

Vol. VII. No. 2.

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The Student Record

CONTENTS:

College Directory,	- - - -	4
Editorial,	- - - -	5-6
Literary,	- - - -	6-9
Campus,	- - - -	9-10
In College and Out,	- - - -	1-12
Athletics,	- - - -	12-13
Joshes,	- - - -	13
Society,	- - - -	13-14
Exchange,	- - - -	14-15

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The Student Record.

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STUDENT RECORD,

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EDITORIAL.

The Arrival of Our Coach.

AN expectant throng of students awaited the arrival of the train from the east on the morning of the 16th of September. College banners and colors were in evidence, and everybody

fairly bubbled over with suppressed enthusiasm. The football coach from Philadelphia was coming. The train drew into the depot amid a roar of cheers, above which echoed the rousing college cry:

Wah Hoo Wah!

Zip Boom Ah!

Rah Rah Rah!

Nevada!!

Manager Saxton, W. Hunter and James Giles, the committee which had been sent to Wadsworth to meet and accompany Mr. Dickson to Reno, appeared with radiant faces at the door of a Pullman car; a moment later Mr. Dickson stepped out and was greeted with the Pennsylvania college yell. He was ushered through the crowd to where a coach and four was waiting, in which he took his seat and was driven away, while the happy students made "Rome howl" with the Nevada yell.



An Absurd Statement.

"THE football team of the University of Nevada wish to arrange a game with our second eleven. The Nevada boys played a scrub team from here last year, and are now anxious to meet the second eleven."—*Daily Palo Alto*.

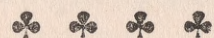
The writer of "Quads" in the *Daily Palo Alto* makes the above absurd statement with all the dignity of one telling the truth.

We do not think for a moment of denying the fact that the team Stanford sent up here last year was a "scrub" team, although it was their regular second eleven, plus Hill and Gilman, two men from their 'Varsity team, both having played in the U. C.—Stanford Thanksgiving game. Although very short halves were played, we defeated them by a score of 22 to 0. Without doubt their drubbing would have been

greater had regular time halves been played.

Manager Saxton of the University of Nevada team, who has just returned from California, where he has arranged a schedule of games for the season, informs the writer that he never for an instant thought of challenging their second, deeming them too badly beaten and outclassed to be worthy of a minute's consideration. He completed all arrangements for a game with their 'Varsity team, to be played on the Stanford field, November 11th, 1899.

In view of these facts, one is inclined to think that the *Palo Alto* writer's wits were wool gathering. Perhaps he is a precocious Freshman, one of those whose untrained mind too frequently goes fancifully flitting through a dream of things that were.



**We
Have
a Few.**

THERE is a species of students—or rather, college men—who may be classed as “good fellows, but lazy.” You can't tell one of them by looking at him, but a very short acquaintance suffices to find him out.

Sometimes he boards down town, sometimes at the dormitory, but wherever he is, he is lazy. His class work is poor because he never seems to get at his lessons. He takes a languid interest in athletics, but does not go into anything because it requires too much work. Whenever he does anything at all it is in a half-hearted, indolent manner.

To new students I say, keep away from men of this class. There is nothing in the world more contagious than laziness, and the habit, once contracted, is difficult to eradicate.

As for the lazy student himself, he had better “brace up” and settle down to work, for if he doesn't he will never get through college. After a period of years, he will be thrown out upon the world diplomaless and ambitionless, without enough energy in him to become a medium third-class tramp.



**There
Is Work
Before Us.**

THE practice upon the gridiron has settled down to the sober, steady, diligent grind which developed our last year's team.

Everybody, especially the players, is anxious to do all that can be done toward bettering our prospects. No one is confident; all are anxious and all are working. This looks well, and if the spirit continues, we shall soon have a team which will be able to give a good account of itself when it meets the great 'Varsity elevens of California.

Let no student underestimate the nature of the task before us. We have challenged both Stanford and the U. of C. and they have accepted. Let every man in our University put on the pads and there will soon be enough suits to supply every man big enough to play football—and get out on the field and help to make our team able to carry away the laurels of victory.

