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December 15, 1897.

The Student Record

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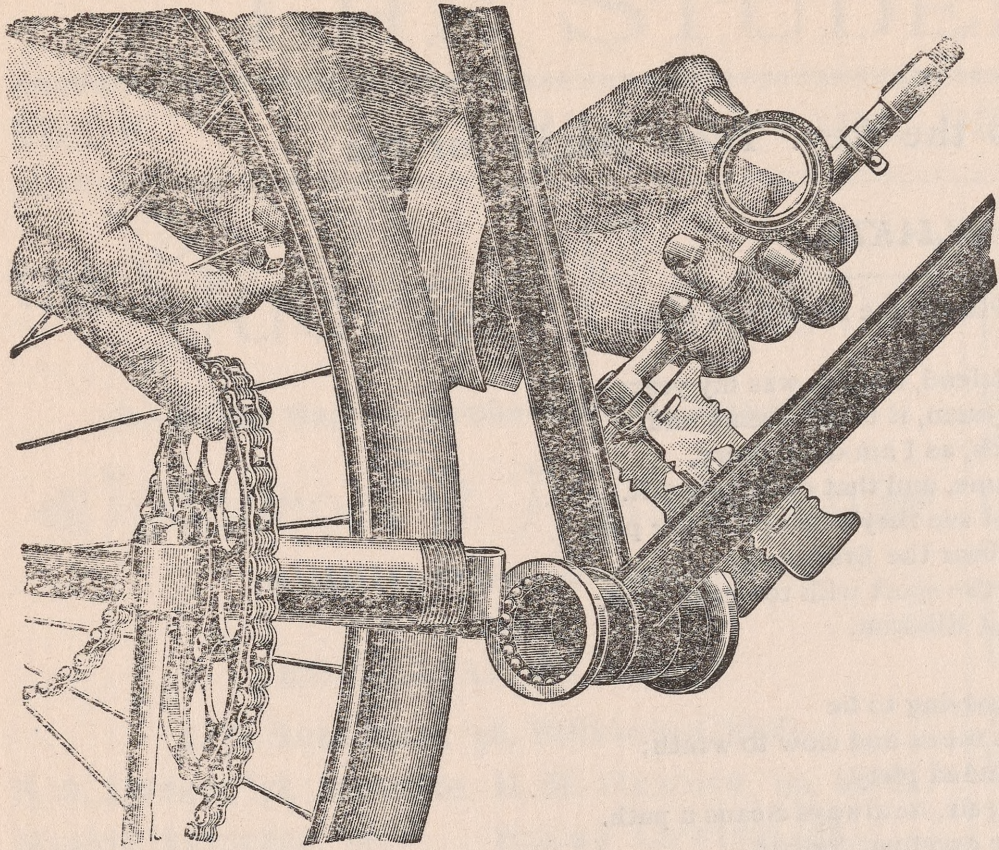
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We are indebted to the Rev. Thos. Magill for the following:

ELIAKIM.

[Manley H. Pike in the New York Sun.]

YES, I'm a college man, my friend, and '50 was my year;
Yet, as a Christian clergyman, it really seems unfit
That I should view a football match, as I am doing here,
But I've a son who's in the game, and that quite alters it.
Look, that is he at tackle, there—I see they've stopped the play
To put a fresh man opposite and bear the first away.
I sometimes fear my boy pursues the sport with too much vim,
For no one ever lasts a half against Eliakim.

A serious youth, Eliakim—he's studying to be
A parson like his father—he is meek and slow to wrath;
A truly perfect type of humble-minded piety,
But when he bucks the center, sir, he always cleans a path.
The lad keeps his old Adam under excellent control,
Tho I think it rises when he has to tear a hole,
And those who fancy serious youths effeminate and prim
Should try to make their distance through my son Eliakim.

And even I, if some stout back comes charging at the line
(Tho well I know that body is to spirit but as dross),
Can hardly choose but cheer for that Eliakim of mine,
Who heaves him up and hurls him off and downs him for a loss.
It is a trivial cause of pride—but yet they say that few
Can break up interference as Eliakim can do.
It is the merest vanity; but yet, when things look grim,
The man they give the ball to is my son Eliakim.

What's that? Fourth down? They're lining up not five yards from our goal,
And only half a minute's play before the game will close!
The score's a tie—we've got the ball, you say? Then, on my soul,
They'll surely send Eliakim—yes, bless him, there he goes!
He's started well—he'll strike them as he tackles—low and hard—
He's going to make his play between the center and the guard.
I trust that center and that guard are sound in wind and limb,
For, were they unshorn Samsons, they'd not stop Eliakim!

He's through—of course—but now's the time he's got to face the worst,
They have their backs to meet him, tho' the line has let him by,
Don't wait to dodge—don't try to trip—go into them head first—
Give that big man your shoulder, quick, and smite him hip and thigh?
That's good—he's past—now, do the same for each and every one,
And run for all and every bit that's in your legs, my son!
They're coming up behind you and your chance is growing slim—
Oh, run for your old father's sake, my boy, Eliakim!

Too late—they're up in front of him—they're closing all around—
He's made a noble gain, but it is all that he will get.
There! Down at last—and still he goes—he's crawling on the ground.
There are'nt enough to hold him, and the lad will do it yet!
He'll do it yet—he's plowing on right through the thickest pack!
He'll do it yet—he's carrying half their team upon his back!
He's done it! Habet! Habet! We have won, and all through him!
'Rah! Whoop her up for '50 and my son Eliakim!

