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The Student Record

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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.

PRESIDENT TIMOTHY BRIGHT of Yale assigns two habits of work which are absolutely necessary to the student who would be successful in after life. These two habits are: First, that of assigning particular hours in each day to particular work; and secondly, that of concentrating the mind upon the special work in hand during the time which is set apart for it. These habits lie at the very foundation of

success. Nobody can be successful who takes up his work at the opening of the day in a half-hearted manner with no settled plans. Carefully adjusted plans lead to systematic work and later to a systematic, orderly, successful life.

○ ○ ○

SOMEONE has suggested that we establish an "Alumni Department" in the RECORD, giving the whereabouts and occupation of graduates who have left our midst. Gladly will we follow the suggestion if some Alumnus or student will supply us with the necessary information.

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[T is interesting to notice the attitude of the majority of our students towards questions of public interest. That same exercise of the feelings instead of the judgment, which we find everywhere, is here also. The conservative mind we meet occasionally, but it is conspicuous on account of its rarity.

○ ○ ○

OF late we have heard a few derogatory remarks concerning the joshes which from time to time have appeared in the RECORD. For the benefit of the victims—past, present and future—we wish to state that nothing of a personal or malicious character ever enters into the spirit of raillery which inspires the writer of these "grinds," our esteemed critics to the contrary, notwithstanding. A joke in its time and place harms no one.

○ ○ ○

THROUGH these columns we wish to thank those citizens of Carson and Virginia City who so generously aided the representatives of the Artemisia on the occasion of their trip to those towns last week. We had been informed that, by reason of the prejudice against the University which is supposed to exist in our neighboring towns, we would meet with little success, but the result of our labors has shown that if any such prejudice ever did exist it has given place to a whole-souled interest in our welfare.

Literary.

The Light of Asia. SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, in his preface to the *Light of Asia*, says: "In this poem I have sought by the medium of an imaginary Buddhist votary to depict the life and character, and indicate the philosophy of that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gautama of India, the founder of Buddhism. To read the poem, unless we accept Arnold's belief that Buddhism does not teach that the final aim and issue of life is Nothingness, is to lose much of its beauty, for you find yourself unconsciously ignoring the beauties of thought and expression and looking for some definite statement that Nirvana means something more than to cease to be. The poet is a little vague as to his conception of Nirvana, but he tells us "If any teach Nirvana is to cease, say unto such they lie. If any teach Nirvana is to live, say unto such they err.

Arnold has portrayed a most beautiful life and character, a character which he says must appear the highest, gentlest, holiest and most beneficent, with one exception in the history of thought.

I shall endeavor imperfectly to show how the poet depicts this character and bring before you some of the beauties of the poem.

The poem is divided into eight books. The first book tells of the miraculous birth, the childhood and the youth of Lord Buddha or Prince Siddartha as he was called on earth. At his birth it was foretold that he should either be a ruler of the world or one to deliver men from ignorance. An ancient saint who came to see the babe saw the thirty-two signs, the footsole marks and other evidences of holy birth and worshipped him as the Buddha. As the child grew older he seemed wise beyond his years, knowing all things without the teaching. He was filled with love and compassion for all. On one occasion his cousin wounded a swan and it fell to the earth, the arrow fixed in the wing

