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The Student Record

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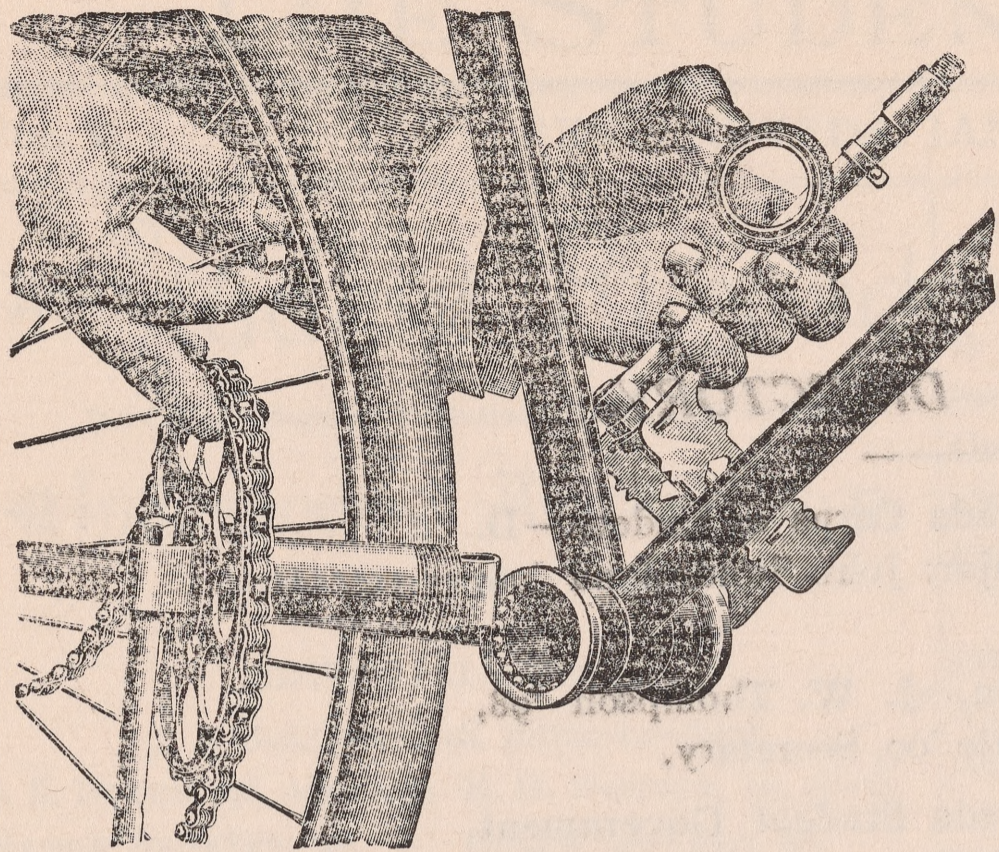
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THE STUDENT RECORD.

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It has been wisely said that it is impossible to write anything which has never before been written. It is equally true that things written with a good purpose in view will stand frequent repetition. Our attention is often called to events in every-day life which require men to take definite positions toward them.

The college student finds this the case no less often than does the man in practical life. Often it is by the attitude which he assumes that we are led to form our opinion of him.

The present school term is near its end, and this calls up the thought of examinations. Now is the time to think of them if we intend to meet them with credit to ourselves. Now is the time to look back over the ground covered since last September and see that there are no gaps left unnoticed.

In many colleges and universities it seems customary to associate with the thought of examinations the ideas of cheating and of failure on the part of certain students.

We are glad to note the growing tendency on the part of our students to look upon honor as preferable to immediate victory; for victories gained dishonestly are not lasting.

We sincerely hope that so universally will this high sense of honor be felt that, after the examinations in February there will be no one who shall merit the punishment necessarily following its disregard.



THINGS are not as they used to be. We can all remember that very cheerful room known as the boys' "study" room. The remark was often made that the boys did not show a due appreciation for being furnished that room as a place for study. Be that as it may, we hope it will be remembered that this was the only place where boys bringing lunches from home, could go indoors and eat. It was these boys who appreciated that advantage. Of course they are all willing to see this room turned into a library; but they would also accept gladly an invitation to some vacant room where they can talk and spend their noon time in the vicinity of a stove and not a snow bank.



HAPPINESS is a sunbeam which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray.

OUR NEW NATIONAL GAME.

By Rev. John L. Sewall.

RUGBY football has established itself in this country, and is becoming in the autumn months what baseball is in summer. It is less than a quarter-century since it came across the sea, but these have been years of marvelous activity in athletics, and the time has sufficed to develop a distinctively national sport, the American Rugby, surpassing the English game in speed and science. The last three years have witnessed a rapid spread of the game in all parts of the South and West, and a phenomenal increase of popular interest. The daily press of Boston alone has given in narrative and illustrations during the last three months material sufficient to fill two volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica. A lively discussion has sprung up between the opponents and admirers of the game. What is its attractiveness? Is it a fad soon to vanish or a fixture in the athletic world? What are its dangers, and can they be prevented or diminished? What is its mental and moral influence? Back of all these questions presses the personal one for the fathers and mothers who read these pages—"Shall my son play football?"

