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The Student Record

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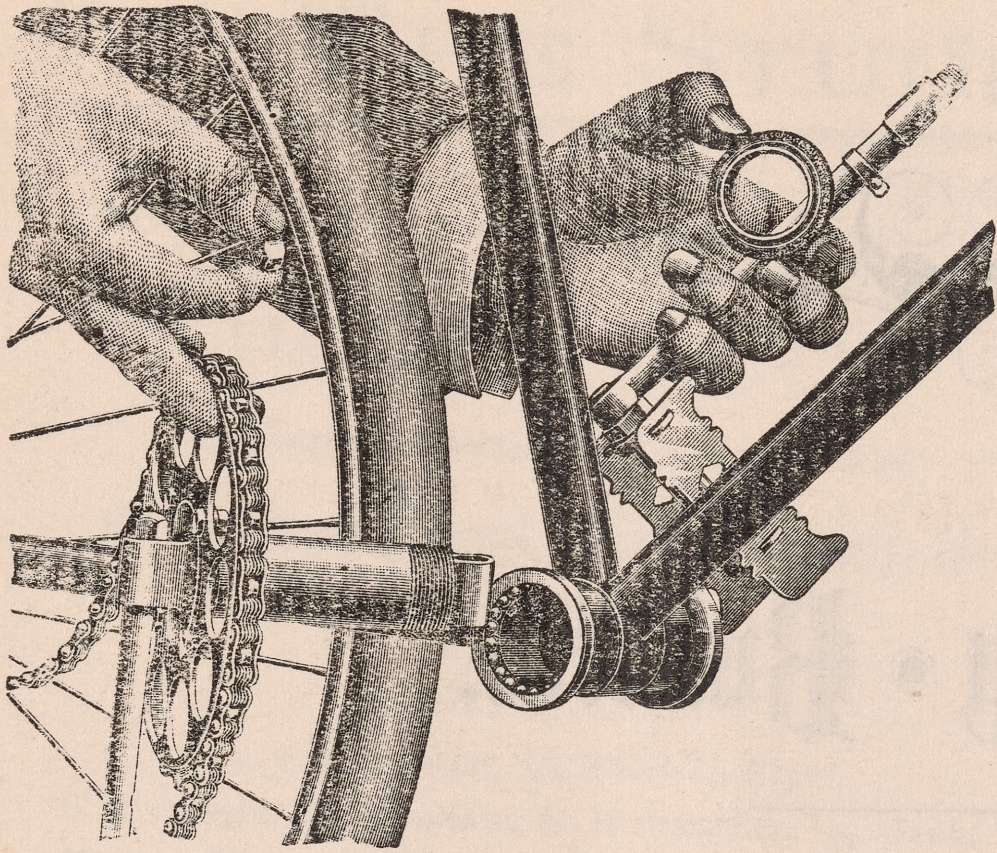
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University • Bulletin.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,
October 15, 1897.

To the Student Body:—

The first number of the STUDENT RECORD carried the cordial greetings of the Faculty of the University to a choice body of students—numbering almost three hundred.

Will you permit me once more in the way of familiar address to ask your attention to your highest duty? And this highest duty, on your part, I conceive to be the daily cultivation of a loyal and honorable public sentiment that shall be worthy to guide the opinions and guard the conduct of the Student Body of the University.

What may and what will such a public sentiment do for your college? I answer that it will abolish all dishonorable practices, such as hazarding, cheating in examinations and pilfering in laboratory and library. It will keep weak students from falling into evil habits and will dismiss the unworthy students from your honorable company. The University has no place

for the idle and the vicious, and can not and will not tolerate the presence of those who wish to indulge the vices that imperil the high aims of college life. Character is greater than scholarship; conduct more potential than technical skill.

You have had but recently a concrete illustration of the power of public sentiment in this University. The students of this University are sound at heart. They do need as a Student Body a clear apprehension of their relation to the college life, and deep convictions of duty in regard to the character of the college sentiment which they believe in and cultivate.

In the name of this University, whose honor and usefulness rests so largely upon the conduct and character of its students, I invite your cordial co-operation in cultivating and maintaining our best ideals of "College Life."

I remain, with high esteem,

Most sincerely yours,

J. E. STUBBS, President.



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STUDENT RECORD,
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FROM eastern and northern California, and from the eastern portion of our own State, we have recently received information of a surprising character relating to the conduct of the young men and the young women in our University. The fact of the matter is that the very place to get such information is in districts more or less remote from Reno; the farther away one goes, the more varied and lurid are the stories which one hears.

We have several times taken pains to ascer-

tain the starting point of such stories, and we have usually found that some act or incident which had really occurred had been magnified and distorted into something entirely different and far worse. Now we all of us feel that this is unjust to ourselves and our instructors, but it is nevertheless a condition which we must meet face to face.

If there are those among us who are inclined to lawless and vicious acts, their deeds are so magnified that they cloud the honor of the entire student body. Tales of high scholarship and noble living are circulated very slowly indeed, while the story of any wrong act is circulated with lightning rapidity among all the gossip mongers in this State.

