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Vol. V. No. 15.

June 3, 1898.

# The Student Record

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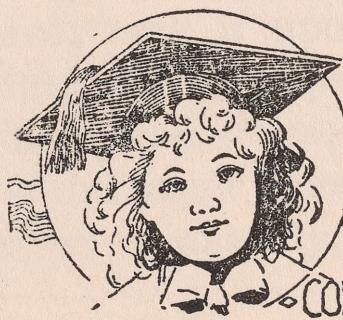
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Class of '99.—Miss Enid Williams, President. Miss Beth Stubbs, Secretary.

Class of '00.—W. H. Brule, President; Miss Genie Arnot, Secretary.

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# THE STUDENT RECORD.

VOL. V.

RENO, NEVADA, JUNE 3, 1898.

No. 15.

## THE Student Record

Is a College Magazine Published Semi-Monthly by the

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### EDITORIAL STAFF:

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Reno, Nevada.

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**F**M. LINSOTT '98 and F. E. Gignoux '99 have been appointed Captain and First Lieutenant respectively of Troop M, First Nevada Cavalry. Mr. Linscott graduated from the University as Major of the Cadet Corps, and for the last few weeks has been Acting Commandant in place of Lieutenant Hubbard, who has joined his regiment in New York. Mr. Linscott

is a man whose qualifications eminently fit him for the office which he has accepted, and we expect to hear great things from him in the future. Mr. Gignoux also is a man fitted in every way to bear the arduous duties imposed upon him. We understand that Mr. Wright, the Second Lieutenant of the same troop, is also an ex-student of the University; so that we are well represented. The best wishes of THE RECORD and of all the students accompany all the young men in their noble undertaking for the sake of their country's flag and honor.

H. H. DEXTER.

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**W**E desire to commend the generosity and regard for the welfare of our institution evinced by J. C. Stubbs of San Francisco and the Alumni Association. Through their kindness the University is enabled to offer three scholarships this year. We cannot comment too favorably upon the rivalry to which the scholarships give rise. Competition among students has always been an important factor in the advancement of the standard of all institutions, and we feel assured that the example set by Mr. Stubbs and the Alumni Association will lead others to offer more prizes of this kind and that the seed sown this year will bear abundant fruit in the future.

H. H. DEXTER.

○ ○ ○

**W**ITH this number the RECORD will be discontinued till next September, and a new staff will at that time assume control.

Hardly a line for this year has been contributed by students outside the regular staff, but we have not complained. Should the students ever take it upon themselves to contribute to their college paper they will find their articles more than welcome and undoubtedly the value of the paper increased. If such articles do not come voluntarily, but little good can be accom-



plished by continually "dinging" at the student body for contributions.

With H. H. Dexter at the head of the Editorial Staff and T. W. Mack the Business Manager the outlook for the RECORD next year is most

promising. From the advertisers and friends of the paper we ask only that the same kindly support be continued that has been shown us in the past.

J. J. S.

### HOW TO PASS EXAMINATIONS.

**T**HE aim in passing an examination is not merely to get through, but to write an excellent paper. This requires not only a discussion of methods employed during an examination, but the special preliminary review, and attention to the subjects pursued during the previous semester.

The good student not only studies the text books required, but endeavors to gain a maximum by referring to everything giving light upon the curriculum pursued. Matter learned and recited upon a few hours later is not apt to be remembered until examination time, hence the preparation immediately before each lesson should be a review of that already studied.

Library work is best done before commencing study on a particular lesson, so as to give the bearings to be had upon the lesson.

Notes, taken judiciously and carefully, with reference to utility and brevity, are of value. The habit of taking notes, which are never reread, is a lamentable one among students.

The ability to concentrate the attention on matters within the scope of the recitation is one which will make up for many defects and lack of preparation. It is thus that the subject is fixed in the mind to be recalled when the examination is at hand.

Consider the time for the test is near. The scholar has done energetic, conscientious work. This has been supplemented by private reviews and class tests, but he is not ready yet to pass the best examination possible.

