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# The Student Record

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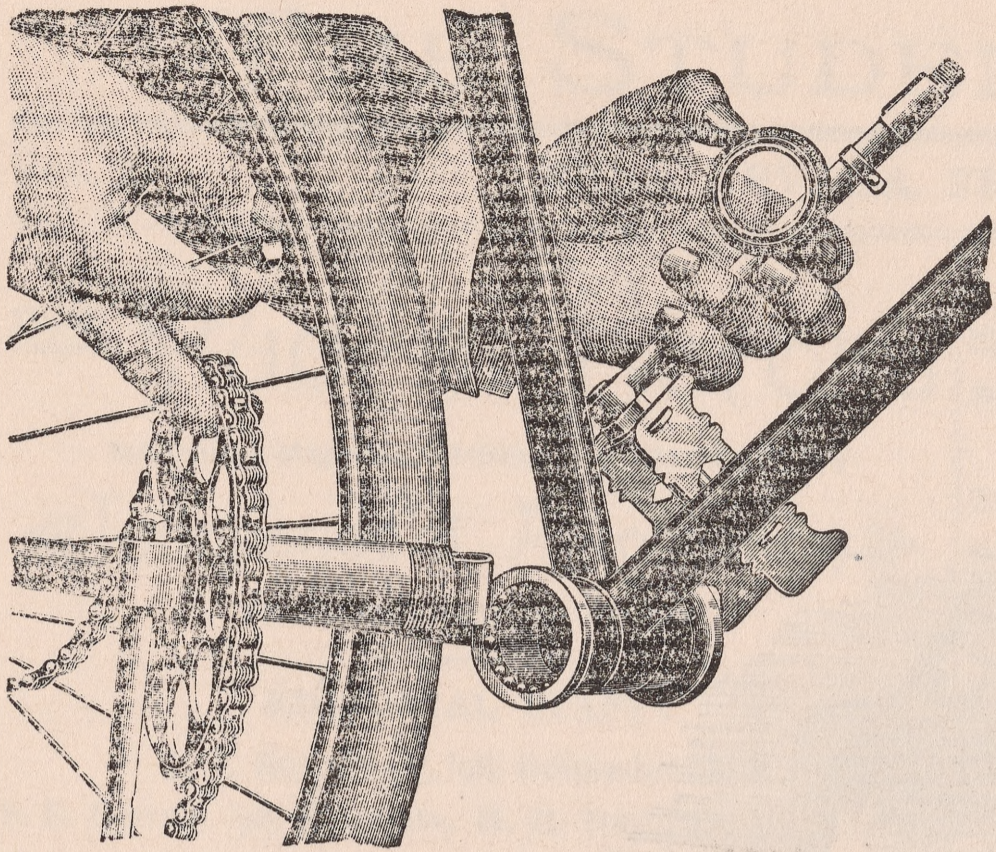
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Sketched by Lester Merrill on the midnight return of the  
'Varsity Minstrels from Wadsworth.

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THE examinations are now over and we may all breathe more freely. Some of us have surprised ourselves and our professors by the amount of knowledge which we possess. Others of us, alas, have occasioned yet more lurid surprise by showing how much elementary knowledge we do not possess. As of yore, the confident young man who "knows a whole lot about the subject and will go through a humming," has looked at the impregnable phalanx of questions and shriveled like the puncture-proof tire which has encountered a carpet tack.

The examinations have been much harder than in former years; but, on the whole, the records made in them have been good.

A new term is at hand—for some of us the last term. Let us make the most of it. To this end let us be industrious and persevering. In the world of athletic sports one must train faithfully and with perfect regularity. The successful athlete does not overtrain one day, rest the next, work too hard on the third day and then celebrate on the fourth and fifth days by loafing all day and dancing all night. The successful student, too, is the one who does each day's work conscientiously, and thoroughly reviews before examinations—not the night before, either—and then passes with apparent ease.

During the past term we have noticed many overzealous students who seemed to study all the time, scarcely stopping for meals. They burned the midnight tallow candles and electricity, and in the daytime looked as limp and sleepy as a tramp who has spent the night in revelry. Most of these fanatical students were freshmen. They were industrious, but as unwise as a runner who would start on a four-mile race at the very top of his speed.

There is but one way to make the most of our opportunities of culture in the University, and that one way is to take plenty of exercise and sleep and recreation, without allowing any of these to interfere with our studies in the course which we have chosen.



AS things have been arranged in past years, rifle practice in the Cadet Battalion has occurred but once each year. Upon this momentous occasion each cadet has an opportunity of showing his skill by firing five times at a target. This is useful and interesting to the cadet if he happens to be a good shot; but, if he is not, his poor score disgraces him, and he gains little from so small an amount of practice.

We do not know but that a better arrange-

ment might be made. Many of the boys who come in from Northern California and from Eastern Nevada have used the rifle more or less from the time they were as tall as the rifle itself. We have in consequence in our Cadet Battalion young men whose scores in the rifle practice of former years would be a credit to any military organization. In work of this character every cadet feels a strong personal interest, and strives to do his very best. It is not like the ordinary evolutions of the drill ground, where the men soon learn to know all the movements by heart and go through them listlessly and automatically.