THE STUDENT RECORD.

VOL. V.

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WING to the holiday vacation, the next issue of the RECORD will not appear until January 15, 1898. Although we are a little early, nevertheless we have caught the spirit of the season, and wish each and every one of our readers a Merry Christmas.

○ ○ ○

SHORT while ago a football game between our third eleven and the Reno High School eleven took place on our football

field. These games should be encouraged by all, as it is from these "youngsters" that our future 'Varsity is to come. One thing we admire, (?) though, is the fact that some of our students rooted against their own representatives. This action might be excused in the case of a Freshman, but when it comes to Sophs and Juniors we object. When a student enters the University, he is supposed to leave the public school behind and begin anew, as it were, in that University world of which so much is said nowadays.

○ ○ ○

IN its issue of December 6th the *Carson News* again comes at us under the head of "University Hoodlums" and says it does not believe that the leading people of Reno were with the students in giving their yell in the theater. We do not care whether the brainy(?) writer for the *News* believes it or not, but nevertheless it is so. One thing is certain, the writers on that paper know nothing of college life or customs. In regard to the T. H. P. O., if we are not very much mistaken, all of the charges made against the order, with the exception of two or three, were shown to be utterly without any foundation of truth. In the case of the two or three, it was admitted that some of the students were guilty of the charges as preferred, and as the T. H. P. O. was the only secret society in the University, the inference was drawn that that order was responsible for the acts.

We would like to ask, as we do not think that the *News* acts for the best interests of the University, why it is so hostile to the University. Is it because the University is not situated in Carson, or is it on account of some personal grievance of the editor?

○ ○ ○

EVERYONE receiving the RECORD is requested to remit the subscription price before January 10th, or order the paper discontinued.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF LAIGNEAU.

(A True Story of the Comstock Lode.)

Continued From Last Issue.

DAINTFULLY, wearily toiling towards the welcome light the flickering torches shed around, a drooping figure made its way from a point above the grade, and came out upon the same at only a short distance from the excited group around the mouth of the old shaft. So far away they seemed to this poor, tired man that he almost gave up the effort to reach them; the light dazzled his eyes, and he stopped occasionally, scarcely knowing whether to go on or to lie down by the side of the road and die. Still the voices borne on the circling breeze seemed friendly in their tone and to draw him on in spite of his weariness. Why such a group should have congregated in this unlikely spot he was too weak and worn even to consider at first; but as a renewed exertion brought him to the straggling outskirts of the group, his curiosity revived and he feebly asked what had brought them there.

"Eh, what! what d'ye say?" asked the man addressed; then the light of the swaying torch he held fell full upon the face of his questioner. "Blankety blank! blank! blank! blank!" he yelled at the top of his voice. "Here's a go, boys! Laigneau, boys! Laigneau!! Here he is, boys! Here he is! No need to go down that blanked old shaft to look for him; here's the man we're after, and no more dead than any of us."

At this everybody crowded around the newcomer, and as the truth came home to all that this was indeed Laigneau, Laigneau in the flesh, though nearly exhausted from fright, fatigue and lack of food, a cheer burst forth that should have shaken Mt. Davidson's very base, if it did not. Too dazed and weary to answer any questions then, they put him into the carriage with the Mayor and the Councilman, and all escorted him back to the town, forgetting all about the brewery, whose lights were twinkling brightly just around the bend in the road.

On the way back to town Laigneau's disappearance and unexpected reappearance formed, as a matter of course, the chief theme of conversation. Excited conjectures as to the cause of both and expressions of gratification at the result were on every tongue; only the disciples of Planchette seemed troubled and thoughtful. True, they had found Laigneau at the blank shaft, but not a lifeless corpse at its bottom as Briar had told them they would. Sorrowfully they discussed the matter in the tones and words of those whose confidence has been rudely shaken. What could they believe in now that Planchette had gone back on them? Finally one of their number, Dr. W., who had been more silent than the others for some time, burst out with, while a look of relief and satisfaction spread over his face, "I have it, boys! I have it! It wasn't Planchette's fault; it's that — Briar! He always was a confounded liar, and it aint at all likely that his nature's changed just because he's dead and gone to hell, is it? He's just been ringing in some more of his — lies on us; that's what's the matter."

This seemed a most satisfying conclusion, and they marched on with the air of those from whose breasts doubt has forever been removed, all but the newspaper man; he smiled to himself knowingly in the dark and jogged away, but said nothing.

After a square meal, served up in the old French Rotisserie's best and Frenchiest style, Laigneau became in a measure himself again; still he seemed to hesitate about telling the story all were so anxious to hear, and it was only after repeated and prolonged urging that he at last consented to do so. Even then he looked around from time to time as if apprehensive of danger, and spoke in low, subdued tones.