His first review is with reference to the unification of each subject. Parts skipped or neglected are now learned. This review is to make himself thorough, both generally and with reference to detail. If catch questions chance

to be asked, particularly to test the ground to be covered or the student's knowledge of detail, he is equal to the occasion.

The next review is upon the most important parts—those from which will probably be chosen the examination questions. This work includes careful analyses and clear-cut definitions. Such work, in addition, reviews the parts which the student may reasonably be expected to retain for his future use.

A last final review is made with reference to points uncertain and to answering questions of previous examinations.

It is imperative to retire at a reasonable hour the night before, after indulging perhaps in some harmless amusement which will keep the mind off the work. It is further advisable to rise promptly the next morning. A good, yet not too hearty, breakfast, followed by light exercise, places the student in a most advantageous condition of mind.

At last the examination room is entered. The prime requisite is a clear head. Nervousness fails many a student. "Don't get rattled," is the motto of every old student who is a veteran of many exams.

Look over the paper carefully at first. Pick out and answer the easier questions before attempting the harder ones. Each question should be answered mentally before it is written. A watch at hand is an invaluable aid. One may then apportion his time to the best advantage.

Legible penmanship is all that should be required, but every answer should be expressed in good English and exhibit logical order and symmetry of form.

Answer as much as is necessary to each question; more is superfluous. The game of bluff is a poor one to play, especially through an exam-



ination paper. Never give up a question until it has been looked at from every side and every effort has been made to answer it.

With the preparation recommended and the points above mentioned observed during the examination, the student should hand in a cred-

itable paper.

To the initiated student, who is also well prepared, while, in an exam., there is nothing to unnerve him, yet there is enough of uncertainty about the result to make the struggle an exciting and gratifying one.

E. S.

#### BACALAUREATE ADDRESS, SUNDAY, MAY 29.

**L**ONG before the hour set for the Baccalaureate address by Rabbi Voorsanger at the University, Sunday, the big gymnasium was crowded to almost its full capacity. Over 1200 people gathered to listen to the learned and eloquent Rabbi.

President Stubbs arose and announced the program for the closing days of the University Commencement, and extended a cordial invitation to all to be present at the exercises.

After a fervent prayer, and music, Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger, Professor of Semitic Languages and Literature, University of California, was presented to the audience, and for over an hour the speaker held his audience spellbound. The Rabbi took for his subject, "The Ideal of Education in the Twentieth Century." He made comparisons of the progressive ideas of modern times and the primitive ideas of centuries ago. Paganism was compared with monotheism, and he demonstrated by argument that notwithstanding the efforts of educators of modern times, progressive methods and the Christianizing influence of the religions, paganism had not been entirely blotted out. Education and progression were gradually overcoming the brutal passions and conditions of the ancient era, but even now where ignorance prevailed it was apparent that man was disposed to retrograde and even suddenly fall back to the pagan

and heathenish customs of long ago. Education refined and cultivated the intellect, and through this refinement the passions were controlled and society made better. Without education and refinement the animal nature in man was supreme, and lust, bestiality, social depravity, rapine and a thirst for blood was necessarily the result.

He cautioned the graduates that although they had earned their degrees and were doubtless ready to begin the active duties of practical life, they would yet have much to learn and in many instances be compelled to acquire that learning through suffering. Experience and disappointment were exacting and hard instructors, but the lessons they taught, once learned, were seldom, if ever, forgotten. He cautioned the graduates to commence their active life with pure intent and to let the ideas formed by the education and knowledge they had received be their guiding star to ultimate success.

If at times they encountered disappointment, discouragement or even suffering, keep true to their guiding star and endeavor to accomplish the aim in life upon which they have builded their hopes.

The closest attention was paid to every word that Rabbi Voorsanger uttered during his address, and the large audience with one accord admitted having enjoyed a rare privilege in listening to such an eloquent and forcible speaker.

#### FRESHMEN PRIZE CONTEST, MONDAY, MAY 30.

prize in declamation and recitation.

Professor Thurtell in a brief introduction stated as there was no Department of Elocution in the University, President Stubbs had decided to offer a scholarship of \$25 to the Freshmen

**T**HE prize contest at the University drew a large audience. Six members of the class were selected to compete for the



Class in order to create an interest in that branch.