What a change it would work if every student could realize that by his wrong deeds he injured not only himself, not only his own health and his own future, but also the present health and the future well being of the entire University! Unfortunately, however, we cannot hope for this at present, but we can work toward it. If reasonable, manly self-control is unknown to any member of the student body, then the student body itself, for the sake of its high ideals, its future and its honor, must either control the offending student; or, if this is impossible, must cast him out from its midst. In our school life, as in all civilized life, law and order must reign supreme.

S. B. D.

○ ○ ○

NOW that the football season is well under way and the new suits have arrived, we would urge upon the students to turn out in full force at every practice. If you do not play football, get out and encourage the players; let them see that you take an interest in their playing, and it may be the means of putting a football team in the field that we may be proud of.

○ ○ ○

Subscribe for the RECORD.

THE TALE OF THE BLACK CAT,

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

(Continued from last issue.)

FVERY dignified personage, if one may so term a cat, Brutus was soon found to be; and when seated on his especial stool, in his own corner of the fire-place, a worthy namesake of the Roman senator he seemed, resenting any approach to familiarity on the part of all the members of the household but little Martha. Even as the noblest Roman of them all may unbend to youth and beauty, so he unbent to her.

Time passed on, as time has a disobliging fashion of doing, until seven years had rolled away since the eventful coming of the cat Brutus, to my great, great grandfather's home. The old gentleman and his wife, a little more set in their ways, a trifle larger about their waists, and with the gray beginning to show in the clustering hair about their temples, "still kept on the even tenor of their course," with little change in life or its customs.

Sam and Bob had grown up to be robust, sturdy young men, Sam beginning to have very definite ideas about a home of his own that should be shared by a rosy-cheeked girl with whom he had become acquainted on his occasional visits to the town. So far did his ideas extend that he had selected a site for a dwelling and had already begun to haul the logs and the stone for the foundation thereof. Nor would Bob, though some three years his junior, be far behind him, for in those days people married young and grew rich or staid poor together, living happy, wholesome lives; a custom which, it is much to be regretted, is in these degenerate days fast dying out. Martha was a blooming maiden of seventeen, as fair to look upon as the apple blossoms that opened their pink-tinted petals to the sun in the sweet spring weather from her father's trees. As good as she was fair, her brothers' friend, her father's darling and pride, her mother's helper, treasure and joy.

Brutus, though a little more dignified and haughty as the days went by, still retained his affection for Martha and trotted by her side wherever she went like a faithful, self-constituted body-guard. His shining black coat remained as black, the star on his forehead as perfect in shape, as on his first appearance among them; and, owing to his long-continued good behavior, all belief in his possible, witch-like origin had long since faded—even from the mind of my great, great grandfather.

Seven years, as I have stated, had rolled on their appointed course, and Thanksgiving was again nigh at hand. According to his annual custom, my ancestor had made his visit to the town for a supply of luxuries and necessities for the feast day; going alone now, as all the younger members of the family were too much occupied in other ways to accompany him. He had transacted his business and was ready to start for home at quite an early hour in the afternoon. That is, he could have started, had he chosen to do so; but the attractions of the town, its bustle and confusion, the meeting and pleasant chat with old acquaintances, afforded such an agreeable contrast to the humdrum of daily life on the farm that he could not make up his mind to turn his back on them all at once; so he lingered till the short afternoon was wholly gone, and a night of dark, cloud and mist rapidly setting in. Then suddenly realizing that a long, lonely ride of many miles, much of it over a gloomy forest road, lay between him and his home, he secured his purchases in the pockets of his great coat and on and about his trusty nag as best he could, and started off for home, grumbling not a little at himself for having been so carried away by the pleasures of the town as to have so long delayed his setting out.

Darker and darker grew the night; the mist soon turned to rain, the wind moaned dismally through the trees, while every now and then a stronger gust would shake their branches and send a double shower on my worthy great, great grandfather, who would then grumble a little the harder that he should have been so

great a fool as to remain in the town so long. But a staunch soul had my ancestor, and of man or beast he had small fear, deeming himself a match for most things that did not border on the supernatural. But of the latter—well, he liked them not.

Nothing occurred to awaken fears of any kind, however. The trusty animal my grandfather bestrode knew every foot of the way as well in the dark as in the light. All that was necessary was to allow him to jog on in his own fashion, and this his rider was well content to let him do, himself occasionally dozing until the forest road was a little more than half traversed, when he was suddenly aroused from a nap of a rather longer duration than any which had preceded it, by a harder gust of wind and a deluge of rain from the trees above. Drawing his hat closer down over his face and his coat collar more snugly about his neck, at the same time uttering disjointed exclamations that he would not have cared to have his fellow deacons in the church near by to hear, my ancestor settled himself more firmly in his seat and tried to urge his Bucephalus into a somewhat more rapid gait. A useless effort as it proved, for the animal had not only a gait, but a will of its own; and, once having settled into the former, no ordinary power could induce him to change it. Knowing this from past experience, his master slackened his efforts, mentally congratulating himself that a goodly portion of his journey was already accomplished, and go as he might, he must inevitably reach home before very long, so he jogged along in as comfortable a frame of mind as was possible under the circumstances.