His story was substantially as follows: He had gone to his room at his usual hour for retiring on the night that was to prove so eventful a one; had gone to bed almost at once, and had quickly fallen asleep, to dream happy dreams of the pretty girl who was soon to become his wife. From these dreams he had suddenly

been aroused with the feeling that somebody was in the room near him. In a moment more the doubt became a certainty as a rude hand seized him by the throat with an almost deadly grip; at the same moment he heard whispered words, but in a language unfamiliar to him. No coward he, and he made a brave struggle for his life, as his disordered room testified. He succeeded in springing from his bed, only to be overpowered by his assailants when he had done so. They forced him to dress, after a fashion, then bound him hand and foot and gagged him; then drew a gunny sack over his head and shoulders and bound it securely about his waist. He had heard the crack of the breaking bottle and an exclamation of pain, but thought it an accident by which one of the intruders had suffered, as no positive violence had been offered him.

After being bound, he was taken through the window and the yard and soon found himself placed helplessly on the back of some animal, his feet being unbound for the purpose. One of his kidnappers walked on each side of the animal to lead him and to prevent their prisoner from escaping, and in this manner they left the town, but in what direction Laigneau had no means of knowing. That it was a weary, toilsome ride, over a rough, hilly road, he was painfully aware, as well as that it was one that it seemed to him would never end. All things end, however, and just as the day was breaking a halt was made. Laigneau was placed on the ground in a state of exhaustion from fright and fear. The sack was removed from his head and shoulders, but he was neither unbound nor ungagged. The cold air of a frosty October morning chilled him through and through, and with fear added, fairly froze the blood in his veins. The spot where he found himself—a broad, level barren plain—was entirely unfamiliar to him, but after a little, as his senses began again to quicken, he thought he could recognize in some peculiar-shaped peaks not far away those of Mt. Davidson, but Mt. Davidson from a point very different from any at which he had before seen it.

After they had removed the sack from his head, his captors withdrew a short distance and joined a group of men who were standing near a dying fire which they had evidently kindled some time before for warmth. A villainous-looking group they seemed to Laigneau, Mexicans, "Greasers" he termed them, beyond a doubt, but for what purpose they had brought him to that lonely spot was entirely beyond his powers of calculation. For murder! for robbery! for ransome! Who would pay a ransome for him? For robbery! Of what could he, who had neither money nor valuables with him, be robbed? For murder! Why should they wish to murder him, who, so far as he knew, had never seen one of the party before, and surely had never injured one of them? These thoughts passed but sluggishly through his bewildered brain, for he was still too dazed and benumbed with the cold to think connectedly.

Soon the sun came up, kindling all things into renewed life, and bringing some slight measure of relief to poor Laigneau himself, even though the brighter light enabled him to note more clearly the evil appearance of his enemies, their determined looks, and above all, the weapons with which they were plentifully supplied. They seemed in no especial hurry to do whatever they were intending to do, but were evidently holding a consultation about their victim. After what seemed hours to the latter, one of the group, a man passed middle age, who by his manner of authority and his stern countenance seemed to be their leader, came towards him, in one hand holding a vicious looking bowie knife, the other grasping the handle of a revolver stuck into his belt.

Laigneau felt that his last hour had come, the cold sweat stood in great drops on his forehead, while chills colder than any he had felt before went creeping down his back. He tried to pray, but no words would come either to his voice or to his mind. He had struggled into some kind of sitting posture, and from this position watched the approaching murderer—as he supposed him to be—with fixed, staring eyes. Nearer came the swarthy Mexican, while be-

hind him followed all the others, their eyes gleaming with vindictive eagerness to see their captive made an end of. Up stepped the leader, gleaming knife in uplifted hand, ready to strike the fatal blow, when a sudden change came over his face. A bewildered, baffled look succeeded to that of hate and murderous fury which had first disfigured it. He came a step nearer, scrutinized the face of the cowering man before him, then drew back, muttering in his foreign tongue. Rejoining his companions, he turned to the two who had brought Laigneau to that place, and seemed by his fierce speech and violent gestures to be pouring out his wrath upon them. Occasionally he would point to Laigneau, then stamp his foot and shake his clenched fists in their very faces, and said Laigneau, in telling the tale, "I know he swore and cursed fearful by the way his voice sounded, but I couldn't make out a word he said." The two against whom his wrath seemed so fiercely roused, after in vain trying to make themselves heard, wrapped their cloaks around them and stalked away in offended dignity, followed by the oaths and curses of the angry man, who, after they were well out of sight, seemed to grow calmer and to take counsel with the others.

Long before this Laigneau had heard the distant sound of the mining whistles from the other side of Mt. Davidson; hunger began to make its cravings felt, and although the sun was shining brightly on him, he still felt cold and miserable. At last, after what seemed an eternity to him, the old Mexican again approached, but this time with no threatening demonstrations. On the contrary, though, he again drew his knife, making use of it only to cut the bonds of his prisoner, after which he raised him to his feet, saying in tolerably good

English: "Senor, I am mucha sorry, but one mistake, one very bad mistake has been made. You are not the man I wanted; no, you are the wrong man. I will let you go home, but first you must stay where you are until the whistles blow for noon, then you may go, but dare not to go before. I am very sorry, Senor, to have so much inconvenienced you, but I can do no more."

He and his companions left at once; Laigneau watched them until they were out of sight, waited until he heard the welcome sound of the whistles, then started on his way home. Ordinarily he would have found no difficulty in making his way out from behind the mountain to some path or road that would take him into Virginia City, but now, faint from hunger, dazed and half out of his senses, he wandered about, not knowing where he was going, until night came on. A night spent in the darkness and cold of the mountains would in all probability have proved fatal to him. Dimly realizing this, he had made a more determined effort than before and had come out upon the hillside in time to see the welcome lights of the party who were in search of him.