Mrs. F. M. Lee favored the audience with a charming vocal solo, followed by Miss Irene Ede in a declamation, "The Black Horse and His Rider." Miss Ede was in fine voice and held her audience spellbound.

Miss Sybil Howe came next and recited "Jamie Douglass" in a very pleasing manner. The declamation, "Jane Conquest," by Miss Frances Case, was well received. Miss Rousseau gave a splendid piano solo from Gottschalk. A recitation, "The Death Bridge of Tay," by Miss Amber Smith, was well delivered. Miss M. Kreuger, in a dramatic manner and voice, declaimed "The Convict," and her rendition was so realistic in a part of the lines where she gave

the cry of fire! fire! that the audience involuntarily started, evidently thinking the cry was an alarm in reality.

Mr. P. A. McCarran now came forward in the address of "Spartacus to the Gladiators" and the young man displayed his wonderful natural talent in the art of elocution. His voice was excellent, his manner easy and his gestures graceful. The applause which followed pronounced him the favorite. The judges, viz: Mrs. J. E. Michaels, Hon. F. H. Norcross and Rev. F. C. Lee, retired for consideration, and during the interval the High School Orchestra rendered selections. The committee found it quite difficult to decide, but after a while it was decided to divide the prize between Mr. P. A. McCarran and Miss Irene Ede, the former being awarded \$15 and the latter \$10.

#### COMMENCEMENT DAY, THURSDAY, JUNE 2.

**T**HE following description of Commencement Day is taken from the *Reno Journal*:

Thursday was a notable day in the history of the University of Nevada in many ways. It was not only the closing day of the Commencement for the year 1898 and the commencement of practical life of the graduates, but it served as a lesson in patriotism, love of country and profound respect for the flag, which not only impressed the younger people present, but made those of more advanced years overflow with patriotic enthusiasm and pride, that they were privileged to stand under the folds of a free flag and upon free soil, where the most lowly in the land are accorded the same rights and the same consideration in the affairs of the government, the educational institutions, social relations and general affairs of life as the wealthiest magnate or the duly qualified official of the military branch of the nation. On occasions similar to that of yesterday all stand upon the same level and are only restricted by the unwritten law of social courtesy and the duties of life of which each individual person has his or her especial

connection or requirement in the makeup of the general affairs of the commonwealth. The program of yesterday's exercises demonstrated this in every feature. The business men generally closed their places of business for a few hours in recognition of the University and out of respect to the President and Faculty, and long before the appointed hour great crowds of people in every walk and position in life could be seen wending their way to the University Campus, and the big Gymnasium was filled to overflowing, yet those who were unable to gain admittance made no complaint at the more fortunate ones, but joined in general conversation and whiled away the time in walking about the grounds and viewing the buildings.

The exercises in the gymnasium were formally opened, and after a musical selection by the orchestra, the Hon. Horace G. Platt, who had been announced to deliver the annual address, was introduced. Mr. Platt had chosen for his subject, "Earth Bears No Balsam for Mistakes." The speaker reviewed the history of Spain, the atrocities committed by her people under the guise of a self-styled Christian nation, her degrading and semi-barbaric influences, the treatment of her colonies. The speaker then spoke



of the present conflict with Spain, in which the United States were compelled in the cause of justice and in behalf of an enslaved yet liberty-loving and self-supporting people to intervene, and in the name of humanity and progressive civilization crush, if the necessity demands it, a nation which is a menace to civilization and progression, and the past history of which proves it not worthy to have an existence. Mr. Platt fully justified the course of the United States in this war and believed that the action of this Government would be accorded the approval of every civilized nation in the world. Mr. Platt is an eloquent and earnest speaker and his address was highly appreciated.

