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The Student Record

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THE STUDENT RECORD.

VOL. V.

RENO, NEVADA, MAY 1, 1898.

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STUDENT RECORD,

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THE "castles in the air" that the Seniors built in their freshmen days have been gradually dwindling from view and the last traces of them will have fled when a few weeks hence they leave the University and are thrown upon their own resources. But if the period of college life was not seasoned with the spice of

imagination it would not pass so quickly and would not be remembered as the very spring-time of life.

○ ○ ○

EXAMINATIONS will be upon us in a few weeks, in view of which fact time must be taken by the forelock if we would be successful in passing them. Let us so prepare that when we hand in our papers we shall be confident of having creditably passed.

○ ○ ○

THE Class of '98 have about completed arrangements for their Class Day, Wednesday, June 1st. Several new features have been brought in, making the Class Day different from any of the previous ones.

○ ○ ○

THE Field Day between the Virginia Team and the University proved a disappointment, as may be readily seen from the score 43 to 4 in our favor. We might say Virginia wasn't in it.

○ ○ ○

SATURDAY, May 28th, is Thesis Day. Wednesday, June 1st, Class Day, and Thursday, June 2d, Commencement.

○ ○ ○

YOU never can tell how good a minister's sermon is going to be by his text.—*Ex.*

○ ○ ○

AS soon as others begin to praise you it is time for you to stop praising yourself.—*Ex.*

A WESTERN EPISODE.

[As Seen In Real Life.]

THE sultry spring day was drawing toward its close, and the President of a small Western University sat at his desk busily writing. His office work had been especially trying that day, and it was with a sigh of relief that he finally put away his papers and picked up his hat preparatory to leaving. Hearing a slight noise he turned, and on the threshold stood a bare-footed, freckle-faced lad who directed a beseeching pair of brown eyes upon him and asked, "Please, sir, are you the President?"

"I am, my boy. What can I do for you?"

For an answer he plunged a dirty little hand into the depths of his trousers' pocket and drew out a folded paper, soiled by the marks of grimy fingers, and handed it to him. A curious note; it read—"Have you ever loved your mother? If you have, come to me."

That was all; no signature, no place of residence, nothing but those few, significant words scrawled on a piece of dirty paper.

Wondering at the strange note the President asked: "Do you know who wrote this?"

"Yes, sir. Dick wrote it."

"Dick who?"

"Why, just Dick. I don't think he has any other name. Everybody calls him Dick."

"And where does he live?"

"Most any place, sir, but at present he has a room in the County Jail."

"Ah! I understand. Tell Dick I will see him very soon."

The next day he went. In a close, narrow cell, seated on an old box and clothed in rags he found Dick. One glance was sufficient to show that the boy had led a life of extravagant recklessness. He was pale and haggard and there was a mark of utter depravity about his person.

"You sent for me," said the President.

"What did you want?"

"Yes, I sent for you to ask a favor. No doubt,

as a man of the world, rich, happy and good, you already have a feeling of disgust for me, but when you have heard my story you will despise me. However, I will tell it, and I think you will grant my request. My name is Ray Sanders. My father is dead and my mother is blind. Four years ago she sent me here to enter the University. She loved me and had all mother's fond hopes for her son. I did not want to come and I told her that she could not afford it; but with a smile, she said:

"I can work for you, my boy, and when you have finished college you can work for me."

"I left the distant homestead with the blessing of my poor blind mother, but that was forgotten before I arrived and I had resolved never to enter college. My wild, roving nature could not bear the thought of being bound to books for four years, and I decided to stay in this town and enjoy myself. I knew my mother could not find out the deception I was practicing, for our home was far from town and her letters were brought and read to her by an old farm laborer. You see there was little chance of her finding out the truth. I wrote a letter every week, telling her how I was getting along at college, while, in reality, I was spending my monthly allowance in saloons and gambling dens. Yes, I know I was a brute. I couldn't have had a heart, or I would never have done what I did. If I had entered college I would have been a Senior this year. The other day I received a letter from her saying that she was coming to 'see her boy graduate.' Her boy—bah! She little knows that he is occupying a felon's cell. I have committed a crime and I will be convicted and my sentence will be—death. She must not know this; it would kill her. Oh, sir, I am low, mean and despicable. I have broken every law of honor and of justice, and in a short time I will lie in a criminal's grave, but I love that blind old lady and I would fain have her die without knowing that her son was a drunkard and a murderer. And now let me make my request. Won't you ask some member of the graduating class to assume my name and take my place? She will expect her