There are two points of view from which it is useless to expect impartial and reliable replies—that of the football enthusiast, fascinated and absorbed by the game, and hence blind to its defects; and that of the spectator, ignorant of its real principles, unmindful of the training and condition of the players, and prone to judge it solely by imagining his own feelings if personally exposed to its rough hazards. The true view point is that of one in sympathy with athletic sports in general, unprejudiced by personal participation and ready to record impartially all facts that can be discovered. From such a standpoint this present discussion is offered, based on extensive inquiries concerning the working of the present system at Harvard and Yale during the present season, and a study of the annual contest between these two great rivals.

If we are to judge this sport fairly we ought to take it at its best. With this object in view, let us make our way to Soldiers' Field at Cambridge, climb to the seats in the press section of the grand stand, forty-five feet above the ground, and view proceedings with as much judicial calmness as possible. It lacks an hour of the appointed time, but several thousand people are already on the rising tiers of seats, and the highway from Harvard Square to Allston is a mighty river of humanity, its opposing currents meeting and blending at the various entrances to the field. Below and around us the wearers of Yale's blue are gathering; on the opposite side of the huge arena crimson flags are floating in solid array, while on the two end bleachers the two colors are quite impartially mingled. As soon as the assemblage grows to the point of self-consciousness the college cheers begin; first Yale, smaller in numbers, but unsurpassable in tireless vim and volume; then the thousands representing the home university, first by sections and finally in one grand chorus. Now a students' band appears, and the strains of fair Harvard mingle with the songs from the New Haven contingency.

But hark! A mighty roar begins to resound, while from opposite ends the two bands of bare-headed athletes come running upon the "grid-iron," as the field of play is appropriately called, with its bars of white at every five yards. Who are these fifty or sixty young men? They are the two "teams" and substitutes. The latter betake themselves to the side lines and their huge blankets, and the twenty-two players begin to run and tumble in a moment's practice, as the keen November wind sweeps down the field almost in a gale. Take one good look at them as they stand in their places waiting for the referee's shrill whistle, while 25,000 people hold their breath in silent suspense. Who are they? The twenty-two finest specimens of strength, skill and endurance picked from about 6,000 of our nation's choicest young men. Most of them for years, and all of them continuously for the last few months, have been in training for this event. They have had the most rigid

and vigilant discipline, the best food, the most untiring physical care and the best medical scrutiny that can be given. Barring lingering results of some former lameness, each man is in the finest physical condition to which his superb young nature can be brought by the most skillful and patient training.

One swing of a sturdy foot, and the oval rubber and leather sphere goes twisting and turning through the air. It drops in the hands of a waiting player, who clasps it under his arm and starts at topmost speed down the field toward the enemy's goal, but a sudden interruption ends his course almost before it is begun. An opponent suddenly jumps at him, catching him just above the knees, flings him with the ball still in his grasp violently to the ground, and in a twinkling two, four, seven, yes, ten other players have buried both men beneath a tangled mass of bodies, arms and wildly waving legs. A shriek from an excited female spectator near by—"O, they'll kill that poor man! They must have broken every bone in his body!" Do not worry about him, madam; he is used to this sort of thing, he has simply been "tackled," the ball brought "down" to the ground, and the additional players have "piled on" as a necessary measure to prevent the object of your compassion from wriggling away, regaining his feet and getting the ball nearer the coveted goal.

If you will look again you will see that those bulging garments are made up with heavy padding, not for ornament, but for use, in every fall protecting knee and shoulder and elbow and hip, while that leather helmet does the same service for the head. See! He is up again, as uninjured as you are after working through the jam at a bargain counter, and ready for a hundred more such tumbles. And now what are those players doing? "Lining up," seven in a front row, four others a little to the rear, with their opponents in similar positions.

Do you see that center man leaning with his hand upon the ball, which is set on end between his feet? Watch him and behold the science of this game. Suddenly he rolls the ball back into the outstretched hands of his nearest ally, the

"quarter-back;" he instantly passes it to a third man, who, while on the run, grasps it and dives headlong into the surging, swaying mass of men as fearlessly as he would plunge into the surf at Nantasket.

