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The Student Record

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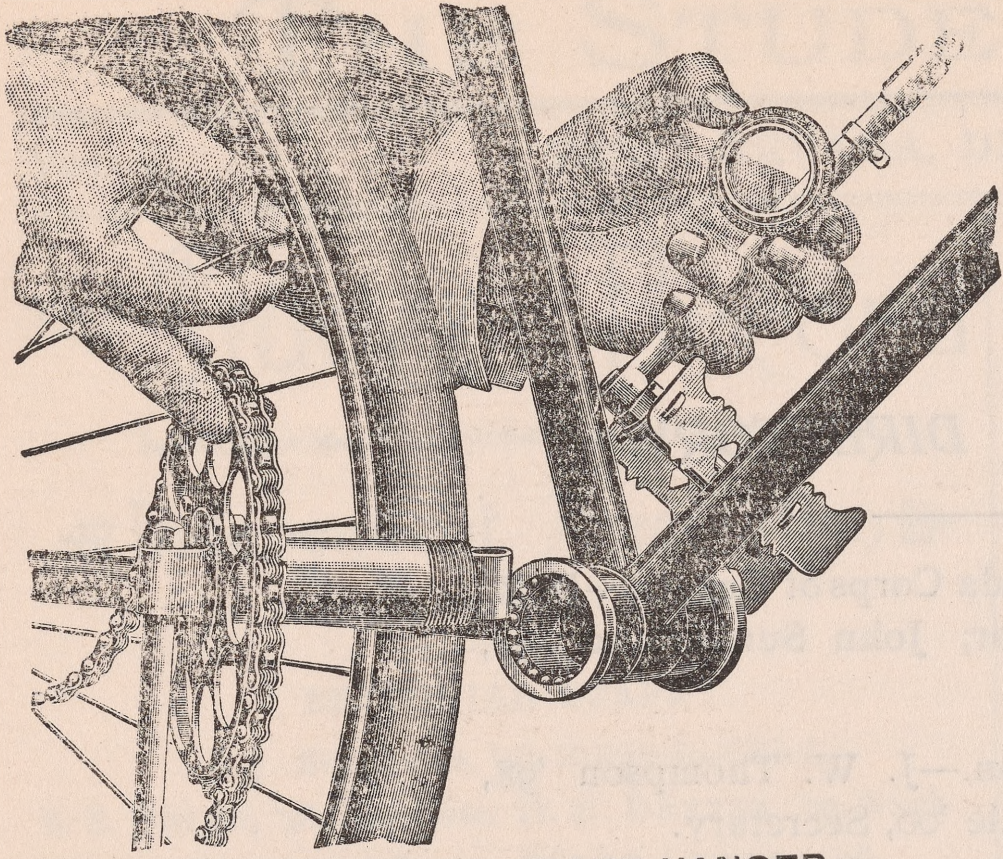
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THE STUDENT RECORD.

VOL. V.

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FROM the following, which is taken from the statutes of the University, it is evident that cigarette smoking by the students of the University is to be stopped: "It was ordered by the Board of Regents that cigarette smoking by any student of the University be strictly prohibited, and the violation of this order will be visited by the expulsion of the offending student." Now that the order is published, we would ask that it be enforced.

ON Monday, November 28th, the new Mechanical Building was thrown open to the public for the first time. It will be remembered that about two years ago fire destroyed the frame building in which the machinery was located, which was thought at the time to be a heavy loss; but when we look at the Mechanical Building as it stands to-day with its equipment, we cannot but feel that the fire was a blessing. The dedicatory address was delivered by Mr. W. G. Curtis of San Francisco, Engineer on the Maintenance of Way of the Southern Pacific Company.



IN the Carson *News* of November 22d we find the following article criticising an editorial that appeared in the last issue of the STUDENT RECORD:

How deeply the people of Reno must regret that a gang of hoodlums who had no better manners than to set up a yell in a public house of entertainment, were corrected and hissed by students of the public school whose early training had been neglected. The RECORD, in comparing the training of the student body with that of the public school, is putting the latter at no disadvantage. Such a thing could never occur in Carson, at least the students could never have set up their yell twice, for if we mistake not the officers of the law, the whole outfit would have been pleading with the sheriff not to take them to jail. The students of the University of Nevada can reflect great credit on that institution by behaving like gentlemen—in public.

We do not consider the above to be worthy of an answer, when we take into consideration that this is the same paper that made charges against the T. H. P. O. which it failed to prove. For the benefit of the *News*, however, we will state that the leading people of Reno were with the University students on the night referred to.



STUDENTS show your loyalty to the college by supporting your college paper. One way to do this is by paying your subscription.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF LAIGNEAU.

(A True Story of the Comstock Lode.)

