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The Student Record

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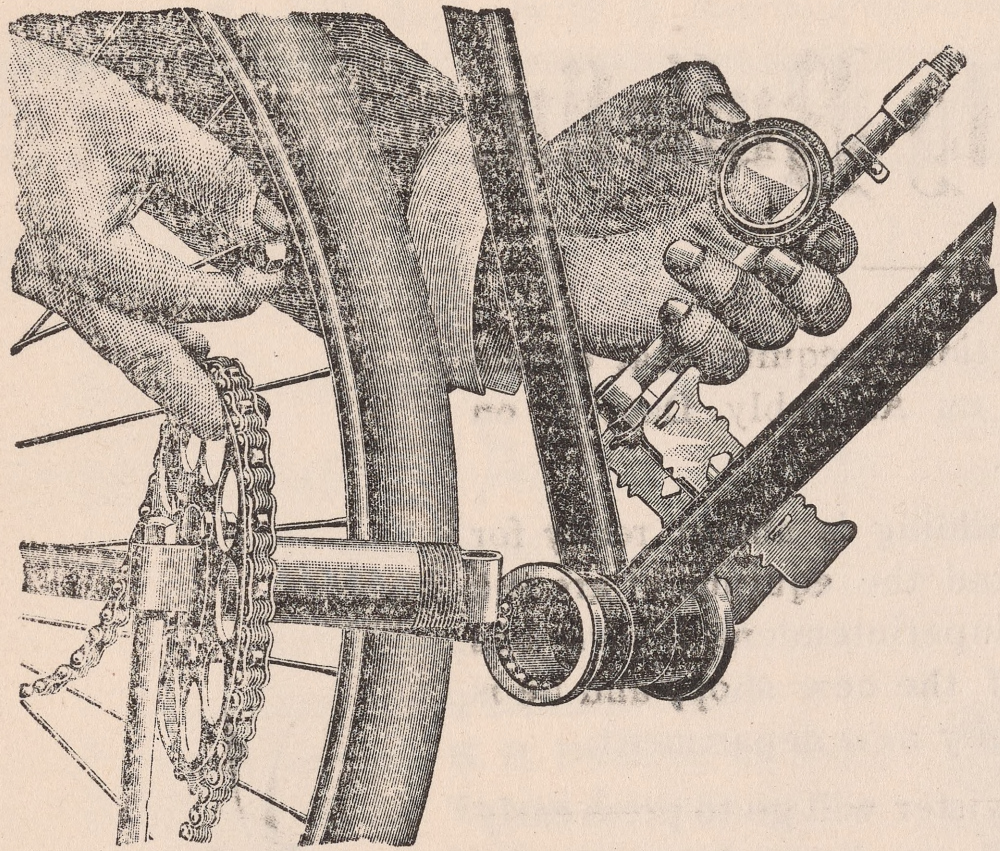
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University Bulletin.

The "Cadet Regulations" require that cadets wear their uniforms on Assembly Day, as on other recitation days.

The Mechanical Building is almost ready for use. The building and the equipment are the best of their kind. Superintendent Brown has reason to be proud of the new shop, and he is worthy of his practically new department.

The University Register will go to press early in December, and will, we hope, be ready for distribution at the return of the students from their holiday vacation. There will be several important changes in the courses of study, but the character of the courses of study, as they now are, will be maintained.

Senator William M. Stewart, who has been an ardent friend of the University from the beginning, made a visit to the University on Thursday last. He inspected the buildings, reviewed the Cadet Battalion, made an address full of interest to the students, and greeted his numerous friends.

Hon. H. C. Cutting, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, visited the University last week. He is a capable and efficient officer.

Through the leadership of Miss Ede and Principal E. E. Winfrey, a University Extension Circle has been formed at Winnemucca. The subject of study for the first course is "Germany, its People and Literature."

The Thanksgiving entertainment for the benefit of the football team is deserving of generous and enthusiastic support.

The Thanksgiving recess will include Thursday and Friday, November 25 and 26.

The holiday recess will begin at the close of University hours, Wednesday, December 22, 1897, and will end Wednesday evening, January 5, 1898.



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THURSDAY morning, November 4th, at about 1:45 o'clock, Charles Gustav Steiner of the Normal Class of '98 passed over the dark river and left behind his sorrowing relatives and friends. Charles Steiner entered the U of N. in September, '96, and from that time his progress was marked with the greatest success. He was always prepared when called upon in the class-room, and had a bright and cheerful word for all. It seems hard that one who had such a grand future before him should be snatched

away in the very bloom of youth, one whose hopes for the future were of the brightest kind. But Death is no respecter of persons and calls both the young and the old. Deceased was the first member of the Independent Association (publishers of the STUDENT RECORD) to die, also the first student to die at Lincoln Hall.