His story told, he begged his friends not to leave him alone that night; nor would he consent again to occupy the room in which he had met such an unpleasant adventure, but chose one in an upper story in one of the tallest lodging houses he could find.

His shaken nerves never quite recovered their former tone, but he sent for the original of the pretty picture, married her, and they passed many happy years together.

The grasses have been growing on Laigneau's grave now for many years, but from the day of his disappearance to that of his death, no one, himself or others, ever knew the real cause of his abduction.

M. S. D.

BE YOURSELF.

OF greater price than rubies, of more value than countless jewels, is self-reliance both in the man and in the woman of to-day. It has been for countless ages the very

essence of every great and good nature. Has not every philosopher, as far back as Socrates, admonished man to know himself? What should follow more naturally than that man, knowing himself, should be himself, obey the

dictates of his higher nature, strive to do his duty, no matter what every other man in the world may say or think of him.

Self-reliance and character are inseparable. Neither one can exist without the other. They man the life-boat in every moral storm that sweeps over the soul. How pitiful that only the few trust to this safe and sure salvation, while the many, guided to the rocks of disaster by false beacon-lights, perish miserably.

Emerson says that there are two great evils which scatter our forces and make us the sport of every wind that blows. One of these is conformity. Man is a slave to custom and to his associates. When he is in solitude, it is easy to think his own thoughts, to be natural and true. But when he is out in the world he is apt to live after the world's opinion. It is so much less trouble to take a ready-made opinion than to make one for himself and then to stand by it.

Why is this true? Because we are a world of imitators, never content to be natural and ourselves, always wondering whether people will frown or smile on our actions. Let society once discover that a man is of this sort, and she becomes a tyrant. If he fears, he is doomed. Forever after must he bow before her shrine. He has lost his chance of being a leader. He is one of the mass.

Whoever saw a great man who cared what the world said or did? With utter simplicity he lives, true to his nature, doing his work independent of the scoffs of Mrs. Grundy. What happens? Does she scoff long? No, indeed. Where she cannot rule she serves, bows down and worships, and the multitude bow with her.

In every phase of life is this condition true? Take politics, for instance. Have the majority of men any good reason for belonging to a particular party? One man is a Republican because his father was, or his grandfather, and if it was good enough for them, it is for him, so he says. Or a few ring-leaders originate a new party for their own benefit. Pell-mell in rushes the mob, willing—nay, delighted—to be led blindfold, according to the caprices of their demagogues. Either they have no will or are

afraid to think for themselves. They prate of independence and self-reliance when they are merely tools and slaves.

Look into the profession we are just entering, for instance. Are not nearly all teachers bound down within certain narrow limits, under apparently inflexible rules? Is it not so much so nowadays as it used to be? Still, most teachers do not depend upon themselves as they should. One thing is certain. In no profession is self-reliance more absolutely needful. The true teacher must be all-wise, all-sufficient in herself, energetic, true to her higher ideal, else how can she teach truth. She must realize her capabilities. They must be many. She must be individual, not bound down to a text-book. In short, she must be possessed of a thousand virtues, all culminating in one prime requisite—a strong character. Experience may develop this, but the germs must first lie there.

And thus it is in every calling. There are laws of right living, of course. Every civilized being must observe them. But he should make these serve him, instead of his serving them. While assuming conventionalities, insofar as they will serve to make his relations with other men more enjoyable, be master of them and himself.

One objection to dependent people is that they do no particular good in the world. Doubtless they have noble and beautiful thoughts, but they keep them concealed within their own hearts. It is as if every man wore a mask, so difficult it is to judge a character from business or even social meetings. At your approach, on goes the mask. The man remains guarded for fear that you will as much as peer behind it. He is unnatural, always trying to appear different from what he really is. If he talks, it is on some trifling, irrelevant subject. He holds himself from you. If he gives an opinion, it is some other man's. Did you ever notice that we all quote and at all times, either from an author or from the newspaper or from the favorite of the day? Are we ashamed of our minds? It is mortifying to acknowledge, but so it would seem.

Without independence, an individual is the toy of circumstances. When fortune favors, he prospers; when she frowns he cringes. He cannot realize that he has been created for a particular purpose which he ought to fulfill, which he must accomplish before peace of mind can come to himself and harmony to life. In the scheme of creation there is a place for him. No one else was created for the place. No one else can fill it. Not realizing this he is dissatisfied. Aspires to some other man's rightful work, neglecting his own. Loses the beauty of each day in planning for the days to come. Unrest and misery are the result.

Day after day, Nature says to each of us: "Be yourself. Do your part." But we do not heed her. Have you ever been out in the country on some beautiful morning? Have you listened to the birds as they sang? And have you drawn deep down into your lungs the sweet, pure air? Have you watched for the first rays of the sun as he came, transforming every flower into a diamond-crowned queen and the heavens into a rainbow-colored dome? It was all beautiful and glorious, was it not? A hymn of praise and thanksgiving swelled your throat. You felt strong to do and become. There was your lesson before you and you did not know it. Why were you happy? Because all about you was happy. Every creature, content with doing its part, contributed to the universal harmony. Nothing was neglected, therefore nothing regretted. The moment with its

work and its reward was all in all.

