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The Student Record

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THE STUDENT RECORD.

VOL. V. RENO, NEVADA, MARCH 1, 1898. NO. 10.

THE Student Record

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THE following is an extract from an address delivered to the Princeton students by President Patten:

"My brother, I envy your place in this world. You are in the morning of your life. You are on the threshold of your manhood. You have a future. Your prospects are bright. But a great struggle is before you. You need the unhampered use of all your powers: good health, an unclouded mind, trained intellect, good manners, strict integrity, high moral purpose, indomitable energy. You have great advantage in education. But you will meet your match in the keen competition of business and professional life. You will from the very outset of your career be engaged in great fight with circumstances. Success will mean that you have the power in no small degree of influentially affecting the lives of other men, of inspiring their confidence, controlling their judgment, shaping their conduct. But you must first learn the lesson of self-control; you must rule your own spirit if you are to be masterful among men. You must fight out to the finish the great battle of duty against inclination, of reason against appetite, of conscience againt lust, of the spirit against the flesh. I do not feel much confidence in the world's panaceas. They work too much on the outside. Your life is the product of inner principle and external environment. The world's schemes of reformation make too much of circumstances and too little of character. I would lessen temptation were it in my power; but I would also have you know that the great moral victories are gained in the face of temptations and by giving them battle. I would do all that can be done to make your environment here favorable to moral life. Let legislation put what restrictions on evil it wisely can. Let academic law find strict enforcement. Let public sentiment exert deterrent influence. Let there be such a spirit of high-toned behavior among our students that men will fear the penalty of social disapproval. Let the influence of religion, the sweet memories of home, and the prayers and counsels, the hopes and ambitions of fathers and mothers whose yearning hearts in these their declining years are turning in strong, tender, unselfish, anxious affection toward you, invite you to live the manly, upright, Christian life. But when

all is done we shall find that it is in the very center of your being that the work of reformation must begin. It is here that the profound philosophy of Christianity reveals itself. For it and it alone can subdue the will, can sanctify the affections, can change the heart, can regenerate the character. And it is in the hope that you will know the power of the Gospel that I summon you to take up arms at once against the fleshly lusts that war against the soul. Fight appetite. Learn lessons from your training for other contests. Keep your body under. Don't break your moral training. You may win another and a brighter garland for the brow of your *alma mater*. You may add another star to the crown of her rejoicing. For your own sake and for her sake, and for the world's sake, and for the sake of Him who came to seek and to save you, determine now to win the great battle of your life which shall make you master of yourself.

"I do not think this battle against appetite will be so easily won by some of you. I do not think that any of us is so safe that he can afford to boast. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' It is a constant battle with temptation in some form or other that we have to fight. And notwithstanding holy influence without and high principle within; in spite of public sentiment, and righteous law, and warning conscience, and religious faith, and hallowed memories, and hopes and fears, and the softening touch of grief, and the calm of quiet Sabbath days, a man may yet in some ungarded moment be the victim of his besetting sin. Do you not remember what George Herbert says?—

Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
  Parents first season us; then school-masters
Deliver us to laws; they send us, bound
  To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
  Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
  Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness
  The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
  Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array,
One cunning bosom sin blows quite away.

"I have been speaking with especial reference to one form of temptation. But you know that the Bible doctrine of temperance does not have any exclusive reference to matters of meat and drink. There are other temptations besides those that have been specially referred to. You need to learn this duty of self-control with reference to your whole moral tife. And the best aid to your moral life is religious faith. It is when you feel your weakness that you are really strong. It is when most conscious of insufficiency that you will feel that your sufficiency is of God. Learn to distrust yourself and lean on Christ. Lay aside every weight of sin that doth so easily beset you and run with patience the race that is set before you, looking unto Jesus.

" 'Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling and to preserve you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Savior, be glory, and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. Amen.' "

IS SIMCOX' CRITICISM OF HERBERT JUST?

IN reading Simcox' criticism of George Herbert one is impressed with the fault-finding attitude assumed by the critic. He seems to have selected the bad points of his subject instead of the good ones, forgetting that the province of true criticism is to single out the good as well as the bad. Moreover, his statements are not all true, and so cannot be just.