The Scholarship address by Mr. J. C. S. Stubbs followed, on "Success, Its Impulse and Achievement." Mr. Stubbs spoke from a practical view of life, saying that to acquire success one must have an aim and a purpose. That success in life as a rule was gained from small beginnings, not from any sudden achievement. Apparent success might be gained by sudden achievement, but it was usually temporary. In business life this was constantly demonstrated. Great ends must be accomplished by perseverance. Disappointments would come, but they should soon be dismissed and the trial for success renewed. He mentioned the names of many military heroes and told how they had slowly but gradually worked their way to promotion and won an honored name. This was the case with inventors, students and in all walks. First decide upon an aim to be accomplished, then devote every energy to attain it. No matter how small the beginning or how slight the progress, never be discouraged, for success would eventually be the reward. Mr. Stubbs gave practical suggestions and advice to the graduates of the Class of '98 and urged them to have a purpose and then to do and strive to reach the rung in the ladder of fame upon which they had set their minds, and success would be assured.

The Senior Graduating Class was called forward, and as they took their positions it was noticed that one place was vacant and remained

so during the ceremony of conferring degrees. This place should have been filled by Fred M. Linscott, who had gained the degree of Bachelor of Science. Dr. Stubbs proceeded to confer the degrees and when he reached the place Fred M. Linscott was to have occupied he told the audience why he was absent. That he had been commissioned by Governor Sadler as Captain of the first Nevada Troop, U. S. Cavalry, and was now at his post of duty and would probably pass through Reno soon on his way to the front to obey his country's call. In addressing each graduate, speaking words of praise, encouragement and congratulation on having finished their course at the University and bidding them to have hope and confidence in the future, President Stubbs stopped in front of the place reserved for Linscott and addressed him as though he were present. The incident was very impressive and brought tears to many eyes.

The orchestra closed the exercises with music and the audience adjourned to the Campus, where the Cadets formed in line, headed by the Cadet Band and escorted by General O. M. Mitchell Post, G. A. R. and Company C, N. N. G., to the flagstaff presented by citizens and which was to be formally dedicated to the University.

Regent J. N. Evans called the vast assemblage to order and with a few introductory remarks, introduced Judge A. E. Cheney, who made a patriotic address on the "Significance of the Flag." The University quartette followed and then Dr. Patterson made the dedicatory address and the presentation of the flagstaff and flags in behalf of the citizens of Reno, and "Old Glory" was raised to the masthead, every hat being doffed as the big silken banner was slowly pulled aloft.

Cadet Major D. R. Finlayson, in behalf of the Student Body, accepted the flagstaff and flags in a neat speech, and President Stubbs performed the same office in behalf of the Board of Regents. The University quartette followed with "The Star Spangled Banner." And at this time one of the most significant features of the day occurred and which aroused the patriotic enthusiasm of everyone, and the simultaneous



cheer that went forth from that big crowd was echoed and re-echoed to every part of the valley. The incident was especially noticeable from the fact that from the moment the flag was hoisted, its folds hung listlessly about the staff with scarcely a movement during the exercises, but as the quartette sang the lines, "Oh, say, does the Star Spangled Banner yet wave," etc., the big flag moved like a thing of life, slowly shaking its folds from the staff and spreading out to its full extent it slowly waved back and forth in rhythmic sympathy with the words of the song. All eyes had been fixed on the beautiful flag, and as it unfurled at these words, men women and children seemed to appreciate the significance of the incident, and the voices of all joined in one triumphant cheer.

Immediately after the conclusion of the exercises a national salute of twenty-one guns was fired by the University Artillery Corps.

From this point the audience moved to the main entrance to the University grounds where the Class of '98 had prepared as their gift to the State University the bases and two big granite columns to be used as supports to a large iron gate for the University grounds. The presentation speech was made by J. J. Sullivan. The Class of '99 will provide the iron gate, which will complete this most useful and ornamental gift to the institution.

#### GRADUATES AND SCHOLARSHIPS.

The graduates of the University are as follows:

From the School of Liberal Arts, receiving the degree of B. A., Maude Neva Bruette of Hawthorne, Samuel Bradford Doten of Reno, Dennis Maxwell Duffy of Lander County, Leonard Greeley Ede of Reno, Loretta Ruth Hickey of Empire, Helen Keddie of Quincy, Cal.; Ellen Rosa Lewers of Franktown, Rosalia Murphy and Sadie Phillips of Reno, John Jerome Sullivan of Virginia, Katherine Sunderland of Reno, Florence Maude Thompson of Franktown and Guy Webster Walts of Reno.