ON Friday evening, November 9th, Mr. Harrelson, who had been coaching the football team for some time, left for Stanford, where he is to help Coach Brooke coach the big team for the Thanksgiving game. Mr. Harrelson, while in Reno, made many friends among the student body and instilled into them some of that college spirit which we find so lacking in our University.

Under his coaching the football men have improved very much and feel confident of scoring victories for their Alma Mater. Since it is too late to procure another coach for this season, Finlayson '98 will try to hold the team together. We ask of the boys not to become discouraged and give up now, as they still have a few short weeks ahead of them till they play the Belmont eleven, and the glory gained from that game will more than compensate them for untiring effort. So let us all, from now to the end of the season, encourage them by our presence on the side lines every evening, and we especially call upon the co-eds to be present.



NOT long ago quite a number of male students of the University attended the theater in a body, and, as should be the case when a body of our students attend any place of amusement, the college yell was given to enliven matters and let the people know that there is such a thing as the University of Nevada. Immediately after giving the yell there

was repeated hissing from different parts of the gallery. The students naturally became angry but decided to give the yell once more and then discover who did the hissing and thus reflect upon the honor of our University. Thereupon the yell was again given and the seat of disturbance was found to be centered in a group of public school "kids." It was decided to give these public school fellows a severe shaking up if the thing was repeated, thinking that if the Principal and the body of public school teachers had failed in their attempt to teach these youngsters the manners of polite society, which in the first place should have been begun at their homes, they were in duty bound to try the next best thing which is resorted to in our our public school. But what could the students do

when they arose and started to carry out their resolve, but resume their seats on seeing the tear-stained faces upturned to them, and being entreated to discontinue their plan to some future time.



IN an old issue of the RECORD we find the following: "The 'nerve' that actuates those non-members of the U. of N. A. A. to contribute to the wear and tear of the association property but not to the supply fund, must be a bump of abnormal dimensions and dominant over the phrenological propensities that at times assert themselves in ordinary manhood."

We heartily endorse the above, and members of the A. A. should see to it that the rules of the Association are carried out.

A PECULIARLY EVENTFUL NIGHT.

THREE old California "Forty-niners" sat by a warm stove in a cosy little back room at Virginia City one cold winter evening some years ago. They had been attending a regular meeting of their society of Pacific Coast Pioneers at the hall on B street, and the old boys were warming up their blessed toes with a little hot soothing syrup, while they animatedly discussed some of the incidents of the meeting, which had been an unusually interesting one.

"Yes, that's all right," said Professor Frank Stewart, but Coryell's ideas about coal and earthquakes won't hold water. I am specially posted on earthquakes, you know; they don't come up from the bowels of the earth, like artesian water, but from the surrounding atmosphere. We hear and see them in the air when dark convolving clouds obscure the heavens, and amid resounding ponderous thunder old Jupiter wrathfully hurls great shafts, chains and sheets of lurid electricity sizzling hot through the black rolling tempest. Then is the time we see it, but we only feel it when stray bolts and bodies of it strike the earth.

"How often do we hear the remark: 'This is

good earthquake weather.' It's because people have learned to recognize certain peculiar conditions of the atmosphere which indicate that it is heavily charged with electricity and liable to develop into some sort of an ethereal or terrestrial disturbance. The earth is simply a huge ball of electricity which attracts with natural affinity the electricity of the atmosphere. It is really a concentrated volume or overcharge of electricity from the atmosphere suddenly discharged into the willing earth that causes the heavy trembling and oftentimes destructive disturbances we term earthquakes."

Yes, Professor, but how do we perceive, how do we know that the electric discharge doesn't go the other way, from the earth into the atmosphere; wouldn't that be more natural and appropriate, as it were?

"Good point, my boy, but it won't work. The earth is solidly and evenly loaded with strong magnetic electricity which naturally attracts the lighter and ever varying currents of atmospheric electricity concentratively toward itself, as all small movable or fluid bodies are attracted or absorbed by the larger ones. And bear in mind the well observed and recorded fact well known to all, that the recent greatest earthquake we have ever felt on the Comstock was a mere sur-

face disturbance. It tumbled down a few chimneys and brick firewalls and shook pickles, oysters, glassware and similar goods down from the shelves in the groceries and drug stores. The damages amounted to some hundreds of dollars, yet the disturbance was not felt or noticed in the mines over five hundred feet below the surface, and then principally or only at the shaft stations. Nothing whatever was injured or disturbed in the mines. But these famous earthquakes of the Pacific Coast section will only remain in history and never be repeated; their day passed with the completion of the first transcontinental railroad, and each additional railroad connecting the West and the East makes assurance all the surer. All legitimate or well regulated earthquakes endeavor to vibrantly pass from west to east, and the iron rails are their grand conductors, dumping their loads of surplus electricity from the Pacific into the Atlantic. The railroad thus is our safety valve, and will make first-class earthquakes scarcer than first-class coal in the sagebrush. Now you hear my prophetic voice and don't you forget it.