GR^{EAT} was the excitement, even for that accustomed-to-be-excited town of Virginia City, one bright morning thirty years or more ago, when it was discovered that Laigneau had disappeared. No doubt there were many in that mining town who might have passed out of sight as suddenly and as completely as he had done without causing so much as a ripple on the stream of daily life; men were so busy there in the mad rush for wealth and in the madder round of unholy pleasure-seeking that they gave but little thought to each other's welfare. But Laigneau was well known and well liked by everybody; his little store on south C street, where he dealt in the finest teas, coffees and spices to be obtained anywhere in the State, had become a central meeting place for his French compatriots, as well as a resort for others who were attracted there by the genial, happy spirit of its proprietor; therefore, when, on this sunny morning, it was observed that the shutters guarding the door and window of his small shop were untaken down late in the morning, and that as the day wore on they still remained in their places, those most interested first wondered, then became alarmed, then began to make investigations.

As knocks, increasing in loudness and force until they might be termed bangs, failed to rouse any response, an anxious knot of his most particular friends determined to seek him at his lodging place.

Anyone at all familiar with Virginia City will easily recall the peculiarity of its situation on the steeply sloping side of Mt. Davidson, and the odd way in which many of its houses are built, owing to this peculiarity; some of them ambitiously stretching up in front from two to five stories, but scarcely counting as one in the rear; or vice versa, consisting of a modest one-story front, while in the rear four or five stories may be seen, unpainted, blackened by time, crossed by unsightly porches and tumble-down

staircases, giving a glimpse behind the scenes not especially pleasing. The house in which Laigneau made his home, or found his sleeping place rather, for his store was his real home, belonged to the former class; and in one of the rear rooms on the uphill side the little coffee merchant passed his sleeping hours. Behind the house the hill had been graded out sufficiently to make a small inclosure, or yard, and it was by way of this yard that access to Laigneau's room was most easy. Through this his anxious friends accordingly went. No door opened into the yard, but a low window of rather less than ordinary size did, and this window was now standing open as if for the letting in of air, the weather being still warm, though it was late in October. Hastening to the window, one of the party thrust his head through the opening, but drew quickly back with a horrified exclamation: "Laigneau's killed! Murder, murder has been done here!" and the others crowding around took the same view of the matter. The room was in the utmost disorder, and had evidently been the scene of a fierce struggle; the coverings had been pulled from the bed and now lay in the middle of the floor with various articles of wearing apparel. Immediately under the window was the long neck of a champagne bottle, the bulging part of which lay shattered in fragments on the floor, as if it had been used as a weapon of offense or defense, while a trail of blood drops led to the window and formed a clotted pool about the bottle neck. Surely, murder had been done; but a careful search of the room, an adjoining closet, the yard and the outbuildings, revealed no trace of their dead friend's remains. On a little stand by the head of the bed lay his gold watch and chain, both valuable; and from the litter on the floor the searchers picked up a well-filled purse. These facts proved conclusively that robbery could not have been the motive that instigated the crime; but if not robbery, what? Laigneau was known to be a man of good habits, most remarkably so when his surroundings were taken into consideration; and as for having an enemy, no one could believe

for a moment that so inoffensive a man as he could have one.

Still the fact remained, Laigneau was gone, and everything about his room indicated that he had been foully dealt with; the thing then to be done was to find out, if possible, the perpetrators of the crime and the disposition they had made of their victim's body. To aid in carrying out these schemes, the police were called in, and being as sharp-sighted and quick-witted as policemen usually are, they went characteristically to work; they examined everything in and about the missing man's room, turned inside out every pocket in every garment they could find, and searched his trunks and boxes for anything that might cast a light upon his disappearance. The most important things they found were only a photograph of a very pretty girl and some eloquent love letters written in a neat, feminine hand; but as these, letters and picture, had come all the way from sunny France, they did not do much towards settling the question as to why or how Laigneau had been murdered; for murdered he had certainly been—on this point all were agreed.

As the day wore on and nothing came to light that served to explain the mystery, the excitement became intense. The Mayor and City Board of Councilmen visited the scene of the supposed murder, tried to look wise and to make some suggestions that might be acted upon, but as they knew no more about the case than anybody else, their suggestions were of little practical value.

Groups of excited men gathered on the streets; the saloons done—if possible—a more thriving business than usual; and among the rougher element threats and talk of lynching were to be heard. Nothing would better have suited these dare-devil, lawless spirits than to pounce upon a victim and set him to "swinging his heels" from the frame of some old hoisting works; the only trouble was that they did not know whom to put in this unpleasant position.

Theories of all sorts were advanced as to the disposal of the missing man's remains; the one most generally credited and most satisfactory to

all, was that after he had been done to death, his murderers had thrown his body into some disused tunnel or shaft, of which there were many not far from the town. That he must have been dead before he was taken from his room, all felt sure, for no signs of a struggle were to be seen in any other place; the blood stains stopped at the window; not a footprint ever could be traced in the unyielding soil of the little yard; dead he must have been when taken away, beyond a doubt.