Simcox lays too much stress on the fact that Herbert failed to find employment at court. The criticism implies that it was at the request of his mother and because of baffled ambitions

that he entered the church. This assertion is not true. Isaack Walton, in his charming life of Herbert, says that while in college "Herbert consecrated the first fruits of his early age to virtue and a serious study of learning." There is no reason to doubt this.

Simcox states that Herbert's poems are characterized by excitement without impulse. I doubt if mere religious excitement inspired very many of the poems. He is a poet of the church. "His most solemn thoughts are of her mysteries; his tenderest lessons are taught by her prayers."

Again, we find in this criticism that Herbert "is always tormenting himself that he does not love as he should." This statement is too sweeping. To be sure, in writing to a friend concerning "the trouble," he says that it is "a picture of the many spiritual conflicts, that have passed between God and my soul before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus, my Master." But he adds, "in whose service I have now found perfect freedom." A verse from the "Even-Song" shows plainly that Herbert had moments of perfect peace, secure in the knowledge of God's love:

> My God, thou art all love.
> Not one poor minute 'scapes thy breast,
> But brings a favor from above,
> And in thy love I rest.

According to Simcox, "The Size" shows more self-complacency than penitence. "The Size" has words of encouragement to the Christian to sacrifice everything in this world, because sacrifice in this world helps to the world beyond. "It is almost a collect in its majestic harmony and simpleness of language." If the belief of a true Christian that he will go to Heaven when he dies is self-complacency, then Mr. Simcox' statement concerning "The Size" is true.

Herbert's style seems to Simcox "labored and crabbed ingenuity." It is true that many of his poems are harsh. He tries to compress much thought into small space. The rhythm often is jolting and uneven. "But not seldom the harmony is soft and flowing, and lovely fancies are chanted to their own music."

Are the following lines the product of "crabbed ingenuity?":

> Only a sweet and virtuous soul
> Like seasoned timber, never gives;
> But though the whole world turns to coal,
> Then chiefly lives.

And again—

> And now in age I bud again;
> After so many deaths I live and write.
> I once more smell the dew and rain,
> And relish versing, O my only tight.
> It cannot be
> That I am he
> On whom thy tempests fell at night.

We have shown that several statements in Simcox' criticism of George Herbert are false or only partly true. The love and reverence of Herbert's parishioners for him, the charm and blessedness of his weedded life, are passed by unnoticed. A criticism cannot be just which makes false assertions and does not mention the sweetest and noblest characteristics of a man, as well as his faults.

THE EXPEDITION CLUB.

THE night was cold, and as I drew my chair nearer the bright, warm fire in the meeting hall, around which the venerable members had assembled, a feeling of reverence for the noble motto of the club thrilled through my nerves. Just one word for a motto has the club, but that word means volumes. It is "Honesty!" The very syllables seem to have in them the ring that proves the honest coin. If it were not for honesty, what a turmoil of vice and crime the world would become!

I then fell to meditating on the great descent the race would make from the heights of morality and education, if all honest men should suddenly become dishonest, when I was aroused by the voice of the Hon. Zebekiah Dexter, who

broke the silence by saying in a mournful voice: "Too bad! I am a very unfortunate man."

"Why, what is the matter now, Senator?" anxiously inquired the Rev. James Prior Giles, nearly swallowing his cigar stump in the attempt to get all four legs of his chair on the floor and speak at the same time.

"Well, Jim," answered the Senator, "I feel very sad over the loss of my favorite greyhound 'Lincum.' He passed away at about noon to-day. He was as true as steel, and the only real honest dog I ever owned. I have several other dogs, but they are all more or less dishonest. 'Lincum' was far the best of the lot, and now he is dead. Too bad! Too bad!"

"He was very old, was he not?" solemnly inquired the Hon. Gustav Sielaff, the secretary.

"Yes, replied the Senator. "But, nevertheless, I feel his loss keenly."