Suppose for an instant that, during these win-

ter months, when the drill ground is covered with mud and snow, iron targets could be arranged in the armory and rifle practice held three times a week. Let us suppose further that with the coming of spring, outdoor practice could be indulged in once every week. What an interest this would awaken in the entire battalion! What a team we could turn out to shoot in competition with the other military organizations of this and adjoining States!

Perhaps this plan is not feasible. We should, at any rate, be pleased to publish communications concerning the matter from instructors or from members of the Cadet Battalion.

### FIRE IN THE IMPERIAL.

(A true account, from unpublished book.)

**A** PECULIAR circumstance often noted in the mining whistles of the Comstock was that people whose business had nothing in common with the mines would sleep on undisturbed when they blew in the usual manner and at the usual time, but let one send a note at any but the expected time and every person within hearing would be roused at once. So now, although it lacked but a few minutes of the hour when the whistle should give the signal for the changing of shifts, Mary Jane knew instantly from the manner in which the discordant sounds woke the echoes that something was wrong. She sprang out of bed and ran to the window expecting to see a blaze or its reflection on the surrounding hills; but no light was to be seen in any direction, only in some of the neighboring houses whose inmates were startled from their sleep by the whistle's cry. What was it? Where could it be? Would the whistle never stop? The Imperial whistle beyond a doubt, was sounding an alarm of some kind. It was, at any time, a diabolical thing; a "three compartment whistle" they called it; and now, as it shrieked and screamed, the wind bore the sound against the hills that threw them back again, echoing and re-echoing,

until the whole world, earth and sky, seemed filled with horror.

Mary Jane dressed as rapidly as possible, then ran down the stairs to her grand aunt's room. The old lady was also stirring and anxious in only a less degree than was her niece to know the cause of the alarm.

"O, Aunt Margaret," cried the girl as she ran into the room, "What is it? What can be the matter? Let me go and find out, do."

"Indeed you shall not," was the short reply. "A young girl like you has no business on the street at this time of night."

"Come out on the porch then, Auntie, come. Perhaps we can see or find out something there."

Muffling herself in a shawl and bidding Mary Jane do the same, the old lady made her way outside, closely followed by her niece. When there, however, they could see nothing; hear nothing but the whistle, which had now subsided somewhat, but was still sending out short, sullen notes at intervals.

The whole town was aroused evidently; for lights were glancing in the houses, and flitting here and there on the hillsides as if from lanterns. As they stood on the porch, several people passed, hurrying up the long, steep main street; but all were quiet, being more or less out of breath from the haste they were making up

the steep incline. Presently, however, Mary Jane heard well-known voices approaching, and soon Mrs. Casserly and Mrs. Barnaby came to a halt before the house.

"Are you there, Mrs. McKinzie?" called out the former, discerning the shadowy form in the porch's gloom. "Sure, an' its dreadful intirely, isn't it now?"

"What's dreadful, Lizzie Casserly?" demanded the old woman. "What is it that has happened?"

"Shure, I don't know what it is meself; but it must be the mine, the ould Impayrial itself that is on fire."

"That's what I think, too," chimed in Mrs. Barnaby; "and we're just going up the hill to see."

"Mayn't I go with them? Aunt Margaret, do let me go with them," eagerly cried Mary Jane.

"Go along, if you must; but mind, you stay with them, an come back quick to let me know all about it," was the reply.

Waiting to hear no more, Mary Jane caught Mrs. Barnaby's hand and went on with them up the tiresome hill. People passed them, hurrying faster than they were able to do, as they went along; but they met none coming from the opposite direction, until at last they gained the foot of the precipitous hill, nearly at the summit of which the old Imperial hoisting works formerly stood. Here were gathered groups of anxious people, all eager to learn the cause of alarm. All knew by this time that the trouble must be in the mine itself, but of what nature that trouble was, none seemed absolutely sure. Not only were there people at the foot of the hill, but its steep side was black with the forms of those who were ascending, seen in the dim, imperfect light. As our three friends stopped to gain breath before attempting the ascent to the mine, a man came running down from the works, and in his answer to eager inquiries, told them that the mine itself was on fire, as they had supposed.

"The fire broke out at the 800-foot level, in the blacksmith shop, probably. The alarm was given at just about the time for the men from that level to come off shift. But before they

could hoist any of them, the shaft was so filled with smoke and gas that it was utterly impossible for any one to pass through it."

"How many are down there?" "Who are they?" were the next eager questions; but before the answer could be given, others broke in with:

"But they can get out through the 'Jacket,' can't they? Sure, there's connection with some of the other mines, and they can get out through them if they can't through the Imperial."

"There was connection through the Yellow Jacket," answered the man sadly, "until about a week ago, when a bulkhead was put in to shut off the draft, and now there is no way out but through the Imperial itself—and that is closed."

"Oh, horrible! horrible! Must the poor men stay there then and burn or smother like rats in a cage?"

"Can't something be done? Can't the bulkhead be removed from the Jacket side? O, it's dreadful, dreadful, for them to be shut up and die there in that way."