boy to go home with her, I know, but whoever acts for me can tell her that he has secured some position far away, and she'll be satisfied. Will you do this? I know I don't deserve it, but think of your own mother. You cannot refuse. A human life is in your hands—you have the power to send her home happy and contented or to break that poor old heart. Which will you do?"

The President knit his brows in thought for a moment, then answered: "It shall be as you wish."

The next day he called the graduating class before him and told the story. "I shall not ask for a definite answer now. Tell me to-morrow."

One boy, however, pressed forward and said: "Let me take his place. I am an orphan; no

one will be here to see me graduate. I'll do it not because he deserves it, but for his mother's sake. I have a position offered me in Africa when I finish. I'll tell her and it will be allright."

Thus it was decided. His mother came and "her son" met her at the train. The President watched her that week and saw the tears come to her sightless old eyes when he was called upon to read the thesis he had written. She listened with feverish attention and afterwards clasped her arms about the boyish form, kissed him fondly and murmured a mother's blessing.

On that day, standing on the platform of the scaffold, and just before the black cap was dropped over his eyes, Dick's cold blue lips muttered: "God bless my mother."

W. I. I. '98.

OBJECT LESSON GIVEN IN THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

I SUPPOSE every boy and girl before me has watched mother make cake at some time or other. You were very much interested as she sifted the flour and baking powder, beat the eggs, creamed the butter and sugar, then mixed all together and put it into the oven to bake. I suppose you were much more interested though, when the time for eating it came. Did you ever stop to wonder why you could no longer see the white flour, the sugar and the yellow eggs? Did you ever try to unbake the cake and get it back again to flour and sugar and eggs? Perhaps you never have. There are some substances, however, which we can first put together and then break apart again. I have here some lime. It is white now; but it is made of yellow metal and an invisible gas. The yellow metal we call calcium, although we do not see it. We do not find calcium as we do silver or gold, for it is never free. It is always a pool little slave ruled over by some strong master. I mean by this that it is held so strongly to some other substance that it cannot be sep-

arated unless an enemy stronger than the master should drive the master away.

Electricity is just such an enemy. If we had some electricity here we might pass it through this lime and separate the calcium from its master. Then we should see that calcium is a shining yellow metal something like gold; but let us remember that we cannot find it or use it unless it is united to some other substance.

Two very common forms of calcium are lime and chalk, and these are what we shall talk about most to-day.

If you put your fingers into lime they will become rough and dry and feel hard. Why is this? You know that it is the perspiration on your hands which keeps them soft and moist. Now, lime is a very thirsty substance, and it has millions of tiny mouths always ready to drink up every bit of moisture it can hold; so when it found the perspiration on your hands it quickly took it all.

Sometimes there is lime dissolved in the water that we use. This kind of water we call "hard" water, because when we wash our hands in it they feel dry and hard. It is the lime that makes them so, and this lime keeps the soap

from dissolving and making a good suds.

Have you ever melted snow and washed your hands in it? And did you notice how soft that pure snow water felt, and how smooth your hands were afterwards? But even snow water would become hard if we should put lime into it. Let us try it by putting some of this lime into this glass of water. If now you put your fingers into it they will feel just as they did when they had been dipped in dry lime. We put the lime in to make the water hard. Now, what shall we do to make it soft again? "Take the lime out," some one says. If we could do this we would, but we can no longer see it, as the water has dissolved it. Have you ever seen some one who was washing put ammonia or borax into the washtub, and have you wondered why this was done? It is because the ammonia is like a little policeman. I has many sharp eyes and strong little hands which we do not see, and these sharp eyes search out each particle of lime and then the strong little arms gather up these bits of lime into bundles and throw them to the bottom of the tub, and again the water is soft.

