," and I perceive the tell-tale blush creep o'er you. You say I must be mistaken? Wait! the secret is shared by another

—the manager of your football team. I have it "straight" that the manager fully intends to introduce Mr. Coach (I didn't get all the particulars—his name, etc.) to the members of the eleven at no late date. The greatest exclusiveness, however, must be maintained, lest an interest in football be awakened among the students. The Management will also use every precaution to prevent the students from indulging in any improprieties—such as tendering the "coach" an appropriate welcome to their midst, whither he had been called by the unanimous vote of the associated students. You have read that it requires a man of much executive ability to cause water to flow up hill. The ease with which our football manager runs college customs down hill (a contrary course in our minds of mediocracy) bespeaks him also a man of much executive ability. All hail!

But, don't you know, I kind of like the old way. Just last week when so much was being said and guessed about the "new coach," my wrought-up fancies caused me, in a dream, to witness his triumphal advent.

It was approaching dusk, when I turned into Commercial Row, wandering simply, and thinking of nothing in particular. The sweet music of the cadet band fell on my ear, and looking in the direction whence it came, a panorama met my gaze, that made my heart glad. An immense throng was gathered about a nucleus of cheering college students; college colors floated high in the air; and at intervals an excited chorus rendered that enchanting rhythm—the college yell.

It was a student occasion, and, of course, paramount in the city of Reno for the time being. Everybody cheered with the students, for such enthusiasm as theirs is always contagious. But why this demonstration? Look! Six prancing steeds swing into line, drawing a gaily bedecked vehicle. The cheering is for the occupant of the seat of honor—the new coach and his escort, the 'Varsity eleven. Then the band of cheering students lead the way into University Avenue, while the "Glee" struck up that now familiar air, "There'll be a hot time in the Old Gym. to-night," And "that's no dream," you say? Yes, but it was. LOOKER ON.

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

The "Irish Orator" C— and Rev. Jas. G— made quite a hit at the relay with a pocketful of "dough."

The training table will be started immediately and if Coach Madden's instructions are carried out the boys will not starve.

The Freshman Class this year has a membership of fifty. At a recent meeting the following officers were elected: President, Paul Moorman; Vice-President, Carl Stoddard; Secretary, Maude Nash; Treasurer, Robert. W. O'Neal.

At a meeting of the Social Club, J. J. Sullivan '98, was elected Manager for the ensuing year. The following will compose the Managing Committee: F. M. Linscott, Mattie Parker, Ida Holmes, Paul Moorman, J. J. Sullivan (Chairman).

Wednesday, September 22d, was given as a holiday to visit the Fair; many of the students took advantage of this opportunity.

It is rumored that "Tom and Jerry" Smith will play the ends on the second eleven. We wonder, will "Quick" be able to pass them?

All new men are cordially invited to join the A. A. as soon as possible, not only for the financial benefit the A. A. would receive from them, but that their enthusiasm for athletics may be increased.

Emery, '98, whose excellent work on the grid-iron last year caused so much comment—especially among the co-eds—cannot be induced to play this year. What is the matter, Phil? Have you really acquired too much dignity for football?

The Social Club will hold its meetings this year on the second Friday of each month. The first meeting was held on September 10th and was well attended.

The Class of '99 has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, N. H. Bruette; Vice-President, Annie Sherman; Secretary, T. Lawrence.

What is the matter with the girls getting up a basket ball team? Their team last year was a credit to themselves and to the college, and each year should see an active increase in basket ball enthusiasm.

There are a few of the football suits misplaced, and it would be a great deal of satisfaction if they could be placed in the lockers in the Gym. The property manager of the association would do well to see that they are kept in the Gym at all times when not in use.

Mr. Madden, from Standford, who has been engaged as football coach for this season, has arrived and regular work will be taken up for the rest of the football season. We hope that the students will take an active interest in football and help the club and players to obtain a creditable victory this coming Thanksgiving, which victory is also theirs. Carman, who played center last year, has not returned, and that position will be weak for a while. All other positions will be well filled from the start and a good team is expected.

Every student in the University who has a common interest in athletics, and who would like to see a strictly amateur athletic association, should use his influence toward that end. Athletics should be carried on wholly for pleasure and to gain honor for the college. Each and everyone should see that he does not break any of the amateur rules, or our college will be looked upon as a place of professionalism where clean athletic sports are not known.

AN ILLUSION.

It was a delightful afternoon in early spring. I could hear, as I sat in my room endeavoring to memorize some psychological laws, the joyful twitter of the birds in the tree tops and the monotonous croak of the frogs in the pond near by. How I longed to wander over the fields, absolved from every care of the coming morrow and the thought of lessons! But no; nothing but study! study! study! Morning, noon and night that word ceaselessly rings in the student's ears.