and blood streaming from the wound. The Prince removed the arrow and tenderly soothed the bird. When his cousin claimed the bird because he had brought it down, the Prince replied: "The bird is mine, the first of myriad things which shall be mine, by right of mercy and love's lordliness. From this time on he meditated much on the sorrows of the world, their cause, and sought a remedy. The King, observing this and remembering what had been foretold at his birth, sought to wean him from those sad thoughts to that world which he might rule if he would. Love was advised as a remedy for the sadness of his soul. So a festival was held and the fairest maidens of the land appeared before the prince Siddartha and each received a prize from his hand. The last to come was Yasodhara, most beautiful of all, and immediately the heart of the Prince was enthralled. Long after Siddartha told that in ages gone by he and Yasodhara had loved and had lived together in a wood and died undivided. Their love had simply come forth again in the new life they lived. The maiden's hand was asked for the Prince, but by the law he had to prove himself superior in martial arts. The Prince, although untrained in such arts, excelled all others in the use of the bow and the sword and in the management of an unbroken steed, and the beautiful Yasodhara became his wife. To further beguile the Prince to happiness and contentment, the King had a most beautiful palace built far from the noise of the city. Everything beautiful, lovely and soothing was found in this palace, while all sad things were banished. It was commanded that no mention should be made within the walls, of age, sorrow, pain, sickness or death. The drooping of a maiden was the signal for her exile from this Paradise. Around the palace, but removed from sight was built a massive wall closed by three great gates, one within another, and which it took a hundred arms to move back. Here the

King thought his son might pass his youth free from melancholy, and in time the fate which he dreaded for him pass him by. In this beautiful home Siddartha for a time dwelt in happiness, knowing nothing of woe, but at last he seemed to hear that world for which he was to suffer, calling to him. The winds playing on the silver strings of harps sang such words as these in his ears:

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest and rest can never find,
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

Wherefore and whence we are, ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs, nor whither life doth go.
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane;
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?

What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;
But life's way is the wind's way; all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

O Maya's son! because we roam the earth,
Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,
This life they cling to is empty show;
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.

But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!

We are the voices of the wandering wind.
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find;
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.

So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things;
So say we, mocking as we pass away,
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play.

Moved by such thoughts, the Prince expressed a desire to see the city. Accordingly the King had everything prepared, the city decked in festival array and all noisome things hidden. Despite all these precautions the Prince met a man clothed in rags and tottering with age, and learning that all are liable to this same sad fate,

returned to his home in sadness. Again he passed through the city, but this time to view it as it really was. So, unknown, he walked its streets. He now learned of pain, disease, and that dread mystery, death, and that these sorrows come to all alike. His grief at his inability to save humanity from these ills is finely portrayed in these lines:

But lo! Siddartha turned
Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,
Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth;
From sky to earth he looked, from earth to sky,
As if his spirit sought in lonely flight
Some far-off vision, linking this and that,
Lost—past—but searchable, but seen, but known.
Then cried he, while his lifted countenance
Glowed with the burning passion of a love
Unspeakable, the ardor of a hope
Boundless, insatiate: "Oh! suffering world,
Oh! known and unknown of my common flesh,
Caught in this common net of death and woe,
And life which binds to both? I see, I feel
The vastness of the agony of earth,
The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst;
Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,
And love in loss! and life in hateful death,
And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round
Of false delights and woes that are not false.
Me, too, this lure hath cheated, so it seemed
Lovely to live, and life a sunlit stream
Forever flowing in a changeless peace;
Whereas the foolish ripple of the flood
Dances so lightly down by bloom and lawn
Only to pour its crystal quicklier
Into the foul salt sea. The veil is rent
Which blinded me! I am as all these men
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard
Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid!
For them and me and all there must be help!
Perchance the gods have need of help themselves.
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry
They cannot save! I would not let one cry
Whom I could save! How can it be that Brahm
Would make a world and keep it miserable,
Since, if all-powerful he leaves it so,
He is not good, and if not powerful
He is not good? Channa! lead home again!
It is enough! mine eyes have seen enough!

And now the time had come for Buddha to go forth to find deliverance for the world. In the silence of the night and while his wife slept, he

took his leave of her. The great hope which urges him on finds expression in these lines:

"If one, then, being great and fortunate,
 Rich, dowered with health and ease, from birth de-
 To rule—if he would rule—a King of kings; [signed
 If one, not tired with life's long day, but glad
 I' the freshness of its morning, one not cloyed
 With love's delicious feasts, but hungry still;
 If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
 But joyous in the glory and the grace
 That mix with evils here, and free to choose
 Earth's loveliest at his will: one even as I,
 Who ache not, grieve not, save with griefs
 Which are not mine, except as I am man—
 If such a one, having so much to give,
 Gave all, laying it down for love of men,
 And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
 Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
 Whether it lurk in hells or hide in heavens,
 Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all:
 Surely at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,
 The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
 The road would open for his painful feet,
 That should be one for which he lost the world
 And death might find him conqueror of death.
 This will I do who have a realm to lose,
 Because I love my realm, because my heart
 Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
 Known and unknown, these that are mine and those
 Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
 Saved by this sacrifice I offer now.
 Oh, summoning stars! I come! Oh, mournful earth!
 For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
 My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
 My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet Queen,
 Harder to put aside than all the rest!
 Wife! child! father! and people! ye must share
 A little while the anguish of this hour
 That light may break and all flesh learn the Law.
 Now am I fixed, and now will I depart,
 Never to come again till what I seek
 Be found—if fervent search and strife avail.

Channa brought out his steed, the triple gate rolled silently back, and Buddha had gone forth on his mission.

The next two books tell of Buddha's search over the world for the Truth, his sufferings, trials and temptations. He begged his scanty sustenance, living without shelter and subduing his body that the Truth might be given him. The final trial came when under the Bodhi tree he battled successfully with the ten chief sins. He saw all his lives stretching back through the

ages, and the successive steps by which he had climbed. He learned that each new life reaps what the old has sown, and bears the marks of the old. In the middle watch Buddha gained an insight into that Power which builds and unbuilds, calls forth life from death and to life brings death, and which if obeyed brings Peace and Consummation sweet. At last he learned of Sorrow and Sorrow's cause, Desire, and that the relief from this sorrow is to conquer love of self and life. Then the

Karma—all that total of a soul
 Which is the things it did the thoughts it had,
 The Self it wove—
 Grows pure and sinless, and life glides
 Lifeless to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
 Blessed Nirvana—siniess, stirless rest—
 That change which never changes!

We next find Buddha returning to home and friends, dressed in the yellow robe and bearing a bowl which he proffered to all for alms. The anger of the King at his son's beggarly homecoming soon vanished and both he and Yasodhara, guided by Buddha, soon entered the Ways of Peace.

Book the eighth is a summary of the doctrine of Buddhism, as the poet imagines Buddha to have expounded it to the people of his realm in the presence of his father and his wife. The poet beautifully describes man's state without a deliverer, the joy of Buddha, the law or power which if obeyed leads to righteousness, and that bliss that comes to those who walk in the right paths. From the many beautiful stanzas I cull a few:

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes
 Or any searcher know by mortal mind;
 Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
 Veil upon veil behind.
 Stars sweep and question not. This is enough
 That life and death and joy and woe abide;
 And cause and sequence, and the course of time
 And Being's ceaseless tide.

* * * *

Before beginning, and without an end,
 As space eternal and as surety sure,
 Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
 Only its laws endure.
 This is its touch upon the blossomed rose,
 The fashion of its hand shaped lotus leaves;

In dark soil and the silence of the seeds
The robe of Spring it weaves;

It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
Except unto the working out of doom;
Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain
The shuttles of its loom.

It maketh and unmaketh, mending all,
What it hath wrought is better than hath been;
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
Its wistful hands between.

This is its work upon the things ye see,
The unseen things are more; men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts of people and their ways and wills,
Those too the great Law binds.

Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm,
Pity and Love are man's because long stress
Moulded blind mass to form.

It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;

The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.

* * * *

If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay
His utmost debt for ancient evils done
In Love and truth always;

If making none to lack, he thoroughly purge
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood;
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offense
Nothing but grace and good:

If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots
Till love and life have end:

He—dying—leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit.
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

No need hath such to live as ye name life;
That which began in him when he began
Is finished: he hath wrought the purpose through
Of what did make him Man.

⌘ Athletics ⌘

Seniors

vs.

Juniors.

THE 22d was a gala day among our classes on the Campus, it being the event of the Junior-Senior baseball game. There was a great aggregation of those small beings they call Freshmen who, under the leadership of the most stalwart of the Juniors, allowed their little voices to pipe forth on the wings of the morning air whenever an occasion presented itself.