Suddenly his horse, which up to this time had seemed inclined to frequent dozing like its master, gave a quick start sideways, reared, plunged and snorted, then stopped, showing all the symptoms of fright of which a horse is capable; and when urged on again by his master's voice and repeated blows, he fell no more into his quiet ways, but advanced cautiously, turning his head from side to side under what seemed the influence of an overmastering terror. His rider sharing in this terror—though what he

feared he knew not—was also on the alert, trying to peer through the darkness, but able to see nothing, at the same time intently listening for any sound.

Hark! What is that! Surely there is something in the undergrowth among the trees! Ha! hear the crackle of the twigs; now the steady patter of feet! "Sho! Whoa now, Billy, whoa! I say! Easy, boy, easy. We'll soon be out of the woods, old fellow!" cried my great, great grandfather soothingly to his horse, trying thus to reassure himself as well, but with poor success. Patter, patter, fell the rain; patter, patter went the footsteps; crack, crack went the twigs; and, "God help me, what is that!" as my ancestor caught the baleful glare of fiery eyes from the shelter of the leaves below. Billy saw them, too; snorting, rearing, plunging, both steed and rider were in a desperate plight. Then!—with one great bound the glaring eyes came through the air straight at my grandfather's head, and something struck him with such violence as nearly to throw him from his seat, while old Billy reared as high on his hind legs as his stiff joints would allow him to do. For a few seconds my ancestor was so overcome with fright that he did not realize what was taking place; and when he came to himself, he found Billy plunging through the forest at a two-forty gait, while on the saddle in front of himself was perched an animal of some kind, but what, he could not in his fright at first determine. Presently, however, as the thing remained perfectly quiet, making no hostile demonstrations, "his soul grew stronger" and he ventured to lay one hand lightly upon it. As no unpleasantness followed this movement, he next passed his hand over the creature's head and body, which mark of attention or curiosity was met by an unmistakable purr, purr of feline content. A cat, then; another witch cat, he thought; or could it be Brutus himself. "Brutus, Brutus, old fellow, is it you that's been scaring the wits out of old Billy and me? How came you so far from home, old chap?" A snarl and spiteful growl was the only answer vouchsafed, on which the old man concluded

this could not be Brutus, and the end proved him to be right in this. Before many minutes the edge of the forest was reached, and out across the clearing could be seen the lights of home glimmering through the mist and rain—a most welcome sight to my ancestor at all times, and never more so than now. “Thank God!” thought he, “we’re nearly home at last! Now we shall soon see what manner of cat is this.” But at this instant the huge cat rose on the saddle before him, stretched itself in true cat fashion, then poised itself as if to spring. Before doing this, however, it turned its head so that its glaring eyes faced my ancestor—he ever afterward declared that he felt their scorching fire upon his face—then spoke! Spoke in actual human fashion, and this is what it said:

“Tell Tattery-tire as he sits by your fire, that Tattery-rags is dead.”

Then with one hideous, unearthly caterwaul he sprang into the forest and was seen no more.

How my great, great grandfather got over the rest of the ground between him and his home, he never knew; but he soon found himself seated before the blazing fire in his own kitchen in an unusually shaky, much-used-up condition, being tenderly waited upon by his wife and Martha; while Sam and Bob attended to old Billy, who had never before been known to return from town in such a state of lather and foam and nerves. All felt that something of an unusual nature had happened to both man and horse, but they well knew it would be useless to question my ancestor, who would take his own good time to tell his tale—if he told it at all.

Opposite my grandfather, in his own particular corner of the fire-place, sat Brutus, as usual the dignified picture of cat ease and comfort. My grandfather eyed him curiously, while thoughts of the old musket and a silver bullet floated vaguely through his mind. Yet what had Brutus done? and why connect him with the cat of the forest? My ancestor being a just man, soon put all thoughts of evil as touching Brutus from his mind; and, being called to an appetizing supper, under its effect and the genial influence of the good cheer of home, his

superstitious fears gradually lost their hold on his mind.

After the meal was over and all were seated about the fire-place, he was called upon by each and every member of the group to relate—as was his custom—all that he had seen and heard and done in the course of the day. Being of a methodical turn of mind, he began at the beginning, nothing loth, perhaps, to leave his forest adventure to the last as a fitting climax to the whole. When he arrived at this point he fixed his attention on Brutus, who seemed to be sleeping in his corner in the happiest manner possible; but when he began to tell about the footsteps in the forest—which he declared sounded like those of a man—Brutus roused himself a little and finally sat up, yawning and stretching, but still, my ancestor thought, with some show of attention to what was being said; but when he told of the glaring eyes among the bushes, the cat turned his own to the narrator’s face, intently listening, as it seemed. And so far as a cat could show excitement and interest at the doings of mankind, Brutus showed them when the narrator described the spring through the air and the seating itself upon the horse in front of him of the animal he afterwards found to be a cat; and he showed them in so marked a manner as to attract the attention of all the fireside group. My great, great grandfather said nothing to the cat, but proceeded with his tale as dramatically as possible, pausing to give the greater effect before repeating the message entrusted him by the strange cat. Turning to Brutus, he said: “Ah! Brutus, old chap, he must have had you in mind when he said: ‘Tell Tattery-tire as he sits by your fire, that Tattery-rags is dead.’”