The graduates of the School of Mines receiving the degree of B. A. are: Wilbur Seymour Everett of Reno, Donald Robertson Finlayson and John Wesley Thompson of Quincy, Cal.;

John Allen Fulton, Fred Morgan Linscott and William John Luke Jr. of Reno. Phillip Enoch Emery of Reno completed the Civil Engineering course and received the degree of B. S.

The graduates of the Nevada State Normal School are: Four-year course—Annie Evelyn Barclay of Virginia, Alice Emmeline Brewer of Gold Hill, Lucy May Grimes of Reno, Louise May Hinch, May Frances Hogan and Isabel Mary Kelley of Virginia; Minnie Mertilla Lounsbury of Reno, Emma Nevada Marx of Virginia, Nellie B. Robbins and Edna May Robinson of Reno, Sarah Elizabeth Ryan of Virginia, Jean Louise Sweetman of Wellington, Annie Theelan of Stillwater and Minnie Sophia Wolf of Winnemucca.

Three-year course—Clara Casandra Choate of Winnemucca, Lulu Olivia Culp of Carson, Mamie Janette Delaney of Virginia, Edith Nevada LaValliere of Oakland, Sadie Florence Mitchell of Verdi, Hattie Belle Paris of Reno, Florence Tannahill of Virginia and Thomas Pollok Brown of San Luis Obispo, Cal.

The various scholarships were awarded as follows: Junior, given by Prof. R. H. McDowell, went to John J. Bristol of Elko county; Sophomore, given by Colonel H. B. Maxon, went to Lottie Dodd of Reno; the Freshman, given by the University Alumni, to James F. Abel of Humboldt county; and the Normal, given by Normal Alumnæ, to Miss Sybil Howe of Carson.

Those receiving honorable mention for second best standing in the four classes were: Miss Elizabeth Stubbs of Reno, Wm. F. Norris of Battle Mountain, Irvin Ayres of Oakland and Miss Frances Case of Paradise Valley.

The final feature of the week's program was the Annual Senior Reception and ball in the evening. It was one of the most brilliant social affairs given in the State. It is estimated that fully six hundred guests were in attendance. Many of the ladies were dressed in exquisite costumes and the big Gymnasium presented a scene of beauty never to be forgotten. The festivities ended at an early hour in the morning and concluded the University Commencement of '98.



SENIOR CLASS DAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1.

AT 10 A. M. a farce in three acts, entitled "The Conversion of Uncle," was given by the members of the Class of '98. Following was the cast of characters:

Harry Randall, a football hero in reduced circumstances .....	J. W. Thompson
Hon. Jason Tubbs of Arizona, Harry's Uncle ..	W. J. Luke
James Keats Poole, a "RECORD bardlett," also in reduced circumstances .....	L. G. Ede
Ralph Simpson } U. N. waiters at Rubicon {	P. E. Emery
Bill Thompson } Springs, Lake Tahoe, {	J. J. Sullivan
Jack Blout } U. C. waiters at Springs {	W. S. Everett
Ray Bell } .....	S. B. Doten

Clarence Baldwin, U. of N. '00.....	D. Finlayson
Bessie Baldwin, his Sister.....	M. Thompson
Mrs. Gwendolin Fernald, their Aunt, a stern chape- one.....	H. Keddie
Mabel Marsden, of U. of N.....	S. Phillips
Eleanor Denton of San Francisco.....	M. Bruette

At 2 P. M. the following program was rendered.

Opening Address.....	Samuel B. Doten
Class Statistics.....	Ellen Lewers
Instrumental Duet.....	L. Hickey and K. Sunderland
Class Poem.....	Rosalia Murphy
Smoking Pipe of Peace.....	.....
Closing Address.....	Prof. R. D. Jackson
Presentation of Pillars and Dedicatory Address.....	.....
.....	J. J. Sullivan.

THE DEVIL'S JAM.