✻ LITERARY. ✻

**A
Latter
Day Adonis.**

HE was a college Sophomore; gay, bright and handsome. Of love entanglements he already had a half-dozen or more, although but twenty years of age. Fond of sport and excitement, frank, open, honest and a fair student, he was popular at the great University. At the

time of this incident he was enjoying a vacation by touring the surrounding neighborhood awheel.

It was in a country valley that he first met her. In face and form she was as fair as a mountain lily. Although attired in simple rural dress, she had all the supple, innocent grace

which seems to associate itself naturally with those who do not endeavor to perfect it by artificialities.

Her father was hospitable and his farm house was large and pleasant. The near-by stream furnished passable angling and grouse could be found in the pine-covered mountains above. He tarried there the remaining weeks of vacation.

Being polite and sophisticated, he won her heart without effort. With her the intermediate stages between acquaintance and love passed so quickly that they seemed a dream. He told her of his pranks, plans and ambitions, spoke lightly of sentiment and said never a word of love.

At last the time came when he was obliged to forsake the sweet seclusion of the mountain valley and return to his studies. He expressed

regret at being obliged to leave such pleasant surroundings, shook hands with all and wheeled away.

* * * * *

"Eliza, come to supper," called her mother that same evening, just as the stars were beginning to shine upon the quiet country scene. "Come, Eliza, don't keep us waiting. Pa has the cows to milk yet."

Somewhat irritated at the girl's delay she went into the adjoining room where Eliza was seated by an open door through which gently blew the balsam laden mountain breeze.

"What in the world is the matter with you, Eliza, that you can't come to supper when I call you?" she asked sharply as she stepped forward. "The cows ought to be milked now. You know they will—whose picture is that you are holding? What, girl, crying?" A. M. SMITH.

An Outing at Yosemite.

HOW much of our pleasure in this world comes from going back in memory and living over some pleasant experience. Everything that was at all disagreeable fades from the memory, and only the pleasant features keep a place in the mind and heart, seemingly growing brighter as time places them further in the past.

One experience of my life which it is ever a joy to recall, and where in imagination again and again I retrace my course, was a trip to Yosemite in the summer of 1897.

Once again I will travel that road, and, as I gather up fragments along the way, endeavor to show to you some of its beauty and pleasure.

To the weary teacher shut in doors for ten months of the year, vacation is eagerly looked forward to, and when that vacation can be passed almost wholly out of doors, life indeed assumes a new aspect. Thus it seemed to a party of four teachers who with their chaperon left Reno, June 29, 1897, bound for the far-famed Yosemite Valley.

Even before leaving Reno we had achieved considerable distinction, as we proposed making the journey without the company of even one man, and because of our dress, which consisted of blouse and bloomers of denim. Five lone females traveling through the country in such attire were looked upon somewhat in the light of freaks, and, by the time we reached the Valley, we had become objects of much attention.

The journey passed with little of incident until we reached Glenbrook, on Lake Tahoe. Here, we as teachers, thought a school yard the most desirable place to camp in, and proceeded to make ourselves at home. The trustees, finding us installed upon the school grounds, decided that we must move out, although it was then after nine o'clock at night. In vain we used all our persuasive powers to change this decision and gain permission to remain until morning. Finally, as an unanswerable argument, we brought forward the plea that, being teachers, it was natural for us to go to the school yard. But when in reply to this we were told that, being teachers, we should have

known better, we folded our tents "like the Arabs" and silently stole over the fence.

Early the next morning we departed for Bijou, where we were so kindly received that we tarried two days enjoying the hospitality of the people and the ever varying beauty of the lake.

July 6 we left Lake Tahoe, traveling over the roughest mountain road I have ever seen. Sometimes it seemed as though the horses could not find a place to put their feet down, so covered with boulders was the road, but on and up we went, reaching Maxwell's, otherwise Buckskin Bill's, in Hope Valley, about four in the afternoon.

The wind blew cold from the snowy peaks, which seemed not more than a mile distant, and with difficulty we pitched our tent and prepared our evening meal. That supper was, I think, the best I ever tasted, though some things were overdone, others underdone, and all were liberally peppered with dirt by the wind. Our next day's travel lay through beautiful mountain valleys with not quite so much up-hill work. The mountain scenery was grand, and for variety we had a game of snow ball by the roadside. Late in the afternoon we reached Blue Lakes, the waters of which are stored for mining purposes. The men in charge here made it very pleasant for us, pitching our tent and otherwise relieving us of the hardships of camp life.