The cat had gathered himself together as if about to pounce upon some prey, his tail moving, his eyes sparkling and glowing like coals of fire, till as the last words left my ancestor’s mouth, he cried in a distinctly human voice: “My God! If that be true, then it is time for me to be going!” With the words he seemed to swell before their eyes, and made one great spring towards the window; at the same instant

a fearful gust of wind shook the house till it rocked beneath them. And with the wind there came a flash of lightning, instantly followed by a crashing report of thunder, while the window panes shattered into a thousand pieces as the cat, or demon, burst through them; and a fearful wail, like that of a lost soul (or a dying cat), mingled with the shriek and moan of the wind, dying away with it in the distance.

Brutus was never seen or heard of from that night; nor would my great, great grandfather or his children ever tolerate a cat about the house again, let the rats and mice annoy them as they might. No reasonable explanation for these queer cat events could ever be given; and my ancestor to the end of his days lamented that he had not followed his first impulse and taken a shot, "silver bullet or no," at the cat on his first witch-like appearance in the house.

But Martha really mourned for her cat; nor would she ever allow another to take his place. At the end of another seven years, there came a stranger from across the sea: a black-haired, black-eyed, dignified, handsome man, many years Martha's senior, but to whom her heart went out at once as to its mate. This stranger

wooed and easily won the blue-eyed maiden, and took her away with him to his home in sunny France. There she found that her husband had a brother, a twin, as like to himself as it is possible for two to be; and that between these brothers there was a bond of union, closer even than that which usually holds those of the same birth together. She found, also, much to her sorrow, that these brothers had no belief in God, and that they were possessed of more than the ordinary powers of humanity; though in what way these powers were directed, she was never able to determine.

One thing that often struck her as being very peculiar was the intimate knowledge that her husband seemed to possess regarding her girlhood life and home; but when she mentioned this to him and would question him as to its cause, he would only laugh and tell her that he gained his information from herself; that she did not know how much she talked about these things. With this answer she was obliged to be content; and as he proved to be a most kind and indulgent husband, her life was a truly happy one; and what greater blessing can be wished, than a peaceful, quiet life! M. S. D.

FOR BAD LITTLE BOYS.

The Coach and the Bugler and Cholly one night
Went out for a stroll 'neath the circular moon,
And warmed up their stomachs with liquid delight
At the snug, cosy bar of a corner saloon.
Then, just to enliven the sleepy old town,
They sang them this song; "Drink her down! Drink
her down!
To the ladies! The ladies and gallant Dick Brown!"
From the spirits within them their spirits grew gay.
Cholly danced them a jig with astonishing grace,
Sang a song in a truly miraculous way;
Then, to let the town know they owned the whole
place,
In spite of the stern village constable's frown,
They shouted with glee: "Drink her down! Drink
her down!
To the Cottage, the Hall and Professor Dick Brown!"
When they started for home, they were horribly tight;
And the sidewalk was crook'd like the horns of a bull.

Three moons rode aloft through the stars and the night,
And the moons and the students were equally full.
Though warned by our Jim of hydraulic renown,
They still whooped 'em up: "Drink her down! Drink
her down!
To the boys' (hic) best friends, Doctor Stubbs and Dick
Brown!"

But up on the hill, Richard Brown holds the fort,
And he bounced all those boys with a royal good will.
Then the constable nabbed them and took them to court,
And from each, Justice Linn asked a ten-dollar bill,
To escape paying which, one and all skipped the town,
Still murmuring low: "Drink her down! Drink her
down!
Bad luck to the Justice! Confusion to Brown!"

MORAL.

Then list to my story, boys: Don't you get shot.
Imbibe little bug-juice, or else none at all.
If you're loaded, why, then you'll get fired, like as not,
While stern Richard Brown is the boss of the Hall.

—LUNA.

EDUCATIONAL DEMANDS ON THE SCHOOLS OF THIS STATE.

THE closing decade of the nineteenth century stands forth pre-eminently as an unparalleled era of progress in every branch of human activity which admits of greater perfection, whether it be science, with its startling revealments, or merely the more efficient application of long-known principles and truths. Along with this marked advancement of the world as a whole is a corresponding demand for greater advancement upon each individual who would reach a creditable position in the great race for fame. The youth of today, if he wishes success to crown his efforts, must scale greater heights and conquer greater difficulties than the youth of a century ago ever beheld. The world is continually repeating those words we so often hear: "*Palman habeat qui meretur.*"

How is the youth to win? Can he, like Garfield or Lincoln, without any aid except his own pluck and determination, work his way to the front? I answer, No. Unless he be a genius or have the rarest ability, industry and the application of good judgment, indispensable as they are for all success, cannot win for him that rank in life which he should attain. If his personal efforts are found insufficient, where is he to gain that efficiency which will enable him to apply his abilities to the best advantage? Obviously, at the hands of the schools and colleges of his State.