IT was nearly dark and rather cold. The men were grumbling at the misfortune of being obliged to work late, but a "jam" that holds thousands of logs in check must be broken as soon as possible and the mass of rough timber again started on its journey down the river toward the whirring saws which rapidly convert it into many kinds of lumber. The weary foreman, Ira Budd, or "Iron," as he had been dubbed by the men, because of his strong will, paused for a moment to wipe the perspiration from his worried brow. He stood poised, pike in hand, on a log near midstream at the head of the jam.

"Well, I never saw the like of it before!" he declared for the tenth time to a veteran "logger" as the men who prepare the timber for the mill are called. "I've swum logs on this river for nine years and know every crook and turn in it, and I can't think what's holdin' them back. The water's twenty feet deep here an' no rocks that cum up close to the top. There ain't a shallow for three miles above an' below exceptin' the sand bank at Drove's Bend. That's 'bout a mile below and don't figger much, no how. We never had much trouble swimmin' logs apast there. But a jam here! Who'd ever dream of it! An' the way they pile up, too.

Now, just look at 'em all spewed up over there."

He pointed a few yards away where the logs were upheaved and piled upon each other in a most peculiar manner, as though they were resting upon solid earth and had been carelessly rolled together by some giant's hand. Huge tree trunks, four or five feet in diameter and sixteen feet long were apparently standing on end, half their lengths or more projecting upward from the mass.

"The only way I kin account for it is this way," replied the veteran logger to whom "Iron" had addressed himself. "A bunch of heavy, water soaked logs have been stirred up sumwhar up stream, an' our timber has dragged 'em down here an' they got stuck in the mud at the bottom somehow and are causin' the jam."

"Well, we've got to bust it," returned Iron. "We must knock off work now an' get sumthin' to eat." Then raising his voice he called out over the river to the four or five men scattered about on the immense floating raft: "Knock off, boys. We can't work all night," he added in a lower tone to a veteran logger. "We have worked over time, but the jam must be busted. Maybe 'twill take us a week, maybe only a day if we hit the right place and pry out a few of the hold-backs."

The men ceased their prying and poling, and



hopping from log to log with the cat-like ease of men long familiar with the river, soon reached the bank, where a camp-fire was burning brightly in a sheltered little cove. Supper had been prepared by the cook who manages the "grub" wagon on the log "drive." Soon after supper they "turned" in for the night.

But it was not ordained that they should sleep long that night. About ten o'clock one of the men was awakened by a low, dull roar from the direction of the river. He rose up on his elbow and listened. "Good," he muttered, "the river's risin'. Guess it will break up the jam." He lay back again and closed his eyes, but he could not sleep. The sound of the heavy timbers rolling and grinding upon each other seemed to have in it a strange, indefinable note or strain that completely eradicated all desire to sleep. The sound aroused the men one by one. The last to awaken was the foreman. He stook up and listened, then spoke to the men who were all now fully awake:

"I think the river's risin', boys, and if we get out there now and work lively for a little while we can get the logs started. "Let's try it."

Accustomed to obeying the slightest order of their foreman, the men at once arose and dressed and were soon at work. None but an experienced logger would have ventured out upon the floating mass of logs at night. Steadily the grinding, roaring noise increased in volume. The men worked rapidly. Hundreds of logs were started down the stream, but still the mass of timber remained stationary. The tumult was now so great that they were compelled to shout instructions to each other at the top of their voices. A single misstep or slip of the foot meant a horrible death between the grinding logs. A strange fear began to take possession of the men. Slowly, as if moved by a common impulse, they started toward the shore. Then, a log upon which one sprang, suddenly rolled over, throwing him forward on his face. A hoarse cry of pain came from the poor man as he was caught between two huge logs and rolled into the water beneath, just as a wet cloth is forced through a clothes wringer. The

baleful minor tone fairly rose to a shriek as the unfortunate one met his death, and then suddenly died away. Before the last man had reached shore, the mass of timber was as quiet as it had been at sunset.