On another part of the hill the Sophs., decked out in a great profusion of "hats," roared forth their shouts of approval and support to the Seniors.

The game itself was one well contested on both sides. The great variety of errors was about evenly distributed between both teams. The Seniors, however, appeared to have the best of it from the beginning; or, at least, good fortune was lending them a helping hand. The

Junior battery, so terrible to contemplate, was batted to pieces by the Seniors, while the throws of Tally and Libby afforded great amusement for the boys of '00.

Frazer did good work behind the bat, considering his short experience. Dexter, Gregory and Bruette managed the bases with more than average ability.

For the Juniors, Hayes and Brule played a good game. The contest closed with a score of 19 to 25 in favor of the Class of '99.

On account of the high wind that has prevailed for the past week, there has been no practice in the line of baseball, and should the storm continue, it is probable that the scheduled game between the Freshmen and Sophs. will have to be postponed. Should the wind subside, however, that game will take place on Saturday, March 4th, at 1:30 P. M. There is

much anticipation and discussion as to the outcome of the game and all are looking forward to the result of the great event.

Our attention has been drawn of late to the compounded amount of "gall," as it may best be termed, on the part of non-students making use of property belonging to the Athletic Association. This should not be tolerated for a moment, and those who have charge of the affair

should see that no outsider be allowed to use A. A. property unless he is invited. It is becoming customary for down-town boys to take part in ball practice on our field, while our own students must stand on the side lines and look on; this, also, has gone far enough.

We are sorry to note the illness of Coach Ellis, and trust he will soon be around again.

Basket- Ball.

AN interesting and highly contestive game of basket-ball was played in the Gym. on Saturday, Feb. 25th, between the "Girls in Red" and the "Girls in Blue." The game was fast and showed the improvement of our co-eds under the able instruction of Miss Edwards. The teams were pretty evenly matched and played good ball, bringing out the superiority of many of our young ladies.

At centre, Misses Ward and Kerby played a determined game and both displayed excellent judgment and coolness. Both are quick, active

and athletic and bid fair to place themselves among the leaders of the coast. The latter, however, appears to possess a great amount of "stick-to-it-iveness" and displayed as much, if not more, alacrity and vigor at the close, as at the beginning of the game.

Misses Strosnider, Peckham, Linscott and Worland show many excellent points in their playing, and we are led to believe that a team, picked from among the players who contested on that Saturday, will bring victory to our college.

The game ended with a score of 6 to 2 in favor of the "Blues."

The basket-ball team have re-chosen as their captain Miss Louise Ward, and the editor extends congratulations to the fair leader; believing, as we do, that she has been chosen to lead the team to victory. Miss Worland, who has held the position up to date, is an ardent and earnest worker, and has been instrumental in bringing the game up to its present prosperous condition in our college. There never was a more earnest and diligent worker at the head of any department of athletics than the ex-captain, and while extending the hand of congratulation to the new, we extend that of gratitude to the old for services well rendered.

The basket-ball team will be chosen in a few days. In order to do good work it is necessary for

two teams to be present at practice. It is earnestly requested that all those who can play will come to the practice games. The team will represent our University in the match games soon to be played, and it cannot do so creditably unless every girl evinces college spirit by helping it to do its best.

We are informed that Coach Edwards has been engaged for only four weeks, but we are of the opinion that it would be much more beneficial to dispense with some other expenses which we know of and retain our basket-ball coach for a longer time. Our co-eds furnish an equal share of the athletic fund and should have equal benefits. Give the girls a chance!

❧ Campus. ❧

Mrs. J. E. Stubbs is quite ill with tonsilitus.

Bacon '01 went to San Francisco on the 23d.

Miss Winnie Strosnider spent the 17th and 18th in Carson.

Senators Livingstone and Hjul visited the University on the 18th.

Assemblyman Strosnider of Lyon county visited the 'Varsity on the 18th.

We are pleased to notice the wearing of plugs by some of our upper classmen.