Now let us try another experiment. Here is a glass of water, and I want to prove whether there is any lime in it or not. This I can do by breathing into it. The breath we breathe out contains carbonic acid gas. If we breathe this gas into lime water it will soon find out all the lime particles and unite them to form a white powder called chalk. Chalk does not dissolve in water as lime does, but instead makes the water look milky. Now, if I want to dissolve the chalk and clear the water again I must do a very strange thing. I shall keep breathing carbonic acid gas into it, until, instead of getting whiter, the water grows clear once more. Try to remember, then, that chalk will dissolve if there is enough carbonic acid gas in the water.

Sometimes streams of water flowing under the ground hold a great deal of this same gas. It cannot escape, for the earth or rock sides and roof shut it in. Water of this kind will dissolve chalk wherever it is found.

Now I have a fairy story to tell you about

these underground streams. Away down below the ground, close to a great white rock there lived some fairies. These were the little chalk fairies. They dressed in pure white always and lived happily in a great white chalk palace, but there was one thing which they continually feared. Right at the foot of their home a river ran, and in this dark river was an old witch, who, because she herself could not get away, tried to drag everything else into the river also. She tried hard to catch the little chalk fairies, as she had the power to make them invisible. One day some of them were playing together, and forgetting about the old water witch, went too near the edge, and before they could think, she had snatched them away. Then she waved her wand over them and they lost all their pretty whiteness and soon were invisible. O how bitterly they sobbed and wept as they were carried far, far away from their lovely home. On and on they went day after day, until suddenly one day they fell with a drop of water into a little crack in the rock. Now this crack opened into a cave below. Imagine their joy, then, as they reached the open cave, when the old witch flew away, leaving them behind. Once more they found themselves clothed in their snowy white dresses, and there they clung to the rock and to each other. Soon more of their brothers and sisters joined them, until quite a column of these white chalk fairies hung from the ceiling of the cave. Every fresh drop of water brought more fairies. Some dropped to the floor, while others hung from the ceiling, and so those pure white columns arose from the floor and hung from the ceiling, making the dark cave look like a palace of white.

Would you like to know the witch's name, or have you guessed it already? Her name is carbonic acid gas. She made the bits of chalk invisible by dissolving them, but on escaping from the water, the chalk was hardened again, forming the white columns in the cave. Those hanging from the ceiling are called stalacites, and those rising from the floor, stalagmites.

Before we finish this lesson to-day let us learn of some of the ways in which lime is used.

Look at the window and then at this lime. You see the window can be seen through and has no color, while the lime is white and cannot be seen through; and yet there is lime in the window glass. Now I know you have all seen candy that was clear like glass, but there is a great deal of difference between the two. Candy will melt in water or in your mouth, while glass will not. What would we do if our windows and mirrors and goblets should melt away in the rainstorms, or whenever they were washed? How dreadful it would be to see our windows crumbling away and the rain coming in; but this does not happen, and it is because a substance is put in glass to make it hard. This is

lime. We may be sure that if lime is so needful for good glass, it is also valuable for other things. What is it we put on the walls of our houses to keep them warm? "Plaster," you say. But plaster is made of lime and sand, and it becomes very hard after drying, because of the lime. Did you ever wonder what our bones are made of, and why they are so strong? There are a number of different substances in them, but that one which makes them hard and strong is lime again.

So we see that although lime is such a very common substance, still it is very useful to us and we may be sure that it was a very wise and good Father who gave it to us for our use.

L. S. H.

Does Modern Education Educate in the Broadest and Most Liberal Sense of the Term--Importance of Choice of Professions.