Having thus spoken, he again relapsed into moody silence. After a few minutes the Rev. J. P. Giles asked dramatically:

"Say, how did he get that way?"

The Senator raised his head slowly and said: "Well, perhaps some of you have noticed his peculiar appearance. I have several times been requested to explain the cause of it, but always declined to do so, because as a member of this club, my reputation for honesty would have been at stake had I told the story."

"Tell us the yarn, Zeb," commanded our gray-haired president, the celebrated G. A. R. Saxton, leaning back in his chair that he might better send fragrant clouds of "Bull Durham" toward the ceiling. "We know you too well to doubt your fidelity to the club."

"Well," said the Senator, brightening up somewhat, "the incident will serve to show what a wonderful dog he was. It happened in this way." Here the Senator paused and began feeling around in his pockets while the Rev. Giles looked on excitedly, thinking no doubt that the Senator would produce some complicated piece of mechanism that would explain the whole thing. He sank back disappointed as the Senator finally produced a match and re-alighted his pipe.

"You know, resumed the Senator, "I am greatly devoted to hunting sage hens. A few years ago a friend and I planned an expedition up the country a few miles into a neighborhood well known as a haunt of the beautiful Nevada game bird. We completed all arrangements and went out there. I took old 'Lincum' along, as he was invaluable to me on all hunting trips. We had been in the country several days, when, on one of our jaunts, 'Lincum' scared up a jackrabbit. Now, 'Lincum's' only failing was that he never could pass a jackrabbit without chasing it, so he immediately started in hot pursuit. The wily rabbit led him a devious, circular course, so that in a short time they were again near the spot where we stood. A harvester had hung his scythe upon a sagebrush, and the sharp blade was directly in their path. They were going at a terrific pace. The rabbit missed the scythe, but 'Lincum' struck it with the middle of his nose and it split him in twain, clear to the tip of his tail. I ran up in great alarm, seized the two halves and put them together, then turned away in sorrow. My friend and I started for home, leaving the poor dog for dead. Judge, if you can, my unbounded surprise and delight when in a few minutes I heard a joyful bark, and looking back, found old 'Lincum' bounding along behind me! He had stuck together, healed up perfectly and was as whole as ever. In hastily putting him together I had placed two legs up and two down, but that didn't matter, in fact he was a better dog than ever, for when he became weary of running on one pair of legs he would flop over and run on the other two. So you see in this manner he could run at top speed all day and never tire."

Profound silence reigned after the Senator concluded his narrative. In fact the silence was so oppressive that it almost stopped the circulation of the blood. Slowly, one by one, the members arose, making various excuses, and went out, until only the gray-haired president remained in the hall. An hour later the janitor, hearing the sound of sobs within the hall,

paused at the door and overheard the following broken words, the meaning of which he could not fathom:

"No! Never! * * * Yes, I must, I will believe it! The honor of the club shall not be tainted by my doubt. But how hard it is! Oh, how hard!"

X.

NIBS.

NIBS was a freckled-faced, red-headed lad just ten years old. The only thing at all pretty about him was his eyes, and they were large and beautiful and of a violet shade of velvety softness. He was an orphan and lived in a little village with "Auntie Nell" and his sister Dot. I can give no better idea of Nibs than by quoting the words of old Mrs. Sander, who lived near by. Raising her hands in horror whenever his name was spoken, she would exclaim: "That youngster is a perfect torment—yes, a perfect torment. You mark my words, that boy'll end his days in a prison—yes, in a prison!"

And yet his actions were not prompted by a mean and viscious nature. He was simply a mischievous lad. He was never happy unless concocting or carrying out some trick sure to tantalize its victim to a remarkable degree. Bicyclists avoided the stretch in front of Mrs. Cann's (Nibs' aunt), as if some evil genius presided over it, which was certainly so if genii dwell in Sack Kingdom.