How often the remark is made to us: "Why, you ought to be happy; you haven't much to do!" Haven't much to do! Of course not! For example, on that beautiful afternoon I only had to learn twenty pages of history, translate fifty lines of Latin, struggle blindly with two chapters of psychology, change four French poems into respectable English and write an essay from seven to nine pages in length.

That was all. Easy, isn't it? Constitutional

history is so interesting that it is a pleasure to study it; anyone can get Latin; it is a matter of no difficulty whatever to translate French poems; psychology is so simple; and no one minds writing an essay from seven to nine pages in length when his knowledge of the subject may be summed up in two sentences.

However, to return to my subject. As I looked outside I was sorely tempted to throw my book down. In fact, I did throw it down and exclaimed half aloud: "How I wish there were some country where people knew everything without studying!"

"Would you like to visit such a place?" said a small voice close to my ear.

Half startled, I turned, and on the back of my chair there stood the dearest little man I have ever seen. He was about a foot high and had a handsome face. His tiny body was clad in the height of style—immaculate shirt front, gorgeous tie, cutaway suit, patent leather shoes and the latest style of Derby.

In my astonishment I forgot to answer him,

and he repeated: "Would you like to visit such a land?"

"Very much," I answered.

"Well, I will take you there; but first, in order to shield myself from curious eyes, I must make myself invisible. I shall stay close by your side, however, and guide you safely along."

So saying, he placed his hands on his sides, breathed heavily three times and disappeared from sight.

"I am ready," said a voice; "come on!"

Mechanically I walked on till I had reached the steps of the Court House, and there I stopped. I heard a slight noise, and upon looking down, I saw a small opening with a flight of stairs leading down to a door. On the top step of the stairway stood my companion, Laetus. "Come down," he called out. I stepped down, the opening closed, and we were in utter darkness.

"There is but one difficulty now to be gotten rid of," remarked my guide. "You are too large to enter our country, Nonstudium. You would not be able to pass through the gates and doors. If you drink a potion that I have here you will become as small as I, and then there will be no trouble whatever. When you return I will restore you to your proper size. Will you take the potion?"

I hesitated but a moment and then drank the liquid, which tasted something like violet water. I immediately felt myself shrinking at an alarming rate, and just as I was beginning to fear that I should turn to air or dust, the shrinking ceased. Laetus seized me by the hand and guided me down the dark stairway and opened the door at the bottom. We stepped into a long corridor, illumined with rose-colored lights. The most delightful fragrance pervaded the place. We traversed the hall and entered a room about forty feet square. In the middle of the room was a throne the size of the centre table. This was draped in royal purple and gold. On it were seated a lady and gentleman. "He is Maximus, the King of Nonstudium, and she is Maxima, the Queen," explained Laetus.

Placed near the walls of this room were over

thirty tiny thrones, draped in various colored silks and occupied by men and women.

"Those are our professors," said my guide.

"Don't you think they are fine looking?"

"Yes," I replied, "and, strange to say, they all look so pleasant."

"Why strange?"

"Because professors usually have such exasperating subjects to deal with that, eventually, they become cross and cranky."

"That may be in your world, but not in Nonstudium."

"What method," I questioned, "do your professors use to cram the dull brains with trigonometry formulas, geometry theorems, Latin verbs, etc., and still not grow cross?"

"No cramming is done here," said he. "A potion is all that is needed. Each professor has a liquid which is made in our chemical laboratories. Certain potions, when given to the students, make them masters of certain studies; other potions teach them other studies."

"Are there no conditions attached?" asked I.

"One; that the professor himself administer the liquid."

"No other?"

"No other."

"Impossible! I cannot believe it!"

"I shall prove it to you then. Do you speak German?"

"Not a word."

"Come this way, then."

He led me to a throne draped in most delicate blue. Here was seated a young lady with golden hair and eyes of the deepest blue, whom he introduced as Miss Luigua. "This lady," said Laetus to the professor, "is a stranger from the World. She can hardly believe our marvelous way of teaching, and I have promised to prove that it is true. She would like to speak German."

"Nothing easier than that," said Prof. Luigua. She touched a bell and a tiny child appeared. "Nuntia, bring me No. 11 G from Room twenty-five." The child glided off and soon returned with a little vial. Prof. Luigua poured two drops of the contents on the tip of my tongue,

placed her hands gently on my temples for a minute, and then addressed me in German. To my surprise, I was able to answer in the same tongue. We conversed for some time, and just as I was becoming greatly interested, I heard a bell. I supposed it was rung to summon the inhabitants of Nonstudium to dinner. Just then

I heard a familiar voice say: "Why, there's the breakfast bell. Do hurry up, or we'll be too late to get any."