"Everything is being done that can be done," was the answer; "but—the result is very doubtful."

"Who's on shift to-night?" was asked again.

In reply, the man named over several, all of whom were more or less well-known to the bystanders; but Mary Jane heard one name only, the name of her schoolmaster's father, John Winstan. A picture of the fair, pleasant home as she had been wont to see it on the nights when *he* was there, the nights on which he had not been obliged to be at the mine, rose up before her, and with it came the feeling that she must rush to her friend's side and comfort him in his sorrow—if comfort were possible. Acting on this impulse, she turned without a word to her companions and started to run down the hill. A little below the railroad track which crosses the main street just before the latter reaches the center of the town, she was startled by seeing the figure of a woman in the deep shadow made by the buildings on the opposite side of the street from herself; or, more properly, she was startled by this woman's actions. Muf-

fled in a dark shawl, her form was almost undistinguishable; but she was walking up the street with quick, nervous steps, wringing her hands and talking to herself in a low tone. Deciding that it was some poor woman who had a friend in the burning mine, Mary Jane kept on her way. She had not gone far, however, before she heard steps approaching from behind, and turning, saw the woman was now coming down the hill. Stopping for an instant to watch her movements, she saw her hurry down the street at a violent pace until she was some little distance in advance; then turning suddenly, she almost ran up the hill again; and now the girl could hear what she was saying to herself.

"Oh, my man! my man! my dear, dear man! What shall I do? What can I do?"

Sobs and moans broke her words, but still Mary Jane felt sure that she knew the distressed woman, and that it must be Mrs. Winstan. Crossing the street at once, she approached the woman, who had now stopped and was standing with her head raised, evidently gazing in the direction of the mine, as if trying to pierce the darkness that enveloped it and perhaps find some ray of hope or comfort issuing from its gloom; but a moment later, dropping her head, she started again, talking more loudly now than before.

"Oh, my God!" she almost shrieked, "he shall not stay there and die; slowly burn to death, or smother. They *shall* take him out! I will go myself! O, my dear! my dear! How little I thought when you left home to-day that I should never see you again!"

"Mrs. Winstan," said Mary Jane; "poor Mrs. Winstan, do come away; you can do no good here. You had better go home and wait there, perhaps—"

"Home?" screamed the frantic woman, "who talks to me of home? Home! What is home to me now! Home? when my poor husband may even now be in the agonies of a fearful death! Let me go to him! Let me die with him! Oh, what will life and home be without him!"

By this time quite a number of people had

gathered around and all vainly tried to quiet and comfort the poor woman. But she broke away from them all and rushed wildly up the hill to within a short distance of the mine itself. Stopping near a group of women who, having relatives or friends in the burning mine, were only a little less distracted than herself, she seemed to listen for a moment to their wailings.

"What does it matter to you?" she said almost scornfully. "You are all young; you can make new ties, find new friends, but I—I can never find another like my own dear John. Oh, I must save him! I must save him!" and she made an eager rush towards the main door of the hoisting works, but was met there by two men, who barred the entrance and led her away, at the same time telling her kindly that she must not come there; she could do no good, and would do well to go home, promising that if she did so they would see that she was kept informed of all that might occur.

"Oh, tell me!" she cried; "tell me, is there any hope? Do you think they will find them alive? Tell me, tell me!"

The men looked at each other for an instant, then one of them answered gravely, but very kindly: "Mrs. Winstan, I would gladly give you hope if it were in my power—but I fear there is not the slightest ground for hope. Indeed, I have no doubt that death from suffocation and foul air has already met all who are in the mine at this time."

"Dead! Do you think they are dead already?"

"I have no doubt of it, Madam, none at all," said both men at once.

A sigh of relief came from the poor woman and she turned away, saying sadly to herself: "Dead, dead? Better so, dear heart than to think you are being tortured with a slow and agonizing death. Come, Mary Jane, I will go home; my children need me still."

Wearily, for the strong excitement of the night that was now fast turning into the gray morning had spent itself, leaving her worn and faint, she made her way down the steep, rough hill, closely followed by Mary Jane.

As they went down the street they met the



children, Tommy and his little sister, coming to find their mother. They had slept quietly through this night of horror until nearly day-break, when a neighbor, coming in to seek Mrs. Winstan, told them of the disaster that had overtaken their father. They had got up at once and dressed and were now on their way to the mine, knowing well that they should find their mother there. As they reached her, she stood for a short space looking at them; none uttering a word. In after years Mary Jane could never recall the scene without a feeling of awe akin to that she experienced at the time of its occurrence. They stood in the narrow street whose buildings faced it on either side. Above them the stars were paling in the sky as the gray dawn crept softly over the hills. Back of them, on their right, towered the huge hoisting works that always seemed as a fort of defense from which to guard the town that stretched far beneath it. From this, clouds of horrible black smoke might now be seen issuing from every door and window; and its engines, still hoisting, might be heard sending out short, quick sounds.