So it is in the nature world. But it is said that man postpones or remembers. He does not live in the present, but, heedless of the riches that surround him, with reverted eye, laments the past or stands on tiptoe to foresee the future.

Would that we, too, like the roses, could be content and perfect every day and every hour. If we were, would we not be called successes? Perhaps not: "The world estimates men by what they have, not by what they are." "It cares too much for the form, the external covering of things, and doesn't look deep enough for the cause, the motive, the character." Because a man has no money, or does not hold a good position, is he necessarily a failure? How can he prevent circumstances? Full many a man and woman begins life under auspicious conditions. There comes a change. Perhaps there are children to care for, or fathers and mothers. Sickness and death may deter the progress, and we would say, mar the life. Need it be marred? Is not the humble man who bears up bravely, making himself a blessing to all about him far greater than the one to whom all things are made easy? To rise above adversity, to keep one's soul from dying, to be self-centered, is alike the most difficult and noble task that a human being can accomplish. A grand reward, contentment, blessing, a sense of having fulfilled his destiny will come to him who "strives to be himself, and knows that he who finds himself loses his misery." A. M. T. '97.

WOMAN IN ROMAN LIFE.

THE days of the Roman Republic show the brightest picture of the home life of the Romans. At that time the corruption which existed in public life had not crept into the home to destroy the harmony and sanctity. For the father, the home existed as a place of retirement and rest, and of association with his loved ones; for the children, it existed as a place of education and learning, as well as a nursery or playground.

Then, as now, the wife and mother made the home; around the matron the whole life of home clustered. In regard to home life, the difference between the Greek and the Roman woman is shown. Unrestricted except by custom which she herself had made, the Roman woman was free to go and come as she wished. By the Greeks, woman was held as a slave or menial, entirely at the mercy of her husband's whims, and had little or no voice in the management of the household.

Woman was considered as naturally subordi-

nate to man; but the Romans—let it be said to their honor—gave to her, as the matron, equal honor with the “pater familias,” that is, the master of the household. By the supervision of the slaves in all parts of the house, and by the superintendence even of the marketing and keeping of accounts, the Roman matron performed all the duties of the mistress of the household.

The duties of Roman matrons extended even into a realm which modern mothers do not often enter. They were the teachers of their children, boys and girls alike. In the middle classes, oftener than not, they were the children’s only instructors. In the latter days of the Republic and in the Empire, schools were established; these were frequented more by children of the middle classes than by those of the noble classes.

Up to the age of seven years, boys were entirely under the instruction of the mother. In the wealthy and noble families the mother directed the education of youths till the fifteenth or sixteenth year, when they put on the citizen’s toga. Even after this time, the mother considerably influenced the son’s education.

The Romans educated their daughters well. Since the mother was tutor, we must know the character of a youth’s education, in order to understand what was the education of Roman women. A youth was educated in three directions, according to his three-fold nature, physical, mental and moral. The physical training, however, was given into the hands of a slave, and consisted of learning to swim, ride and hurl the javelin. The lad learned to be frugal, temperate, modest in behavior, reverent to parents and elders, obedient to home and state government, and above all, pious to the gods.

The branches of intellectual education were, fundamentally, reading, writing and ciphering; besides studies in their native tongue, children learned to read and write in Greek. In families of the middle classes, there was often one or more slaves to teach the children to speak the Greek language also. Very often Greek or Latin tutors were kept in wealthy and noble

families, for the instruction of the elders as well as of the children.

Together with the “pater familias,” it was a matron’s duty to cherish sacredly the honor and reputation of the house. The Romans regarded their family name and honor as most sacred. It was the pride of every well-born man to point to a long line of illustrious and honored ancestors. And in the better days of Rome it was the desire of every man to hand the family name down to his children still nobler than when he had received it. This very ambition, which Roman matrons did not a little to incite and encourage, gave to Rome many of her noblest and most patriotic citizens.

Not alone by indirect influence might a Roman woman affect public life, but she might even take an active part in it. Veturia restrained her son Coriolanus from besieging Rome; and Tullia incited her husband to take possession of a throne.

In courts, a woman’s evidence was received and was considered as weighty as a man’s. Women were also permitted to witness and intercede for relatives, and carry cases into court, as women do now.

The public life was no freer than the social. A Roman woman attended theatres and games as she felt disposed, accompanied by her husband, sons or brothers. The Roman matron had her place at table, in private with her husband and children; or at banquets with her husband’s friends. Even vestal virgins, who vowed to live single lives of purity before the goddess of the fireside, took their places with men at feasts and banquets. The forums and market-places were places of concourse for citizens and strangers; but from these places women were restricted neither by law nor by the jealous will of husbands. Indeed, excepting the license in the times of the Emperors, much freedom was always allowed the Roman women.

But with all her freedom, there were some restrictions imposed upon woman by custom, and later by law. In the later Republic and in the Empire, the law restricted the appearance in court to the giving of evidence. Customs, as

a rule, kept them from public life; it is said that they entered court to testify or complain as reluctantly as they do now. Locally, custom, including morality, was the only thing which regulated the habits of women. In accordance with custom, women did not frequent the crowded forums and market-places; and in all their intercourse with men they were restrained by modesty and custom.

In the days of the Republic, infidelity was the exception, especially among wives. But as men came to abuse their free social intercourse with women, we find more and more of infidelity in

both men and women.