The most likely place in which to conceal a body was in some shaft or tunnel, and these must be searched, but with which to begin was difficult to decide. There were many of them and to explore all was a task requiring time and labor; still if necessary it must be done. But it was rapidly growing dark, for night comes on early in this mountain shadowed town; the zeal of all but the most energetic was beginning to cool, and the proposal to postpone the search until the following day was met with approval by all but a few of the most intimate friends of the missing man. They would not entertain for a moment the idea of allowing the night to pass without further effort to find their comrade; still, before proceeding further in the dusk—literally so by this time—they felt that they must try to obtain some special guidance. Most of them were ardent spiritualists—no double meaning intended—and quite skilled in the manipulation of the little board called Planchette, then newly come into use among the devotees to spiritualism; and from Planchette they now determined to seek tidings of their lamented friend. They repaired accordingly to the room of one of their number, formed a circle, found Planchette more than usually responsive, and were soon in brisk communication with the spirit of one Briar, a former comrade. Briar knew all about the taking off of Laigneau; he not only confirmed them in their belief that a foul murder had been committed, but gave also the details of the crime in the most harrowing manner—N. B.: a newspaper man was the medium of communication—then went on to tell of the disposition made by the

murderers of their victim's remains. The only things that Briar could not tell were the motive that led to the deed and by whom it was done.

"You will find all that's left of poor Laigneau at the bottom of the Blank shaft out on the Geiger Grade, just the other side of the Brewery," wrote Planchette by means of the newspaper man, and a sigh of relief rose from the anxious group at the mention of the Brewery. How thoughtful of the villains to make use of a shaft near so excellent a place of refreshment instead of selecting one in some dryer part of the Lode! Whether the mention of this well-known resort had the effect of stimulating their zeal and courage, I am not prepared to state; at any rate, they decided not to let any grass grow under their feet, but to go at once to the Blank shaft and see what there they might find; acting on this decision, they rushed around, procured lanterns and ropes and induced half a dozen hardy miners to accompany them, to aid in exploring the long disused shaft. So much stir did they make in the course of their prepara-

tions that their numbers steadily increased, and his Honor, the Mayor, and one of his Board of Councilmen, becoming suddenly animated with the same spirit, determined to go with the searching party. Of course these dignitaries could not be expected to go on foot on such a long trip, so a carriage was called for them; and about eight in the evening the procession filed out of the town on the historic Geiger Grade, its number steadily increasing as it passed through the lighted streets before reaching the grade.

Slowly and majestically the searchers made their way, preceded by several who acted as torchbearers, until they reached the spot where they expected to find the remains of their friend. Here they paused heroically—the Brewery was just around the next turn in the crooked grade, but duty first and pleasure afterwards, was the stern mandate of the Mayor, who, by virtue of his office, took upon himself to act as leader; and preparations for searching the shaft were at once begun.

[Concluded in Next Issue.]

THE DISCOVERY OF THE COMSTOCK.

THE stranger in Virginia City, while confronted on all sides by the ruin and desolation of the place, cannot but feel that his surroundings are of rare historic interest.

The Comstock Lode—Virginia City and Gold Hill—is world-famed as the greatest mining camp the world ever saw. It was the vast and timely production of the precious metals that enabled the Government to resume specie payments at a critical period—the close of the war—and its wealth has done not a little in shaping the destiny of the nation. It was in a great degree the laboratory in which the science of modern silver mining was brought to its present state of perfection, and it has afforded rare opportunities for the enlightenment of science on many mooted mining questions. While all this is universally known, a general ignorance of the story of its discovery and development

seems to prevail, and I shall attempt to give a short historical sketch of this intensely interesting narrative.

As the reader probably knows, Virginia City is situated on the eastern slope of Mount Davidson, just beneath the "croppings" of the great lode. The town extends in a southerly direction to the "Divide" which marks the northern boundary of Gold Hill.

This town is built in the canyon running south from the Divide. Three miles south of this is Silver City, and a continuation of the same canyon, here known as Gold Canyon, leads to Dayton, on the Carson River five miles below. The present site of Dayton was on the emigrant trail leading to California, and in the spring of 1850 a party of Mormon emigrants, bound for the "Land of Gold," found themselves snow-bound on the Carson river. In want of something better to do, they prospected for gold in this large canyon. Their efforts were rewarded

by the discovery of the yellow metal in the gravel of the creek which gave to the canyon the name it now bears.

Gravel mining was carried on in the canyon in a comparatively active manner, and resulted in the settlement of Dayton—then known as Chinatown and Johntown, a village of three hundred men, midway between Dayton and Silver City. But no one knew or suspected that the gold which they were saving was the outcrop of the "Comstock" Thus they worked on in the very shadow of this great "treasure store" until the winter of 1858-59, when Henry Thomas Page Comstock, familiarly known as "Old Pancake," who had been gold washing in a branch ravine, started out on a prospecting tour. On January 28, 1859, he, with James Finney (Old Virginia), struck and located several placer claims on the surface diggings where Gold Hill now stands. The dirt "prospected" well and the knoll, which consisted of a mass of decomposed quartz croppings, was named Gold Hill. The presence of underlying quartz was not, however, suspected.