Competition has spread to such an extent that only the highest ability is rewarded, and consequently every department of human activity has been specialized. The colleges, universities, and other departments of higher learning, realizing the great need of special preparation, have specialized their courses of study in order that the best results might be obtained. So that a college education signifies not so much a gain of general information, as a thorough and minute study of some major subject and its collateral branches. Unless there have been a previous training and systematic development of

the mind, one's education after going through college would be misproportioned and localized to a considerable extent.

In other words, it becomes the duty of the public schools to provide such training for the youth as will secure for him a symmetrical and well-rounded education. If he is not inclined to specialize he will have gained a general culture that will enable him to live a life of intelligence, usefulness and happiness. If, on the contrary, he seeks a more thorough cultivation of his talents, he will have at his command a general education that not only will assist him in his higher work, but will make his broader minded in every view of life.

So that it matters not what rank in life the youth aspires to or what occupation he intends to follow, it is the duty of our public schools to equip him with an education that shall give him business ability, culture and ethical training. They should aim at a harmonious development of the powers of the individual, and only insofar as they accomplish this object have they been a success.

Besides these essential duties they should strive to keep apace with the current progress along educational lines, so as to give their graduates creditable rank in our advanced institutions. Some subjects may seem superfluous in ordinary high school work, yet it is but justice to the ambitious pupils that they be taught. For instance, at the opening of the University an entrance scholarship of \$100 was offered to the candidate who should pass the best entrance examination for the Freshman Class or the Third Year Normal. Strange to say, there was not a single aspirant. Why such an inducement should not be taken advantage of is a question worthy of our consideration. Investigation has shown that in individual cases, although not universally, the complaint was made that the schools did not afford means for preparation in certain of the required subjects, as Latin and Rhetoric. Is this a legitimate criticism on the high schools of the State? If so, it should be given due attention.

Our State University, aiming to secure the

highest good to the people of the State and thereby winning the honor and respect of its co-universities, is endeavoring to improve and raise its standard of work each year. While it is not a difficult task to raise its standard, it would be a serious disadvantage to the candidates for admission to place it above the reach of the ordinary high school graduate. Yet gradual advancements must be made in the entrance qualifications in order that it may maintain its rank among similar institutions, and therefore it needs the co-operation of the public schools throughout the State. They should continue to improve their grades of work from year to year and thus assist in making our edu-

cational system an honor and a credit to the State.

Let every school, irrespective of the rank they may hold, unite in working towards the one true end of a public school education—the maintenance of the highest possible standard of scholarship and the securing of such an education to its pupils as will recommend them to higher institutions or fit them for life. When every institution has been aroused by this motive, the greatest difficulty of educational progress has been mastered. Education is not at a standstill, but is ever moving upward and onward towards the realization of its ideal—the fullest development of the individual. C. G. S.

CAMPUS.

How about the B. A. G. A. society?

Miss Ellen Virgin is visiting friends in Reno.

J. D. Easton has returned and is taking "special."

Miss Josie Roberts, Normal '97, is visiting Miss Mabel Pratt.

Miss Victoria Godfrey '97 is down from Empire for a few days.

J. Poujade, ex-Lieutenant-Governor, was on the Campus on the 15th.

We hear that Rev. Jas. G—— is expounding the doctrines of anarchy.

Miss Kate Moore, Normal '96, spent a few days with friends last week.

The following appointments were made and approved by the President October 5th: To be Sergeant Major, W. C. Lamb; to be Color Sergeant, F. E. Gignoux (ranking him Sergeant); to be Corporals, Hunter, Jones, Norris, Brule, Hayes, Lockman, Leavitt, Gault, Keddie and Moorman.

Miss Lillian Virgin and Mae Marshall, Normal '97, are visiting friends in Reno.

H. E. Cutting and Eugene Howell were here on the 23d attending to educational matters.

Why does Ray M—— play for tackle on football eleven? Because he has a c(H)inch on it.

Say, Gig, was it your modesty that made you "retain your humble seat under the shelf" in geology last Thursday?

Hon. S. T. Black, Superintendent of Public Instruction of California, delivered a lecture to the students last Friday.

It has been rumored that Brule, Keddie, Hayes and Lawrence have an affaire d'honneur which is soon to be settled.

On account of J. J. Sullivan, '98, being absent, the duty of getting out this issue of the RECORD falls to Associate Editor Doten.

Miss Kearney of Mississippi, Secretary of the W. C. T. U. of the United States, who has been visiting Miss Theo. Stubbs, delivered a lecture on "Alaska" last Friday.

"Oh, I don't know! You're not the only blue-print in the sink. You can be washed." So say the Senior Mines.

It has been noticed that "Bridget" O'Sullivan has become quite an enthusiastic football player. What can be the reason?

"Jerry" Cassius Smith has left school for this term, and his "small brother Tom," has given up bee-ranching and has returned to Lincoln Hall.

Miss Josie Kelly, Normal '96, spent a few days with Miss Lulu Culp before leaving for Cherry Creek, where she is to teach school.

Why did Mc C—— of Lincoln Hall go to bed so early the other eve? Because Prof. B. said it was the proper place for little boys.

We have noticed that Linscott has been decidedly stiff-necked since Fatty has been playing centre against him. Why is it, Scotty?