The woman, only the day before a happy wife, but now a sorrow-stricken widow, stood gazing at her fatherless children in silence for a moment; then, with a low cry as of some animal in distress, she took the crippled lad in her arms and strained him to her breast. "You poor, fatherless, crippled boy? Only your mother left to you now; and to you, poor child," laying her hand on the little girl's head. Raising her eyes towards heaven, she cried: "Oh, God, Thou who hast seen fit to afflict us; Thou who hast taken away our loved one, look kindly upon us and help a widowed woman to take his place to these poor children."

She passed rapidly down the street with the boy, who was small and slight, still in her arms, and holding the little girl by the hand, until she reached their home. Entering resolutely, she soothed and calmed the children, exercising wonderful self-control, until at last she induced them to go back to their beds and temporary rest and forgetfulness of sorrow in a blessed sleep.

When the children were settled, she bade Mary Jane to come into the kitchen with her, but here her new-found courage nearly failed her; for here, just as she had left them, were all the preparations she had made for her husband's supper the night before. "I made him a nice little supper last night," she said, "but he will want no more. Oh, my God, how can it be! John gone, taken without a moment's warning from his home. Oh, my heart! my heart! I cannot bear it!" and she fell, weeping and exhausted, into a chair, resting her head for a moment on the table where the dead man's supper was placed. The smell of the food quickly recalled her to herself and she turned from it with a sense of loathing, saying: "Won't you take it, Mary Jane, and throw it all away out of my sight. I cannot even bear to see it."

Mary Jane did as she was bid, then seated the poor woman in a more comfortable chair, and herself, bustled around, made a fire and quickly prepared a pot of hot coffee, from which both partook. Mrs. Winstan was unable to remain quietly in one place for any length of time, but moved uneasily about from one room to another, talking softly to herself, and everywhere seeing traces of her loved one. Mary Jane observed with wonder that the stricken woman never for a moment seemed to doubt that he was dead; and she noticed, too, that though she often paused in her walk to look from one window or another, she carefully avoided the only one from which the mine could be seen. Presently, seating herself again in her easy chair, Mrs. Winstan, all the time rocking herself unsteadily to and fro, began talking in a louder strain, as if partly to her listener and partly to herself.

"I knew it," she said; "I knew something dreadful had happened to my John before I heard the alarm. I had his supper all ready for him, and I sat down in the other room, there to wait till he should come.\* It was almost time for the whistle to blow, and, indeed, I thought it must have blown and I not heard it, for I happened to raise my eyes from my sewing and glance out here, and I saw John standing there

\* This account all true.

by the door just where you are now sitting; saw him just as plain as I ever did in all my life. I wondered how he could have come in without my hearing him. He was looking right at me, but with a peculiar, sad expression in his face that wasn't like him; then, seeing me look at him, he kinder smiled—such a sweet, sad smile—that I sprang out of my chair to go to him. As I did so, he raised one hand and pointed upward, still looking at me, and in a moment more was gone. I hurried out here, looked all around, and opened the door and called to him; but just as I did this the whistle began to scream, and I knew I should never see my dear John again in this world. O, dear! O, dear.”

Mary Jane said all she could to comfort the poor woman, but what comfort is possible in such a case! After a while, the children, coming from their rooms, claimed their mother's care and consolation; and, feeling that the best thing now was to leave them alone together, the girl went home. She found her aunt in a high state of indignation at her long absence, aggravated by the fact that her two gossips had dropped in on their way home and had told her that her niece had unceremoniously left them, to go, they knew not where. After hearing Mary Jane's explanation, however, she was quickly pacified and even went so far as to offer to get the girl an unusually good breakfast. This the latter declined, feeling unable to eat; but needing sleep and rest, she went to her room and

soon forgot in the dreamless sleep of exhaustion the troubled experience of the night.

Nearly a week elapsed before it was possible to remove the bodies of the dead from the place in which they had met their sad fate, and even then it was a work attended with much danger to those who undertook it; a lack of loathing and horror, as well; for what had been then in the prime of life or in the pride of youth and manly beauty when they last entered the fatal mine, were now brought out bloated, disfigured corpses, so changed that recognition was scarcely possible; and through feelings of mercy to their surviving friends, they were placed in coffins by the undertaker as soon as they were brought to the surface; nor were any allowed to look upon them, save those few whose business made it necessary for them to do so.

Five funerals took place on the same day in the sorrowing town of Gold Hill. A melancholy cortege of mourners, miners and citizens, military and civic orders, followed the dead men to their untimely graves. The accompanying band roused the echoes with the grand strains of the "Dead March in Saul" as the long procession wound down the narrow street and over the hillside to the barren graveyard; but having thus shown their respect to their late friends and companions, for one or more of the dead had belonged to the band, they marched back again to the more lively strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." M. S. D.

#### A CASE OF SANE INSANITY.

IT WAS a quiet, summer evening, and two young men were strolling leisurely along the deserted street of a little Western town. Nothing had been said for several minutes, when the taller one broke the silence with:

"Well, Jack, I have finally found what I have been seeking for the last two years."

"And what is that, pray?"

"A case of sane insanity."

"Sane insanity! Why, man, you must be insane yourself."

"Not at all, my friend. Come and sit down on this bench and I will tell you about it."