"There are quite a number of ingenious theories as to the real origin and existence of coal, but we won't discuss them now; life's too short, moreover, it's a matter that don't immediately concern us; there's no coal in the sagebrush—no coal deposits in the State of Nevada."

But hold on, Professor, said I, that won't do. How about the coal found at Crystal Peak, El Dorado canyon, Whitman and Carlin?

"Well, come to think of it, you are right to a small extent; some stuff they called coal was found, but not in appreciable quantity or quality. It is merely a sort of shale—no use; can't create enough heat to burn itself."

I'll agree with you, Professor, except in one instance. In 1865 there was quite a stir made about coal mines found near the town of Crystal Peak, on the Truckee river, and a company was organized at Virginia City to develop and work them. In my capacity as newspaper reporter I went with half a dozen interested persons to examine and report upon the alleged

coal mines. We saw several streaks or beds of dark brown shale from two to six feet thick at various points near the river, which had been opened and exposed, but the only real good coal we met was a small vein from four to eight inches in thickness, in the south bank of Dog Valley creek. With this coal, a sackfull of which I dug out myself, J. W. Hemenway, the well-known Virginia blacksmith, who was one of our party, welded a heavy iron bar at a forge in Crystal Peak, pronouncing the coal excellent for the purpose. In fact, it was the same kind of coal, or lignite, as that brought from the Rocky mountains for common use. But that small vein was the only one so far as I ever learned, and it was not large or extensive enough for practical availability.

"All right again, sonny," said the Professor, good humoredly. "That was doubtless a small offshoot from the Mount Diablo coal mines through to this side of the Sierra, and not indigenous to Nevada. No coal in the sagebrush. If ever we get our State University well started and in good running order, I am going to lay this coal proposition before it, and have the professors and students in geology and mineralogy figure it out."

Jes' so, Professor, you've settled these matters all right, now lets change the subject and discuss the final settlement of all worldly things in which we old pioneers are so nearly concerned. Let's hear a few ideas from Brother Delevan on the subject; give us your sentiments, Doctor.

"All right, boys. We are mighty liable to die some time, if we live long enough. The way I look upon it, we have always been pretty good square men among men—and women—always done our level best and never needed no salvation. Nobody can't say anything very bad about either of us, which makes our good old pioneer souls serene and our consciences clear. When I die, strip me and roll me up in the American flag, and I want all the old boys at my funeral. Read the riot act and sing Yankee Doodle over me, and Alf, I want you to promise that you will put a bottle of whisky, Mallon's

best, in the head of my coffin."

That's right Doc, the idea is perfectly charming, but I won't do it. I know more than forty-nine fellows that would lay round till after dark with shovels to dig after that bottle of whisky. No, no; we won't have your grave violated. Will throw in a deck of cards, though, for you to play all the other old boys whom you will find down there in Alaska.

"Good enough," shouted the professor jubilantly. "When I die, give me no funeral, but fill my coffin up solid with red-hot Spanish pepper, 'chile colorado,' you know, and send a committee of the old boys to cremate me, coffin, peppers and all, away up on the summit of old Mount Davidson. I always played for high and want to hold a sure point on high in the post mortem game. I'll cool off all right down in Alaska with Doc and the rest of the old boys. But see here, my watch says it is getting late, and we had better adjourn this festive syndicate and strike out for home." And we did forthwith.

When I reached my home in Gold Hill, back of the *News* office, my family had retired for the night, so I threw myself restfully into the big comfortable easy chair near the stove in our homelike parlor, and leaning back, thinking over the pleasant episodes of the evening, I fell fast asleep, as I had so often done before in that same good old chair.

Then I deliberately dreamed that I died and that I soared aloft and away skyward. The vulgar, mundane earth agreeably disappeared somewhere, and I found myself floating about in an impalpable balloon. I weighed nothing, and it weighed nothing. I could feel neither top, bottom nor sides to it; merely saw that it was a globe of pure, soft, white all-pervading heavenly light flooding through illimitable electric space far away beyond the attraction of the earth. Time itself was dissolved in oblivion; I had lost all the points of the compass, latitude, longitude, gravitation, didn't know where up or down was and felt glad of it, in fact, I was in a perfectly blissful state of ineffable serenity. A vast wilderness of similar globes surrounded

me in all directions, generally about the same size as mine, yet many were considerably larger, but each and every one was singly inhabited like mine.