The frantic cheers of the collegians answer each other across the field, but a perplexed old gentleman in the next seat exclaims, "And they call that science? It's nothing but a senseless bit of foolhardy bullheadedness!" Not so fast, friend. This confused "scrimmage" is not so methodless as it appears to your untutored gaze. Every detail of that play was thought out, diagrammed, discussed, practiced and memorized many days ago by the attacking, and probably by the defending, team. Before the ball moved, a rapidly uttered series of signals told every member of the attacking team its captain's intentions—who was to take the ball, who were to go before him, who at his side, and between what two men of the opposing line they were to break a way for him. No science in that move? No chess player ever pondered more carefully the attack of queen and rook and pawn upon the opposing array, nor executed an attack with more scientific precision. Football is simply living chess, at the speed of a cyclone, instead of a glacier. A Napoleon or a Grant could not more scientifically plan a movement upon his enemy's flank or center than these embryo generals will plan each play during the next two hours. You will most appreciate the open play, with its brilliant run or high kick over the heads of of both armies; but the expert in the game feels his pulses bound most tumultuously at some piece of fine strategy, which only his eye can detect.

But here is a man prostrate, motionless. What is the matter? The whistle blows for "time." Water and sponge are brought from the side line. Do not mourn too soon for the fallen hero. It is possible that the extent of his injury is a lack of breath, which he and some others on his side are anxious to regain in a moment of rest, which can be secured only by this ruse. If any real injury exists, it will be instantly diagnosed by that skillful surgeon at his side. Watch him

when he rises; he will go back to his place, perhaps not a whit harmed, perhaps pluckily with a limp amid encouraging cheers, unless the surgeon forbids his further play, or the captain wishes to improve the opportunity to bring in a fresh substitute. But see! as the men again line up there are two men rudely pushing, yes, horrible to behold, actually striking each other; here, surely, is the passionate brutality of which we hear so much in some quarters. Look more closely, and you will see that those quick blows are with the open palm, and their sole object is to draw away the attention of one's opponent from the play that is just to start, or to make him less secure on his feet for the push which in the next instant is to bowl him over, if possible, to make way for the runner.

But we must leave these embattled hosts in the midst of their conflict—is not its outcome even in the uttermost detail written in the Chronicles of the Kings of the Gridiron, and already ancient history?—and try from what we have learned to strike a true balance between the pros and cons in the current discussion. What are the objections to this sport? That only a few get its benefits? But these twenty-two men represent at least 400 who have been in steady training during the season. Its cost? Great, admittedly, for the management, but slight for the players, while the returns from admissions—\$37,000 at the game on Soldiers' Field—pay all expenses and handsomely aid other departments of college athletics. Its hindrance to study? Here an ounce of fact is worth a ton of supposition. Yale athletes must maintain a higher minimum mark than other students before they are allowed upon a team, and there is no remission of regular routine permitted during the season. The same principle prevails at Harvard and all other institutions where football is properly supervised. A dull scholar cannot successfully play this, the most brain-compelling game, nor can a player avoid the finest kind of mental stimulus in mastering rules and details of play. It is true of football players as of other athletes, when compared as a class with non-athletes, that they rank higher

in their studies, as the records of the faculty at Harvard, Yale and other colleges demonstrate.

But is not the game brutal? No. It is rough—a distinction as wide as between heroism and cowardice. Brutal men sometimes play football, especially in athletic clubs where no care is used in guarding the character of the men admitted to play, and gentlemen sometimes lose their temper—as has been known to occur in theological combats of Doctors of Divinity—and strike pugilistic blows, but this is not football, but its complete perversion, and heavily penalized. There was probably never a football match when feeling ran higher and the teams were more evenly matched and desperate in their play than that of November 13th, but there was not a suggestion of bad temper or an ungentlemanly act from beginning to end. This demonstrates that football is not in its essence, and need not be in its practice, brutal or passionate.

“But surely it is very dangerous.” This is the final argument of the opponents of this game. What are the facts? Bruises and sprains are frequent; minor fractures and dislocations occasional; permanent injuries almost unknown; two fatal accidents only recorded up to the present, so far as can be found, among college players. What outdoor, active recreation can show a better record? It looks as if such violent falls would produce nervous derangements, but as a matter of record they do not. The percentage of injuries is far less, according to reliable statistics, than among other sports. Accidents will happen here as in all well-regulated families; but careful training and obedience to rules reduce these accidents to a minimum which is hardly comparable with positive benefits received. It should also be remembered that the rules of the game are being constantly revised to lessen the liability to injuries. The manager of the Yale Association bears this testimony for the present year: “We have had through the season three knees rather severely wrenched. One man was kept in his room four or five days; the others were able to attend to their college duties. One man fractured his

collar bone and was kept from playing for ten days, but was not kept from his college duties. Forty-eight hours after the Yale-Harvard game there were no apparent injuries among our men beside soreness and a few bruises. No one of them was kept from his college duties at all." Similar testimony might be produced from other institutions where football is properly played.