Johntown was soon almost deserted for the new diggings and Gold Hill became the seat of the placer mining industry. A few weeks later the real discovery of the "Comstock" took place.

Peter O'Reilly and Patrick McLaughlin had been working in "Six Mile Canyon," which runs off in an easterly direction from the foot of Mt. Davidson. They had been experiencing hard luck and were making a final effort to get money enough to leave the country. Water for their metallurgical operations was scarce, so they went up on the mountain side to dig a pond in which to save the water from the melting snow. They dug down four or five feet and struck into the rich black sulphurets of the Ophir. This stuff being very different from anything they had yet encountered, they concluded to "prospect" and found it to be literally "lousy" with gold. They worked it quietly for several days, when T. H. P. Comstock, who was becoming opulent off the product of his Gold Hill property, happened along. He took in the situation at a glance and concluded that it was too good a

thing to stay out of, so he immediately began the task of impressing upon the rightful owners the understanding that they were working on his ground.

His victims, being of a confiding nature, agreed to compromise, and a company was formed, consisting of Comstock, his friends, James Finney and Emanuel Penrod, O'Rielly and McLaughlin. The company immediately took up 1,500 feet of ground on the lode, that portion now known as the Ophir and the Mexican mines. Comstock placed himself in authority and named the mineral vein the Comstock Lode—a name which has since become famous throughout the civilized world.

Thus it is seen that this great mineral vein receives its name, not from its discoverer, but from a subsequent explorer, much after the manner in which America was named after Amerigo Vespucci. But to return to the narrative. It soon leaked out that the diggings where the "company" was working were better than anything around. So a rush for the spot from surrounding camps took place and "pay" was found in many places. The town came to be called "Pleasant Hill," later "Mount Pleasant Point." These names were evidently not popular, as we find it called in August, 1859, "Ophir" and "Ophir Diggings." In October it was called "Virginia Town," but changed again to Wan-u-muc-a. It received the name it now holds in November, 1859, from James Finney ("Old Virginia"). The whole lode was soon located and proved to be fabulously rich. The members of the original "company" have all long since passed away, all dying comparatively poor. Their location passed from hand to hand until purchased by the "Mackey, Flood, Fair and O'Brien" combination.

The price paid was about \$80,000, but the investment made multi-millionaires of all of them. Their great wealth has been applied to the development of many resources throughout the country, but it is a noticeable fact that Nevada has received none of it.

The names of O'Riley and McLaughlin are seldom heard, even on the lode which owes its discovery to them and which has added over \$500,000,000 in gold and silver to the currency of the world.

E. D. B.

A SKETCH OF TENNYSON.

WHEN the old class of singers, represented by Wordsworth, Scott and Byron, had finished their work, there arose another class of poets represented by Alfred Tennyson, who is acknowledged as its head master, and as Leigh Hunt says, "is the most musical of a nest of nightingales." The leading characteristic of this new school is the "refinement of art which they carry into their poetic treatment."

Like Pope, Alfred Tennyson might have said of himself:

"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

He wrote his first verses on a slate given him by an older brother, who was much surprised when he read the lines, and on handing the slate back, said: "Well, you can write!"

A few years later the youthful poet wrote some lines on the death of his grandmother, for which he received ten shillings from his grandfather, who said to him: "There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and mark my word for it, it will be the last;" but Tennyson does not seem to have marked the prophecy of his grandfather, for few, if any, poets have received so much money for their verses. His first collection of poems, published in 1830, although full of promise, was received with coldness or censure by the critics. Tennyson reached the top of the ladder, not like Byron, "who awoke one morning and found himself famous," but by patience and hard work. "He held his peace," says Taine. "For ten years no one saw his name in a review, but when he appeared again before the public his books had made their way alone and under the surface, and he passed at once for the greatest poet of his country. "His fame was increased by his next two poems, 'The Princess' and 'In Memoriam.'" The latter was written in memory of Henry Hallam, a college friend, the betrothed of Tennyson's sister, and the son of the historian. "This poem is his most intellectual and individual work, a great song of sorrow and consolation." How many sad hearts

have felt the truth of the poet's words when he says:

"I hold it true, what e'er befall;
I feel it where I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

In 1851 our master singer was raised to the dignity of a Poet Laureate, succeeding Wordsworth in this office. In 1855 he published "Maude," a sort of parlor "Hamlet;" then a few years afterward appeared "The Idylls of the King." They were based on the Celtic legends of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round-Table. Included in these idylls are "Elaine" and "Enid," the two most beautiful of all. The character of Enid is so well drawn that one almost imagines he knows her. "Enid the Fair," whom a grateful people named "Enid the God."

The laureate's next poem was "Enoch Arden," not so good as the "Idylls," but still a splendid poem. After this his writings are said to decline in poetic powers, and two dramas written about this time are said to be failures. The same, however, cannot be said of his drama entitled "The Foresters," which has been played in New York. The critics tell us that on account of its adventure, exploits, chivalry and vagabondish spirit of gypsy frolic it has gained a hearty welcome.