Mrs. Cann sold milk, and it was Nibs' duty to deliver it. One week, instead of milk, he carried a mixture of chalk and water to the customers. One by one they began to take milk elsewhere, till none were left. When Nibs saw the evil consequences of his deed he felt truly sorry and vowed never to play another trick. The next day, however, finding his aunt in a deep sleep, he tattooed her face with black and red ink "just to see how funny Auntie Nell would look marked up just like an Indian." When the neighbors came to visit, having learned by experience, they cautiously examined the chairs before seating themselves. When the kind old deacon called one day and left his beautiful black silk hat in the hall, Nibs filled it with soot scraped from an old stovepipe.

These and a thousand other little tricks he was so continuously playing that, as soon as he came in sight, everyone was on the lookout for trouble. But this little impulsive, mischief-making lad had a heart as warm and loving as any of the best boys in the village, and it never beat faster for anyone that it did for sister Dot. Dot was seven, but such a tiny creature that you would think her hardly four. Nibs felt quite a man beside her and was her constant protector. She was a quiet, sensitive, well-behaved child and her brother's actions were a source of great trouble to her. She used to cry when he'd been especially naughty and then he'd say: "Well, Dot, I really didn't mean to do it, but I just couldn't help it. Never mind, pet, don't be sorry—and Dot, even if I am bad, I love you just the same and I'll always take care of you, because, you see, I'm your guardian since Papa and Mamma died. Of course, Auntie Nell is good, but she isn't like a great big brother. So don't cry any more, for I'll be good, Dot," and with a kiss he left her, only to hunt up some new victim.

The Fates had not decreed, in accordance with Mrs. Sanders' statement that Nibs should end his days in a prison. Little Nibs, running about and planning mischief, tormenting everyone, comforting Dot, making the schoolmaster's life a burden, how little you thought that grim Death was seeking you! Yes, that short and happy life was quickly drawing toward its close. It was a sad way in which Nibs' life was ended. One warm Saturday he and Dot had wandered off and were playing in the sand and about the rocks, which were plentiful in their little village. Nibs was watching a lizard, when he heard a scream from Dot, and looking up, he

saw a large rattlesnake coiled, ready to spring and bite. He grasped the reptile about the neck with all his childish strength, but it was too strong for his fragile hold, and with a violent lurch, got free and fell to the ground. Then springing up, it hit the child on the neck and hand and glided noiselessly off in the bushes.

Nibs turned and looked at Dot, who, transfixed with horror, was standing gazing at him. Then, with a cry he fell. The little girl, now crying, ran over to him. "Don't cry, Dot dear, it's no use, I'm going to die, but I don't care as long as I saved you. Tell the minister, and the school teacher and all the rest that Nibs is sorry he was so bad, and tell them he won't bother them any more. Say to Auntie Nell that I've gone to Papa and Mamma and I'll be good up there."

And lying on the sand, with the sun beating down and little Dot sobbing, the soul of Nibs, the village torment, departed.

Y.

SUPERSTITION AMONG GIRLS.

I THINK there are very few young women of to-day who will admit that they are superstitious, and yet when we come down to the real meaning of the word, we find that they come very near to being so.

Superstition is defined as any popular notion attributing occult influence to some kind of trivial things, as beliefs in omens, charms and signs, such as the superstitions about spilling salt.

In a college where there are gathered together a great many young women, one has ample opportunity to notice how far the belief in charms extends. For instance, a few days ago I was in a room with a number of girls. One of them was standing looking out of the window. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Girls, come see, here is a white horse." They all ran and looked at the horse and called out some numbers; or "that makes forty-nine for me; that makes eighteen for me," and so on. Why did they do this? Simply because they were trying the charm which is: to count ninety-nine white horses and a white mule, and the next eligible young man they shake hands with is to be their future husband. This charm is very popular among the girls, and at almost any time of the year you can find one or more girls counting white horses.

Other charms with the same object in view are very prevalent at Hallowe'en, which is a most favorable time for them. If you get up at midnight of that night and look into your mirror you will see the face of your future husband; and if you fail to see it you are either going to die young or as an old maid. This is the time also to put an apple, into which you have previously stuck nine pins, three at a time, under your pillow, and you will dream of the fellow who loves you.