The two young men being seated, the speaker said:

"Ever since I can remember, I have taken a great interest in insane people. For the last two years I have been traveling around the country visiting insane asylums, in the hope of meeting with patients who, in their insanity, had sane moments. I had heard that many such

cases had been found, and it was my desire to see if, by talking to them in these moments, I could gain any idea of what their thoughts and plans and, in fact, what their whole nature would have been, had they not gone crazy; and I was especially anxious to find a patient who, in his few sane moments, was aware that at all other times he was insane, and who knew the cause of his insanity.

"Well, I visited many patients, but was never fortunate enough to find a case of this kind. I had about given up the search, when, one day last week, I happened to enter a little town in the western part of K——, and hearing that there was an insane asylum there, I went to the medical adviser of the institution and told him of my hobby. He seemed greatly interested and told me that he had a patient there whom he thought would interest me.

"'It is a girl,' he said, 'and at times she seems quite rational; but you will probably have to visit her several times before you find her at all sane. She seems brightest between the hours of three and four in the afternoon.'

"With these words he led the way upstairs, and we entered the room of the patient. Well, Jack, you know that I am not often struck with the beauty of a woman's face, but the girl was certainly a picture. I can't describe her. No one could describe those lustrous brown eyes, that softly curling dark hair, and the majesty and pride visible in every feature of her lovely countenance, and, notwithstanding these, that look of utter hopelessness. The doctor, after glancing at her with his practiced eye, whispered: 'You cannot talk with her to-day.'

"In a few moments we left. Day after day this continued; we could not catch the patient in her sane moments, if any she had. Fortune at last favored me, for one day the doctor led me in, and introducing me to the young lady, informed her that I had come to chat with her for a while. The doctor quietly slipped out of the room, and the conversation ran on general topics for some time; then the lady, who had been gazing out of the window heretofore, suddenly turned, and looking straight at me, said:

" 'I know that I am insane.'

"I was quite astonished by this assertion and moved uneasily in my chair."

" 'Don't be alarmed. There is not the slightest occasion for fear. Yes, I know that I'm insane, and furthermore, I know what made me that way.'

"Indeed! You wouldn't mind telling me about it, would you?"

" 'Mind telling you? I've never told anyone, but, pardon me, you look so kind that I think it would be a relief for me to tell you all.'

"I murmured a few words of thanks, and the patient, gazing in front of her with a dreamy look in her eyes, began:

" 'I had a friend once. When I first met her she was but thirteen years of age and I scarcely a year older. She was a sweet, pretty girl with light hair and blue eyes that seemed so honest and true, and fair, white skin. I didn't think very much of her at first, but by degrees, I began to like her, then to respect her and finally love her. That love grew till it became almost ideal. Aye, it was a love that the very Gods would feel no shame to own. So it was on my part, at least, and I thought she loved me just the same. How I did love that girl! I used to sit and watch her and think how terrible it would be if we should have to part. Once she was sick with a fever and she tossed and moaned in her bed for weeks. One night the doctors said she would not live till morning. Oh! the agony I endured that night! I sat up, praying, begging, imploring that God would not take her—my only friend—away. And my prayer was answered, for in the morning the fever had broken and she was soon better. How happy I was then to think I had my little friend back again!

'And so our friendship—my love—continued till she was eighteen. About that time I noticed a change in her. She seemed to grow cold toward me, but, though my heart was breaking, I said nothing to her and resolved to win her love again. But this was not to be. One day I was told of an act done by her that showed too plainly that she, instead of being

my friend, was doing all in her power to harm me. It was such a cruel, heartless act that I could not believe her, the owner of those innocent, blue eyes, guilty of it. No, I could not believe it till I saw her face, and when I looked at her I knew then that it was true. My first feeling was one of sorrow. I wept that night on the spotless pillow where her head had so often nestled near mine—wept to think my friend was no more. Oh! If you have ever had one in whom you trusted blindly, sincerely, faithfully—one whom you thought was almost perfect, who shared your every thought, who knew all your hopes and fears, one with whose life your life was interwoven—then, and then only, can you realize what it was for me to see my ideal shattered into fragments and to know that I could never trust again.

'In the morning when I awoke I had a new feeling. I hated. Yes, with just the passion I had loved before, I hated then. How I hated, no one but the God above, who knows all feelings, can realize. I could never think of her as a girl after that. I always saw her as a writhing, wriggling serpent. The heat of the sun on the most fiercely scorching day of summer was as nothing compared with the burning ardor of my detestation. I loathed her so that the mere thought of her turned me sick. And this hate grew—grew till it seemed to consume my entire being. Each day it seemed to catch me with a firmer grasp, and I knew that the only way to satisfy this deadly, venomous hatred was by revenge. And why not? She had ruined my life, and I could not sit calmly down and think quietly over it. No, it was not natural. The very soul within me seemed calling for revenge—revenge as cruel and heartless as was her deed. And I thought of this revenge day and night. You have seen what an eager interest the artist takes in the picture which is to make him famous; you have noticed with what diligent care the author works on the master-piece which will make his name immortal. With just such interest and care did I work over this revenge, and when it was finished I gazed at it with as proud a glance as the artist gave to his

picture or the author his tale. It was a revenge so cruel in its plot, so venomous in its results and so diabolical in its whole nature that the King of Hades himself, had he been its contriver, would not have felt ashamed of it.

