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The Student Record

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THE STUDENT RECORD.

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STUDENT RECORD,

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Editorial.

ANOTHER semester is upon us and, as usual, some of us have made numerous acquisitions to our troubles in the form of conditions. When thinking over the work of last semester, let us forget our successes and remember our failures, resolving to guard against a repetition

of past errors. Many a college graduate has in after life regretted his wasted time and unimproved opportunities and has told us what his intentions would be "if college days were only mine again." But the successful college man is he, who at the end of his four years, has cause to be satisfied with his work.

○ ○ ○

AT last the Committee having in charge the matter of college colors has dispelled the official secrecy and has announced the result. The color is Blue. It represents the ideas of the Committee, and while it may not suit everybody's taste, the students should regard the question as settled for once and all.

○ ○ ○

THE fact that the great majority of our students are not of a literary turn of mind was shown by the small number that entered the prize-story contest announced by the promoters of the Annual. The time has been extended to February 1st instead of January 15th, as heretofore announced, and it is to be hoped that a larger number of ambitious and literary-inclined students will take advantage of this extension.

○ ○ ○

WE ought to have a college song. It is a feature of most colleges and serves to express college spirit on occasions when a yell would be inappropriate. If any of our muse-inspired readers should feel inclined to write one or several, we will be pleased to offer the use of a page in the issue of any RECORD.

○ ○ ○

A COLLEGE paper is usually regarded as a reflection of the work and character of the institution which it represents, and naturally the majority of students take an active interest in it, but in our University the students are prone

to ignore all responsibility, leaving the success or failure of the paper with the few persons who belong to the editorial staff. This is also true of our Alumni. We have received neither financial support nor contributions from the great majority of them.



THE Annual Board, through its Committee, has decided to name the Annual, "The Artimesia." Artimesia is the botanical name for sagebrush and certainly is characteristic of our State.



J. M. GREGORY '99 has been elected Asso-

ciate Editor of the RECORD. Mr. Gregory takes an active interest in the paper and has been an earnest worker in its behalf.



WE would suggest that the different classes elect members of the Football Committee for '99 as soon as possible. Everybody looks forward to a most successful football season next fall, and by a little judicious planning now, much trouble can be avoided.



Owing to the non-arrival of several members of the Staff and the usual vacation tired feeling, this issue is rather late in its appearance.

❧ Literary. ❧

(Concluded from last issue.)

"With My Wheel on the Antrim Coast."

IRISH imagination runs riot on the Causeway and gives names to everything. Of historic interest are the Chimney-Tops—three pinnacles of rock situated on a neighboring crag. It is said that the captain of a vessel belonging to that first invincible Spanish armada mistook these rocks for the towers of Dunluce Castle, some five miles away on the coast. While firing at them the vessels ran ashore and were wrecked, all on board perishing, save a half-dozen sailors. The ancient, white-haired parson at Portrush told me that in Western Ireland (County Galway, I think he said), the descendants of these Spaniards are still to be seen, the Spanish blood showing itself in the dark hair and olive skins, but especially in the graceful, dignified carriage of certain of the women. History does tell us that fleeing from the English in the south, the Spanish fleet stood off towards the north, thinking to get back to Spain by way of the North Sea and Pentland Firth. But the weather was a more cruelly formidable foe than were the English. Continu-

ous storms drove them against the fierce, rocky shores of Ireland, so that those saved from the seas met their death at the hands of the Irish. Our guide said that in calm weather the remains of the wrecks might still be seen. But I doubt whether the seas would have left much of the vessels to tell the tale after so many centuries have passed.

We had all the special features pointed out to us one by one—the single, three-sided column, the one bearing a perfect representation of an opened fan—the Giant's Wash-Basin—and so on. Then the day being far spent, we began to retrace our steps. Our guide now tried to persuade us to take a trip on the bay and to enter by boat some of the wonderful caves. But we were not to be moved. The awful accident at Ballycastle had followed closely a dreadful disaster at the Causeway. Later we visited Fingal's Cave on the Island of Staffa and saw in that grand, vaulted, natural cathedral all that we missed here.

The "Giant's Causeway" fortunately, in the very nature of its formation, does not show the depredations made upon its treasures. But

many of the columns have been carried away to act as supports for mantel-pieces. At Portrush we found pillars serving as gate-posts. We were told of an enthusiastic American pastor who purchased a section of a pillar and shipped it home to use in his church as a baptismal font—a purpose for which its upper concave surface well adapted it.