THE *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for the past few months has been furnishing its readers with an interesting discussion of the subject, "Does Modern Education Educate in the Broadest and Most Liberal Sense of the term?" Each monthly issue contains, in the form of an interview, the opinion of some great educator, and the reading public is to be congratulated that in the March number Dr. Jordan, the illustrious President of our sister University, has contributed his views. Dr. Jordan speaks with his usual caution and scholarly taste, and his remarks, though brief, are very much to the point. He holds that reasoning in most men is developed better by a study of the sciences than work in the classics; that effectiveness is the true ideal of education; that true happiness consists only in action, and he strikes the key note in modern education when he remarks on the choice of occupation. He says that much more stress should be laid on this all-important phase of modern education than we now see. Conversation, he thinks, is much better than general lectures in showing the man the profession he is best fitted for.

Whether it be by convention, lecture or what not, that the individual is enabled to choose his profession, it is all essential that he choose it and make no mistake. This age is truly one of specialization. Every individual is gifted in some way and a mistake in detecting and applying his gift may mean his utter ruination. It has been said: "A decisive moment comes into the life of every person, when his whole future fate depends on whether or not he chooses the path he should follow. He who lets that moment slip, ruins his life." I would characterize this expression as exaggeration, but nevertheless it contains much truth. I do not believe that one error nor two will ruin a life, especially if the mistake is made in a desperate effort to ascertain the truth. But the heedless, thoughtless mistake, like choosing the profession of a lawyer because you have a friend, whom you admire, in the profession; or launching into the ministry because you are mad on religion, is a mistake unpardonable, and punished in many, many cases with the sacrifice of the individual's present contentment and future happiness.

Therefore, I say nothing can be of more importance than his proper choice, or immediate change if mistaken. It is far better to be a first class farmer than a third rate preacher or lawyer. It is even more desirable to be a skillful

manipulator of the "pick and shovel" than a clumsy handler of the tools of the watchmaker.

By all means, adopt the profession for which you are best prepared. Nothing in the world is as pitiable as the sight of a man who has mistaken his calling and has reached an age when it is too late to make a change. "His lack of special ability," says E. S. Holden, "demanded by special work, makes it certain that he can never rise to any important or responsible situation. He can never be independent of control. He is of little or no weight among his fellows. He becomes a mere drudge. It is in cases of this kind in which it appeared that any relief would have been welcome, even the simplest manual labor. It is not at all difficult to live a happy life in digging potatoes, but misery, mental and moral, is the lot of the young man who has rashly chosen a pursuit without the ability and energy to command success." He is condemned to work for life at occupations in which he is not successful and therefore become more and more odious as his life drags on.

It is of great consequence that the individual should find his place in society as soon as possible, in order that the community may be benefited by his work, and in order that he may derive the greatest support and benefit from the community.

It is very desirable from every point of view not to choose one's calling too late. But it is important not to make the choice too soon. A

choice made too late is irremediable; on the other hand, the average person is easily discouraged if unsuccessful in too early a choice. However, there is more hope for the youth than he who wakes up too late in life, because the younger may be encouraged and spurred to future effort; while working with the older is like trying to straighten a crooked tree which has become bent with age.

After the individual has successfully made his choice, the next thing is making the most out of it. Emerson's saying that "nothing is achieved without great labor" was never more aptly used than in this connection. For success, work must be constant and unending. Even though the individual may be possessed of great genius, if he is not willing to labor assiduously and persistently, his genius will avail him little. Notice the words of the great actor Salvini to his pupils: "Study, *study*, STUDY! All the genius in the world will not help you along with any art unless you become a hard student." Doubtless in any profession there are those who leap to the heights without much training, but how much higher would they have arisen had they added all possible acquired ability to the gifts of nature. A great man, I think it was Sir Thomas Browne, has said; "Where natural logic prevaileth not, artificial too often faileth: but where industry builds upon nature, we may expect pyramids."

C.

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

Keddie and Everett will undoubtedly win the bike race, and in fast time.

Great things are expected of Thompson, Moorman, Jones and Jameson on the day of the contest with Stanford.

Stanford's Freshman team will arrive here on the morning of the 7th and will be given a royal reception by the Nevada aggregation.

Merrill and Smith will do the walking act against Stanford on the 7th. Great things are expected from them.

The field meet with Virginia was only a practice or a try-out for Nevada. The Virginia boys were not in form and could not compare with the well-trained athletes of the U. of N. The students appreciate Virginia's interest in athletics and will be glad to meet them at any time.