Upon leaving next morning, our fears were aroused by an account of an unusually steep hill which we must descend in the course of the day's journey. When, therefore, we reached the top of the grade, we proceeded downward with much caution, without strapping our driver to the seat, however, as had been advised. The view from the summit of the hill was grand. The descent was into a little valley, on one side of which rose almost perpendicular walls of granite. Slowly but surely we proceeded and finally reached the foot of the hill in safety. A picturesque sight it was coming down the steep grade. Our driver handled the ribbons with all the grace

and abandon of a Hank Monk, but as it was considered too arduous a task to manage the brake at the same time, an assistant was appointed whose duty it was to literally mount the brake and hold it down until we reached the foot of the descent. One usually walked in advance and reported in case of danger ahead. Our chaperon faithfully performed her part, and kept an eye on all, while I generally brought up the rear, that being a safe place, and watched lest we should lose our new kitchen range, or some other of our elegant appointments.

Having reached the foot of this hill, the next thing was to climb out of the valley on the other side. Up, up and up we climbed for hours, and finally reached the summit, 8300 feet above sea level. Late in the evening we reached Blood's Station, tired out with our long day's travel. Supper at the hotel, however, where we once more enjoyed the luxury of a napkin and table service, revived our drooping spirits.

During these days we had crossed the Sierras over some of the roughest roads and through some of the grandest mountain scenery, and it seemed that Yosemite could not offer much more. The next day's travel brought us to the Big Trees. The ride was pleasant, much of the way being through forests of large pines, firs and spruce, so close together we could see the road but a few rods ahead.

Larger and larger grew the trees till at last the giant sequoias appeared. We made our camp among them, and passed two days viewing with ever increasing wonder, these mighty monarchs of the forest. Just as the daily companionship of a truly great soul reveals more and more of its majesty, so each day spent in the shadow of these trees shows to the fullest their immensity. At first sight they do not impress you with their greatness, but after looking at them from every point of view and comparing them with lesser objects, you begin to realize their grandeur.

Here we felt the force of Bryant's words,

"The groves were God's first temples," and
 "sacred influences
 From the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks that high in
 heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
 All their green tops," stole over us, and "bowed
 the spirit with the thought of boundless power
 and inaccessible majesty."

After leaving the Big Trees, our way lay
 through an interesting and somewhat barren
 part of California, where we suffered much from
 the heat.

We crossed the Stanislaus river on an old-
 fashioned ferry-boat, which might have be-
 longed to the "days of forty-nine." The ther-
 mometer stood at 110° in the shade, and as the
 mercury mounted upward, our spirits went

downward. At Chinese Camp we became
 almost discouraged, for two of our party were
 completely prostrated by the heat; there was no
 water fit to drink, and we were obliged to make
 our camp under a tree with such scanty foliage
 as to give very little shade. In the cool of the
 evening, however, we left Chinese Camp and
 drove to the foot of Priest's Hill, where we re-
 vived our flagging courage with a night's rest in
 a bed and under a roof. Priest's Hill having
 been climbed, we found ourselves approaching
 the mountains once more. The journey became
 pleasanter, and fine scenery was the reward for
 fatigue. The scenery from the grade along the
 Tuolumne river is especially fine. We looked
 down hundreds of feet to the beautiful river;
 stately trees grew on every side, and mountain
 peaks towered above.

F. J. N.

(Concluded in next issue.)

✻CAMPUS.✻

Miss May Allen, Normal '96, visited her sister,
 Friday, the 22d.

Mrs. R. Sadler, mother of Sadler '01, visited
 the University, Friday.

Prof. Wilson returned from the eastern part
 of the State, Saturday night.

Roy Sunderland entered the 'Varsity last
 week. He intends taking special work in Mines.

Lockman '01 took a trip to Wadsworth, Sun-
 day. He went in the interest of the football
 team.

J. B. O'Sullivan has returned to the Univer-
 sity to resume his studies. "Joby" is a terror on
 the bass drum.

Saxton '00 suffered a severe disappointment
 a week ago Sunday night. He has not yet de-
 cided whether it will be poison or strong drink.

Martha C. Fanning, Normal '97, has been
 chosen as teacher for the Clark's school.