It was impossible to get the body out from under the immense black raft just then, as in all probability it had at once sunk to the bottom. After holding a short consultation, the men started back to the camp, utterly unstrung and sick at the terrible accident. A man was at once dispatched to the mills with the sad news and instructions to bring a party back with him in order to more quickly break up the jam and float it on that the body might be secured. It was useless to think of sleep for an instant. They gathered about the fire, talking with pale faces and in low tones of their companion's death. The dead man had been liked by all. An old Scotchman, who had been his close friend, would not be comforted.

"Byes," he said in his high shrill voice, while the tears trickled down his cheeks, "theer's summat uncanny about it. Jeems was as maist cat-footed a mon as aver rode a log. Nay one cud equal him on a spinnin' one in the big mill dam. I maist believe he cud keep atop on a runnin' fly wheel. An' did ye hearn the diel's hornpipes ower the scrunchin' of the timmer? It made me blud run cool, an' I started to get outin' it. Just as pair Jeems slipped an' was tore to pieces unter the timmers the fiend's voice called lood in triumph, an' all the logs cam still. It ware the diel's wark, I tell ye!" Then in a shrill whisper he added: "An' die ye ken the river hae not risen?"

The men shuddered. It was true. The river had not risen an inch that night. They continued to discuss the subject till morning. The man who had been sent to the mill arrived with eight loggers at the time for the morning meal. They were given breakfast and then at once went to work, while the weary, haggard party of the night's experience were given rest. All day long they worked, and when they stopped for supper the problem was far from being solved. They agreed to work until midnight,



when "Iron" and his men would relieve them.

After supper and a short rest the men again went out upon the river. They had worked two or three hours when the logs began to toss and crash as on the night before. The sound began slowly, but increased by insensible gradation. By ten o'clock it was a dull roar. Although the men belonged to a sturdy class not easily frightened, there was something about the low, tense hum barely audible above the roar, which wrought in them a sensation certainly akin to fear. It seemed to act upon the nerves, every vibration or fluctuation in the sound causing a corresponding nervous reaction in the men.

Ere long it aroused the sleeping party in camp on the shore. The old Scotchman was the first to awaken. The re-occurrence of the weird sound frightened the superstitious old fellow. He got up and called in a quavering voice: "Byes! Iron! Git oop, for God's sake, an' let's git the men off the river. There's thot aful diel's song again; hear it beyant the roarin' of the logs!"

Some of the men began to get up, but Iron stopped them with a harsh imperative: "What's the matter with you men? Have you lost your heads? If it was a true friend of yours down under those logs you wouldn't stop work trying to get him out for a whole army of devils."

This had the effect of silencing them for a time, but soon the nervous sensation began to creep over strong-willed "Iron" himself. "Blast the infernal racket! Guess I'll git up and go see what I can do."

He arose, drew on his clothes, and left them. The others soon followed him. The baleful, fiendish overtone was steadily increasing. It drew to a dangerous tension the nerves of the already excited men. Those out upon the growling mass of logs began to move toward the shore. One hung back until nearly all were safe, then turned with an oath and began to follow them. He had just reached midstream when a log was forced up from beneath his feet and a large piece of bark was hurled up into his face. He threw up his hand, reeled and fell. A loud crash was heard, the logs were tossed

about; the man disappeared. Again, with a last unearthly shriek the sound died away, until all was so silent that the mournful cry of a night-hawk could be heard in the distance.

White with the horror of it all, the men stood on the bank and saw for the second time one of their number go down under the fatal jam. Who was it that had met this sudden death? A quick look through the group showed that "Iron" Budd was missing.

The Scotchman's nerves gave away. He burst into hollow laughter. "The diel maun be a jolly fellow, but I dinna ken he sings ower the fraedom of a soul he'll never get."

"Come, now, no more of that," gruffly commanded one of the less frightened, giving him a rough shake which partly restored him to his senses. Speaking to all, he continued: "It's awful. I would not go out upon the logs again when they make that noise for all the money in the world. They act as though they were moved by a thousand unseen hands. My God! What a terrible way to die, down under the logs in the cold black water!"

They passed a miserable night in camp. Not a man would go out upon the logs. In the morning another plan was evolved for breaking the jam. They resolved to blow it up with giant powder, for which a man was sent to the mills. When it arrived the men went vigorously to work, and before noon had placed a heavy charge in every particular place that appeared to help hold back the logs. Fifty pounds of the high explosive were placed directly under the head of the jam. When all was ready the men gathered on the bank for a short rest before setting off the blasts.