The charms that girls try do not apply all to the other sex, for there are the good luck ones. Before going to an examination the girls always go round borrowing jewelry, ribbons, etc., and if you ask what it is for, they will tell you that if you have on something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue, your success in the test is assured. Then again a girl always stoops and picks up a pin if she sees it upon the ground, saying: "See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck."

If a young woman is going anywhere and finds that after she has left her room she has forgotten something, do you think she will go back into the room for it? Not if she can possibly help it. It is a very unlucky sign, almost as unlucky as shutting a gate that is standing open on the street.

One evening I chanced to be walking up a dark street behind three young women, when suddenly they all shouted at the top of their lungs, "Money." I dashed forward, hoping to get some of that scarce article, but to my surprise the young women went straight on gazing

heavenward. I learned afterward that if you see a falling star and wish for something before the star disappears, you will get your wish. The girls, I suppose, were afraid that the star would be out of sight before the wish was uttered and so made it as short as possible.

Another unfailing charm is writing the letters of the alphabet upon separate pieces of paper, and upon retiring, throwing these into a basin of water. In the morning the letters that form the name of your beloved will be floating on the top. Then comes the difficult work of arranging them into the name of some one you like.

These are only a few of the many superstitions held by young women. I think that the majority of girls do not believe very implicitly in them, but just do them out of curiosity to see how they will come out. There is something in them that fascinates the feminine mind.

There are many girls however, who are staunch believers in omens of good and bad luck, and who would not glance at the moon over their left shoulders for worlds. F. '97.

CAMPUS.

Ray Richard '99 spent a few days in Carson last week.

Bertha Twombly, Normal '97, has accepted a position as teacher in the eastern part of the State.

Students and friends of the University, please remember our advertisers when purchasing anything.

We wish that those who are owing for the RECORD would please settle up or order it discontinued.

The latest novel out is How(e) to Spark(s). We think a few copies ought to be placed in the parlor at the Cottage.

All those desiring articles published in the RECORD will please hand them to the Editor-in-Chief on the 10th and 25th of each month.

Washington's birthday was celebrated at the University with appropriate exercises. After the battalion was inspected by the President and Faculty, all assembled in Room 6, where addresses were given by Dr. Stubbs, Lieutenant Hubbard and S. B. Doten '98.

Henry Higgins '97 and John Magill '97 left Reno on the 19th to accept mining positions near Red Bluffs.

The "latest born" is the Expedition Club for the development of scientific research. The first outing was held on the 27th.

G. R. Bliss '97, who is employed by a mining concern at Ely, White Pine county, spent a few days on the Campus last week.

R. M. Brambilla '97, who is now in the employ of Leslie Bell & Co., of Carson came over on the 18th and remained for a few days.

The Minstrels have reorganized and intend to show at Winnemucca during the Teachers' Institute if suitable rates can be procured.

The following appointments have been made and approved by the President: To be Cadet Sergeants, J. Chism and T. P. Brown; to be Cadet Corporals, J. Hamlin and W. F. Berry.

The T. H. P. O. held a meeting on the 23d and ten candidates received their first degree, after which all present sat down to a bounteous spread. Here's to that "Grand Old Order founded by Kakum-Kakum." Long may it live and may all its efforts be crowned with success.

HALF AN HOUR IN THE READING ROOM AT THE C——.

DID anybody see— Oh where is that geometry? I left— Of course it is all right if you leave off writing an essay until— Did you catch on to C. P. to-day? He kept me— What are you going to write for Mrs. Em— Asking me this thing and that thing and where I got this and 'tother. Just because he can't see things himself he has to keep asking and asking— Who's holding down the parlor to-night. I saw— Thurtell lets you go when you say a thing's— What did you do in botany to-day? I was— And did you catch on to the way he kept his eye peeled on the boys in the back— He must have cheated himself. He is on to their tricks so slick and— Of course I wasn't ashamed or anything of that nature when he asked me. Didn't I see you down—