And as we circulated sociably about among each other there were no collisions, each saluting pleasantly in passing, generally by a wave of the hand or in the native language of each. I met thousands of old friends and acquaintances, and we shook hands cordially without feeling anything. Our balloons, as well as ourselves, passed through each other impalpably—we could see and hear, but could not feel. And these numerous brilliant little balloons were what the people of the earth look up at and call stars.

Doc Delevan was delighted to meet me, and said "If I had that bottle you refused to put into my coffin, I'd treat." Then with a slight odor of red pepper, Professor Frank Stewart floated along and mixed in with us. And both agreed that leaving the world in a balloon was far better style than either burial or cremation. They took me around and introduced me to Venus, Mars, Juno, Saturn, Jupiter and other notables, all of whom I found to be exceedingly polite and agreeable people, and we were on our way with Coryell, Pixley, Storer, Bob Patterson and a lot more of the jolly old boys to pay a hilarious fraternal visit to the lone "man in the moon" when suddenly a sharp voice rang out through the broad starry expanse with startling effect:

"Hello, there! Can't you hear me? Wake up you great fool you; are you going to sit there all night?"

There was a grand ruction and sudden shower of falling stars, amid which I dropped at the rate of about a million miles a second, as near as I could calculate, lighting bewilderingly on my feet beside our big old easy chair in the parlor, rubbing my eyes and wondering where I had got off at.

ALF DOTEN.

All the Best Talent in the University has been engaged for the U. N. Minstrels, Saturday, Nov. 27.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, The Great and Supreme Ruler of the Universe has in his infinite wisdom taken from among us our beloved class-mate, Charles G. Steiner; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the sudden removal of such a life from our midst leaves a vacancy and a shadow that will be deeply realized by the members of our class, and prove a serious loss to the entire school; and be it further

Resolved, That with deep sympathy for the bereaved relatives we express our hope that even so great a loss to us may be over-ruled for good by Him who doeth all things well.

NORMAL CLASS OF '98.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Young Men's Christian Association of the Nevada State University:

WHEREAS, God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to call from our midst our beloved President, Charles G. Steiner; and

WHEREAS, By his noble life and high character as a man and a student, he has endeared himself to us all; be it

Resolved, That in his death we mourn the loss of a brother;

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved parents our heartfelt sympathy; we pray that God's presence may comfort them in their affliction.

FENTON A. BONHAM,

HALBERT H. HOWE,

ALFRED R. SADLER,

Committee.

Since it has pleased God in His wisdom to call from his work among us Charles G. Steiner, one of our most honored students, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the President and Faculty of the University, publicly record the expres-

sion of our great sorrow at the death of Mr. Steiner and testify to the high esteem in which we held him as a student and as a man who had set for himself a high ideal in life and was pursuing it with unswerving fidelity.

Resolved, That we extend to his family the loving assurance of our deep and heartfelt sympathy.

S. UNSWORTH,

R. D. JACKSON,

ROBT. LEWERS,

Committee.

WHEREAS, The All-Wise and Beneficent Creator has deemed it wise to remove from our midst our loving fellow student and comrade, Charles G. Steiner, be it

Resolved, That we, the students at Lincoln Hall, extend to his bereaved parents and relatives, in this, the hour of their affliction, our heartfelt sympathy, and assure them that he who has passed from this life has entered a happier and brighter one.

N. DUNSDON,

D. M. DUFFY,

J. J. SULLIVAN,

Committee.

WHEREAS, The All-Powerful God and Creator of this Universe has deemed it wise to remove from this earth, our beloved fellow-member, Charles G. Steiner, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Independent Association of the University of Nevada, extend to the bereaved family, in this, their hour of sorrow, our heartfelt sympathy, and assure them that their dear one has gone to a higher and better home.

STAFF OF STUDENT RECORD,

By J. J. SULLIVAN, Editor-in-Chief.

THE POOR COUSIN.

(Continued from last issue.)

"WHY, Rex, what's the matter?" exclaimed Jack Gordon, jumping up and seizing his cousin's hand.

"Don't touch me," screamed Jack. "You are too pure to touch so vile a thing as I! You would be contaminated by the mere contact. I am a robber! a murderer! Oh Mother! Mother! to think that your son could disgrace you so! It will kill you! It will kill you!" And the unhappy boy threw himself on the bed while convulsive sobs shook his entire frame.

After a while he lifted his head and told the wretched story to his cousin. Jack Gordon was horrified. His thoughts turned to the mother whose every prayer was for her son, who painted his future in such glowing colors. Jack pictured her sitting in the pleasant parlor, busy with some needle work, and letting her thoughts wander back to the time when Rex was a child—a little, black-haired lad playing about her knee with all a child's pure innocence and grace; and then thinking of him away at college, trying to fit himself for his life work. She trusted her son. Ah yes; what mother wouldn't?