The Battalion was drilled in extended order for the first time on February 27th.

Miss May Kelly, Nor. '00, spent the latter part of last week at her home in Carson.

J. B. Jones '00, who has been ill for some time, went to his home in Carson on the 18th.

Wonder why there wasn't room on the Glendale bridge for "Sawed-off" to drive through.

Richard '99 and Boyle '99 are drawing plans for a new quartz mill to be built by A. C. Pratt.

Lieut. C. B. Henderson of Troop M, Torrey's Rough Riders, visited the University on the 27th.

At the last class meeting the Seniors decided to wear caps and gowns at the Commencement exercises.

The class in surveying put in most of the 24th surveying old mines to the north of the University.

Miss Minnie Theelan, who was suffering from an attack of la grippe, left for her home at St. Clair on the 19th.

Found.—A broad smile on the morning of March 1st. If anybody has lost one and wishes to recover it he might take pointers from Supt. Brown.

C. Willis '03 left for Sacramento March 3d.

There was a meeting of the Board of Regents on the 22d.

Miss Theodora Stubbs returned from San Francisco on the 20th.

Mrs. R. K. Colcord was a guest of Dr. Stubbs' family on the 22d and 23d.

Miss Thomas of New York City has entered the Commercial Department.

Coach Ellis has been on the sick list for the greater part of the past week.

Lieut. Brambilla sailed from San Francisco for Manila the early part of last week.

The eleventh annual register of the Nevada State University has lately been issued.

Miss Jessie Harris, Nor. '00, and Miss Fern Gedney spent the 24th and 25th in Carson.

Acree '02 and Quinn '02 made a trip to Virginia City on a tandem on Feb. 17th and 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Brown were present at the party given by the Normal girls last Friday evening.

Prof. Cowgill went to San Francisco on the 24th to consult a specialist about the nature of his disease.

President Stubbs has spent considerable time the past month in Carson attending to University business.

Lawrence, Dexter, Boyle and Richard spent the latter part of last week in Carson and Virginia City on business connected with the Artemisia.

Thomas Moore, an ex-student of the University, is lying in a critical condition at Lane's Hospital in San Francisco, as a result of a delicate operation performed on him.

Will and Marie Steiner of Austin, brother and sister of Steiner, Com. '99, visited the University on the 18th.

On the evening of the 20th college spirit gave evidence of his presence by swiping the tongue from the bell on Morrill Hall. Consequently for several days there was no bell to announce periods of recitation.

Owing to the fact that there has been no material for them to work on, the class of co-eds taking practical mechanics have done nothing in the shop for some time. They will begin on Venetian iron work next Friday.

Capt. J.M. Neall, formerly Commandant at the University, but of late stationed at the Presidio, San Francisco, has mysteriously disappeared from that place. As canteen officer the Capt. was intrusted with considerable money, and an investigation of his accounts showed a shortage of about \$5,000.

David Staunton, better known as Winnemucca Dave, was on the Campus on the 26th on his way to San Francisco.

It is beginning to look as if there will be some lawns in front of Lincoln Hall. We should prefer lawns without a fence, but if such a thing is impossible, let us be thankful for lawns with a fence.

Washington's birthday was celebrated in a fitting manner at the 'Varsity. Exercises were held in the Gym. in the morning, at which Judge Cheney and Regent Deal delivered stirring addresses, followed by Dr. Stubbs, who replied in a few well-chosen remarks. The Cadet Band discoursed patriotic airs and the new 'Varsity quartette was heard for the first time. After the exercises a competitive drill between Companies A and B of the Cadet Battalion took place, the judges, Captain Stoddard, Cahlan '96 and Finlayson '98 decided in favor of Co. A. In the afternoon many students and visitors witnessed the baseball game between '99 and '00.