The strong bond of love and sympathy which existed in the family is shown in the beautiful little story of "Cornelia's Jewels." In a richly furnished room, several Roman ladies were conversing. The conversation turned to the subject of jewels. Each lady in turn displayed or described her jewels, till all but Cornelia, the mother of Gracchi, had spoken. They turned to her and asked, "Where are thy jewels." She left the room, to return in a few minutes leading her two little sons by the hand. "These," she said, "are my jewels" B. G. J.

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

Did you hear that a Senior took it upon himself to invite a "Prep." to the Junior hop?

Boy lost, about the size of a man. Never missed until he was gone. When last seen, had his father's boots on, playing football.

Manager Gregory of the Track Team has commenced arrangements for the building of a track in the hollow back of the Gym. Whoop it up, Jack.

The football season was to have closed Saturday, December 11, with a game between the 'Varsity boys residing off the Campus and the "Dorm." boys. The latter were ready to play at the appointed time, but the other team did not appear. Some time later in the afternoon "Baby" Brule and Johnnie Chism, having left their more timid comrades, dared venture on the campus. Here they were met by the young ladies' basket ball team and received a pressing invitation to join that team. "Baby" accepted, but Jonny thought the sport was too rough. The town boys never enter a contest unless they are sure of winning and so you never hear of them. Perhaps some of our friends did not know such people existed. Last Spring the Dormitories gave them a baseball, but when it came to field day they developed a great liking for their homes and their mammas.

All football suits must be turned over to the property manager as soon as possible, as they must be cared for properly and put away until the next season.

The game of football between the High School and the third eleven of the U. of N. was very interesting, resulting in a score of 6 to 4 for the third eleven.

Rush the baseball season and arrange games with Berkeley and Stanford to take place in the Spring. The Manager should commence arrangements immediately, and practice will begin as soon as possible.

The coming generation is up to date. We hear that the "Senior Preps." have organized, with a president, secretary and the necessary constitution. We hope to see them out soon with their banner. If their petition is granted they will attend the "hop" in a body.

Upon the strength of a challenge from the Berkeley girls, the U. of N. basket ball team has resumed practice. The challenge has been accepted and the game will probably take place in Berkeley on the 23d inst. Under the efficient coaching of J. B. Jones the team should make marked improvement.

Owing to the inclement weather, there was no drill on the 14th inst.

Mr. D— purchased four boxes of the choicest bonbons not long since. Wonder who they were for? We hear that Miss T— treated the pedagogy class.

The montly social was held in the Gym. Friday, December 10th. A pleasant evening was spent, but there was the usual trouble about "engaging ahead." If the co-eds would stand with the boys and absolutely refuse to engage ahead, there would not be this trouble and all would have an equal show.

There is a movement in the Senior Pedagogy Class to endeavor to get Mr. Ansborg of Salt Lake to give a chalk talk. If they succeed in their efforts all may have a chance of being delightfully entertained for an hour or so and none should miss the opportunity.

Prepare for the Junior hop. It promises to be the event of the season. Almost two hundred and fifty invitations have been issued. It will take place the last day of college before the holidays, therefore, being free from lessons, all those fortunate enough to have invitations may be free to attend.

CAMPUS.

A. W. Ward '96, was on the Campus the early part of the week.

Dr. Miller's house on Virginia street is fast nearing completion.

The lecture at Assembly on the 7th was delivered by Dr. Stubbs.

Capt. T. Tally of Virginia visited his son, R. E. Tally '98, last week.

Professor Jackson's cyanide plant at Willow Glen has shut down for the winter.

A. P. Mack '96 was on the Campus last week. "Mac" expects to leave for Ely soon.

Hon. J. E. Gignoux of Dayton, father of Gignoux '99, was on the Campus last week.

A letter received from M. A. Feeney '97 says he expects to leave Juneau on the 20th.

R. A. Brambilla '97 came down from Carson on the 12th and remained over for a day.

The male students thank Col. H. B. Maxon for widening the walk on Center street. They will now be able to pass the co-eds on going to town without stepping out into the mud—unless the co-eds walk six abreast.

The T. H. P. O. met at the usual hour on the 11th and initiated three new members into the order.

E. D. Lachman '97 left Reno December 12th for Mexico, where he goes to accept a mining position.

R. L. Osburn, Mines, '95, who is now a student at Cooper's Medical College, San Francisco, was on the Campus last week.

J. A. Egan, Special '95, came down from Butte, Montana, the early part of the week and spent a day on the Campus.

Special rates have been obtained for the Nevada teachers so that they may be able to attend the California Teacher's Institute.

S. C. Durkee '95, who was so low recently with fever, has entirely recovered and is a guest of Superintendent Brown for a few days.

The holiday vacation begins at 4 o'clock. P. M. on Friday evening, the 17th, and closes Tuesday, January 3d. Many of the students expect to go to their homes.