Ireland is so rich in legendary lore that we can but wonder why there are so few tales extant regarding "The Causeway." This must be due to the fact that it is a comparatively late discovery. We find no record of it whatsoever in any early Irish literature. In "Lord Antrim's Parlour"—a nook in the rocks consecrated by the tourist as the place in which to satisfy his desire to inscribe his name anywhere and everywhere, the earliest date that we saw cut was "1717."

Nature displays strange freaks. The only vegetation that I can remember seeing on the dark, rugged rocks of the Causeway was here and there a tiny sea pink. Wherever a bit of earth had settled in a hollow of a rock, one of these exquisitely delicate pink-blossomed plants had found a home, there to delight us with its sweet perfume.

The most fashionable watering-place on the northern coast of Ireland is Portrush, and thither we next turned our wheels. Again we had the superb coast-line to our right as we sped along the perfect road. The natives kept up their lively interest in us, and we felt that on a wheel is, indeed, the way to travel if one wants to come in touch with the inhabitants of a country in a manner quite impossible to those dependent on teams. A sudden shower coming up, we felt emboldened to enter a newly thatched cottage just off the main road, and begged to be allowed to wait there till the rain should cease. The mistress kindly bade us welcome and led the way to her drawing-room, but we begged permission to go into the kitchen, and after some demurring she allowed us to do so. There we found a fine hot peat-fire burning in the great open fire-place. We had heard much of peat-fires and were so glad of the op-

portunity to test one. There was scarcely any smoke, nor could we distinguish much of an odor, although they say that those brought up in a peat-burning district grow homesick for the odor when away from it; just so the dwellers by the sea long for the pungent smell of the salt water when inland.

It was interesting to see the interior of such a neat cottage. The floors were mud, I presume, but were as hard as if made of concrete. The ceilings with their wooden beams were low, and, in the kitchen hanging from the rafters were great pieces of pork and bacon, strings of onions and bunches of dried herbs. A tea-kettle was on the hearth, and a great iron pot hung over the coals and our kindly hostess soon seated us in her dimutive dining-room before a dainty little meal fit for the Queen.

The tea was delicious—rarely do we get any half so good in this country. We had been thinking that our hostess was deaf because she looked at us in such a dazed manner whenever we spoke to her, and for the most part did not seem to comprehend just what we were saying. At last the mystery was solved. Just when we were leaving I said to her: "We have come a long way to drink that good cup of tea."

"Oh," said she, "ye air English thin. I couldn't quite understand your quare accint."

Dunluce Castle is said to be the most picturesque ruin in Scotland, and it is easy to believe this, as a turn in the road brings it suddenly to one's view. The ruins surmount a precipitous pile of rock, whose only connection with the main land is a narrow wall just a foot and a half wide and over twenty feet long, with its summit many feet above the water's edge. In olden times there was a draw-bridge across this natural moat, but that has gone long ages ago. The Castle is of a dark-grey, almost black rock, and one can scarcely see where nature ends her work and art begins, for its walls seem to form an integral part of the rocks on which they are built. Many towers and bits of battlemented walls are still standing, and they made a most romantic and never-to-be-forgotten picture with the waves, as we saw them, dashing white

about the base of the rocky foundations, and the blue sea as a background.

A run against a very severe head-wind brought us to Portrush (as I have said, the seaside resort of Northern Ireland). Fortunately the road was gently undulating, with for the most part a down grade, so that though our wheels fairly stood still at times, and once I was actually blown off, we did at last reach our destination—a little "ivy cottage" where we had engaged lodgings. My blessings on lodgings! What a delightful institution they are! When travel-stained and so weary of the life in one cheerless hotel after another, the far away wanderer can by this means straightway set up his Lares and Penates and find himself in a cozy home of his own.

I went up the main street next morning for a few errands, and in the very first store that I entered I saw a *Santa Cruz Sentinel* lying on the counter. How small it did make the world seem! The proprietor, it appeared, had lived in California for several years and was longing to return there. He said that the slowness of Irish towns was simply galling to him since he had been used to the enterprise of our Western civilization. For instance, that sea-port village Portrush possesses more sea-coast than any town of its size that I have ever seen or heard of, for it extends in a long, very narrow projection for over a mile into the water, and yet, in that town of the sea, the markets furnish no fish of any kind. I went to the one tiny shop where sometimes fish may be procured, but found it locked and empty. I met others wending their way thither, their little baskets or buckets on their arms, but all were alike disappointed. One would think that somebody, realizing the demand, would attempt to supply it. But the whole town seemed to have scarcely as much business push as one clever Yankee has.

But how can people do business in places where the butcher shop does not open until half-past nine, church service begins at twelve, and the National schools—corresponding to our public schools—begin work at ten!