O for land's sake, has anyone an alarm clock? Here's a chemistry exam. stepping up to-morrow and I haven't opened the book! I don't know a word of it! He'll flunk me, I know, so what is the use— Oh, that door bell. Is this the fifth or sixth time to-day— Did you ever see anything like that psychology? I have studied three hours already and— I swear he was here seven times yesterday, and when I went— Did anyone see anything of— By the way and no harm, that psychology is a corker. Do you know— I think those girls acted real mean. I told her when she came to my room— Well if she can't disappear as lively as anything I ever— Just then the bell rung and didn't I bless my— I'd like to know how I am to get my teaching lesson if I can't find— Well!! Just as I expected. I have been jumped again. "Dick" Brown sent Miss Bardenwerper around to tell me I had got to stop my laughing or he would bounce me from the dining-room. As if there weren't other places in town besides this old place to stay! I'd like to show him a thing or two! I'll stop laughing, I don't think! A person can't crack a smile any more but— Oh I can't get this Latin. The idea of giving a lesson like this. The class last year— Oh let's give him a spiel about the lights going out. They are dim any— He gave me a zero the other day and I asked him to take it— Oh!!! Eh!!! What!!! Where!!! The mouse!!!

A TRIP TO THE POND.

IT was a glorious summer afternoon. The sky overhead was one vast field of blue, and the air was sweet with the scent from the crimson clover which nodded in the drowsy wind. The shadows fell and faded on the mountains, and the rays of the hot sun, penetrating the leaves, weaved a lattice work pattern on the ground over which we moved.

We soon reached the river which foamed and bubbled down its rocky bed and splashed up jets of rainbow spray into the air. On its bank the wet stones flashed in the light, and tall flowers, somewhat like daisies, peering over painted shifting white outlines of themselves in the swelling current. Here and there, where the water was deep, we could see fish dart to the surface and then out of sight.

We sat on the grassy bank until we saw the red sunset die like a fire through the thick green trees, and then we journeyed on until we reached the pond.

The great solemn heaven, alive with stars, stretched above us; beneath was the dark, silent water, and at our side was a long chain of mountains towering against the sky.

We girls stood on the bank, wondering how beautiful and great everything was, while the boys made a roaring fire to keep away the mosquitos.

All of us sat down by the fire and, of course, began to tell yarns and to banter each other. As usual, the first was a bear story. Yes, a real

bear story, and the "dad burnedest" bear fight you ever heard tell of.

Among others told were: How I Make Candy, When I was a boy, Vic(tory) Is My Motto, Always Pearce a Lie, How I Kiss Miss F. (this wasn't a story, it was a fact), A Can of Chickens, A Ride on a Little White Pony, Our Country Cousins, How I Caught Center Rush, and others.

We were about to turn our attention to subjects of a more serious nature, such as "dears and wimmen" in general, when we heard our bus come rattling up the street. On and on went the bus, until at last the birds sang in their nests and the frogs croaked in the meadows, and the dew fell and sparkled from the clover, for day had come again. Home was reached just as our sweet singers sang the last words of "We Won't Get Home Till Morning."

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

C. Stoddard, our baseball catcher, got his thumb hurt last Saturday and will be unable to practice again for a few days.

The storm has delayed baseball practice to some extent, and we will have to work harder to get into condition for the coming game with Stanford.

A special meeting of the Athletic Association was held March 1st, at which Finlayson '98 was elected captain of the baseball team.

The reservoir above the Campus broke last week and the water flooded the baseball field, damaging it considerably. It will have to be laid out again and considerable work done to repair it.

Track athletics are quite at a standstill. The men are doing nothing in the way of training, and no regular organization of the team has as yet been made. This, no doubt, is due to the indecision of the associstion in regard to the proposed meet with the Stanford Freshmen. The track manager has been unable, until within a day or two ago, to get word from Stanford as to the number of men they wish to bring. So it was impossible to decide whether or not we could afford this meet. In the letter just received they say fifteen men will be the least number they can get along with. This is to include Branton, their speedy sprinter, and Dole, the hammer thrower. While fifteen men seem to be more than we can afford to entertain, our men should not become discouraged, for there is no doubt but that the meet can be arranged. Arrangements for the Field Day with the Virginia team have not been completed yet, but this meet is almost an assured thing, so the boys have something to look forward to.