The benefits? Beyond dispute the most symmetrical and complete bodily culture and discipline attainable. The game combines all the elements of the old Greek pentathlon, the acme of physical development. What else? Intellectual and moral traits of the highest order. Self-control under the severest provocations—why will critics persist in magnifying one instance where a man loses his temper for a second and ignore the hundreds of cases where the game's discipline is magnificently successful for the hour and for all of life afterward? What else? Strict conformity to honorable principles of true sport; a scorn of meanness. What lesson

do our young men need more as they go out into the scrimmage of life, where so many influences urge the winning of success by any means? Strict obedience to discipline, self-denial of luxuries, indifference to pain, genuine courage, both moral and physical, endurance of adversity and clear grit to the end—are these things worth nothing? Truly did Wellington declare: "England's heroes were made and her victories won on the football fields of Rugby and Eton."

Should football be discouraged? Yes, among small boys. It is a game that needs manly maturity both in body and mind. Yes, among players without moral discipline, without proper medical care and without supervision by older and wiser persons. No, if played as by our leading colleges and all who follow their methods; emphatically no, when safeguards of all kinds are continually multiplying, and the positive benefits are being so clearly proved under the close scrutiny of our wisest educators.

SNOW ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

(Sketch from Unpublished Book.)

[Characters—Richard Elliott, Marian Strong.]

"OUR mountain climate is all very fine, or would be if we only knew just what to depend upon; but the fact is the seasons, or parts of them at least, do get most unaccountably mixed sometimes. Why, I've seen it so warm here in January that a linen coat was the most desirable garment a man could array himself in; while in the summer or early autumn, we often have the most unseasonable cold spells, accompanied by snow and ushered in by winds that almost blow Mt. Davidson over. Fact, my dear; you needn't look so incredulous. The truth is, our weather clerk has been behaving himself for some time past in a more reasonable manner than usual, and you don't know what freaks he is liable to. Just wait till you have to cross the Divide some morning on your way to school when a tearing

Washoe zephyr is blowing, and you'll appreciate our lovely climate better."

"I haven't seen or felt or experienced, whichever word suits you best, anything very serious in the zephyr line since I came here," said Marian, "and, indeed, I fancied that the zephyr came only in winter, and in the more severe winters at that."

"Well, perhaps they do belong to winter," Dick answered with his cherry laugh. "No doubt they do; but then old Winter isn't a bit stingy with his weather, and often sends a slice of it when it is least wanted. Why, I have seen it snow here on the 4th of July; I have, honestly. Let's see, it's some four years ago, I think; any way it was before stocks busted, excuse the slang—consider it classic and it'll be all right, won't it?"

An amused smile from Marian was all the answer he needed, and receiving this, he went on: "Some four or five years ago, then, when times were still flush and everybody happy, the

Gold Hillers made up their minds to celebrate the glorious 4th as it ought to be celebrated, and at the same time make us Virginia people turn green with envy. So the more solid citizens of the burg took hold of the matter: Hank Smith, Captain Taylor, C. C. Stevenson, Bill Gibson, Jewett Adams and a lot more, got together, decided as to what should be done, then appointed committees to see that it was done. They arranged to begin and close the day by firing a salute from the big gun, Kearsarge, that belonged to the old fort Homestead. You know where that was, don't you? It gave the name to the hill, and some of the old buildings are still there."

Marian nodded assent; she, in common with everybody in or about the towns of Gold Hill and Virginia, knew the Homestead hill and why it was so called; though the old fort that had once been thought necessary as a means of defense and protection against the hostile Indians had long since been so modified and changed that it was hard to tell now which of the buildings that clustered thickly on this hill overlooking the town had once formed a part of the fortification.

Dick went on: "The old gun hadn't been used for years, and has not been used since; but it had a history of its own, and it was thought that it would be appropriate to rouse the echoes on this especial occasion by a volley from its huge throat. Seems to me," said Dick thoughtfully, "that I am getting into a sort of poetical vein, and that'll never do, Marian, for a lawyer; never in the world."

"Be more prosaic, then; but do get on with your story. At this rate you will never have done," was Marian's comment, which Richard took with a look intended to be reproachful; but which in reality savored far more of the comic, then continued his story.

"Literary exercises of an unusually high order were to be held in a large tent set up on the hill for that purpose; these were to be followed by a grand banquet in the old Homestead Hall, which is standing there, my dear, in proof of my words, and the whole thing was to wind

up in the evening in a blaze of glory, fire works my dear, you understand, of course. Then, in the meantime, the hall having been put in order, a social dance there should close the festivities of the day; and the people of Gold Hill could rest on their laurels, feeling sure that they had fully demonstrated their patriotism."

"Well," said Marian, as Dick paused to recover his breath, "what has all this to do with its snowing on the 4th of July?"