In games, however, in outside sport, how far

more energetic they are than we are! We went over to the Golf Links to see part of the tournament then being held. Lady Margaret Scot, the lady champion of the British Isles, was entered. We had never seen golf played and we felt that this was an ideal chance. Caddies, and pockets, and teeing and all the rest of it are now familiar terms over here, too; and I need not even attempt to describe the game. The course there for men is four miles, for ladies three, and how they brightened up the green landscape with their gay scarlet jackets as they followed the balls over the walls and ditches, up hill and down dale! The club-house with its broad upper and lower verandas was a delightful place to sit. My admiration for the British tramping powers rapidly increased as I clambered over stone walls, leaped gullies and climbed hills. Long before the course had been made by the two whom I followed, I felt compelled to desist. Besides, a furious wind was blowing and the fresh sea air seemed very cold to me; and as we walked across the dunes that formed part of the links, the sand blew in our faces, stinging us quite severely. But the natives did not seem to mind it, but played on, the girls in shirt waists and toe slippers.

One afternoon the snowy-haired minister called on us. He had traveled far and wide and had crossed the ocean to America many times. Hearing of the presence, then, of Americans in town, he called to show us all the kind attentions in his power. We enjoyed extremely a visit to the old Manse, with its antiquated furniture. The four-post beds with their canopy tops and valances were especially quaint. So high were they that little steps were necessary to mount into them. The view from the upper windows was particularly fine. We looked across the waters and once more saw "Bonnie Scotland" in the distance. Our landlady, anxious lest we might trespass against the local etiquette, told us that the proper thing for us to do would be to ask the minister to tea. We sent the little invitation and prevailed on her, very easily, to preside at the meal. Realizing the limitations as regards provisions in so small a

town as Portrush, we asked her for suggestions as to the bill-of-fare. She told us that the greatest delicacy we could offer a guest was canned pears! We learned later that all the preserved fruit comes there from San Jose or Sacramento. It struck us as such a funny situation to be eating California canned pears way off in that little North Ireland seaport town!

Portrush is famous for its beach. In either direction one can go for two or three miles along the silver strand. The coast-line on one side of the town forms a wonderful curve, and not far out in the water is a great mass of dark grey rocks forming quite a line across. Against these the water is constantly dashing, so that although on land, one still gets the water side point of view. I never saw more intense coloring. The water is a mixture of sapphire blue and emerald green, and the foam breaking over the dark rocks is snowy-white. Moreover, the scene changes with every moment.

The town is heavily taxed in order to improve the place; the shore-line, except where the sandy beaches lie, is well built of stout grey stone, with here and there picturesque little flights of stone steps built in sheltered nooks in the sea-wall. I enjoyed the walks along the beaches outside the town just as the tide would be going out, my steps leaving almost no impression on the sand, so firm it was.

It was the season for lilies-of-the-valley to bloom while we were in Portrush, and we revelled in them at "tuppence" for a large bunch.

We left Portrush with a real regret in our hearts, and only the thought of the charming invitation to spend a week or two at the Castle-rock Manse with its delightful inmates could reconcile us to saying good-bye.

The ride to Castlerock was beautiful in the extreme. As we rode across the Diamond at Coleraine—for so its Market Square is called—I saw many a sweet-faced girl, a possible descendant of the fair Kitty who has made Coleraine such a familiar name to us all.

"As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me, she stumbled, the pitcher down tum-
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain. [bled,

Oh! what shall I do now? 'Twas looking at you, now!
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again;
'Twas the pride of my dairy. O, Barney O'Cleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her, and ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
But very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
(The never) a pitcher was whole in Coleraine!"

From Coleraine the way led almost entirely along charming lanes "where the hawthorn brambles, with the woodbine alternating, scented the dewy way." At last we reached the brow of a little hill, and there stretched before us in the golden sunshine lay the little village by the sea, and we saw out in the water the rocks so castle-like in form that gives its name to the town.

A few minutes more and we had swept up to the door of the Manse and I was being lifted off my wheel and welcomed by the three fair daughters of the house—each one more deliciously sweet than the last—and their most lovely mother, and the grand old man, their father. Our only tie was a letter of introduction to them given me by a far distant son and brother, and forwarded some time before. But had we been life-long friends, the written invitation to come to them could not have been more cordial, nor the personal welcome warmer.

The great room to which I was ushered with its white-curtained bed and bureau drawers scented with rose-leaves is almost my ideal of a guest-room. How could I fail to feel at home when I found a large bowl of ferns and wild blue hyacinths on my dressing-table, and when lifting my eyes, I read:

"Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning.
Heartfelt the welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here, the more we'll adore you!"