This drama, together with a little poem entitled "To Sleep," prove that his poetic genius did not decline even to the last. Where can you find simpler or prettier verse than this:

"Sleep, mournful heart, and let the
past be past!

Sleep, happy soul! All life will sleep
at last.

To sleep! To sleep!"

In 1883 Queen Victoria raised Tennyson to the peerage, with the title of baron and a seat in the House of Lords. Tennyson is the only poet who was made peer solely as a recognition of his literary work. Carlyle says of him: "Alfred is one of the few British or foreign figures who are and remain beautiful, to me—a true human soul, to whom your own soul can say—brother!"

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA VS. UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA.

SCORE TWENTY TO SIX.

SATURDAY, November 27th, was the day of the great game. Nevada was defeated, but we do not consider it a defeat. We supposed we were to play Berkeley's second eleven; at least three of the men they sent up here should have been U. C. 'Varsity men. The game, however, was intensely interesting. For twenty minutes neither side could make a gain. Then Berkeley commenced using the heavy play of guards back. Their victory is due to this play, a fumble by Thompson and a poor tackle by Finlayson. Nevada's team work was much the better. For the Nevada boys, Moorman, Brule, Keddie and Finlayson did the best work. Thompson bucked the line hard, otherwise his play was poor. McCarran proved a weak man on the team. Kearsburg's punting was exceptionally fine. Bender played a fine game.

THE GAME IN DETAIL.

Both teams came onto the field at 2 o'clock. Berkeley won the toss and chose the south goal. Carman kicked to Berkeley's ten-yard line, Kearsburg ran ball in ten yards and was downed, Berkeley tries end runs but makes no gain. California then resorts to mass plays, gaining five yards. Next three downs no gain, and the ball goes to Nevada on downs.

Nevada loses ten yards twice on off side plays. Ball on Nevada's thirty-yard line, Finlayson kicks forty yards, Ellis catches ball, but downed in his tracks by Keddie. Berkeley still holds to mass plays and runs ball up the field, but it goes to Nevada on five-yard line on downs. Finlayson punts thirty-five yards, Kerfoot catches ball, Berkeley resorts to old tactics, tries quarter kick and fumbles it and Keddie gets ball and makes a gain of fifteen yards before being downed.

Nevada gains on bucks through the line and aggregates a gain of twenty yards, but loses the ball on the fifty-yard line.

Berkeley runs the ball up the field by short dives through the line, but loses it on a fumble on the thirty-yard line. Hayes, by a double pass, gains thirty yards on a splendid run without interference before being downed, the ball is fumbled, Kerfoot falling on it.

Berkeley takes the ball up the field by short end runs, bucks through the line and gains a touchdown. Time, twenty-five minutes, Bender kicks goal. Score—California 6, Nevada 0.

Carman kicks off, Guiberson catches the ball and runs it in five yards, and is downed by Keddie. Kearsburg kicks thirty yards, Thompson misses catch, but falls on ball. Nevada gains ten yards by bucking the line. Berkeley gets the ball on downs, fumbles in the next two downs, losing three yards. Kearsburg punts high, runs ahead of ball, putting his men on side, but Collier fumbles and Keddie gets the ball.

Nevada's ball on thirty-five-yard line, but makes no gain on the next two downs. Finlayson kicks forty yards, Kerfoot runs it in twenty yards, Nevada gets the ball on a quarter kick on the twenty-yard line, Gignoux gains four yards by bucking through the center, but Nevada fails to gain in the next two downs. Finlayson kicks thirty-five yards, Keddie tackling Kerfoot hard in his tracks.

Berkeley's ball on Nevada's fifty-five-yard line, Kearsburg kicks forty-five yards, Thompson fumbles, Ellis falling on the ball and leaving it on Nevada's ten-yard line, Berkeley rushing it over for a touchdown. Berkeley attempts to kick out, but the ball is blocked. Score—California 10, Nevada 0. End of first half.

SECOND HALF.

The teams change goals; Brule is substituted for Hayes in the Nevada team.

Kearsburg kicks forty yards, Finlayson catches the ball and runs in seventeen yards, Nevada gains five yards by sending Moorman around

the end, Thompson bucks through the center for three yards gain and Moorman gains four yards. Ball on Nevada's thirty-five-yard line, Moorman gains two yards through the center.

Then the star play of the day was made—a fake buck through the center—from which, with excellent interference by Brule, Leavitt, Keddie and Moorman, Finlayson made a run of seventy-five yards, ending in a touchdown after three minutes of play. The credit for the run is due to a great extent to "Baby" Brule, who put Kearsburg out of the play just as he was to make a fatal tackle. Finlayson kicks a goal. Score—California 10, Nevada 6.

Kearsburg kicks off fifty yards, Moorman runs it in twenty yards, Keddie gains five yards, Thompson gains three yards through the center.

Nevada makes no gains by bucks on the line, Finlayson kicks forty yards, Kerfoot fumbles and is downed in his tracks, Kearsburg punts forty-five yards, Finlayson is downed, Brule gains eight yards around the end, California gains the ball on downs.