"I'm coming to that point, my lady faire, just give me time, that's all. Well, as the story books say, the eventful morning dawned at last. For a week past all the women and girls of the town had been making dainties, both eatable and wearable, for the occasion; and of course they were all prepared for hot weather, in the way of dress, I mean; but when the day come it was just as gray and bleak as you, or anybody else, ever saw. The clouds hung down so low on the sides of Mt. Davidson that one could scarcely walk ten steps without running his head into and getting blinded by them."

"O, Richard, what exaggeration!"

"Not the least bit in the world, not a bit," was the cheerful answer. "As I was saying when you interrupted me, it was a fearfully cold morning, and when the school children came filing up Main street—I forgot to mention that there was a big procession in which the children took part—everybody pitied the girls, poor things, in their thin white dresses and red and blue sashes, they looked so cold and blue. Still, it was a little better when the people were seated inside the tent, for there was such a crowd and they were packed in so close that they couldn't help but be a little warmer. We, for of course I was there myself or I couldn't tell you about it so truthfully, hadn't been seated long when the wind began to whistle and howl and blow like seven demons, and I expected every minute to see that old tent wind up and whirl away down into the ravine below us. The band played as loud as it could, as if trying to drown the sound of the wind, and after they were through the people sang America, Hail Columbia and Star Spangled Banner with

all their might; but it did no good, the wind double discounted them all the time.

"Old Judge Cook, you know him, Marian, he's a fixed institution in Gold Hill and has been for years; he was to open the exercises after the singing, with a prayer, praying being something he hadn't done in forty years or more probably; and as he couldn't think of anything else when the time came, he thought he'd tackle the Lord's prayer—excuse me, Marian, no levity intended, my dear. Well, he stood up and bent his old white head, and everybody in the audience tried to look and feel devout; but for the life of him he couldn't remember how the prayer began."

"O, Richard, what a story!"

"It's gospel truth, Marian. I refer you to the daily papers of that date in proof of my assertion."

"All right, go on, then. I am anxious to hear about that snow," said Marian, with a gay laugh.

"All in good time, Miss Strong, all in good time; but see that you do not doubt my word again, please."

"I won't I promise you; but do go on," was the eager answer.

"Well, the old Judge hemmed and hawed and grew violently red in the face, but all to no purpose; so finally in deprecation he leaned over and whispered to one of the reporters who sat

close by; 'whispered,' I say, but in a voice plainly audible to nearly everybody: 'Alf, I say, Alf, how does the Lord's prayer begin?' 'Why, bless my soul!' said Alf Doten, with a start, for he'd been half asleep; 'why, it begins, it begins—' "Now I lay me down to sleep," I put in just loud enough so that I could be heard all around the tent, and of course everybody began to laugh; but just then Mr. McGrath, the Methodist minister that people would call Father McGrath, seeing how matters stood, stepped up on the platform and delivered a first-class prayer. Just as he closed there came a fearful gust that lifted that old tent bodily high up in the air and there we sat and saw it sail down into main street, while the snow came down upon us in clouds. That closed the literary part of the program and everybody adjourned to the hall and had a good time for the rest of the day. In less than an hour the storm was over and the sun shone out as bright as could be, though it wasn't very warm; and in three days from that time everything was blistered, it was so hot. And that is what I call a good specimen of Nevada weather."

"I judge it's a good specimen of a Nevada yarn as well," said Marian quietly; but Richard assured her over and over again that it was true, and indeed it was in its main features.

M. S. D.

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

Miss Frances Rowland '00 is unable to resume her studies because of trouble with her eyes.

Is this the way to Spanish Springs: "Mein Gott, nein, you go ein mile back und durn to die nort."

The following students spent their holidays in San Francisco: The Misses Loretto Hickey, Edith La Vallier, Addie and Delle Boyd and Laura Smith and Messrs. Tom Lawrence, J. O'Sullivan, Al Longly and Don Stubbs.

Mrs. Emery attended the California State Teachers' Institute held in San Francisco December 28-31.

The proposed game of basket ball between the U. of N. and the U. of C. has been postponed until some time in the spring.

Manager Everett is arranging games with the Berkeley and Stanford baseball teams, to take place in the spring. These games will be with the first nine, and should be closely contested.

At the present time athletics are somewhat on the shelf; but most of the boys are keeping in good form to be prepared for the spring contests.

The football team had a picture taken, and it is very good. All students should go to the Riverside gallery, and they will always get good work done.

Manager Gregory of the track team is trying to arrange a meet with the Stanford Freshmen, to take place in the spring. A meet of this kind would be of great benefit to both teams and would bring us into close relations with outside colleges.

The skating was fine during the holidays and the students who remained in town made the most of it. Many figures were cut on the ice by the experts, while the amateurs were engaged in "making stars." These probably did not result seriously, for we do not miss any from our numbers since college has reopened.