This visit was the crown of my Ireland experiences. It would be vain for me to attempt

to describe the succession of pleasures planned for that week. With Castlerock, too, ends the Antrim Coast trip.

Whenever I think of Ireland, my mind wanders first to Castlerock and lingers there longest.

There let me say good-bye. Beautiful, beautiful Ireland.

"Bounteous Nature loves all lands.
Beauty wanders everywhere—
Foot-prints leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely there!"

*My Queer
Adventure.*

THIS time last year I was with you all, experiencing the hopes and fears, joys and sorrows of University life; now I am teaching a little school in one of the many of Nevada's deserted mining camps—a place remarkable for its profusion of sand, sagebrush and lonesomeness. Many of the buildings here are 'dobe huts, such as are common in Mexico, and the majority of these huts have fallen into decay. One Saturday morning, as I was wandering around these tumbled-down places, trying to kill time, I met with a queer adventure, which, while it may seem improbable, is not at all impossible.

I entered a building which, from all appearances had formerly been a store. It was about fifty feet long, and about the floor were strewn old shingles and boards. In many places the flooring had been torn away and only the under beams were left. It was dark and dismal looking; there was also a damp, earthy smell issuing from the ground where the flooring had been removed. In fact, its entire appearance was suggestive of ghosts, hobgoblins and the like. As I placed my foot on one of the boards scattered about, a tiny lizard glided off and out into the warm sunshine. A little ways farther on I came across the black, hairy body of a centipede, wriggling its poisonous way over the miry earth. I didn't kill it, as is customary here; I rather pitied the ugly, brainless insect and let it live. I passed on the entire length of the building, carefully picking my way over the old lumber and occasionally casting furtive glances about me, as if I expected some ghostly figure to appear. There was a door at the end of the room which I supposed communicated with the outer air. I was mistaken however;

it opened into a little room. I entered and looked about me. It was extremely dirty and the air here seemed fouler than that in the other part of the building. The dust lay thickly all around and everything had the appearance of long disuse. Hanging from the ceiling were several Chinese lanterns, and on the wall was some China writing. There was a comb, brush and piece of broken looking glass on a shelf, and in the corner on a low table, was a candlestick. Having seen all there was to be seen, I was about to leave when my eye was arrested by the sight of some books in the corner of the room. I picked one up and glanced through it. On one page Hamlet's soliloquy was written in a cramped, old-fashioned hand, and on another was a copy of Tennyson's Locksley Hall. There were many other choice selections of prose and poetry, and on the last page I read!

"PERSONAL MEMOIRS

"My life has been a failure! Mine! mine! mine! O, God! can—"

It broke off here suddenly, and underneath was a large stain which looked like blood. I fell into a fit of musing over the words before me, wondering who could have written them. Absorbed deeply in my thought, to the oblivion of all around me, I was startled by a sharp noise like a knock. The book fell from my nerveless fingers, and, yes, I could actually hear my heart beat. I stooped down with the intention of picking up the book. Imagine my surprise when I saw at my feet, not the floor, but a chasm. Had a ghastly, grinning skeleton stood before me, I could not have felt greater astonishment or fear. Thoroughly frightened, I turned and fled.

Once again in the bright sunshine, I gradually gained composure, and common sense came

to my aid. I reasoned that the book when it fell must have touched the spring to a door which immediately flew open. This seemed feasible, and laughing at my fears, I re-entered the building and went down to the little room. There was the chasm. I approached and peered cautiously down through the gloom. I could make out the shape of a Chinese bunk, and stretched on it was the emaciated form of a Mongolian. My first impulse was to get away as fast as I could, as I was nearer the door than he, and, consequently, perfectly safe. I decided to take a better look at him. His face was frightful. I can see it yet, with its horrible yellow skin, and so thin that the bones seemed almost to protrude through the flesh; the deeply sunken, expressionless eyes, and the nasty, bruised lips. His hands were skinny and claw-like, and the hard, stained nails were unusually long. At first I thought him dead; his eyes were so wide open and seemed to stare right at me, and yet, not to see me. By his side was lying the long pipe used for smoking opium. I then knew he was not dead, but in a stupor caused from the effects of the drug. I sat there watching the ghastly figure; watching till the heavy eyelids drooped and closed; watching till I heard him mumble softly in his sleep. Who could tell what beautiful dreams this vile thing of the earth was enjoying? He muttered for some time in his native tongue, but finally I caught the words, "Melican man" and "rich, rich, rich." Then he distinctly said: "In the iron

box behind the old barn." Soon he jerked out the word "gold" and fell into a heavier slumber.