What is the matter with Moorman's 10 2-5 for the 100 yard and 23 2-5 for the 220 yard.

Basket ball is receiving its share of the enthusiasm in regard to athletics. Miss Brownsill of Berkeley is coaching the girls and the faculty ladies, and a match game will be played on the 9th. The girls' team is playing in splendid form and should be able to defeat the faculty

ladies, who have not been playing so long, but are playing a good game.

Hoffman and Brown of Berkeley arrived on the 4th and succeeded in teaching the boys much in the athletic line during their stay here. Hoffman is Berkeley's high jumper and pole vaulter, and Brown is considered Berkeley's best allround athlete and track manager.

CAMPUS.

Hello, Vet!

Target practice began May 5th.

The President set aside April 22d as a holiday.

Archdeacon Weber delivered the Assembly lecture May 4th.

The literary society held a very successful meeting May 6th.

Dr. Miller is to be congratulated on the appearance of his new house.

Hoffman and Brown, the U. C. cracks, arrived on the 4th to coach the track team.

Bob Tally was called home on the 30th by the death of his father in Virginia City.

The regular monthly social was held April 23d and was a very enjoyable affair.

Professor Cowgill left for San Francisco during the week to be gone a short time.

Ralph Stubbs and Tom Lawrence went below April 21st to the U. C.-Stanford field day.

Murphy, ex-'00, and Nichol ex-'99, were down on the 23d ult. with the Virginia athletes. Nich has evidently lost none of his pedestrian powers, as was shown by his lonely finish in the graceful heel and toe.

The surveying class is running a railroad line from the first trestle of the N.-C.-O. to the main building.

The dinner hour at the dining hall has been changed to 6 o'clock to accommodate those interested in athletics.

The University boys displayed their patriotism on the evening of April 21st by burning Sagasta in effigy with appropriate ceremonies.

The battalion turned out on the 21st to bid Lieutenant Hubbard good-bye at the 8:05 A. M. train, when he left for his regiment in New York.

The hamlet of Reno has been visited during the week by a missionary divine whose eloquence has served to bring back to the fold alike the "ninety and nine" and the lone reprobate, noticeable among those of the latter class being Mr. Nelson Bruette '99, who has at last decided to doff the scarlet cloak and array himself in the garb of the godly. It was Mr. Bruette's intention to resign from his position of second assistant business manager of the STUDENT RECORD and devote himself wholly to his religious duties, but at the urgent request of his friends he has consented to divide his services between the church and his college paper. It is not without some hesitancy that Mr. Bruette's new found happiness is thus advertised, for the

scribe knows full well how undesirable to the religious zealot is notoriety, but we feel that the RECORD owes to its patrons any item which bears directly on University affairs, and we hear on good authority that Nelson is contemplating

the foundation in our midst of several new chapters of the Young Woman's Christian Association and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with which he will be highly officially connected.

THE MINSTRELS' JOURNEY.

"We are off!" yelled the boys on the train. "They are off," yelled the friends who had assembled about the car. Then a rousing college yell from all as the train slowly pulled out of the depot. Thus commenced the fun and merriment, which continued without intermission until we retired after the entertainment at Winnemucca, weary, but still happy.

From 8 o'clock until 9:30, after one and a half hours' run through the beautiful Truckee Valley region, we arrived at Wadsworth. Here the band stepped off and played several selections while another car was being attached, then a few cheers for the people who treated us so well when we produced our entertainment there last winter, and we were again on the road.

From Wadsworth to Winnemucca, a distance of one hundred and forty miles, the railroad passes over a level, sand-covered waste, dry and barren, excepting the ever-present sage-brush, three or four stations and one small sunburnt village, Lovelock. Some distance beyond Lovelock our train stopped on a switch, and we learned that there had been a break-down on the Locomotive which would delay the train about an hour while another was being brought up from a station in advance. While we were detained at the station a telegram was received from Mr. Barney Moran, the genial S. P. telegraph operator at Wadsworth. It ran about as follows: "I have heard of the University Minstrels frightening Commanche 'injuns' and other 'injuns,' but I did not believe that they were able to frighten a locomotive engine bad enough to cause it to break down."