A STORY WITH A MORAL, BY Z.—One Sunday morning not long ago, as two of our well-known students were returning from

church, they fell to discussing the evil effects of vice upon the moral and physical man. All ran smoothly until the habit of cigarette smoking was touched upon, when a difference of opinion manifested itself. Said Mr. G., cigarette smoking is not injurious. On the contrary, it is beneficial, both physically and spiritually. Now, after our last football game I did not recover myself until I had smoked three of the fragrant weeds." "Well," S. remarked, "how do you make it out that they benefit you physically?" "Why," he answered, "I have no doubt that I would still be in a comatose condition if it hadn't been for the smokes." "Your argument is poor," answered S., "but we will let that pass for the present. Now tell me how the vice benefits you spiritually." G. gave S. a pitying look as he explained: "When I got up this morning, I felt crabbed and out of sorts, therefore I resolved not to go to church. After I had smoked one dainty cig. I felt at peace

with the world and determined to go to the Holy House." "Holy smoke!" exclaimed S., "Your argument is powerful and convincing. Give me a cigarette." G. produced a pack, which he offered to S. S. extracted a couple, handed one to G. and then pocketed the box. Matches were produced and soon clouds of fleecy smoke, as light and airy as the spirits of the students, were floating upward. But the unexpected always happens. All at once the sky grew dark, so dark that they were unable to see each other's faces. A strange and undefinable terror crept over the innocent students. Suddenly a groan of horror escaped from S's lips. "Mein Gott," yelled G., "wasn't it der schloss?" "See there!" moaned S. G. glanced in the indicated direction and saw framed in a humorous halo, the stern, sad face of ———. But I must stop. There are some things that are too horrible to relate. MORAL.—Smoke a pipe, as there is a week's difference between it and a cigarette.

THAT WADSWORTH TRIP.

“AH! Hoo! Wah! Zip, Boom, Ah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Nevada!” “That’s the stuff, stuff, stuff, stuff.”

“What on earth is that? It sounds like a pack of Comanches.”

“That? Why that’s the entree of the University Minstrels. Don’t you know that they play at Music Hall to-night?”

“Why, yes, so they do. Nice set of fellows, those University boys, treated us white when we played football with them, and we must show them that we can reciprocate by giving them a good house to-night”—and they did.

Such were some of the words that fell on our ears as we stepped from the cars at Wadsworth on the morning of December 4th, 1897. Quite a goodly assemblage greeted us and at once made us feel at home, assuring us of a large house that evening, notwithstanding the fact that Manager O’Sullivan’s face was at least three feet longer than when singing “Hugh McCue,” as he emerged from the box-sheet office and

announced the fact that f-o-u-r seats had been taken.

The march for the Hall was taken up and finally we managed to find the end of “that fence,” the pride of the railroad company, and while it is not a “thing of beauty,” nor “a joy forever” (to the people of Wadsworth), it certainly is distinguished for the fact that it has but one rival, as far as length is concerned, in this whole commonwealth, viz: the 17-mile fence belonging to Hon. T. B. Rickey in Antelope Valley.

Arriving at the hall, Manager O’Sullivan (the “manager of all managers,” as some of the far too numerous “sore heads” among those outside of the combination saw fit to denominate him, but its an even bet, “doughnuts to marbles,” that these same “sore heads” put in his place would have fallen by the wayside and died like Mulcahey’s goat, with their heads in the mud and their heels in the air) soon had things arranged for the great event in the theatrical life of Wadsworth.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, Smith, the

only original "Long Tom" and interlocutor of the troupe, was unable to go with the boys. So another must be substituted. We were in a pickle, until finally a *victim* was found, who was urged on by the charming compliment "you are a faker who can fake." Inspired by the beautiful sentiment expressed in that remark, the victim retired, and in the inner precincts of Prof. E. E. Caine's study, he proceeded alternately to freeze up and thaw out, freezing in the frosty atmosphere which, as more than one boy remarked during the day, "he hoped was not indicative of a 'frost' that night," and thawing out as he warmed with enthusiasm for the work before him. Things being prepared, one very essential article was missing, a palm leaf fan. Search was immediately begun for that article of winter luxury. Store after store was visited, and no fan was forthcoming. Many useful suggestions were offered, which were greatly appreciated; especially so was the kind offer of one philanthropic gentleman to the effect that regretting that he could not furnish the much desired fan, he would, as a compromise, donate a cake of ice. The fan was finally secured, and every member of the company can testify that it was a "warm" fan, though used for an exceedingly "cool" purpose.

One of the most amusing incidents of the trip was the "making up." The reader can imagine something of what it was, when we mention the fact that there was one mirror 14x16 for 19 boys. At times it was hard to tell whether a fellow was blackening his own "phiz" or that of some other fellow.

The good people of Wadsworth turned out and nearly filled the hall, and judging from the remarks heard afterward and from the write-up in the *Dispatch*, they were well pleased with the performance we put up. At the close of the entertainment a social dance was given, adding much to the pleasure of the occasion and giving the people of Wadsworth and the boys a chance to get acquainted.

During the dance the word came that No. 4, morning passenger train west, was six hours

late; so, not wishing to remain away so long, Manager Richard obtained a permit to return home on a freight train. This train was to leave at 2 A. M., *but it didn't*. In the meantime "we sat and watched and waited" for the train we thought would never come, at least some of us did. Others sought one refuge and others another; for instance—well, never mind, ask Stubbs (R.).

The most typical place for a nap—that is, typical of the resting place of "an actor who has been told that he can act," was selected by the Rev. James Prior Giles. He lay himself down on a bench in front of the Wadsworth Commercial Co.'s store, and with his face turned heavenward and his toes ditto, he slept the sleep of—well, in this case, of a minstrel end man, as he dreamed of his *modest* lady friend. The boys passing up and down the boulevard, took pity on him, and fearing lest he should be cold, carefully deposited upon his reclining form, in the way of covering, their valises, but "Jimmy" slept on. About four o'clock Mr. Moran, the dispatcher, succeeded in pulling that train into Wadsworth.