Nonstudium, Laetus, Miss Luigua, fairy thrones and marvelous potions vanished suddenly into mist. Alas! It was only dream.

W. I. I.—'98.

THE VALUE OF LITERARY CULTURE TO TEACHERS.

THIS subject was very ably discussed in an admirable address delived by President J. E. Stubbs to the students of the University of Nevada, and although it can hardly be hoped that the following article will more than faintly echo back the thoughts so forcibly set forth, yet a brief resume of the salient points may not be entirely useless. In fact, the very subject itself demands our attention, and we find ourselved marshalled along by the stately grandeur and every-day importance of the word "culture," which touches upon one of the great ends and aims of our own University life. Literary culture is not only a very useful accomplishment, but a most fascinating one as well.

Notwithstanding the great treasures of thought that lie hidden within the pages of literature, how few there are who have learned to know them and to enjoy their companionship. And who should be more familiar with the gems of literature than the teacher who is destined to lead childhood into the paths of manhood.

"Childhood is an impression, middle life is a duty, old age a memory. And the success and honor of the second, with the sweetness and beauty of the third, are largely determined by the character of the first." Childhood is a period when the mental nature is first breaking forth from its bonds, and like a tender organism, is subject to all of the surrounding influences. It is a period of restless activity, and through all of its senses of sight, hearing or touch, the child is eagerly, though unconsciously, absorbing whatever gratifies its desires, good, bad or indifferent. It is said that all of life is made up of a bundle of habits.

How important, then, that childhood should be surrounded by conditions which shall develop it into a beautiful and symmetrical manhood that has learned to know not only the harsh demands of the world, but also the treasures that are to be found in the richness of our English literature. How precious and permanent in our memories are the little stories that were told us in the happy days of childhood. If the teacher is familiar with the beautiful thoughts of our best writers, extracts can be read to the pupils now and then that will not only delight them temporarily, but urge them to taste more of its sweetness themselves. In this way can be cultivated a permanent and useful desire for reading good literature.

Thus we notice, first, the value of literary culture in its instructive power. One of the greatest gifts of a good teacher is his ability to illustrate and to make clear abstract facts and truths by practical applications within the range of the pupil's experience. In the study of history, nothing will add so much to the interest and the clearness of the subject as the great resources of poetry, romance, biogaphy, and adventure which our English literature affords. Every child is pleased with anecdotes of noble deeds and is often stirred to emulate them. A living picture of the actual facts is revealed by poems, such as "Sheridan's Ride," or "Hiawatha."

Again, in no better way than through literature can we impart just and broad views of life. It stimulates every faculty, enlarges every subject, and strengthens every worthy purpose."

Secondly, the value is seen in its sympathetic power. By this is meant that the pupil is brought into a harmonious and sympathetic relation with the world of nature about him.

The percentage of pupils who have not an eye to see or an ear to hear the beauties and pleasures about them is very large, and one of the best agencies for its correction is extensive reading. This is exemplified in the remark of an old carpenter who had been the companion of Burns: "And it seemed to him that the country had grown more beautiful since Burns had written his bonnie little sangs about it."

Again the value of literary culture is pre-eminent in its refining power. Just as association with cultivated people is the best means of acquiring refinement of speech and manners, so association with the best writers is indispensable to a person who would gain that ease of expression and dignity of manner which identifies a man of culture. The benefits of travel, the beauties of art, and the discoveries of science are all at his command.

A very potent influence of literary culture is felt in its governing power. Every teacher finds a difficulty in keeping all the members of a

class busy with the same amount of work. If a pupil requires less time than others to do his work, there is an opportunity for you to put a suitable book in his hands. Encourage him to learn quotations from poems that interest him. To repeat an old quotation—"Man's mind his kingdom is." As long as it is provided with pure and wholesome thoughts, he will never lack good companionship.

However, in creating a desire for literature, we should use great precautions. The enormous amount of injurious literature that is flooding the country is becoming a menace to the present generations, and our aim should be to cultivate a taste for the pure and wholesome. It is at our command and it should be our pleasant privilege to enjoy it.

"Wise is the face of nature unto him
Whose heart, amid the business and the cares,
The cunning and the bad passions of the world,
Still keeps its freshness, and can look upon her
As when she breathed upon his school-boy face
Her morning breath."

FOR GOOD LITTLE BOYS.

"With hands and faces nicely washed,
With books, and satchels, too,
These little boys are off to school
While fields are wet with dew."