AN ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

AN applicant for admission to college passes many anxious minutes thinking of the examinations he must take. To see the pale and anxious faces of the new students who are about to face the dreaded test of knowledge is a subject of great amusement to the old and tried upper class veterans. However, to the uninitiated country boy or girl, failure seems to be an overwhelming misfortune and means a return home.

When I applied for admission to—— University, after registering my name, address and the course of study I intended to follow, I was gravely informed by the gray-haired registrar that the examination in spelling, reading and writing would take place during the next hour in Room 5, under Professor X.

My nerves became unstrung at this intelligence. "Surely there is some mistake," thought I. "Three examinations at once, and all in one hour!" Recovering myself with an effort, I managed to ask faintly: "Do they all come at once, sir?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, and noticing my anxious looks, he added: "I hope you will be successful."

"Thank you, sir," I replied, doubtingly, for I had previously been instructed by an old student not to believe anything the Professors told me.

I then left the office and went out on the

campus, where the fresh air revived me a little from the effect of the ordeal I had passed. Seeing a group of uninformed students a short distance away, I went over to them. Several of the group spoke to me in a friendly manner, and one of them asked me if I intended taking the examinations in mental telegraphy and occult sciences. I replied that I was not aware that an acquaintance with these subjects was necessary for admittance. After thinking deeply for a minute, my newly found advisor answered: "It depends upon what course of study you intend taking." I at once informed him that I intended taking a course in the school of mines. My new friend looked at me sympathetically as he said: "I am sorry to tell you that a thorough knowledge of mental telegraphy, hypnotism and the occult sciences is required for admission to that course."

After what had just passed, this news struck me with the force of a heavy blow. Tears almost came to my eyes, but with self-control I managed to reply in apparent indifference: "Well, if that is the case, I suppose there is no possibility of my taking the course."

"O, you should not give up so easily," said he. "You will have some time to study this evening. The examinations will not take place until to-morrow morning. Let me see, your first examination is in spelling, reading and penmanship, is it not? I nodded affirmatively. "You will have no trouble with those subjects," he continued. "The spelling is very easy; only

simple words are given. For example, such as *eschscholtzia*, or *monochlamydeous*.

This information made me feel more disconsolate than before, so after thanking the student, I wandered away over the campus, thinking what my parents would say when they learned the result of my examinations. Poor mother would weep and perhaps father would be angry.

But all things have an end. Consulting my watch, I saw it was time to go before Professor X., so I called up my remaining courage and went into Room 5, where, to my great surprise, I found the examination quite easy. All that my friend on the campus had said was merely an invention of his own. I had been made the victim of a college joke.

A. M. S.

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

The regular monthly social was held October 8th and was well attended.

The society recently formed by the '98 co-eds gives promise of a bright future. We wish the G. A. B. A. success. How about it boys?

The latest in the sporting line is the straight-road contest. This may be seen on dark nights when the co-eds take the middle of the road.

Among the 1901 men, Moorman is playing good ball. He works into the interference well and plays his position—left half—extremely well when on the defense.

Berkeley's giant guard (Sheehy) has taken a position on the Reliance team. Through some trouble with the management at Berkeley he declined to play on their eleven.

Owing to a slight misunderstanding, Coach Madden has been released from his contract to coach the football team for the season. His work on the field was of first-class order, and the boys were making rapid progress under his guidance. At the A. A. meeting held last Monday it was decided by a unanimous vote to send to Stanford immediately for a man to fill Madden's place. Until the new coach arrives, Captain Finlayson will have charge of the squad, and with his proficient coaching the men will make steady progress, and so the change of coach will not put us much behind.

Little Harry Brule—"Our Baby"—has been elected to the responsible position of Secretary of the Athletic Association, this office becoming vacant by the resignation of Moorman.

What's the matter with Thompson? Why, he's all right. He made the fastest mile in the great relay race the other day. Time, 2:23½. And, besides this, his time for the five miles was 13:15. Jack, we are proud of you.

We are glad to notice that basket ball has revived. Every afternoon a crowd of co-eds can be seen going to the Gym. for practice. The famous '99 team has resumed practice. Also the "Cottage" team. Captain Ward of the '99s and Lewers of the Cottage are, of course, playing well. Both promise to have strong teams. We may expect some lively times soon.

On October 1st Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Fulton entertained the Class of '98 in a most delightful manner at their home. The evening was spent with authors and their books, introduced to the guests in various and pretty ways. Each guest represented some book, and prizes were given to those guessing the greatest number, Miss Rose Murphy receiving the first, and Mr. Duffy and Mr. Sunderland the second and third prizes respectively. The souvenirs were many and very pretty, and the '98 colors—heilotrope and silver—were prevalent. Never had the class spent a more pleasant evening, and the members unanimously vote Mr. and Mrs. Fulton royal entertainers.

EXCHANGE.

The *Sequoia* is always a gem of literary effort.

"Sketches" in the *Sagamore* are deserving of especial mention.