I left the place and wandered down toward the old barn, and although it seemed foolish, I determined to search for the iron box. I had not dug long when I struck something hard, which, when brought to light, proved to be that for which I was searching. I could hardly believe my own eyes. It seemed as if I were transported to those olden days when it was no uncommon thing for me to come across fabulous fortunes buried in the earth. I hastily pried open the lid, but, instead of the mass of gold which imagination had conjured up, I saw an envelope, yellow with age. Thinking it contained a statement of where the money could be found, I tore it open. I found a continuation of the "Personal Memoirs" over which I had been musing in the little room when the book fell from my hand and sprung the trap door. It read:

"My life has been a failure! Mine! mine! mine! O, God! Can it be that a kind, gentle mother once loved me, and taught my baby lips to pray? Well, I killed him for his gold and now my conscience is killing me. To-morrow I shall be dead. (Signed:) H.—A Murderer."

My head felt queer, but I remember tearing up the paper. My strange adventure occupied my thoughts almost entirely for several days. Even now, when I think it over, I often wonder if I didn't dream it all. Who can tell?

MAUD N. BRUETTE, '98.

❧ Society. ❧

The Junior Prom.

THE evening of December 21, 1898, was a most auspicious time for the Junior Prom. Students that had been successful in the "exes" found themselves in a fitting humor to cheer up the "flunks;" then again it was the last evening before the Christmas recess, so good-byes and well wishes for the

coming year added their charm to the evening's pleasure.

The Gymnasium was tastefully decorated. Naughty-naught's colors and the college colors predominated, while banners and festoons of bunting of the other class colors made up a minor part of the decorations. Near the orchestra stand, a pretty booth in college colors had

been constructed. From this, ice water and lemonade were served—perhaps the committee in charge recognized a failing on the part of Reno orchestras.

At 8:30 P. M. the Grand March was formed and most successfully led by Miss Ida Holmes '00 and D. W. Hayes, President of the Class of 1900. Seventy-five couples, mostly N. S. U. students, took part in the Grand March.

The college yell and class yells were heard for the last time for the year 1898, and were given with an energy that tended to enliven everyone. Hoskins' Orchestra furnished exceptionally good music (perhaps due to the nearness of the lemonade booth). Refreshments were served at the Uni. dining hall.

Among the out-of-town guests were Mrs. Stock of Hawthorne, Miss Beula Stubbs of San Francisco, Tom Tennant of Carson, and Mr. White of the Uni. of California. Dr. Phillips and Prof. Charles Brown alone represented our bashful Faculty. The other members of this most reserved body should take heart, since no terrible fate befell these brave men, and appear at the next social function. Of our Alumni, Grace Ward '95, Fred Walts '96, Belle Rulison, Normal '96; Kate Sunderland '98, Victoria God-

froy '98, Luke '98 and Emery '98 were present.

Tuesday night, Dec. 27, the Nevada Club intended to open its doors to those Uni. students spending their vacation in Reno, but unfortunately for the students, the fellow that had charge of the fifty invitations forgot to mail them. Perhaps he thinks the sacred portals of his club should not be opened to the eye of the uninitiated. The club members who happened to be present spent a very pleasant evening of dancing, and the fellow who had the invitations in his pocket for once had enough to eat.

Skating parties were quite in order during the first week of vacation. Several parties went by bus to Spanish Springs Lake. The wagon was at its full and lent a charm to the evening's sport. A few evenings were also pleasantly passed by straw-ride parties. The sleighing was fairly good.

Several students, as invited guests of the Nevada Club, watched the old year out and welcomed the new, while they played cards. Japanese favors were given for keeping the score.

❧ Athletics. ❧

Football as a Benefit to Our Young Men.

ARGUMENTS of diverse character have been offered against the practice of football in our modern college, and the opposers of our college game have advanced, among other things, that the college football player was seldom, if ever, a thorough student and usually failed in his college work. Whatever of truth there may be in such statements, they have certainly been contradicted by our boys in the past football season, as shown by their standing in the past semester. On an average,

the football squad passed high examinations and retained their class rank to a man. This in itself speaks wonders for the boys of the grid-iron, saying nothing of the physical development of each member, as shown by the following systematic account given by Coach Ellis:

The average gain or loss in weight, muscular measurements and strength are strikingly shown in the following table, the first column containing the results of eleven football players and the second column the results of six students not in training. All these men were measured during the first two weeks of Septem-

ber, 1898; that is, before football work began at the University of Nevada, and were measured for the second time during the first week of December, just following the close of the football season, conditions of measuring being the same at both times:

AGE WEIGHTS		21-7 5-73	19-7 28	STRENGTH.		
HEIGHT.						
1	Standing	03	001	Dip	1 40	00
2	Sitting	01	00	Pull	50	05
3	Of Knee	05	003	R F A	8 36	2 83
				L F A	3 66	6 66
GIRTHS AT						
1	Neck	31	001			
2	Chest Rep	33	026			
3	" Full	60	058			
4	9th Rib Rep	71	1 70			
5	" " Full	1 31	1 15			
6	Abdomen	23	15			
7	Hips	54	15			
8	R Thigh	43	20			
9	L Thigh	44	28			
10	R Knee	26	26			
11	L Knee	27	28			
12	R Calf	07	10			
13	L Calf	18	15			
14	R Ankle	12	16			
15	L Ankle	24	26			
16	R Instep	16	33			
17	L Instep	15	31			
18	U R A (c.t.d.)	45	23			
19	U L A (c.t.d.)	57	20			
20	R Elbow	14	23			
21	L Elbow	27	00			
22	R F (c.t.d.)	11	01			
23	L F (c.t.d.)	14	13			
24	R Wrist	21	25			
25	L Wrist	11	33			

uninviting condition of the ground. Vacation, too, with its scattering of the student body to their respective homes, has had the effect of lessening to some extent the spirit necessary for success on the diamond and field. The prospects for success are stronger this year than ever before; new men have entered the college with marked ability among their numbers. This ability should be encouraged by the older students of the 'Varsity. With the first good weather our baseball men should be out and at work, and especially our battery should be out and at practice. In a recent interview with the baseball manager, the editor was informed of plans under consideration to bring a coach from one of the colleges of the Pacific. If this could be done and a proper spirit aroused among our students, we could put a baseball team in the field which would do credit to our college and make our neighbors realize our strength.

Our field sports should be looked out for immediately and every preparation should be made towards the ultimate success of the team. What is our gymnasium for, if not to develop our men in times when outside exercise is impossible? With the return of our coach the general spirit will be aroused, and we hope to see our men get to work in earnest.

We are pleased to see Coach Ellis once more on our Campus after his visit to his home for the holidays. He looks as happy as ever and appears determined to get the men at work as soon as possible. There seems to be a halo of success about Frank, and we believe that our men will meet victory under his guidance.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the A. A. held on Jan. 13, it was decided to drop tennis this spring and devote our energies to baseball and track. Mr. Ellis will be retained as Caach and Trainer. He will immediately institute a course in gym. work, which promises to be quite popular.

There are but three measurements which show any marked gain, and these are the girths of the chest just below the ninth rib, one measurement taken when the chest was natural, the other when the chest was full of air after full inhalation. But by close examination you find that the real range of breathing (from the natural to full inhalation) has increased much more in the football play—1.31 inches as compared with 1.15 gain. The other measurement is that of strength of left forearm, the non-football player gaining twice as much as the football man.

The athletic spirit in our college seems to have been congealed for the past few weeks, owing to the inclemency of the weather and the

FOOTBALL STATEMENT.

EXPENSES.	RECEIPTS.
Manager's expenses	Indian game.....\$ 60 75
to San Francisco..\$ 21 00	Belmont game..... 232 50
Football goods..... 146 36	Stanford game..... 165 50
Teams' trip to Coast 158 95	Donated by citizens
Transportation In-	of Reno..... 37 00
dian team from	Refunded by C. P.
Carson..... 21 00	R. R. from trans-
Headgear and one	portation of teams 21 35
pair shoes..... 7 00	
Lime..... 10 50	
Repairing..... 13 25	
Drugs..... 15 30	
Bus hire..... 35 75	
Student labor..... 17 20	
Banners for adver-	
tising..... 23 50	
Exp. Belmont team 161 50	
Exp. Stanford team 166 75	
	\$517 10
	\$798 06
Football Dr. to.....	\$281 96

Following is the report of the Treasurer of the A. A. for last semester:

DEBTOR.	
Oct. 8. A. A. note with interest.....	\$253 32
Oct. 8, Rosenthal & Armanko.....	1 00
Oct. 11, F. F. Ellis.....	39 30
Oct. 11, G. T. Saxton.....	20 00
Oct. 19, Harry Brule.....	1 50
Oct. 21, Basketball.....	11 50

Committee Report. NEVADA STATE UNIVERSITY, }
November 9, 1898. }
Report of Committee on College Colors, consisting of Professor M. W. Emery and Dr. J. Warne Phillips, appointed from the Faculty by the President of the University; Mr. F. H. Norcross and Mr. D. R. Finlayson, appointed from the Alumni by the President of the Alumni Association; and Mr. J. M. Gregory '99 and Mr. A. M. Smith '00, appointed from the Student Body by its President:

This Committee, having only considered the question of College Colors, unanimously recommends that the National Blue be adopted as the College Color. This committee also unani-

Nov. 5, F. F. Ellis.....	52 00
Nov. 5, Rosenshal & Armanko.....	5 50
Nov. 5, A. A. note.....	150 00
Dec. 1, F. F. Ellis.....	50 00
Dec. 13, Revenue stamps.....	75
Football.....	281 96
	\$866 33

CREDITOR.