By guards back and bucks by Ellis, Castlehun and Collier California gains ten yards, Nevada gets ball on downs on her five-yard line, Finlayson kicks, but hits goal post, and California gets ball on Nevada's twenty-five-yard line.

By guards back, California breaks through Nevada's line, Ellis frees himself and is tackled by Finlayson, but for once Dan misses his man and Ellis makes a touchdown, Bender fails to

kick goal. Score—California 14, Nevada 6.

Carman kicks off to forty-yard line, Kerfoot goes to return it, but Keddie blocks the punt, Kearsburg kicks thirty yards, Allen gets ball and Kearsburg kicks again thirty yards, Berkeley, by her guards back formation, rushes the ball down for a touchdown by Ellis thirty minutes after the beginning of the second half, Bender kicks goal. Score—California 20, Nevada 6.

Carman kicks off fifteen yards, Dickson catching ball, Kearsburg kicks twice, fifteen and thirty yards, Nevada makes short gains through the line. Time up, with ball on fifty-yard line.

Final score—California 20, Nevada 6.

BERKELEY.		NEVADA.	
Dunbar, 173.....	Center.....	Carmen, 180	
Guiberson, 230.....	Left Guard.....	Pratt, 184	
Dickson, 183.....	Left Tackle.....	Leavitt, 167	
Collier, 160.....	Left End.....	McCarran, 140	
Hooper, 190.....	Right Guard.....	Gignoux, 170	
Castlehun, 172.....	Right Tackle.....	Chism, 164	
Allen, 155.....	Right End.....	Keddie, 166	
Bender, 150.....	Quarter Back.....	Finlayson, 140	
Ellis, 150.....	Left Half.....	{ Hayes, 150	
		{ Brule, 145	
Kerfoot, 130.....	Right Half.....	Moorman, 160	
Kearsburg, 165.....	Full Back.....	Thompson, 160	
		Collier and Finlayson, Captains.	

Substitutes for Berkeley—Wolf, Julien, Geisendorfer, Newhall.

Substitutes for Nevada—Dunsdan, Brown, Ferguson.

Umpire—Professor Phillips.

Referee—Professor Charles Brown.

Linemen—John Fulton, Jr. and Al. Helmold.

CAMPUS.

Professor Ring was on the campus on the 27th.

Say, Emery, what did you do with the white stockings?

Mrs. Evan Williams visited her daughter, Enid, on the 27th.

The battalion turned out on the 29th in honor of W. G. Curtis, who delivered the dedicatory address at the opening of the Mechanical building.

Miss Susie Tredway, '97, was on the campus on the 27th.

What is the matter with our football team? They're all right, you bet, every time.

We suppose everyone has heard that Art is going to become a chimney sweep before long.

Honorable G. W. Richard and wife of Carson, father and mother of Richard, '99, and Richard, '01, came down to take in the football game.

P. Y. Gillson, Commercial '97, was down to the football game last Saturday.

E. E. Caine, '94, principal of the Wadsworth school, took in the football game on the 27th.

Miss Victoria Godfrey, '97, was down from Empire to see the football game and the minstrels.

Professor Lewers delivered the assembly lecture November 17th. Subject: "A Great Convention."

F. M. Linscott, '96, has again returned and is taking Mines with the seniors. "We can't lose you Scotty."

Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada addressed the student body and reviewed the battalion on November 18th.

H. C. Cutting, '92, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, came down from Carson on the 27th to take in the football game and minstrels.

Miss Minnie Bishop, ex-'98, is to make her debut on the stage in San Francisco in "Her Face Is Her Fortune." We wish her the best of success.

Assembly lecture of December 1st was delivered by Rev. Unsworth of the Department of Greek. Subject: "Decipherment of Cuneiform Inscriptions."

Much credit should be given to Professor N. E. Wilson and F. P. Dann, members of the Reno Dramatic Company, for their help to the University minstrels.

Miss Anna H. Martin, head of the History Department, left here on the evening of the 24th to be present at the Berkeley-Stanford football game. Miss Martin is a graduate of Stanford, '97, and is an ardent admirer of football.

Otto Williams, '96, was on the campus for a few days last week.

Regent Starratt took in the football game and remained over for a few days.

Many people from Wadsworth, Virginia and Carson took in the football game.

Students should remember those business houses that closed for the football game.

Miss Emily Sparks, Normal '97, has been engaged to teach school in White Pine county.

J. B. O'Sullivan took a trip to Wadsworth on the 30th in the interest of the University minstrels.

The University minstrels expect to play at Wadsworth December 4th and later on in Virginia and Carson.

Miss Mamie Tannahill of Virginia was a guest of her sister, Miss Flo Tannahill, Normal '98, for a couple of days last week.

F. R. Carpenter, Commercial '95, and wife were on the campus last week. Fred is now superintendent of Professor Jackson's cyanide plant at Silver City.