Butterworth, who formerly coached the U. C. football men, is at present coaching Yale.—*Ex.*

The man who seeks your friendship has a motive in view; the woman who does so has two or three of them.—*Ex.*

In all the universities of France there exist no papers, no glee clubs, no fraternities, no athletics and no commencement exercises.—*Ex.*

Exchanges are coming in regularly. This may be taken as an indication that most of the Eastern colleges have re-opened and that the literary minds are already working.

Mary had a little wheel,
It wobbled so at random
She gave it up and hired a man
To haul her on a tandem. —*Ex.*

Teacher—"Give an example of something that is done without bringing pleasure to anybody."

Pupil—"Delivering essays."—*Ex.*

Said the whiskered "med"
To the fair "co-ed,"
"I'm like a ship at sea—
Exams are near,
And much I fear
I will unlucky be."

Then murmured she,
"A shore I'll be,
Come, rest, thy journey o'er."
Then darkness fell,
And all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.
—*Ex.*

"My task in life," said the pastor, complacently, "consists in saving young men."

"Ah!" replied the maiden, with a soulful longing, "save a nice looking one for me."—*Ex.*

He—"I should know that girl had been in bathing."

She—"How?"

He—"Why, don't you see the wave in her hair?"—*Ex.*

Sweet solace reigns
'Mid tangled skeins
Of mem'ries of the yesterdays;
The King's Grand Vizer is to-night
My old and blackened corncob pipe.

Our devious ways
Through purple haze
Lie side by side, my pipe's and mine;
Each shows his years in his own way:
My pipe's grown black
While I've grown gray. —*Ex.*

Professor X. of the University of Klondike was very fond of his books. He was also somewhat absent-minded. Early one evening his wife asked him to look after the children while she called on a neighbor, and upon her return she asked the good man where the children were, as she was fearful that they had been forgotten and had wandered off. The professor detached his thoughts from the book he was poring over long enough to say that the children had gotten somewhat noisy and that he had put them to bed.

"Did they give you any trouble, or did they go to bed like the good little ones they are?"

"Well, they were all good except the little fellow over there in the cot in the corner. He cried and fussed a good deal when I undressed him, but he finally went to sleep."

"Well, John, I don't wonder at his behavior. Don't you know that that is little Johnny Green, our next door neighbor's boy?"

TWO WEEKS AT WEST POINT.

LATE in May, 1889, in company with a friend, I left San Francisco via the Central Pacific for New York and West Point. And though we stopped at Chicago, Detroit and Niagara Falls, we reached New York in a little over a week from the time we started. On the next day after reaching New York, we took passage for West Point on the "Mary Powell," a steamer on the Hudson. As we steamed up the river our attention was called to the Palisades rising abruptly on the left, and farther up, on our right, was a promontory, which, from its similarity to the bridge of the human nose, was called Anthony's nose. At last we came to the landing at the foot of the bluff, in which West Point is situated. It is fifty miles above New York on the west side of the Hudson at its passage through the Highlands.

Taking a bus, we rode up the steep road and came to the hotel, well equipped and convenient for its proximity to the cadet barracks and the other U. S. buildings.

We went down to New York next day, but returned Monday. That evening about 6 o'clock we saw the dress parade. The long ranks of cadets in their West Point gray and white duck pants, made a fine spectacle. The parade consisted in inspections, drills and firing blank cartridges.

On the next day the battery drill was the chief attraction. The battery consisted of large siege guns, which were placed behind good fortifications on a bluff, where the river made a bend to the west. On the other side of the bend, the north side, was a target placed against the side of the hill, several thousand yards away. As the noise and smoke made our position on the bluff by the guns an unpleasant one, we descended to the shore of the Hudson below. There we could hear the roar of the cannon above the crash of the balls across the little bay, and the rumbling, reverberating echoes in the hills around us. This was repeated again and again, and then we climbed to the heights above

and went to our hotel.

The next drill we witnessed was the cavalry drill in a riding hall which is used when the weather is bad. The drill consisted of such exercises as jumping hurdles, cutting with sabres at leather heads on posts the height of a man, throwing horses, riding without any saddles or bridles, and such as would make the cadet a perfect horseman. In the evening the cavalry executed technical evolutions on the large cavalry drill grounds, executing tactical evolutions. After this the light or field artillery maneuvered over the plain.

While at West Point we made several excursions to the different points of interest along the Hudson. One Sunday we ran to Sunnyside, the home of Washington Irving. In the graveyard at Tarrytown at Sleepy Hollow we saw the tomb of Irving. Here, also, is the monument which marks the place where Paulding, Williams and Van Wert captured Andre. Here, too, the scene of the story of Rip Van Winkle was laid, and across the river, far in the distance, can be seen the Catskills, Rip Van Winkle's sleeping place for twenty years. Up the river is Newburgh, where were the headquarters of Washington after the revolution. Here were many relics of the revolution. From here we went across the river to Poughkeepsie, where we visited Vassar College.

There are two old forts of revolutionary fame near West Point. One, Fort Clinton, is close to the barracks; the other, Fort Putnam, is further off and overlooks the Hudson. On the bluff above the Hudson at West Point is a plot of ground encircled by a famous chain, which is the same chain that was stretched across the Hudson to prevent the passage of British ships up the river. Around here are collected cannon which were captured from the British in the war of 1812, from the Mexicans in the Mexican war and the Confederates in the Civil war.