A message was promptly sent in return, the

words quoted from one of our songs: "'Oh, you nicks, you, we can lick you.' Yours truly, 'Varsity Minstrels.'"

About 3 o'clock P. M. we arrived at Winnemucca and had no sooner left the train when requested to go at once to the High School building and sing for the public school teachers who were there assembled at a session of the Teachers' State Institute. Thence we proceeded in a body, sang a chorus and gave the college yell.

From the High School building we went to the town hall and prepared for the street parade. That parade was a wonderful occurrence. The omnipresent small boy followed in the wake of the procession, howling with delight. Carriages appeared from all directions, from several of which rose the college yell given by enthusiastic members of the alumni who were attending the Institute. After marching through the principal streets to the music of the cadet band, we returned to the hall, relieved ourselves of the decorations donned for the occasion and repaired to the Busch Hotel for dinner.

After doing full justice to our host's excellent table, we went back to the hall, where we found "Jobbie" O'Sullivan and D. A. S. O. Mack Esq., with their corps of assistants very busy arranging the stage setting. Our "chaperone," Prof. N. E. Wilson, the well versed in things theatrical, soon had as much as he could do inspecting costumes, retouching "make-ups" and giving last instructions. "Old Prof. is all right," was the general expression, and we could never have pulled through so well without him.

All was arranged at 8 o'clock, the curtain went up and we faced a crowded audience of Winnemucca's generous, hospitable people.

Everything was received well, and two hours later when the curtain dropped, all of us were elated over the genuine appreciation shown our humble efforts.

The next morning after breakfast we started out en masse to see and "do" the town. On observing the college colors hanging in graceful festoons from the awning of Robbins' store, we gave a hearty cheer for our well wisher, which was the beginning of a series of college yells, cheers and songs that were continued all day. While sauntering about on pleasure bent, we were approached by Mr. George Nixon, editor of the Winnemucca *Silver State*, who invited the whole troupe up to Golconda, a village about twenty miles east of Winnemucca, to bathe in the well-known warm springs at that place. We accepted the invitation, went up on the east bound train and at once stormed the well-equipped bath house, as the west bound train on which we were to return was due at that place in an hour. It would be impossible to find a good simile to apply to the noise that arose from that bath house. An old tar who happened to be near said the sound reminded him of the confusion on board a ship caught in a tornado, but to me it seemed to be something akin to a combination of the sounds that would be created by a hundred stamp quartz mill, a waterfall and a Nevada cattle stampede. Any way we had a good time and the baths were "just right." And how we yelled for generous George Nixon, who paid the bills and joined in the songs and fun.

We were ready just in time for the train. In half an hour we were again at Winnemucca,

where our baggage was taken aboard for Reno.

It was only until then that we observed what a deep impression our leading musician, Richard Montgomery Tobin, had made on the fair young ladies of the town. Tears rose to the eyes of many rosy-cheeked maids as he gaily waived them adieu from the platform of the car. Nevermore would they see him strolling through the shady streets immaculately attired in white duck pants, long black Prince Albert coat and a tall silk hat. His picturesque hair, which reminded them of the tail of a comet, would never scintillate in Winnemucca again. Is it strange that they were sorrowful at his departure?

The rumble of the train rapidly increased to a dull roar as we sped over the sage-covered desert toward Reno. As something new had to be done for amusement, we secured the drums, also a few discordant tubas and invaded the car on which the teachers from the western part of the State were returning from the Institute. After having favored them with a few "instrumental selections," which caused the conductor to come in and inquire if anything had gone wrong, we rewarded them for patient endurance with some vocal music, which was heartily applauded.

Mirth reigned until the brakeman announced "Next station, Reno." A scurry for baggage ensued, and in a few minutes the train slowly came to a standstill and the journey we had so long prepared for was ended.

Much praise must be given to Mr. F. P. Dann for his admirable help to the Minstrels.

A. M. SMITH.

EXCHANGE.