On the 26th Miss Maggie Donahue, Normal '97, passed through Reno from Buffalo Meadows, where she had been teaching, to accept a position as teacher in the Yerington school.

Tom Pearce and Miss Marie Richards of Virginia, Hal Howe, Tom and Jim Easton, Miss Howe and Alfred Sadler of Carson and Ed O'Brien of Wadsworth spent Thanksgiving at their homes.

At the general assembly on the 24th S. B. Doten, president of the senior class, read President McKinley's Thanksgiving proclamation and Miss Lounsbury, president of the senior Normal, read the Governor's. Dr. Stubbs delivered the Thanksgiving address.

THE JOSHER.

What is Miss B——s motto? "There is always room for Moorman."

Well, who are you anyway? Pretty near guessed it. Guess again.

How did Mr. M—— and Mr. C—— enjoy their "sweets from the sweet?"

What kind of a man does Miss K—— like best? Oh, I don't know, but I hear he plays center on the 'varsity.

I would advise the co-eds to keep away from the new Mechanical building, as one of our innocent, well-meaning co-eds got "shocked" over there last Monday.

Why did "parson" go home so soon after the minstrels the other eve? Was it because "his feet were cold" or because the older brother, about 4 feet 1 inch, was waiting for him around the corner?

Who is the student at Lincoln Hall that after preparing for bed at 7:30 struts around the hall with a high silk hat on giving thanks for having learned "something new" about algebra and geometry?

G. I. J——, J. B. J——, J. S——, Jr., T. M—— and G. B—— are all after the same Bru(n)ette. Don't give up boys on your life, for she's well worth the strife, although of each I've heard her say "your name is Maud without the 'a.'"

It is said that a few days since some very thoughtful person placed this moral in glaring red letters over a recitation room in Stewart Hall: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." As soon as the Professor arrived he removed the obnoxious letters, muttering at the same time, "Never in my life have I practiced what this moral teaches, and I am too old to begin now." Amen.

Why is Miss C—— so fond of "El Capitan?"

Our anarchist preacher, Rev. James G——, has taken to the stage. Well! is the stage crying over it?

Lost, strayed or stolen—One new cook book, branded —. W., '98, on left hip. Finder please return to —. P., '99.

Corns, warts, etc. removed without pain by calling upon Dr. J. B. J——. Office, Room 35, Lincoln Hall. Hours, all.

We are glad to see that that contract signed between B——, '99, and W——, '98, in reference to a '99 co-ed is being lived up to.

One of the '99 co-eds is troubled with "an infiltration of the oil glands, with bacteria due to malassimilation or perverted nutrition."

One of our students lately asked a professor "What is justice?" Imagine his surprise when the professor answered "Never heard of the word before."

Wanted—An apology. Anyone having the same will confer a favor on the professor of the English Department by leaving at his room in Stewart Hall.

One of the U. of N. minstrels "cracked" the following joke: "He who would hit me would hit a woman." The audience saw the truth of the statement and the desired encore was not given.

The latest is that the "beautiful trio" will soon appear before the people of Reno in "Our Faces Are Our Fortunes." After diligent inquiry we find the principals to be D. E. B——, J. O. B. S—— and A. L——. All should be sure and take it in.

HOW MAY COLLEGE SPIRIT BEST BE SHOWN?

THE question of college spirit is one that naturally concerns every student, and the question of the best means of showing it contains food for serious reflection.

The majority of modern college students seem to think that it consists in making noise, disturbing the peace of the town, etc., but anyone who has given any thought whatever to this subject cannot fail to see the error of this view.

Most assuredly, enthusiasm is a commendable quality, but there are different kinds of enthusiasm, and there is a proper time for showing it.

On the athletic field, in class and intercollegiate contests of any kind, there is nothing more commendable than enthusiasm, although it may easily be carried to extremes. The student should never forget that he is a gentleman, and he should act accordingly. He should remember that his class or college can win a victory by courteous treatment as well as by excellence in athletic or other contests.

Again, the moral conduct of a student shows his true college spirit. Let him be a moral young man and let him strive to scatter broadcast this spirit among his fellow students. There is nothing that tends to advance an institution

in the estimation of the general public as much as its moral standing, and to gain a sound moral standing we must have the spirit infused into the minds of our students.

The feeling of strict honesty in all things is one which we should expect to see cultivated in a college, yet it is often times found wanting.

An example of this standing out in bold relief is the practice of "cribbing" in examinations. The true college spirit is the spirit that would not deign to notice a man who would deliberately in this manner steal his way through school. And yet, how many, not only of our own students, but those of higher and older institutions, do this very thing at every opportunity, until it has become almost second nature with them.

Another attribute of college spirit is good scholarship. A college student who takes pride in his institution by striving to attain the highest excellence in his subjects will not only spur his associates on to better work but some day reflect credit upon his alma mater.

In general, it may be said that the very essence of college spirit is earnestness, combined with honesty. The student who is earnest in athletics, earnest in the class room, earnest in everything that pertains to college life, shows the true college spirit. Z.

EXCHANGE.