When Jack, looking at the bowed head and shaking form of his cousin, realized that if the wretched truth were found out, the hopes of a faithful mother would be crushed, and the heart of a loving mother broken, his whole spirit rose in revolt and he mentally resolved that her life should not be wrecked.

He laid his head kindly and gently on Rex's head and said: "Rex, I promised my aunt that I would shield her son, and I shall do it at any cost. Brace up, lad, and I'll get you out of your difficulty."

"You, Jack! Why, it would be impossible. Suspicion will certainly fall on me. Many of the boys know about my gambling debts, and that wretch who drew me into it will certainly testify against me. It's no use, and I may as well give myself up and confess all. I guess I'll be able to stand it," said he, recklessly; "I'm

not the first, and if it's too hard to bear, I can easily crush the life out of this worthless body."

His features had hardened while speaking, and there had come over his face an expression showing his entire abandonment of hope.

"You forget, Rex—your mother. Think of her and recall your foolish words. You know what she expects of you, and how can you bear to break her heart?"

"You're right, Jack; forgive me. Poor mother! God pity her when the blow falls!"

"She need never know, Rex. Listen to me. To-morrow, when the body is found and everyone is whispering, talking and wondering, you must act just as you always do, and do not attract suspicion by your actions. If the President calls a meeting of the students, which he undoubtedly will, I shall say that I did it."

"That you did it!" ejaculated Rex in horrified astonishment. "No, no, Jack, the sacrifice would be too great. I could not let you."

"You must let me. I have no mother to grieve at my loss, no home to dishonor with so vile a deed; I have nothing to lose in comparison to you; no one will miss me. But you, Rex, it is different with you. Your life must not be wrecked, nor the life of the fond, trusting mother at home, who, even now, perhaps, is praying for the future of her lad. Think of her wretchedness, should she find out the truth. Picture her, if you can, with her hands—the hands that with all of a mother's tenderness have so often prepared you for rest—clenched in all the agony of despair; with her head bowed low in misery and shame; with her lips—the lips that have often kissed away your childish tears—murmuring in broken accents: 'My God, can this thing be?' Think of all this, Rex Marle, and tell me, can you afford it? No, no; your answer must be no. Now swear to me that you will never admit that you killed Dan Faire."

Remember, reader, that Rex had been reared in all luxury; that he had never been crossed in any way; that those about him had always subordinated their pleasures to his; that he had a nature weak and vacillating, a disposition egotistical in the extreme; remember also that the

last earnest appeal of Jack Gordon had worked like magic on his spirit, and try to forgive him when he, in presence of that noble, self-sacrificing boy, lifted his hand and said: "I swear never to admit that I killed Dan Faire."

"I believe you, Rex. Now go to bed."

* * * * *

It was all over. Jack Gordon had been convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. His aunt was shocked and horrified at the monstrosity of the deed, but she rejoiced to think that her lad was too noble to commit such a crime. Ah, no; she need never worry, for her son was to be one of whom a father might well be proud—he was to be an honor to the House of Marle. The day on which Jack Gordon was to be

taken to the far distant prison had arrived. He stood on the depot with his hands closely manacled and two officers guarding him. Who is the boy with downcast eyes and shamed look making his way toward him through the crowd? It is his cousin. Rex approaches, and when his lowering eyes met the frank, steady gaze of his cousin, he said: "Oh Jack! how can I let you do it! How can I let you go to that vile place for your life!"

Just then the officers grasped the prisoner roughly by the arm and pushed him off, but amidst the din of trains, the murmur of many voices and the tramping of feet, Rex heard him say: "Don't mind me, I'm only your poor cousin."

W. I. I. '98.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

CHARLES GUSTAV STEINER was born in Austin, Nevada, January 20, 1880. He was the second son of Fred and Susanna Steiner, natives of Switzerland, who came to Nevada in the early days and settled on a ranch about twenty miles from Austin.

The early childhood of Charles Steiner was full of event in the line of child life. He manifested such an intuitive grasp of all that came before his observation, that his mother began to instruct him in the A, B, C of the German language, in which he progressed so rapidly that he soon learned to repeat the morals, fables and anecdotes peculiar to German domestic and social life.

His parents visited their fatherland when Charley was about six years of age, and from the time he left home, he noted every place and every incident with marvelous accuracy. On ship-board he soon became a favorite with the passengers; he would in his childish way chat of his journey, first in English and then in German, as he chanced to meet with one or the other nationality.