❧ Society. ❧

THE Philomathean Society held its regular meeting in the parlors of the Cottage, Friday evening, March 3. The following interesting program was rendered:

George Fredrick Handel	Miss Edna Bailey
Wagner	David Ferguson
Boston Conservatory of Music	Mrs. Dinsmore
Sousa	George Saxton
Quartette, selections	
..... Messrs. Loder, Tobin, Boyle and Longley	
Mandolin Patti	Ethel Sparks
Ten minutes with college songs and darkey melodies.	
Violin solo	Prof. F. H. Hilman
Recitation	Miss Mattie McIntyre
Current Events	Chas. Southworth

Mrs. Dinsmore was formerly an instructor at the Boston Conservatory of Music and her excellent paper was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The University Dramatic Club has run up against a snag. The only reason for this is the lack of college spirit in our University. However, it does no good to mourn for this lack of spirit. If the students would consider the worthy object for which this club was organized—liquidation of last season's football debt—there would be no trouble in casting one of the plays. As it is, the management can find no one willing to take part. We must work in harmony and clear off this debt, so as not to be hampered next fall. Regular rehearsals for the other play, "Mars. Van," are now in progress.

A reception and banquet was given by the Normal School, Friday, February 24, in honor of Prof. M. W. Emery.

The young men of the Young Men's Christian Association have succeeded in paying off the indebtedness incurred by making extensive improvements in equipment. At present candidates for the Summer School at Pacific Grove are being secured. The "Statement" recently printed shows steady progression in its field of work. New members are continually being added. The meetings on Sunday at 2 P. M. are interesting and beneficial.

The T. H. P. O. reception was held on the evening of Tuesday, February 21. Fully a

hundred couples enjoyed the hospitality of this society and spent a thoroughly pleasant evening. Hoskins furnished excellent music for dancing. The Grand March was led by Mr. R. E. Tally and Miss Vick. Refreshments were served at the University dining hall by members of the T. H. P. O.

Several students indulged in a straw ride Friday night, February 24th. They went to the city of Glendale. From the racket, we judge all had a good time.

❧ Spectator. ❧

HERE is a good old custom in Princeton, the annual stealing of the clapper of the bell in one of the halls by the members of the Fresmen class. The institution prepared for such emergencies keeps a barrel of clappers on hand and the loss is replaced immediately.

In the U. of N. they have inaugurated this custom also, but here it is not surrounded by the sentiment that clings to age, and the inconveniences it causes to the whole college are in no manner made up for by the good points of the practice.

Not the least of these inconveniences is the necessity of having the periods announced every forty-five minutes by a bell whose sound has come into disrepute from long association with the dining hall.

The surplus store of energy and vitality which impels the college youth to such practices is a natural consequence of the conditions surrounding him, but we hope next time that he will be more discriminating and when he is again attacked with kleptomania he will appropriate something which will not work a hardship upon everybody concerned.

ABOUT the best example of meanness that they could find to put into a proverb was the individual who would steal the coppers from a

dead man's eyes, but as compared with some U. N. students, I verily believe he would shine as a generous spirit.

The RECORD, as the only journal in the institution, has a just right to look to the whole student body for support just as much as the football team or any other college organization.

The support asked is nothing more than that every student pay his subscription, but we don't get it.

A coterie of frugal minded people are always in our midst who do not pay their subscriptions, but if they would only seek the seclusion for which nature intended them, we would have nothing to say about them. We would even be content to allow them to continue to read the RECORD over bona fide subscribers' shoulders without comment, but when they invest themselves with the privilege of criticising the paper on every possible occasion, we register a "kick."

SOME students, probably feeling the effects of high living, went on a tear the other night and left a path of wreck and devastation after them throughout the town.

It is such antics as these on the part of a few callow fools which reflect on every student in the institution and serve to bring University students in general into disrepute.

AMBITION.

He saw within the Labyrinth of Life
Where somber shadows hung on every hand,
A maiden bright of eye and fair of face.
"Come hither lovely maiden, lead me on,
Direct me to the light within the space."