The Delta Oracle shows its patriotism by appearing with an American flag on its cover.

The Tennessee University Magazine for April contains a good half-tone of the track team of that institution.

"A day in the Senate" in *Buff and Blue* is interesting and well written.

An excellent article on Longfellow appears in *The Simmons College Monthly* for April.

The Board of Directors of Brown University have voted to discontinue the track team on account of the lack of funds.—*Ex.*

No teacher but a coward will ever use sarcasm toward a student, for thus he deals a blow on one who is unable to strike back.—*Ex.*

Oberlin College is in great financial straits, has no president, and may be compelled to close. An appeal for aid, asking for \$100,000, has been sent to the alumni.—*Ex.*

Of the 644 institutions in the United States which confer collegiate degrees, 481 are controlled by religious denominations; only about 163 are non-sectarian.—*Ex.*

Waal now, I guess them feet-ball games will hev to stop. I see in the papers that them Yale boys made a hole clean through a Harvard man.—*Yale Record.*

The other day a very strange thing
Happened in our town;
A lady took her watch upstairs,
And straightway it ran down. —*Ex.*

The Seniors of the University of Nebraska have adopted golf caps and silver-headed canes as a distinguishing mark, while the Leland Stanford Seniors are distinguished by sombreros.—*Ex.*

Dr. Nansen, the arctic explorer, has been honored with the title of LL. D. by Knox College. Knox is the only American college that has thus honored the explorer.—*Ex.*

Mr. Moody recently defended Yale against an attack of the W. C. T. U. on the moral standard of the institution. He said: "I have been pretty well acquainted with Yale for twenty years and have never seen the University in as good condition religiously as now. My oldest son graduated there, and if my other son, who is now in the freshman class, gets as much good out of Yale as his brother did, I shall have reason to thank God through time and eternity.—*Ex.*"

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- John Sunderland, men's and boys' clothing, shoes.
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- F. T. Thompson, D. D. D., dentist.
- George Wilson, haircutting and shaving.
- Washoe County Bank, general banking business.
- Steve Williams, bicycles, guns and fishing tackle.

A lacrosse team will be organized this year at the Carlisle Indian School.—*Ex.*

China is soon to establish a National University, with a faculty to be composed entirely of foreigners.—*Ex.*

The Kansas Legislature, so an exchange says, has recently appropriated \$2,000 for the expenses of the State University football eleven!

“Who is the belle to-night?” asked she,
As they stood on the ball-room floor.
He looked around the room to see,
And she speaks to him no more.—*Ex.*

“Do you take him for better or worse?”
The minister asked of the bride.
“I take him for better,” she said,
“For he couldn’t be worse if he tried.”—*Ex.*

The battalions in several of the State universities have offered their services to the government. Special lectures and drills are being given to them to prepare them for active service.—*Ex.*

’Tis very hard to understand,
Why I should break no rule,
When with her fan in summer time
I keep a maiden cool.
And when the winter time has come,
Amid the raging storm,
I cannot use the same old arm
To keep the maiden warm. —*Ex.*

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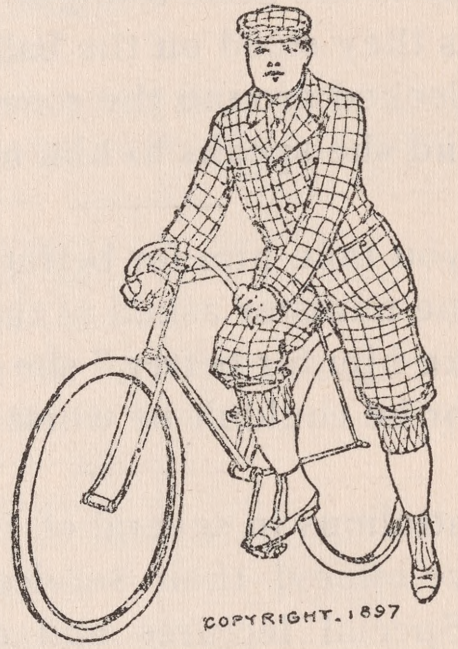
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