'Now that the revenge was settled, I only waited my opportunity to wreak it upon her. The day I chose dawned bright and clear, and I was in a fever, so great was my desire to pay my debt. My blood was boiling and every nerve in my body tingling with suppressed longing, when—most cruel disappointment—I received word that she had just died of heart failure. Dead! Dead! Oh God! That was too bitter. To have my prey wrested from my grasp at the very moment that crime was to have been atoned for! I could not bear it. Even then I longed to tear the delicate flesh, though I knew 'twas but an inanimate mass.'

"She gazed intently before her and then, Jack, I noticed the light in her eyes change, and perceived the muscles about her mouth twitch. I knew then that she was insane again, and a moment afterward, with a wild cry, she leaped up, screaming: 'They told me she was dead, but 'tis not so. God would not be so unjust as to let her die and make me live. No! No! She is living, and to-morrow I shall pay her back—to-morrow I shall have my revenge!'

"As she finished saying this her head dropped and her limbs seemed to grow limp. Just then two of the attendants rushed in and carried her out, and I hurried down the stairs and away from the building.

"Jack, I think I'm cured of my hobby. That is the first and last case of sane insanity that I ever wish to encounter." W. I. I. '98.

---

While Moses was not a college man,  
And never played football;  
In rushes he was said to be  
The first of them all. —*Ex.*

---

There are 8,000 students at the University of Berlin, of whom one-fourth are Americans.—*Ex.*

**NORMAL GRADUATES WHO ARE TEACHING.**

THE graduates of the University seem to be more successful in obtaining schools each year. They are now employed in many schools which sent to California and elsewhere for teachers.

Following is the employment record, as far as we have been able to ascertain it, of the Normal Classes of '96 and '97:

## CLASS OF '96.

Ella Duffy will shortly begin teaching in Hot Creek, Nye county.

Lillian Douglas is teaching near Lovelock.

Louise Evans, at Pioche, White Pine county.

Margrret Hymers, at Columbus, Esmeralda county.

Lillian Jones, in Lyon county.

Josephine Kelley, in White Pine county.

Leona Mitchell has been teaching at Beckwith, Cal.

Edith McLear is teaching at Sattley, Cal.

Jane Mulcoy, at Eureka.

Agnes Maxwell, in Wightman district, Churchill county.

Katherine Mayberry, at Clark's Station.

Belle Rulison, at New River, Churchill county.

## CLASS OF '97.

Nettie Benson, at Lewis, Lander county.

Maude Blake, at Buffalo Meadows.

Maggie Donahue, at Yerington.

Annie Donahue, at Paradise.

Martha Fanning, at Bernice, Churchill county.

Bessie Flewellen, at Alpine, Churchill county.

Lucinda Harper, at Oasis, Cal.

Grace Herrick, at Topaz, Mono county, Cal.

Cora McFarlin, at Lovelock.

Janet Pearce, at Bishop Creek, Cal.

Theresa Peter, in Plumas county, Cal.

Louise Rinckle, at Toano, Elko, county.

Emily Sparks, in Butte Valley, White Pine county.

Alice Trembath, in Clover Valley, Lincoln county.

Emma Wallace, near Austin.

Hugh Crutcher, in Idaho.

**ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.**

Everett has also sent a challenge to the Berkeley team, but nothing has been heard from it.

The Senior Mining students were the recipients of a surprise in Miss De Laguna's Spanish exam. They all got through.

J. M. L. Henry, Mines '96, has turned to a professional wheelman in the wilds of Africa. Stay with it, Jack, and when you have developed into a speedy rider, re-enter college and make a record for us.

In our Stanford exchange we note that the Stanford baseball team is now out for regular daily practice. In this they have a great advantage over us. Our field at present is covered with snow, but the weather prophet says we can commence playing in about a week.

Prof. and Mrs. Wilson were the recipients of a surprise party given by the Reno Dramatic Club on the evening of the 28th. An enjoyable time is reported by all.

Skating seems to be the present means of sport at the U. of N. The Lincoln Hall boys have succeeded in flooding the reservoir, and good skating is the result.

Ray Richard, our promising sprinter, will be unable to train again. He sprained his ankle last year and has not recovered sufficiently to train for this season's work.

At the present time Berkeley has eighty men training for the track. She should have no trouble in defeating Stanford this year; but it seems that the Stanford boys are always ready to give Berkeley a hard rub, when the proper time comes.

The Berkeley Athletic Association has engaged Cochran of Princeton to coach her football team next year. Cochran played end on the great Princeton team of '97. With her present backs and a man like Cochran, to coach her line, Berkeley should put up a good team in the next game with Stanford.