Once aboard, the conductor saw that his presence was not needed, so after opening a box of apples with his compliments, he sought his "coup" in the loft of the caboose, and the car was, for the next two hours, the personal and private property of the U. of N. Minstrels. On the trip home Mr. Giles assumed some of his characteristic poses, one of which was sketched by our special artist and will appear in the next issue of the RECORD.

All in all, the trip was a great success, and will redound both to the credit of the boys and the institution they represent. As several of the people of Wadsworth remarked, such visits from the students tend not only to advertise the University in a creditable way, but bring about a sentiment strongly in favor of the University among the people of the places visited.

The boys desire to thank the good people of Wadsworth and especially Mr. Barney Moran and Mr. N. A. Hummel for the courtesies extended to them on this trip.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

EXCHANGE.

Chicago University now offers 1,086 courses.

Wisconsin has formed a woman's league for purposes of self-government.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Mary E. Reynolds has recently given \$225,000 to Chicago University.—*Palo Alto.*

The *Clemson College Chronicle* is one of the best exchanges we have received this year.

America has 300 universities and England 94, yet there are 2,778 more professors in the latter than in the former.—*Ex.*

Georgetown College has received a donation of valuable jewels. These are to be smelted and remodeled into a chalice for the chapel.—*Ex.*

We are pleased by the general make-up of the *Hendrix College Mirror* for November. Worthy of especial mention are the able essays by Chas. N. Clark.

If a college girl hears of another girl being kissed she is horribly shocked, but under favorable circumstances she will let the same thing happen right under her own nose.—*Ex.*

A MODEST HINT—There is a little matter that some of our advertisers and subscribers have seemingly forgotten. To us it is an important matter; it is necessary in our business. We are very modest and don't wish to speak about it.—*Ex.*

When summer time was ended, and
She packed her trunks again,
It took two heavy baggage trucks
To haul them to the train.
But when she found her bathing suit
Still hanging on a nail,
She put it in an envelope
And sent it home by mail. —*Ex.*

Yale has instituted compulsory gymnasium work for freshmen.—*Ex.*

In Vassar they call gum an elective, because one needn't take it unless she chews.—*Ex.*

Ex-Governor Flower of New York has been elected chairman of the Board of Trustees of Cornell.—*Ex.*

The oldest college in the world is located at Cairo, Egypt. It was 1,800 years old when Oxford was founded.—*Ex.*

Students in chemistry and physics at Heidelberg University, Germany, are required to take out accident insurance policies.—*Ex.*

I gave her my heart,
To her boundless delight.
Now, to see it well kept,
I call every night. —*Ex.*

Beneath the mistletoe she stood,
Nor dreamed I of another:
I boldly tried to steal a kiss,
And found it was—her mother. —*Ex.*

Her smile was most bewitching,
As beside him down she sat;
And she made a great impression,
But she made it on his hat. —*Ex.*

"How long should the full-back wear his hair?"
Asks the co-ed young and gay,
So she views his locks so long and fair,
"Why, till after Thanksgiving day." —*Ex.*

Chauncy M. Depew says that sixty per cent of the positions of high trust in this country are filled by college graduates, and the other forty per cent are very largely controlled by college men.—*Ex.*

The student who comes out bravely and does the best he can, even at the risk of taking a low place in the contest, has more of the true college spirit than he who, with brighter prospects, waits to be implored. It requires more courage to enter a contest in the face of heavy odds than to do so with everything pointing toward victory.—*Student Life.*

Miss—"Look at that long hair on your shoulder."

Mr.—"You shouldn't kick. It isn't yours."

Miss—"That's what I'm kicking about."—*Ex.*

Chauncy M. Depew will act as chairman of the Yale-Harvard debate.—*Ex.*



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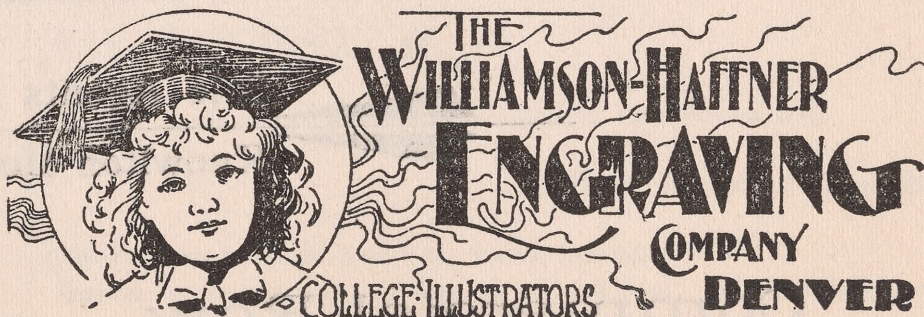
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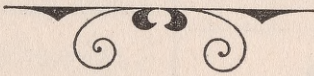


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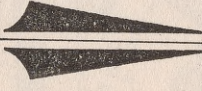
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I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Yours very truly,

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General Manager

General Manager

Chicago, Ill.

Chicago, Ill.

Very respectfully,

Very respectfully,

J. J. WOOD

J. J. WOOD

General Manager

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Chicago, Ill.

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