While in Switzerland, there was no point of interest visited that did not become so indelibly impressed on his mind, that years afterward he

could relate all that he had seen or heard. During his childhood his parents lived on a ranch remote from school, but with sagacious foresight they employed the best teachers to be obtained and kept their children in this home school eight months in the year.

Charles entered the Austin High School when about twelve years of age. Professor Greenwell, then Principal, always took pride in stating that Charley was not only his brightest pupil, but also his most obedient, and promptest in every duty. He graduated at 14, under Professor Gayhart, who took an equal pride in saying that in all his experience he never before met a pupil who possessed such an accurate memory, such clear comprehension of all that was intellectual, and yet who was so perfectly unconscious of his native ability.

He was the valedictorian of his class ('95). His subject, "We Are the Architects of Our Own Future," was delivered *extempore* in a manner that would become a college graduate. He spent the 15th year of his life in advanced studies in the Austin High School and then came to the Nevada State Normal to fit himself in a professional way for his chosen work—that of teaching. His course in the Normal School and all his relations to University life have been marked by the same traits that shone forth so

clearly during his earlier school life. His intellectual power, his rectitude of character and his genial nature, united with a gentle dignity, gave him high personal rank at once. Professors soon learned to honor him, his schoolmates to love and respect him, and loaded him with the best gifts in their power.

The Normal Class of '98, numbering twenty or more, chose him, a youth of sixteen years, as their Class President; the Student Congress elected him Journal Clerk; the managers of the STUDENT RECORD appointed him "Normal Editor;" the Y. M. C. A. sent him as delegate to the conference at Pacific Grove. While filling all these offices of responsibility with scrupulous fidelity, he made an intellectual record which is phenomenal. Twenty-two is the maximum of hours per week allowed the average college student. Last year he carried 33 hours per week, making a general grade of 96 per cent.

What an example of industry, rectitude and honor Charles G. Steiner has set for his classmates! After a brief illness he passed suddenly from this life to a brighter and better one. A life-long friend of the family, to whom I am indebted for many of the foregoing facts, has written this touching tribute to his memory:

Charley, dear, though brief your sojourn, remembered
you will be,
For smoothly were you sailing on life's enchanting sea
To the goal of your ambition, to the isle of Mystic Lore,
There to revel in the learning of the great mind gone
before.

Your compass was abiding faith in Him who reigns
above.
Guiding your every thought and action by charity and
love.
Those virtues led you onward through the misty storms
of strife.
Till naught can surpass the example of your brief, but
honest life.

In an unexpected hour did Death, the dread destroyer
come
And heavenward bore our Charley to his eternal home,
There to enjoy the fruitage of the seeds he planted here,
That doth relieve the anguish of those who hold him
dear.

From beyond the boundless deep, we think we hear him
say
To brother Fred and sister Emma, this was the purer
way
To the goal of my ambition; then do not grieve for me,
For safely will I guide you, when you put out to sea.

Father's counsel mother's love, ever was my guiding
star,
And I felt their loving presence ere I crossed the fatal
bar.
Now, life with them will lonely be, but my spirit still is
near,
And lovingly will I greet them in this immortal sphere.

CAMPUS.

Say, Dago, how about that dog?

*Don't miss the U. of N. Minstrels, Saturday,
November 27th.*

G. A. Robinson, ex-'99, was on the Campus
October 29th.

A. P. Mack, Mines '96, was down from Willow
Creek last week.

Notice to Football Players—"Doc" Gregory
has opened an office in Lincoln Hall. He comes
highly recommended as a specialist on sprains
and dislocations.

D. P. Stubbs of San Francisco entered college
on the 10th.

"Smiles" Abel has returned and is taking
Freshman Liberal Arts.

Who was it that was talked to death at the
Cottage gate the other night.

*This is one you don't see every day. The U. of N.
Minstrels, Saturday, November 27th.*

We wonder whether the person who
"dumped" Professor Brown on the third floor
Monday night jumped down the airshaft.

S. C. Durkee '96 is improving very rapidly.

The Surveying Class were "star gazing" last Thursday evening.

The box sheet for the U. of N. Minstrels will open Monday, November 22d.

A. Carman, Com. '97, who played center, has returned and is taking Freshman work.

Coach Harrelson departed for Frisco November 9th. Everyone was sorry to see him leave.

R. M. Brambilla '97 came down from Beckwith November 12th, where he has been working.

Two large heaters have been put in the Gym. We hope the next thing that goes in will be some apparatus.

The boys are rehearsing for the Minstrels every day. At present, prospects are good for a splendid performance.

The machinery for the new Mechanical building has arrived. Superintendent Brown is now busily engaged setting it up.

Don't miss the U. of N. Minstrels, Saturday, November 27th.