The Junior Prom.—The first social event of the holidays was the Junior Prom given by the Class of '99 in the Gym. on the evening of December 17, 1897. The Gym. was very prettily decorated. Cozy little alcoves were curtained off in the corners, in which were easy chairs, sofas, rugs, etc. Lemonade was served in one of these alcoves. At one side of the hall the banners of the classes from '97 to '01 were tastefully arranged. The decoration committee deserves much credit for the way in which they

beautified the hall. About one hundred and sixty guests took part in the grand march, which began at 8:30, led by Nelson Bruette, President of the Class of '99, and Miss Amy Sherman. At 11 o'clock all present were invited to the dining hall and were served with refreshments. Dancing then continued till 1 o'clock. The college yell was not neglected, for frequently during the evening the hall resounded with "Wah hoo wah," and now and then from some corner of the Gym., a class yell was heard. It did the hearts of the students good to hear once more the yells of '96 and '97 by the graduates who were fortunate enough to be present from those classes. Another pleasant feature of the evening was the number of Alumni present: From '91, Mr. Frank Norcross; from '93, Mr. C. P. Brown; Miss Anna Martin from '94 and James Egan (Special) and Sam Durkee from '95; '96 was well represented by the Misses Addie Boyd, Laura Smith and Maude Wheeler, and Messrs. F. M. Linscott, Fred Walts and Jay Clemons; and '97 by Miss Kate Reigelhuth and Messrs. Jerome Higgins, John Evans and Ed. Lachman. Among other guests present were Dr. Stubbs, Prof. Wilson and wife, Prof. Unsworth and wife, Dr. Phillips, Mrs. C. P. Brown, Mrs. Fred Walts, Mrs. Jay Clemons, Miss French, Miss McClure and Miss Laws. At 1 o'clock the gay party broke up. Good-byes for the holidays were said and pleasant wishes for Christmas and New Year were exchanged. All who were present vote '99 royal entertainers and will always look back with pleasure on the Junior Prom given by the Class of '99.

CAMPUS.

Several new students entered the college after the holiday vacation.

Certain students of Lincoln Hall have decided to pay more attention to their studies and not to be seen on the streets for a specified time. That's right, boys, and I hope the rest will follow your example.

Miss Helen Keddie '98 spent the holidays in Virginia.

M. A. Feeney '97 returned from Juneau during the holidays. "Mike" expects to return there next spring and open an assay office. He says it is no place for a man without money to spend the winter.

How about that "can of chickens?"

R. E. Trimble, ex-'99, has returned and is taking special work.

"Exams" will commence on the 24th and will continue for the week.

Miss Ella Duffy, Normal '97, has returned and is taking special work.

On account of the recent snow there has been no drill for the past week.

Cassius Smith has returned and we again will have our "Tom and Jerry" (?).

Dr. J. E. Stubs took a trip to San Francisco on the 5th, returning on the 9th.

Miss Pohl, on account of illness, was unable to return to college after the holidays.

F. H. Saxton '95, who has been taking special work since September, has left College.

Miss Clara Martin, ex-'98, now attending Stanford, was on the Campus last week.

Miss Mary Clark, Normal '91, is taking special work in botany at the Experiment Station.

H. Heritage '01, on account of unforeseen circumstances, has been unable to return to the University.

Most of the Seniors have chosen the subject of their theses and commenced work upon them.

Charley Magill '94, and Jerome Higgins '97 have accepted a position for a mining concern in California.

On account of the scarcity of fritters at the Senior table, "Filly" has been obliged to seek a seat elsewhere.

"Zeb" is the busiest man on the grounds at present, he having four assistants to keep his "tanks full of electricity."

Miss Victoria Godfroy '97, Vice-Principal of the Empire schools, has been recuperating in Reno for the past two weeks.

On account of the recent pranks of some of the students at Lincoln Hall, many of them have become financially embarrassed for the present.

LeRoy D. Brown, father of T. P. Brown '99, and President of the University from August, 1887, to December, 1888, died January 13th at San Luis Obispo.

W. Hunter '00, who has recently made his debut under the auspices of the Reno Dramatic Club, deserves great credit for the able manner in which he sustained the character of "Casey, the Irish corporal." "Fatty," you're right, but a little large.

GAIN AND LOSS.

DURING a recent raid of Father Time on this earth of ours, bringing rewards to those who wait, settling old scores, cutting down all, both great and small, I took advantage of his absence one day to steal into his private office and consult his immense ledger, to see how his account of the present generation stood with our own.

Many of his entries I found it necessary to ponder over; and it is these entries which I wish to call your attention to, hoping that in your

leisure hours you may enlarge and improve upon them and thus have them entered as gain in the Great Book which the recording Angel is itemizing.

Among the first entries, I found on the credit side of "Wealth:" How is this? Political economists denounce wealth and would have a division of property; all should share alike and there should be no rich men.