Manager Everett of the baseball team has nearly completed arrangements for a game with Stanford, to take place in Reno. The baseball

enthusiasts are well pleased at this. They think there will be more glory in winning from the Stanford baseball team than from the Stanford Freshmen in field athletics. The finances of the A. A. make it almost impossible to bring both teams up. The Executive Committee is debating on the matter as this goes to print. If they decide in favor of baseball, our track athletics will not amount to much this year. We must be satisfied with the laying of our new cinder track and our regular annual field day.

### CAMPUS.

Lieutenant Saxton, U. S. A., was on the Campus a few days last week.

J. J. Sullivan '98 was called to the bedside of his dying father on January 21, 1898.

Miss Rose Gooding, Normal '97, was married to James Day at Austin, Nevada, on January 12, 1898.

In January—"Oh! If I only had my sheepskin." In July—"Oh! If I only had a job or any old thing to do."

J. S. Egan, ex-Commercial, passed through on the 15th to Butte City, Montana. Jim has been visiting relatives(?) in Virginia during the holidays.

Professor R. E. Lewers is the proud possessor of a "chainless safety," the latest thing out. He is thinking about taking the Nevada agency for it. So it is rumored.

Frank Saxton '95 and Sam Durkee '96 departed on January 18, 1898, for South Africa, to accept positions offered them. This makes seven University of Nevada boys who have obtained positions in that country. Evidently the South Africa Mining Co. know where to send to when in search of good men.

The University of Pennsylvania, during the past two years, has received gifts to the amount of over a million of dollars.

August Shadler '01 met with a severe accident in the Mechanical Shop on the 18th, causing him to lose the thumb of his right hand. The wound, while painful, is not very serious, and we hope to see him around again in a few days.

The University is to have a society room at last. The girls' study hall is being converted into a library, and the room formerly occupied by the Librarian and her first assistant, H. H. Dexter (Zeb), will be given up as a society room.

Old Student, to the "Reubens" (sports) at Lincoln Hall—"Who teaches you arithmetic?" "Reubens"—"I don't know his name." Old Student—"Is he good looking?" "Sports" (immediately answer)—"Oh! Lord! No! He is homely."

Exams. have come and gone and have left their footprints in some cases. We are glad to say that from information gained here and there, there was less "cheating" than ever before, and as a whole the students have made good records in all the different departments.

## "FEETBALL."

HAVING arrived at the fizzle end of our football season, according (as usual) to Section 642, the Committee on Morals have tabulated the football diary for the season of '97. A copy was handed to the College Editor to be pigeon-holed for future reference, and the rest dedicated to the "sons of the grid-iron."

The effeminate and mawkish newspapers are conducting a crusade against the tender passion of football. Exhibits, with opinions from the hysterical journals, have been appended in collected form by Dr. E. O'B., and herein partly presented.

From the *Plaindealer* of September 29th: "Can nothing be done to put a stop to the devastating plague of football? Every college in the country is adding daily to the list of victims. Our correspondents in Verdi and Wadsworth send us the most terrifying reports. Will not the faculties of those institutions who always read the *Plaindealer* for the excellence of its football news, take action in this matter, or won't the President of the United States issue a proclamation on the subject?"

Reno, Oct. 2.—"So many men of the University teams have been so seriously injured this season that yesterday the head waiter, the assistant cook and the maiden aunt of the French Professor were put in to fill up the second eleven and did deadly work against the first in the practice game last evening."

Oct. 5.—"Ever since the little Jimmie Jiles fell out of the air and broke his neck while yelling for a football contest, the mighty power of the P. D. has been used against this dreadful game. In another column will be found a list of 6,785,601 injuries to life, limb or nervous system thus far this year. To this terrible total must be added the shocking accidents to eighteen members of the scrub team at the Nevada University. The P. D. pledges itself that during the fall season, when profitable free ice is no longer practicable, to fight the brutal sport to the bitter end."

From the *Carson News* of Nov. 1st.—"Too much encouragement must not be gathered from the fact that the Freshman football team defeated the Reno High School 415 to 0 in 15 minute halves. This is very pleasing to the *News*, for we thought the 'Varsity should have no difficulty in winning by a margin of at least 80 points. The evil effects of the struggle, however, are seen by the list of the dead and injured, which is cut out for the want of validity."

Thus continue the efforts of the press. It is shown in the compiled labors of Dr. O' that it is trying to press the manly sport off the field. Space limits our publishing the entire volume, so will conclude with the melodrama of the football season from the individual quills of "Hostetter Bill," Brother Howe and "Gunnie Sax."

The following is a report of daily contest and practice from October 15th, until Klonditis became contagious. (First kick off by "Pop."):

Oct. 15.—"Football" is fast gaining favor. The boys are showing a marked improvement under the coaching of Madden, who lately arrived from Stanford. They have learned how to line up and not talk back to the umpire. At present there are eleven men in each team and about fourteen teams. Scottie is the off wheeler and Jack Fulton is the driver at present.

Oct. 17.—Gloom broods over the college to-day. Yesterday the 'Varsity long back, while running away with the ball, was so badly tackled that he swallowed his whole lower set of teeth. Leavitt, the crack tackle, lost the front stud of his collar bone and cannot keep it in place. The rest of the line have blood in their eyes.