The General Assembly address last Wednesday was delivered by the Rev. F. C. Lee. Subject: "Four-fold Education."

J. N. Evans, Mines '97, returned November 11th from Oregon, where he has been looking after his father's cattle business.

George Strohsnider, ex-Com. '97, passed through Reno on his way to Seattle. "Stroh" intends to make Klondyke in the spring.

Professor Thurtell delivered the lecture on November 3d. Subject: "A Retrospect of Hudson's Theory of Psychic Phenomena."

We are glad to hear that the Cadet Band is to be reorganized. The boys did very well last year, and they have our best wishes.

The Seniors were excused Wednesday afternoon, November 3d, to attend the funeral of their classmate's, Miss Sadie Phillips, little brother.

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

Where are the college parties this year? Why don't the Sophs. greet the Freshmen as usual?

We hear it said at the socials, "It's too bad there are not more girls present." Whose fault is it? The boys seem to have formed A. G. Associations. Why don't the girls form Independent Associations?

Everybody come to the minstrels to be given in the Opera House on the 27th inst. It is in the interest of the football team, and all students, especially, should turn out. Come one, come all, and bring your best girl and we'll have a full house. Admission, 50 cents.

The Cottage girls are excellent candy makers. Those who were so fortunate as to try their candy at the reception can testify to that.

The Young People's Societies of the Methodist, Baptist and Congregational Churches are going to give a reception to the University students on Thanksgiving night in the Congregational Church parlors. The students have always enjoyed these receptions given by the Young People's Societies and appreciate their kindness very much. Those students who are far from home are promised as pleasant an evening as can be spent away from home on this day of Thanksgiving.

The regular monthly social was held in the Gym. on November 12th. The college and class yells were given several times, but where is the Freshman yell?

What is the matter with the basket ball games? Practice seems to have taken a fall. Come girls and give us something to arouse college enthusiasm.

Carmen, the center of last year's team, is back again and playing the same position. He is the same snappy player as of old, and the team has been greatly strengthened by his return.

The reception given in honor of Coach Harrelson on the 28th of October was a very pleasant event. Dancing was the order of the evening. There were more present than at any social this year. A number of down-town girls being present, for once there were enough girls to go around.

Wm. A. Harrelson, who has been coaching the football players for the last three weeks, left for Stanford on the 9th inst. No doubt his

absence will detract from the general enthusiasm heretofore shown, but we will have to do the best we can and at least keep the team from retrograding. Now that the players have an idea of the manner in which they are to play their positions, they should improve upon their style of playing and make the team stronger. Harrelson made many friends while here and received a welcome from everyone. There was a large crowd at the depot to see him off, and the college yell sounded loud and often. Stanford's yell was not forgotten, and we all hope that we may be able to give it again next year in honor of our last coach. J. A. Fulton, football manager, made a flying trip to Salt Lake City last week for the purpose of arranging a game with the Utah University. He returned much disappointed, as the game could not be arranged. If the U. of U. had a few of Nevada's rustlers, it would not take long to raise enough to pay expenses from here to Salt Lake. We hope to be able to play with Belmont on the 27th inst; in fact, the game has been arranged and the date settled. We guarantee that the score will not be 70-0 in favor of Belmont.

EXCHANGE.

Buff and Blue for October abounds in good reading matter.

The October number of the *White and Gold*, Mills Seminary, California, reflects credit upon its editorial staff.

The *St. Stephen's College Messenger* for last month contains several good articles. "Amandale Verse" shows marked ability.

We have received a copy of the *Empire Student*, a bright monthly published by the students of the public school of Empire, Nevada. It is a deplorable fact that more publications do not exist in the high schools of our State, and we hope that the example set by the students of Empire will be followed by others.

"Nothing Won" ('01), is the remark of the colleges after admitting the Freshman class this year.—*Ex.*

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
Interrupting my sweet repose,
For he was a tall mosquito,
And the bridge was the bridge of my nose.
—*Ex.*

Yale heads the list in the production of college presidents, with 92. Out of 35 college graduates in the House of Representatives, she and the University of Michigan claim nine each, while Harvard follows with seven, and Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania each with three.—*Ex.*

President Rogers of Northwestern says that student government at that college is a failure.

—*Ex.*

Unburdened every limb doth sway,
And one by one the dead leaves fall;
The season's bloom has passed away,
But bloomers linger after all. —*Ex.*

Mary has a great big Latin
Sheepskin in a frame,
And all she understands of it
Is Mary's little name. —*Ex.*

In number of students, the University of Paris claims the honor of leading the universities of the world. During the year '95-'96 her enrollment was 11,755. Berlin came next with 9,375.—*Ex.*

She had studied geometry.
Pray, answer me this:
What shape is kiss,
Oh maiden, most charming and ficle?
Why, sir, answered she,
It seemeth to me
It surely must be a-lip tickle. —*Ex.*

An Ann Arbor student says they have just two rules, namely: Students must not burn the college buildings nor kill any of the professors.