All was quiet, save the lapping of the water on the logs, which made a noise not unlike malignant, supernatural laughter. "Listen to the devil's laughin' that they do be makin'!" exclaimed an Irishman. "But it's no more honest men ye'll git," he continued, shaking his fist at the floating mass. "Whin the dinnymite goes off it's commandin' we air. Bust up! Move an!"

"Look! look!" suddenly cried the Scotchman. "The fiend's jam hae bruk itself to spite us."

In mute astonishment they saw the logs floating quietly down stream. A. M. SMITH.



In many of our exchanges we find editorials dealing with the policy of the Administration in our war with Spain. A commendable spirit of patriotism seems to pervade the ranks of college journalists.

He lay on his couch  
His spirits had sunk,  
For he in all classes  
Did naught but to "flunk."  
So he sprang from his bed  
And a candle he lit.  
He grabbed a revolver  
And soon loaded it.  
I'll stand it no longer!  
Were the words that he said,  
Then he blew out his—candle  
And went back to bed. —*Ex.*

A changeable waist she had,  
Whose sumptuous glossy shining,  
Of all the dainty things she wore,  
My arm loved most entwining.  
Too changeable that waist, alas!  
For once I saw astounded,  
An arm, not mine; it, too, had changed,  
By it that waist was bounded. —*Ex.*

"Your teeth are like the stars," he said;  
The maiden's eyes grew bright;  
"Yes, they are like the stars," he said,  
"For they come out at night. —*Ex.*

She sat on the steps at the evening tide  
Enjoying the balmy air;  
He came and asked, "May I sit by your side?"  
And she gave him a vacant stair. —*Ex.*

"There's nothing like a yacht," said he  
As on the beach they stood.  
"O, I don't know," quick answered she,  
"A smack is just as good." —*Ex.*

(On the river)—He—"If I were not in a  
canoe I would kiss you."

She—"Take me ashore instantly, sir."—*Ex.*

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We sat out the dance,  
Such a beautiful chance  
    For a kiss.  
We were hidden complete,  
And her eyes lured so sweet:  
    It was bliss.  
But the minutes they sped,  
While her lips turned so red,  
    In the hall.  
Yes, we sat out the dance,  
Such a beautiful chance,  
Just merely a chance—  
    That was all.

—Ex.

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Princeton and Michigan have each held enthusiastic Cuban demonstrations, in which speeches, bonfires, fireworks and parades played a prominent part. The latter University sent a telegram to the President endorsing his stand.—Ex.

"The College Man" in *Clemson College Chronicle* is, as the writer states, a reflection on the dangers and benefits of a collegian's ambition.



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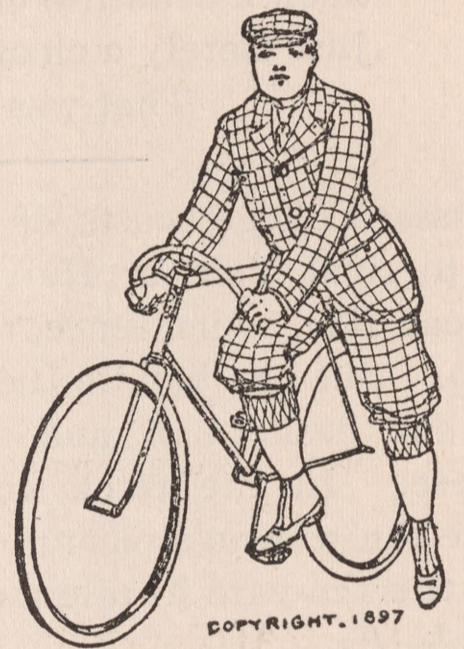
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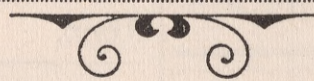


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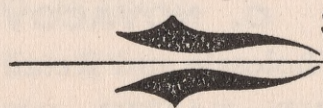
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