Once we took mess in Grant Hall with the cadets, a good, substantial meal. The classes in each study were divided into some eight or ten sections for efficiency of study. Each section is under the command of the section-head, who

marches them to the class-room and makes his report. Then the recitations commence. Each cadet recites alone, his class-mates listening. When he goes to the board, he takes his right-hand glove (for they all wear gloves to recitations) in his left hand and goes to work, using no eraser. He may ask questions before the recitation and then make notes at the board from memory.

The cadet quarters are bare, but neat. Two beds at one end of the room, separated by a partition, with the mattresses and bed-clothes folded neatly upon them; a mantel, on which is a clock and a looking-glass; two tables, two chairs, and this is all. No trunks or boxes are allowed to be in the room. The quarters are inspected several times a day.

The cadets at all times are under military rules which are very strict. Still they manage to evade the laws by many tricks. As, when the lights go out at a certain time, they will tack blankets to the windows; or, since they cannot have blacking in their rooms, they tack a box beneath the seats of their chairs.

While the cadet's moments of recreation are few, he has some time for exercise and pleasure.

The former he obtains through a fine gymnasium, tennis, football, baseball, or swimming in the Hudson; the latter by walking with his lady—if he has one—or at the dances, for every cadet is required to dance, at least to learn how.

It was our good fortune to meet several prominent men, among whom were Gen. Lew Wallace, Capt. Chas. S. King, Senator Daniels of Virginia and General W. T. Sherman.

On June 12th we witnessed the graduating exercises of the Class of '89. Hon. C. K. Davis, Senator from Minnesota, delivered the address and General Sherman handed the graduates their sheepskins.

Our two weeks are now passed and as we leave, we say good-bye to the cadets, who are now in camp. At the landing we take the boat bound for New York and home.

After such a visit, one's patriotism and pride in his country's power becomes greater. It is here that our best youth are educated for the army. It is from here that we expect our Sheridans, our Shermans and our Grants. From here will come the men who will lead their fellow citizens on the field of battle, and will defend their nation's honor in the time of danger.

AFTER THE BALL.

(College Version.)

After the ball is over,
 After a few hours' sleep,
 Then comes the daily routine;
 Latin and Greek—a heap.
 Then comes the "*non paratus*,"
 Product of swollen head.
 It was pleasant to dance
 And be in that trance,
 But it's bitter to flunk so dead—*Ex.*

Large sums of money for rentals are spent,
 But in this bewildered I stand,
 I seek to know who pays the rent,
 When an earthquake rents the land.—*Ex.*

"Not an egg on the boat!" the cook declared,
 And he didn't know what to do,
 But the captain stood by with a smile in his eye
 As he made the ship lay to. —*Ex.*

When caught in the fumes of a vile cigar
 Then all we can do is to hope
 That the terrible fiend in whose presence we are
 Will soon reach the end of his "rope."—*Ex.*

A test case is one that is brought to see how
 much the lawyers can make out of it.—*Ex.*

There are always two sides to a question—
 our side and the wrong side.—*Ex.*

The man who itches for fame is usually kept
 scratching.—*Ex.*

We were seated in a hammock
 On a balmy night in June,
 When the world was hushed in slumber
 Neath the guidance of the moon.

I asked her one little question
 And my heart was filled with hope ;
 But her answer never reached me,
 For her brother cut the rope. —*Ex.*

With what determination does he blow the
 smoke through his nose. How intelligent the
 expression as he thinks, "When a true genius
 appeareth in the world you may know him by
 this infallible sign, that the dunces are all in
 conspiracy against him."

"I think she is just the nicest girl! Why,
 she's like a wax doll."

You should be more explicit, Mr. P., and tell
 us who she is.

At Lincoln Hall every morning some angelic
 voice is heard singing, "Mamie, Come Kiss Your
 Honey Boy." I wonder who it is?

"Mr. F. do not be so slow. I should think
 you could go Worland over that."

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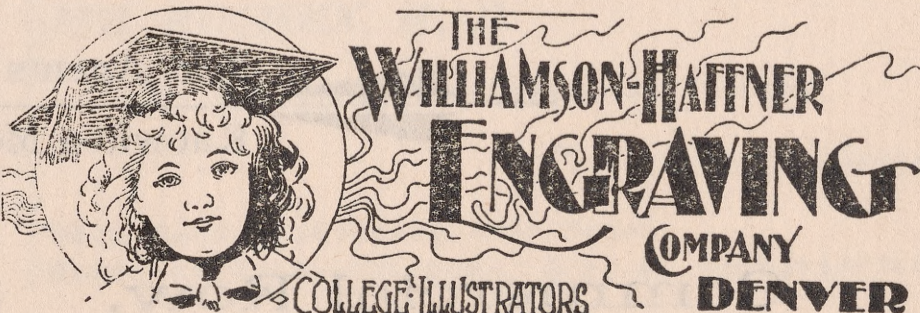
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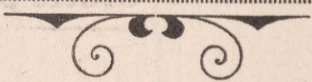


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