Grant Cochran, the famous Princeton athlete, has taken charge of athletics at Berkeley. The following is an extract from a criticism of his on the spirit shown at Berkeley. Perhaps a reading of it will not hurt our men: "My greatest surprise upon taking up my abode in Berkeley and looking out for the distinguishing characteristic of the California athlete was to find such an abnormal lack of college spirit. Such a spirit as exists in the East is unknown here. Why, we men work and work until we fall. The honor of playing on a 'Varsity team in the East is paramount to all other earthly glories, and for the laurel we willingly subject ourselves to a few months' sacrifice of ease and the pleasure of the senses. I tell you, you don't know what it is out here. Why, the other day I went on the field, and, what do you think, the entire baseball team didn't show up. If anybody failed to show up on the moment out East, without previously obtaining permission from the captain, it would be all off with him. He would be a mile up a tree. But you can bet things

will be different in Berkeley in a short time. Another thing, I never saw Hero-Worship so strong and unalloyed as in Berkeley. Solace, condolence for shameful defeat is taken in the form of admiration for the superb efforts of one or two individuals. We haven't individuals in the East, we have teams. To rely upon a single man is suicidal. We develop teams, and that is what must be done here. When we lose in the East we do not care to be seen about for some time after it. We slink about as if we had done something mean."

EXCHANGE.

"Cassondra" in *The Sagamore* shows uncommon ability.

The *Collegium Forense* for February 15th is very creditable.

The *Buff and Blue*, as usual, contains excellent reading matter.

In Germany university students are exempt from arrest by the police.—*Ex.*

The last number of the *Sequoia* is without exception the best college magazine we have received this year.

Admiration is a good thing to let other people have for you. It is possible to think too little of yourself, but highly improbable.—*Vox Wesleyana.*

Lives of great men often remind us
We should choose our teams with care;
Lest we, in the scrimmage, leave behind us,
Half our crop of natural hair. —*Ex.*

The graduates of Harvard have formed a graduate athletic association. The object is to stimulate interest in athletics and to advise in the matter of 'Varsity sports. Eight hundred men have already joined.—*Ex.*

A Yale Club has been organized in New York City, with a membership of one thousand.—*Ex.*

Columbian University is to have a dormity nine stories high, accommodating 910 students. It will be the largest building of its kind in the world.—*Ex.*

The Simpson College students have recently issued a song book. It contains all the songs and yells of that college. The action is a commendable one.—*Ex.*

The cars were piled in fearful wreck;
The stranger roared with glee;
He pushed the Pullman off his neck;
"Which down was that?" said he. —*Ex.*

The Missouri Legislature recently passed a law providing that, in case a man dies without a direct descendant, a percentage of his estate must go to the State University.—*Ex.*

A Harvard Senior has presented a certain French literary and dramatic society of which he is president with a fund of $30,000 for the establishment of an annual lectureship on subjects connected with French literature, art and history. The novelty of the scheme lies in the fact that the lectures are to be given in that language by some prominent French scholar, invited to this country each year.—*Ex.*

In modern days a maiden sweet,
In a manner sinful, clearly,
Will write a note with fibs replete
And sign it "Yours sincerely." —*Ex.*

The Glee Club of the University of California is planning a trip next summer through Oregon and Washington, giving concerts at Portland, Astoia, Seattle, Vancouver and elsewhere.—*Ex.*

The return of Dr. Andrews and his resumption of the Presidency was celebrated by the students of Brown University with one of the largest and most enthusiastic demonstrations ever witnessed in old Providence.—*Ex.*

In President Elliot's report of February 9th, he advocates the conferring of degrees twice a year at Harvard, the union of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with Harvard, and the extension of election in secondary schools. —*Ex.*

Dartmouth is considering a plan for the support of college athletics, by which the bill of each student is to be increased $10 a year, which will go toward the support of the football, baseball aud track teams. Every student will in this case receive a pass to all the athletic contests.—*U. of M. Daily.*

According to the Yale Senior class books, the average expenses of the Class of '95 while at Yale was: Freshman year, $912; Sophomore year, $943; Junior year, $942; Senior year, $1,023; grand total, $3,829.—*Ex.*

The department of Notes and Observations in *The Midland* severely criticises the person who never misses an opportunity to decry colleges and college students in general, and gives a page of good reasons for sending a young man to college.