"I cannot tarry" spoke the winsome vision,
"Nor may I pause to hold converse with you.
To lead, not to direct is my strange mission,
But you may follow, it is your just due."
With this the dream of lovely womanhood
Tripped on into the tangled maze of curves.
He gave pursuit; and soon refulgent light
Shone down upon him from a source above,
Yet from the stern pursuit he never swerves.

She led him on. Straightway the shadows fell,
Upon a path more rugged than before.

But look! a horrid change is now upon the girl,
Her step grows slow, uncertain. He draws near.
She is a wretched crone, dull eyes and feeble
breath,
Upon her face he sees the stamp of death.

Once more he speaks, this time in hoarse dismay,
"What are you, Phantom, why this ghastly
change?"

"I am Ambition," croaked the specter gray.
"What was the light I passed by in my haste?"
"The Light of Worldly Fame," replied the death-
like crone,
Then leered and vanished, leaving him alone.

ALFRED M. SMITH.

Joshes.

Dick Jr.—"New born in the kingdom."

D. P. S. '01.—"A youth with curly head."
Thackery

Miss D. '00.—"Demure little thing and so
tame."

W. C. L.—"The world knows only two, that's
Rome and I."

G. G. '09.—"Fashioned so slenderly young
and so fair."—Hood.

L. O. C.—"But since he's gone I feel forlorn.
I think all day about him."

J. F. A.—"But in the company of women I
never saw such a trembler."

T. J. L. '99.—"Too late I stayed, forgive the
crime. Unheeded flew the hours."

D. W. H.—"Why so pale and wan, fond
lover. Pruhee, why so pale?"

W. H. B. '00.—"So gentle, yet so brisk; so
wondrous sweet, so fit to prattle at a lady's feet."

I. W. A.—I know I am not popular among
the students, but I have a very high reputation
with the Faculty, my dear."

It is too bad that more people wern't invited
on the hay-ride. We hear there was plenty of
room.

Resolved, That the boys want the earth with
a fence around it, whitewashed, and room for
their feet and the girls inside.

My roof received me not, tis air I tread
And at each step I feel my advanced head
Knock out a star in heaven.

Professor—Mr. Smith, in surveying this tract
of land, would you run the line northwards or
southwards?

Mr. Smith (starting from a reverie, and look-
ing very much confused)—What? Oh, Edwards.

I.—What is the worst form of cruelty to animals?

A.—To put catsup in a bottle.

Judging from the costumes worn by some of the Faculty ladies on their Washington's birthday constitutional, it appears that short skirts are again in vogue.

Rumor has it that a pitched battle—hairpins and tennis shoes, the weapons—took place while the basket ball fairies were contemplating the re-instating of their old Captain.

The following conversation was heard at the telephone on the morning of March 1st. The bell rings four times violently. Voice at the phone:

"Is Dr. Stubbs there? Tell him to step to the phone, please."

Dr. Stubbs.—"Hello!"

V. at phone.—"Say, it's a boy."

Dr. Stubbs.—"Good for you! Now we're even."

The Senior with literary talent was weary. He had fallen asleep in his chair, his head and arms resting on the table in front of him. The old affliction was at work and he was muttering quotations from Tennyson's *Enid*. "Sweet"—he murmured, "sweet—Heavens!" he shouted, being suddenly wrested from the arms of Morpheus by a violent punch in the ribs.

"Williams, you mean," corrected his roommate with a knowing grin.

Queer, isn't it, the manner in which that Senior is affected. He is happy when she tells him that there is a Ray of hope, but if a rival should appear he would Nash his teeth in anger.

Oh Verra, my Verra, for goodness sakes!
What a horrid long time it always takes
For us to patch up things just right,
When we love each other with all our might.
P. E.

J. B. '99.—

"In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brake or Erra Pater,
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale."

Butler.

One of the chief attractions at the Senior-Junior Baseball game was Ferg—a close rival of Kipling's "Stalky." Disappointment ran riot among the co-eds, due to his not being able to run bases. His "Jack Tar" role is almost as fascinating as that shock of curling hair.

Brule, as a close rival of "Stalky," succeeded in rattling no one but himself. Never mind, "Babe," you'll outgrow that stage fright with advancing years.