Oct. 19.—Another serious accident coming close upon the epidemic of bunions that has swept over the 'Varsity backs has had its effect in somewhat destroying the confidence of the boys. Little Willie Hunter was pounded so far into the mud by the 'Varsity team falling upon him that Jim Stanaway and George Irwin James are still digging for him. Hays, the talk back, was scalped during the second act of the game; and Whirlwind McCarran, the end rush(?) is said to be dying in his room.

Oct. 22.—Yesterday O'Sullivan became involved in a tandem play and was carried from the field in two sections. Neither he nor "Fat," who was finally unearthed in a precarious condition, will be unable to play for a day or two.

Nov. 1.—The aircastles which the second eleven built over the first in their game to-day have all been kicked to pieces. The only remaining fullback became mixed in his signals and ruptured a blood vessel from mortification. Within ten minutes afterwards O'Neal had an epileptic fit and Pierce was attacked with ingrowing shoe strings. The Board of Health will forbid all three from playing because fear of contagion.

Nov. 5.—"Linkum," our giant center rush of last year, has returned from his sojourn in Florida. The team is materially strengthened by his addition, for Al. does good work.

Nov. 7.—Some genius has a movement before the Glee Club to give a burnt cork benefit for the football clubs. The entertainment is billed for Nov. 26 at McKissicks Opera House under the name of "'Varsity Minstrels."

Nov. 20.—Saturday next is the day of the season. The boys are doing fine work on the

field and are growing eager to meet the enemy.

Nov. 28.—All is over. Our boys made a good play but show signs of defeat. The battle raged for four hours and a half, and when the smoke cleared away, Keddie had locomotor ataxia extra pale, and Chism lost both ears; but "Baby" Brule put Kearsburg out in the third round. Score. 85 to 20. The day was well ended by the entertainment last evening. The minstrel performance was a grand success, both socially and financially. The vocalization by Gignoux was especially creditable. The company is already billed to play 100 nights in Wadsworth, the season commencing Saturday next.

On another page, through the kindness of the manager, we present a caricature of the leading tambo, the Rev. J. Giles, on his midnight return on a freight train from his debut in Wadsworth,

Monday, Nov. 29.—Klonditis soars about the Campus to-day.

Captain Fulton has lost his voice from a combination of laryngitis, tonsillitis and bronchitis. He strenuously protests against work of the players and will henceforth direct the eleven by writing on a slate.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, The All-Wise Creator has seen fit to bereave our classmate, John J. Sullivan, of his beloved father, be it therefore

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Class of '98, do hereby extend to him our heartfelt sympathy in this time of his sorrow; and be it

further

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be engrossed in our minutes and printed in the STUDENT RECORD.

SAMUEL B. DOTEN,  
LORETTO HICKEY,  
GUY W. WALTS,

*Committee.*

#### EXCHANGE.

Dartmouth has a cat farm to supply the biological students.—*Ex.*

The Carlisle Indian School has 989 students, representing 61 tribes.—*Ex.*

Yale and Harvard held their annual debate December 3d. The question was: Resolved, that the United States should annex the Hawaiian Islands. Yale had the negative and won.—*Ex.*



President Gilman of John Hopkins University very aptly sums up a college education thus: (1) Concentration, or ability to hold the mind exclusively and persistently on one subject. (2) Distribution, or the power to arrange and classify known facts. (3) Retention, or the power to hold facts. (4) Expression, or the power to tell what you know. (5) Power of judgment, or making sharp discriminations between that which is false; that which is temporal; that which is incidental and that which is essential.—*Ex.*

“His hand lay on her hair;  
Her face so fair,  
Upturned to his,  
Bespoke the truth;  
And he with subtle care,  
Her thoughts did share;  
A shriek! A whizz!  
He had the tooth.” —*Ex.*

The Wellesly girls say,  
As at vespers they pray:  
“Help us good maids to be;  
Give us patience to wait,  
'Till some subsequent date;  
World without end—ah me!” —*Ex.*

Three-fourths of the colleges founded in the last twenty years are south of the Mason and Dixon line.—*Ex.*



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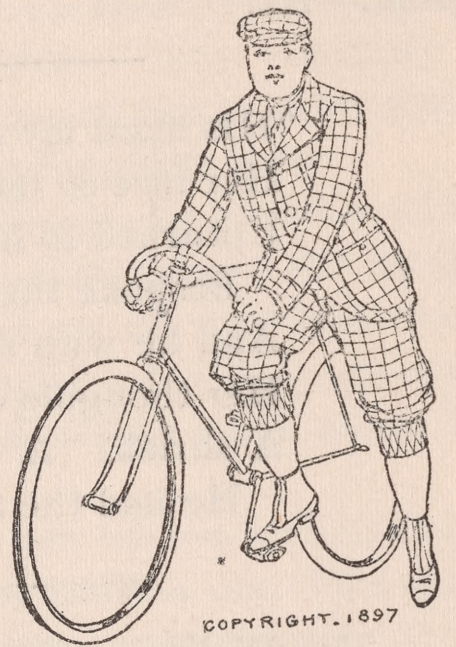
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