The Columbia University Council will investigate the records of each member of the University teams. If the athlete's standing as a student or as an amateur is unsatisfactory he will be debarred from further participation in athletics.—*Ex.*

For participating in a kidnapping of Freshmen, in order to prevent their attending a banquet, twenty-six students of the Iowa University, four of whom are young women, find themselves on the suspension list. It has always been the custom at that institution for the Freshmen to give a banquet, and the Sophomores to prevent as many as possible from attending. For this reason, and from the fact that the best of feeling was prevalent between the classes at the time, criticism is rather rife at the severity of the action taken by the Faculty.

A RETROSPECT.

ON the whole, Lincoln Hall is not particularly fitted as a place for reveries. It lacks the things most essential to the production of a pensive mood. The pipe is forbidden and the radiator, while quite effective as a heating engine, has none of the inspiration for the bachelors of Lincoln Hall that Ike Marvel found in his cheery grate. True, the reading-room has its roaring log fire, but few of us are schooled, like Napoleon, to think quiet, orderly thoughts in the din of battle. When circumstances are not propitious, however, it behooves the man of resources to make them so, and I set about removing obstacles as follows:

Having looked to the ventilation and satisfied myself that telltale smoke would find exit through the window and not through the transom, I cocked up my feet on the radiator, lit my

pipe and proceeded to forget the stern duties of life. I think it was Sir Walter Raleigh who introduced the pipe to the white man. Whoever it was, I say blessings be upon him, for the first puff of smoke blows away trouble like the whirlwind scatters chaff. The blue smoke carries the present with it and one looks down the "Old Long Lane" through the mists of time which hide the bad and disclose only the memories which are dear to us.

And so it was with me. I forgot the duties of to-day and I looked back into the vista of the past, when I was a Freshman. The lawns looked green and better kept then than they do now, the buildings more imposing; the Senior seemed the goal of all human ambitions, and the Faculty, demigods. Those were the days when the mandates of the Faculty were like the Tables of the Law, and disobedience looked akin to suicide. Time cures many follies. The donning of my uniform was a source of pride, and I felt myself much imbued with the sensation of growing power when I mastered the first chapter of Richter's Chemistry. I found an actual pleasure in attendance on class meetings, which occurred whenever anything as portentious as a gathering of three Sophomores on the Campus was noticed, and I walked abroad with that blissful feeling that any minute might make me the victim of a Sophomore ambuscade. Class spirit was strong within me and I experienced real grief every time my ill-fated class met defeat on the athletic field.

How now? Time has torn the mantle from it all. The Senior is no longer the Lord of Creation in mine eyes. His cloak of greatness is gone and he stands in his true light, his main characteristic conditions.

The Faculty, no less deserving of respect than of yore, I found to have no claims to divinity. The lawns are just like any other lawns and the buildings are not just like any other buildings because they are homlier than most. I have a uniform, but I seldom wear it even to drill, and I am still confronted by the assertion in my book titles that they are "elementary treatises." I am quite devoid of class spirit, as befits a good upper classman. In short, my idols are gone. The going out of my pipe shows what an Iconoclast Time has been. " '99."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, It has been the will of the Omnipotent Father to remove from this earth the father of our honored classmate, Jason M. Libby, be it therefore

Resolved, That we, the students of the Class of '99 of the U. of N., do extend to him and his relatives our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be inserted in the class minutes and published in the STUDENT RECORD.

T. W. MACK,
MATTIE PARKER,
W. C. LAMB.