Pratt, a huge, strapping youth, made a wild lunge in the atmosphere and pulled down a "fly" from Frazer's bat. Mort often wonders if there were a whole flock of balls soaring by at that identical moment. He frequently finds himself reaching out in space.

Exchange

CLIPPINGS.

DEVOTION.

HE.

"I could paint worlds, if 'twere to thee
An emblem of my loyalty.
For sure as sun sets in the west,
As sure as cares of earth molest,
Thou rulest me.

"I could sing songs in many keys,
If thou wouldst start my melodies.
For there is many a song unsung,
And many the bells of joy unring;
Unrung for centuries.

"I could speak words to cheer man's heart,
If from thy lips the thought might start.

For man needs hope and cheer and love
To guide him to that home above,
Where we ne'er part.

"I'd walk life's way but by thy side,
And have but thine own hand to guide.
Content to live without earth's fame,
And die with thee without a name."
He gently sighed.

SHE.

"All right, old man, you just be game
And we will get there just the same!
But, by the way, we'll need some cash.
For love without seems worthless trash.
'Tis fuel for love's flame!

"And don't let's walk along life's way,
But ride a tandem! It would pay,
For that's the latest way to go,
And walking always tires me so.
Now, won't you, say?

"Then we'll omit your little songs,
And earth with pictures ever throngs;
But keep those words you said you'd say,
And bring 'em on some other day.
For rest man longs.

—*R. G. Stott in Kodak.*

THE PESSIMIST.

"Dried leaves and nothing more
Are in the woods to-day,"
He said.

"Dried leaves of last year's store
Blown by the winds when they
Were dead."

"This world is like the wood!
Dead leaves of driest thought,
And creeds
Outworn and lacking blood!
Faith, courage—gold has bought
And feeds!"

He wandered where the trees were bare,
Mid last year's leaves so sere and brown;
He never saw that spring was there,
And yet his footsteps everywhere
Trode the arbutus down!

—*Trinity Tablet.*

TO MORPHEUS.

Morpheus, fashioner of dreams,
Wilt thou on thy fleeting wings,
Beyond this world of faulty things,
Bear me to thy fancy lands,
Where all is perfect as it seems,
And joys are as the golden sands,
That wash upon the strands.

Oh! wilt thou oft upon my eyes
Thy magic slumber spread, and let,
Me this old prosy world forget,
And for a time with thee abide,
Under the peaceful balmy skies
Where the spirit of man seeks naught to hide—
As free as the ebbing tide.

—*G. C. E. in Transylvanian.*

GEOLOGY.

Did you ever think with seriousness
Of all the deleteriousness
Which ages long forgotten can to modern times
unveil?
Of ages far anterior,
When the plesiosaurus crawled up from the
mud and wagged his tail?
Then mollusk, crinoid, brachiopod,
Were crushed and mangled in the mud,
And all conglomerated into limestone, schist or
shale.

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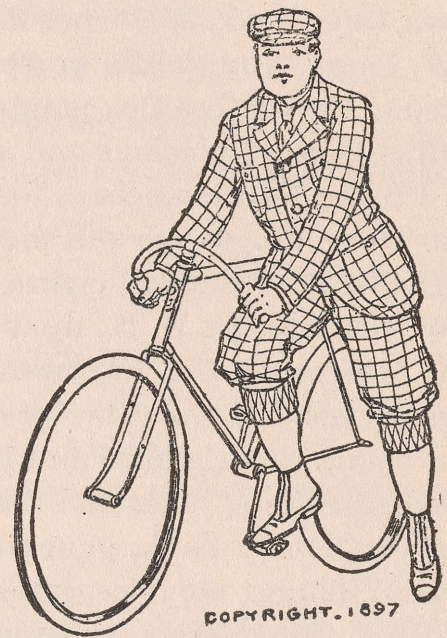
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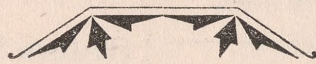


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