—*Ex.*

He who courts and goes away
Lives to court another day;
But he who weds and courts girls still
May get to court against his will. —*Ex.*

At a table in a hotel,
A youth and a maiden sat;
They didn't know each other,
But what of that?

The youth picked up the sugar,
With a smile you won't often meet,
And passed it to the girl, saying
"Sweets to the sweet."

She picked up the crackers,
And scorn was not lacked
As she passed them to him, saying
"Crackers to the cracked." —*Ex.*

*All the Latest songs and dances at the U. of N.
Minstrels, Saturday, November 27th. Help the boys
get out of debt.*

THE JOSHER.

Lost, strayed or stolen—a Sophomore's best girl.

Who is the student that almost died laughing at Uncle Tom's Cabin?

I would advise all you boys and girls, while out of an evening studgng the stars to keep one eye upon some other person than your partner, as I have heard that the night watchman is onto the combination and has played the deuce in one case that promised to turn out well.

Have you been "yanked up" before the board of loafers yet?

Why has D—— '98 got a head on him like a tack? Because he has the big head, of course.

Freshman—Have you seen Mr. —— yet?
Junior—No, I have not.

Freshman—Why, you ought to see him; he has whiskers all over his face.

Senior—Pray, tell me, where else would he have his whiskers?

Why does Miss H—— like spuds?

How(e) and Why did he mistake a hat brush for a clothes brush?

How(e) and Why did you not have your seats reserved down stairs in preference to the gallery?

"Ask Mamma if you can, and if she says yes, I will let you." This is the reply D. F. received. So, it is said.

Rumor has it that Mr. F. is soon to be married. I would suggest that his case be attended to by the Board of Janitors of Lincoln Hall.

Prof. C—— recently gave some of the Freshmen a delightful performance in double jaw action, illustrating the benefits derived from English. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

It is rumored that T——, Normal '98, has set her cap for T——, '98. Whether or not she will succeed, still remains to be seen. I should think that it would not be difficult, since she has made her plans known.

Why is it that a certain class of our boys, after escorting their partners home after a dance return to a restaurant and treat themselves to refreshments? It is because they have not the tin. If so, I would "run my face" for it.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At a meeting of the Class of '98 of the University of Nevada, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

In token of the kindly feeling we bear our classmate, Miss Sadie Phillips, and in view of the recent sorrow that has visited her in the death of her little brother, Lester; be it

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathy of the class be extended to her in this time of bereave-

Wanted—A good writer from the Class of '99.

We extend our sympathy to Miss B——, because it is said she knows nothing of boy nature.

Why is there not a rule prohibiting would-be cornet players from blowing their noisy instruments during the peaceful hours of the night at Lincoln Hall.

Professor Charles B. was adjusting his surveying instruments the other day when an intellectual Freshman inquired, "Hay, there, whose picture you going to take now?"

—— D. and —— W., both of '98, recently took a very sudden departure for the mountains. The cause is unknown; probably they went on a "dear" hunt. Because, you know what a weakness Sam has for the gentler sex.

Did you take in the Lady Minstrels the other night? If you did not you missed the event of the century, as "Fritters" made his debut on that date in the great and wonderful cake walk. It is reported that "Fritters" had the leading part, namely: "the fool of the family of cake walkers," which, I am proud to say, he carried out in a very natural way. This "Darkey" has a bright future in the "Minstrel World." "Bridget" and "Quick" of the feminine gender, won the cake in the walk. All the students at Lincoln Hall received a suitable portion of it. Nit.

Don't forget the U. of N. Minstrels.

ment and sorrow.

Resolved, That while we sympathize with her in her natural grief, we bid her remember who it was that said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in the STUDENT RECORD.

SAMUEL B. DOTEN, Class President.

Reno, Nov. 12, 1897.

"Come little boy," his grandma said,
 "Here on this chair you'll sit,
 And hold the worsted in your hands
 And help your grandma Knit."

"Oh! yes," the little boy replied,
 And smiled a little bit.
 Of all things I like to do
 Is to help my grandma. NIT! —*Ex.*

"These cycling skirts," so Dixey says,—
 And anything he says must go,—
 "Makes women look lots shorter, but
 They make the men look longer, though."

*All the Latest songs and dances at the U. of N.
 Minstrels, Saturday, November 27th. Help the boys
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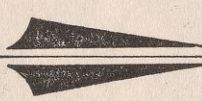
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