THE edict has gone forth. Verily the sun of righteousness ariseth soon. The new day is at hand. Brethren and sistern of the U. of N., ye of the younger generation, ye shall see that glorious day.

No more shall the deadly cigarette gather in his yearly victims. The fool-killer's first assistant is banished from the campus. The haughty Senior Mines and the dignified Junior will now forget all the German they ever knew. No longer even in dreams will they murmur: "Einige Pretzeln und zwei Bier."

The future student, laying aside for the moment his "Life of Wesley," will vainly search for meaning in such expressions as these: "Ante!" "Bet 'em up;" "Show Down;" "Aces full on kings," etc., etc. To him "A full house" will suggest visions of a well-attended

prayer meeting, while a schooner will be on top of the foam instead of the foam being on top of a schooner.

The "University Dramatic Club" will hold its mock trials with frightful frequency. At McKissick's Opera House, the pretty soubrette will look in vain for the familiar brass buttons and red stripes in the gallery.

The fair maidens of the Truckee Meadows who trip the light fantastic at our public balls will pine sadly, fondly for the gallant soldier boys, their partners in the days before the reformation.

In solemn council assembled, The Worshipful and Reverend, The University Faculty, has declared as follows:

- I. All students are forbidden to smoke cigarettes.
- II. No student will attend a public ball or any public entertainment. (Methinks this latter rule savors of Bishop Whittaker's School for Girls, but it matters not.)
- III. No student will hereafter fall in love

(This regulation applies, of course, to new students only ; it is not an ex post facto law.)

IV, V, VI, etc., etc.

In short, all will be well ; and the "Holy Bald-Headed Mackinaw," the patron saint of the U. of N., will look down from his starry throne and murmur softly : "Bless you, my children."

The edict has gone forth and scared the ranks
Of verdant Fresmen, young and green and shy.
Although they swear the Faculty are cranks,
Yet still they sit in fear and sadly sigh.

But the old student, with experience full,
Winks at his sweetheart gaily on the sly,
Feels for his cards and for his "Durham Bull,"
And winks the other eye.

N. S. G. W.

Jilted!

I'll send her all these notes,
And cards and letters back ;
This ring, and photo, too—
They make a goodly pack.
There's yet one thing I ought to,
'Twould be celestial bliss,
If I but dared along with these,
Return her every kiss.—*Ex.*

What made Miss P. jump so when someone
was kissing her the other night ?
Well, she couldn't help it ; it was Pierce(ing).

He—I never contract bad habits.
She—No, dear ; you always expand them.



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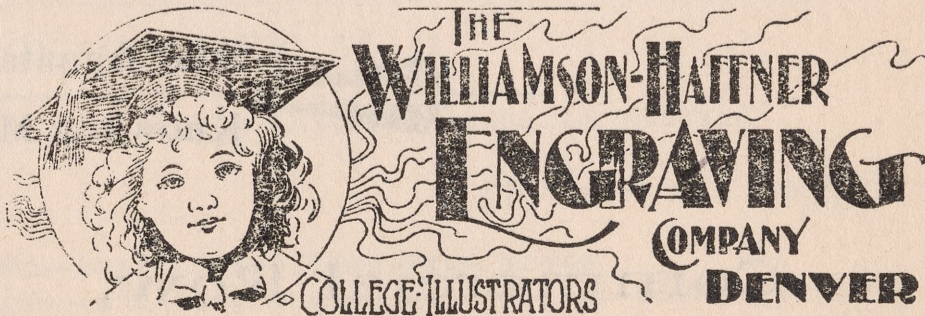
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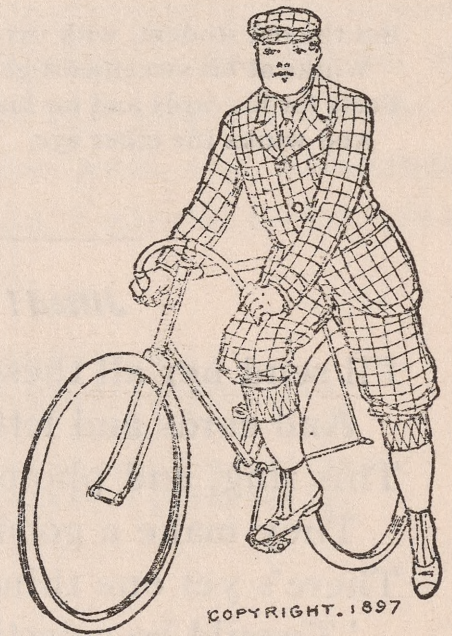
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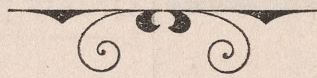


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