Oct. 8, Fees.....	\$542 00
Oct. 9, G. T. Saxton.....	20 00
Nov. 5, A. A. note.....	150 00
	\$694 00
A. A. Dr. to.....	\$172 83

SCHEDULE OF GAMES THIS TERM.

- Feb. 18—'99 vs. '00, baseball.
- Feb. 25—'99 vs. '00, basketball.
- March 4—'01 vs. '02, baseball.
- March 11—'01 vs. '02, baseball.
- March 18—Finals in basketball.
- March 25—Inter-Class Field Day.
- April 1—Finals in baseball.
- April 8—Faculty ladies vs. 'Varsity, basketball.
- April 15—Faculty vs. 'Varsity, baseball.
- April 22—'Varsity vs. Mills Seminary, basketball.
- April 29—'Varsity vs. Stanford, basketball.
- May 6—College Field Day.
- May 16—'Varsity vs. Stewart Institute, baseball.

mously recommends that lettering, wherever symbolic of the University and practicable, shall be in silver, so that the sentiment expressed in the blue and silver—the original college colors—shall be preserved. This Committee further recommends that the new color shall become the college color at the time of approval of these recommendations.

(Signed:)

J. M. GREGORY, Sec.
M. W. EMERY,
J. WARNE PHILLIPS,
D. R. FINLAYSON,
FRANK H. NORCROSS,
A. M. SMITH.

❧ Campus. ❧

Mrs. D. A. Elkin went to Salt Lake City on the 11th.

Ray Richard left for his home in Carson on the 16th.

Carpenters are at work remodeling the President's office.

R. S. Stubbs '01 spent most of last week in San Francisco.

Lincoln Hall underwent many improvements during vacation.

F. J. Ruthrauff visited the Virginia City mines on the 3d.

W. J. Luke '98 has returned to the 'Varsity and is taking P. G. mining work.

Electrical Engineering has been added to the work of the Senior Class in Mines.

G. A. Robinson, ex-'99, has returned and is taking special work in stenography.

David Rark, ex-'98, passed through Reno on his way to Oregon on January 16th.

Pictures of the Cadet officers and T. H. P. O. were taken on the 15th for the Annual.

D. M. Duffy '98 was on the Campus on the 12th, on his way to Hasting's Law School.

A. W. Cahlan '96 has entered the grocery business in partnership with L. D. Folsom.

C. A. McLeod, who was a U. N. Student in the fall of '96, has re-entered the University.

Miss Ada Phillips, Special, was married in Reno on December 31st to Mr. George Kinney.

H. H. Mayer of Elko, while on his way to Carson, spent the 13th with his brother, Mayer '01.

Mr. R. Whiting, an instructor at Hoit's School in California, visited the University on January 10th.

We understand that the condition of Prof. Cowgill is much improved.

Owing to the unsettled condition of the University, there was no general Assembly on the 12th.

Chas. E. Loder, ex-'97 has returned and is taking up special work in the Mining Department.

T. P. Brown '99 and Miss Elizabeth N. Dorland, Nor. '99, were married in Reno on January 6th.

R. E. Tally, '99, W. Sharon '03 and J. B. O'Sullivan, Special, spent the holidays in San Francisco.

Patterson '01 is now at Lane's Hospital, San Francisco, undergoing treatment for rheumatism of the eyes.

Ferguson and Longley '99 and Pratt '00 spent the greater part of the Christmas recess harvesting ice at Iceland.

T. S. Kaney, Special '96, and Miss Annie Donahue, Nor. '97, were married in Virginia City on January 4th.

Mr. Edgar Leavitt of Yerington was a guest of his brother, Leavitt '00, for about a week before the Christmas recess.

Dr. Phillips, Miss De Laguna and Miss Bardenwerper spent the greater part of the Christmas recess in San Francisco.

C. P. Richards, a former student, now employed by Professor Jackson at Silver City, was on the Campus on the 15th.

Owing to the retirement of Quartermaster Chism, all of the commissioned officers ranking below him were promoted one number.