However, the desire for wealth has ever been an incentive for man to do his best. It stimulates and quickens the inventive genius of men who have given us the conveniences which

have become the necessities of modern life—the great labor-saving machines which economize the energy of man and enable him to put to practical use the natural powers, water, steam, electricity, etc.

Wealth places at the command of its possessor the enjoyment of this world's goods; it opens the way for travel, and above all, it gives him the opportunity, denied to so many who do not possess it, of obtaining a good education.

The item which I found next to wealth and, in my ideas associated with it, was "Power," "Fame," "Influence." Evidently Father Time meant the power which we put to practical use, the development of our ambitions, the love of power which will incite us to action.

It was certainly love of power which led Cæsar in his ambitious career and made Rome mistress of the world. It was love of power which made Napoleon the wonder and terror of Europe. It is love of power and fame which goads man on in intellectual pursuits, which spurs on the scientist in the realm of nature, and leads the explorer into the dangers of unknown seas.

These items led the way to a large entry, "Culture." Culture, I understand, means the developing of one's powers, the broadening of one's views, the elevating of one's ideals. Culture enables us to appreciate the noble works of nature, art, literature and philosophy, and to become heirs to all the intellectual and mechanical wealth of the world.

Culture is obtained by a thoroughly good education; but is the education of to-day aiming at culture or power? This thought occurred to me when I saw "Specialists" on the next page of Time's ledger, on the credit side.

The times are demanding specialists, and schools have sprung up all over the land in answer to this demand for experts in engineering, metallurgy, electricity, teaching, etc. It seems necessary that there be a division of labor in order that one may become especially learned in any one branch.

However, education does not mean mere book-learning, or the mastery of facts. It more par-

ticularly means the preparation for life and usefulness. Education cannot create; it can only draw out that which already exists in the mind. But how is this education to be attained? By cramming the night before examination? By intermittent effort and unfulfilled determinations? Not at all. Education in its true sense must be a gradual growth. It is thorough, systematic work that the mind attains that culture or skill which is its goal.

Thus the very fact that education is becoming more specialized means that it must be made more thorough, must be built on a solid foundation where all the faculties are equally aroused, enlightened and centered upon a definite aim.

Mind does not consist of separate divisions or faculties. Its manifestation represents intellect, sensibilities and will. The development of each of these powers is necessary for the harmonious development of the whole. I saw only too clearly that one of the powers, the sensibilities, was being neglected, when I saw entered as a loss "Pure Literature."

Why is literature degenerating? Men certainly are not less intellectual now than were their forefathers; but they surely are less heroic, less imaginative, less romantic. They cling to the intellectual which brings forth the greater gain, and neglect their natural heart qualities, or higher sensibilities in their strife for position and fame.

This certainly is a loss to the whole world—to have no great poets whose "mission it is to purify and enrich the inner life of man, to uncover to him the charm and mystery of creation, soul and experience."

What is the next entry? "Home-life"—entered as a loss. Why, Father Time must have dropped a tear on the page by the size of the blot.

What does this mean? Men and women are certainly as well fed now as they ever were, and we see beautiful homes going up all around us, furnished with all the comforts and conveniences of modern life. The children are all well dressed and apparently happy. What can that entry mean?

Let us consider the "home-makers," as Heber Newton lovingly calls the mother. Smoothing the cares of life with her ever-helping hand, encouraging and aiding, in her loving way, the father in his cares and toils, moulding the plastic minds of her children to perfect manhood and womanhood, instituting into their hearts ideas of the good and noble. Our "new woman" frequents parties, lodges and clubs until her life is one mad whirl of society and the children are entrusted to the care of nurses.

The father? He provides the means which enable his wife to obtain these pleasures, but in his haste to obtain wealth he can find no time to devote to the instruction of his children or to surrounding them with an atmosphere of love and happiness:

This may be the meaning of Father Time's entry of "Loss of home-life."

Another item entered against this generation was "Loss of True Friendship."

I called to mind the friendship of Tennyson for Arthur Hallam, as lovingly set forth in "In Memoriam":

"Dear Friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near, in woe and weal;
O loved the most when most I feel
There is a lower, and a higher.

Known and unknown, human, divine,
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend, thou canst not die,
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine."

We see so little of such friendship now. Is it all lost in selfishness? Some friends are valuable because they help us socially and financially, but the ideal joy of the communion of kindred spirits seems lost. Where is the friend in whom we put our trust, whose faith in our capabilities encourages us to new trials?

I turn the pages, eager to find some item which will counterbalance these losses, and I find "Music," "The voice of the soul." No drawing-room is complete without its magic charms—charms which none can resist. Strains lively, sad, solemn, of love and agreement, of hate and bitterness—what feelings can music not portray? As far back as history can trace we find music occupying an honored place. Its ethical value and the cultivation which it gives to the feelings have ever been recognized in church and school, and to-day we find music cultivated more and more.