The outside appearance of *The Sagamore* is not in keeping with the excellence of its contents.

Chicago University will soon construct a new gymnasium. Its dimensions will be 100x800 feet.—*Ex.*

The Tennessee University *Magazine* this month contains views of the University buildings and those of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition.

Friday, December 3d, is the date of the Harvard-Yale debate.

It will be some time before all this talk about Klondike becomes "ore."—*Ex.*

Columbia has a total of 297 professors, instructors, lecturers and tutors.—*Ex.*

There was a young girl in our choir,
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till it reached such a height,
It was clear out of sight,
And they found it next day on the spoir.—*Ex.*

One of the events of interest at Princeton is a whist tournament that begins this week.—*Ex.*

What tune did Nero play while Rome was burning? "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."—*Ex.*

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Perkins?"
Mr. Perkins (hesitatingly)—"I don't think I ever attended one."—*Ex.*

The requirements of Johns Hopkins University have been such that but 784 of 2796 students have obtained degrees.

"All is over between us!" she cried,
But quick she discovered her blunder;
A giggle beneath the settee
Soon showed there was still something under.
—*Ex.*

A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in a phial,
And in a brief while
They found his front teeth and one cough.—*Ex.*

At Cornell the upper classmen have passed resolutions to the effect that freshmen shall not smoke pipes upon the streets of Ithaca, nor upon the campus, nor carry canes while on the campus, and under no conditions can they wear silk hats.—*Ex.*

The Central High School Review of Washington, D. C., has the following as an explanation of a few technical terms of the gridiron:

A "V"—\$5.

"Hitting the line"—a term used in pitching pennies.

"Full back"—part lacking in a girl's dress.

"Quarter back"—payment of a 25-cent debt.

"End"—The most acceptable part of an unprepared recitation.

"Tackle"—A fisherman's outfit.

"Flying wedge"—often seen in an Irish fight.

Up to the present date Princeton has scored 340 points to their opponents' 0, Harvard 227 to 5, Yale 164 to 35, Cornell 91 to 38, Pennsylvania 422 to 14.—*Ex.*

We had a dream the other night,
When all around was still;
We dreamt that each subscriber came
Right up and paid his bill.—*Ex.*

President Eliot of Harvard has issued a statement favoring the game of football and condemning the bill passed by the Georgia Legislature to prohibit the game.—*Ex.*

Little thoughts of poetry,
Little words of verse,
Help to fill the column,
And all our woes disperse.—*Ex.*

The American Philosophical Society offers a prize of \$2,000 for the best essay on the development of the law as illustrated by the decisions relating to the police power of the United States. The essay is limited to 100,000 words and must be submitted anonymously by May 1, 1899.—*Palo Alto.*

The elective system is working very successfully at Cornell. Several surprises have been developed. Latin and Greek have more than held their own; mathematics has gained instead of losing, as was expected, and rhetoric has not lost nearly so much as was expected. In general results, the classics have not lost nor the sciences gained by the change.—*Ex.*

On the wars of the Gauls and the Romans
Great Cæsar a book did compose.

And then in the Roman Forum

He was murdered by deadly foes.

But his work, it still is with us,

We must read it every day;

And that book by the verdant freshmen

Is murdered in every way.—*Ex.*

A BROKEN DREAM.

Dreaming I sit; I hear the lark's blithe song
 Out in the meadow where the poppies are;
 I hear the clarion of the cock afar.—
 All fades! I think of home I've left so long,
 I hear the dear ones speak my mother tongue,
 And nothing seems this lovely dream to mar.
 I see my home again,—the piercing spar
 Of many a mighty ship at anchor swung
 At seaport town—my home! I lose all thought
 Of present time; of Lethe's cup I've drunk
 So that the time of Now is merged with Then.
 But what dread sound is that? I hear again
 Some words I hate! I know that I shall flunk
 In French! For dreaming I've again been caught.
 —*Sequoia.*

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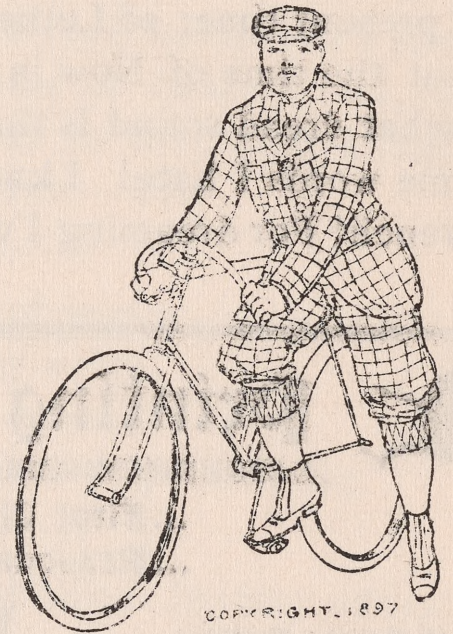
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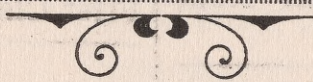


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