There will be no drill for about a month. During that time the cadets will receive instruction in drill regulations under the commissioned officers.

Lamb '99 is in Carson, seeking a clerkship in the Legislature.

Geo. P. Robinson and son of Elko visited the University on the 14th.

Mr. Shier of Pioche was on the Campus last week, visiting his son and daughters.

About twenty new students entered the University at the beginning of the semester.

January 16th was a typical spring day, such as is very liable to afflict a good student with the spring fever.

Higgins '97 and Magill '97, who are employed in Shasta county, California, visited Reno the last week of December.

Mrs. Michael, instructor in the English department, on account of illness, was unable to attend classes last week.

The Seniors held a very spirited class meeting on the 13th, at which animated discussions on matters relative to graduation took place.

Most of the Nevada mineral exhibit at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition has been donated to the University Museum. There is also a move on foot to bring the State Museum to Reno and combine it with the one at the University. Should this be done, it would make quite an attraction.

The following Class officers have been elected for the ensuing semester: Class of '99—H. H. Dexter, President; Jason Libbey, Vice-President; Louise Ward, Secretary; R. E. Tally, Sergeant-at-Arms. Class of '01—W. A. Keddie, President; Vera Davis, Vice-President; F. A. Bonham, Secretary; H. H. Howe, Treasurer. Class of '02—Eugene Staunton, President; J. P. Mack, Vice-President; W. F. Drew, Treasurer, Helen Whittemore, Secretary; H. Southworth, Sergeant-at-Arms. Class '00 re-elected its present officers.

At the last meeting of the Independent Association, the Editor in-Chief and Business Manager were re-elected. J. M. Gregory '99 was elected Associate Editor.

The first copy of the STUDENT RECORD is still in existence. It was printed on October 19th, 1893, and is now in the possession of Mrs. A. D. Welty (*nee* Kelley) ex-Normal '94.

Mr. Osborne of Lincoln county, a candidate for the office of Secretary of the Senate, visited the University on January 12th for the purpose of placing his son in the institution.

Dr. Stubbs and wife left for Santa Barbara on the 12th. The Doctor has not yet recovered from the attack of rheumatism with which he has been suffering and is now on a sick furlough.

Those who know, say that there are good prospects for an encampment this year. A Cadet Reception at the end of the encampment with uniform blouses and white duck trousers would be the event of the season.

Richard, Fraser, Ferguson, Libby and Hamlin '99 and Stoddard '01 went hunting down the river on the 15th. They must have taken some money with them this time, for they brought some birds back.

Miss Mabel Stanaway '95, who graduated last June from the Boston Conservatory of Music, has accepted a position in the choir of the First Baptist Church of Boston. She is at present studying German and Italian opera, and her tutors predict a brilliant future for her.

Lieut. R. M. Brambila, U. S. A., a graduate of the 'Varsity, who has just recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever, contracted at Camp Merritt, San Francisco, has sufficiently recovered to visit his Reno friends. The Lieutenant will remain here several weeks before setting out for Manila, where he goes to rejoin his regiment. He is at present residing at Lincoln Hall.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, The Great and Supreme Ruler of the Universe has in his infinite wisdom taken from us the beloved sister of our esteemed classmates Amelia and Ruby North; therefore, be it Resolved, That we, the Class of 1900, extend to the bereaved parents and relatives, in this, the hour of affliction, our heartfelt sympathy, and assure them that their dear one has gone to a brighter and better home.

EUGENIE ARNOTT,
D. W. HAYES,
J. B. JONES,
Committee.

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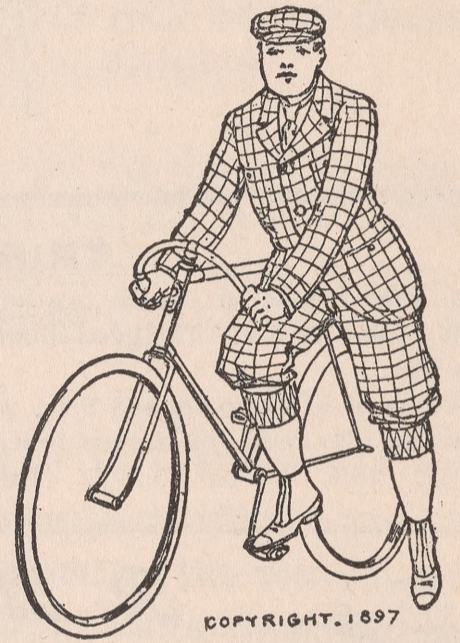
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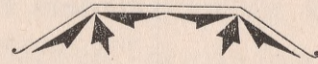


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