Startled by the click which accompanies the turning of the hour glass, I closed the book and turned to flee; but—I had not seen the balance. I had not found Father Time's "Trial Sheet." No, my friends, Father Time does not strike the balance; he leaves that to us.

May we by our individual efforts so correct the losses that our balance may show a large gain in the ledger of future years.

E. H. '96.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, in His infinite wisdom, the All-wise Ruler of the Universe has seen fit to take from this world the soul of the beloved sister of our esteemed friend and classmate, Eugene Stanton, and as we realize the loss sustained by those who were near and dear to her; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to our beloved classmate to say that we, as the class of 1901, join in regretting the removal of her who

was so dear to him in this transitory life.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased in the dispensation with which it has pleased the Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best and whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

Resolved, That this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be spread upon the minutes of our Class Society; and that the same

shall be published in the STUDENT RECORD.

ROY RICHARD,
RALPH S. STUBBS,
P. A. McCARRAN,
Committee.

WHEREAS, It has been the will of the Omnipotent father to remove from this earth the father of our esteemed classmate, Thomas P. Brown; be it therefore

Resolved, That we, the members of the Junior

Class of the University of Nevada, do extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved ones; and be it furthermore

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the STUDENT RECORD, and also that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family.

NELSON H. BRUETTE,
MATTIE M. PARKER,
THOMAS W. MACK,
Committee.

EXCHANGE.

"Senor Paul Verde, the Gringo," in December's *Sequoia*, is very well written.

The Tennessee Universtiy Magazine comes to us this month with its usual excellent reading matter.

An excellent article entitled "Posthumous Praise" appears in the *Baylor Literary* for December.

"The True Study of Literary Art," in *St. John's Collegian*, shows a considerable amount of study and ability.

The S. V. C. Student of Los Angeles, one of our new exchanges, is attractive in appearance and contains some very good articles.

There are a few striking facts about the small American college. One is that sixty per cent of the brainiest Americans who have risen to prominence and success are graduates of colleges whose names are scarcely known outside their States. It is a fact also, that during the past ten years the majority of the new and best methods of learning have emanated from the small colleges and have been adopted later by larger ones.—*Ex.*

The Delaware College Review, The New Mexico Collegian, The White and Gold and The Buff and Blue are all deserving of mention.

Of the undergraduates in this country, women comprise fifty-five per cent. It seems that in this respect the gentler sex are on the increase.

"I fear you are forgetting me,"
She said in tones polite.
"I am, indeed, forgetting you;
That's why I came to-night." —*Ex.*

"How goes it now at college, John?"
A father thus petitioned;
Quickly came the answer back,
"I'm very well conditioned." —*Ex.*

I noticed she was pretty,
I thought she smiled at me;
And after I had passed her,
I turned my head to see.

A piece of banana peel
My careless heel beguiled;
I cracked a curbstone with my head,
And then I knew she smiled. —*Ex.*

Give 'em the axe! the axe! the axe!
 Give 'em the axe! the axe! the axe!
 Give 'em the axe! Give 'em the axe!
 Give 'em the axe! Where?

Right in the neck! the neck! the neck!
 Right in the neck! the neck! the neck!
 Right in the neck! Right in the neck!
 Right in the neck! There!!

No; this is not a dirge sung at the fasts of the South Sea cannibals just before the victim is prepared for the roasting. It is a football cry produced after much effort by the poets of one of our leading universities—that's all.—*St. Andrew's Cross.*

The Aerolith, an exchange from Franklin, Wis., is written almost entirely in German. We deplore this fact, inasmuch as we feel that we are missing some good articles, owing to our limited knowlege of the German language.

Several of our exchanges for December contain cuts of their football eleven and editorial staff, and many of the Eastern exchanges appear in Christmas garb.

The Knox Coup d'Etat contains some very interesting short stories.



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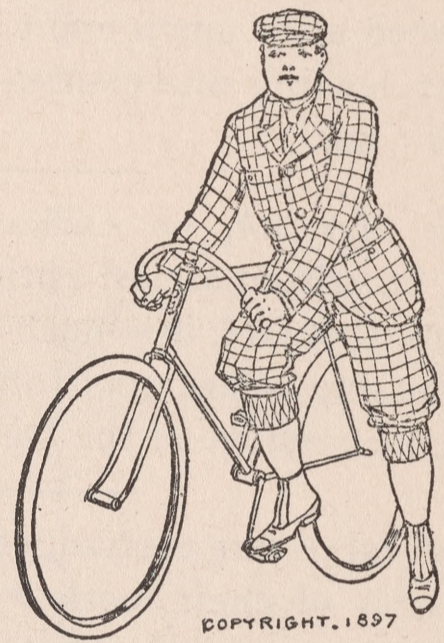
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