H. H. Dexter '99 has been acting instructor
 in history during the absence of Miss Weir.

Attorney-General Jones, father of J. B. Jones
 '00, was on the Campus, Friday, visiting his son.

The non-commissioned officers of the battalion
 met the Commandant, Wednesday, for instruc-
 tion in tactics.

John Evans '97 has entered the University to
 take post graduate work. Jack is a valuable
 acquisition to our football squad.

Owing to the death of Miss Babcock, there
 was no school Thursday afternoon. Miss Bab-
 cock was a dear friend of Miss Clapp, our effi-
 cient librarian. The students sympathize with
 Miss Clapp in her sad bereavement.

Jno. Sunderland '98 left for New York, Tuesday evening, the 19th, to continue his work at Columbia College.

Miss Jeanette Weir, instructor in history, left for Palo Alto, Monday. Her health is poor and she left for a short recess.

It is reported that Graham '01 has no longer any use for his bicycle. He offers it for sale cheap or in exchange for a lady's wheel.

Football games between the college classes have been arranged. This is a possible means of showing the qualities of the football aspirants.

Richard Tobin '01 has returned to resume his studies. "Dick" was assayer for the C. & C. in Virginia City during the illness of Mr. Fielding.

Moorman is recovering rapidly and is expected out in a few days. We have hopes of his participating in some of the games this season.

President Stubbs left for Missoula, Mont., Thursday, to attend the Irrigation Congress. Prof. Jackson is Acting President during his absence.

Guns have been issued to the old cadets and the manual of arms taken up. The new men are still at work on the marchings and setting-up exercises.

Manager Saxton returned from San Francisco, Sunday. He made arrangements with Stanford, U. C., Santa Clara and other teams for games during the season.

The Crescent Club held a meeting Monday. They made out a program, to be delivered Friday night. The Philomathean Society seems slow in their work.

The Faculty has just begun to indicate that they are aware of the fact that we have a football team. Several members are to be seen on the side-lines each evening of late.

Will Circe, Com. '98, was on the Campus, Thursday. Will attends the San Francisco Dental College.

J. J. Sullivan '98 was on the Campus, Friday, the 22d, visiting friends. "Sully" attends Columbia College, New York.

No Assembly was held Thursday. Coach Dickson met all football candidates in the Gym. to talk over matters relating to football.

Several pieces of apparatus have arrived for use in the Gym. They have been here two or three weeks, but as yet have not been set up.

The band has been formed with seventeen men wanting positions. We expect to hear them dispensing sweet music in a couple of weeks.

A debating club is one of the latest societies to crop out. It is intended to form a club of young men, who will take an interest in the matter.

E. D. Boyle '99 was on the Campus, Thursday, the 21st, viewing familiar scenes. Emmett has a position with a mining company in British Columbia.

Captain Arthur Ducat, 24th Infantry, has been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in one of the new volunteer regiments. Col. Ducat was formerly Commandant at the University of Nevada.

Prof. Chas. Brown's residence was entered by thieves Tuesday, and considerable coin and valuables taken. Prof. Brown mourns the loss of a copy of '99 football rules and a self-instructor in basket-ball.

About thirty men are on the football field every night. The students are beginning to take the proper interest in the sport. Success lies with the side-lines as much as with the players.

✦ IN COLLEGE AND OUT. ✦

My
Journey
to the City.

I LEFT Reno for San Francisco on the evening of the 18th to arrange a schedule of football games. As it was my first trip to the city it was very interesting, although nothing of importance happened. I know that I was green, but it surprised as well as humiliated me to see that everybody else knew it also. I finally arrived at the Golden West, partook of a light lunch and then started out to see the city. After walking around some time I concluded to take a street car. I didn't have the least idea as to where I was going. In fact, I didn't care much, because every part of the city was new to me, and I was certain I could find my way back to the hotel.

The conductor of the car asked me if I was going anywhere in particular. (I guess he thought I was too green to know.) I told him I was looking around the city and so he told me how to transfer to see the nicest parts. After transferring several times I didn't know where I was or how I got there. Here my troubles commenced. I didn't know what street the hotel was on. The fact is, I didn't know any of the streets excepting Market. Finally I got back to Market street, and after wandering up and down for a couple of hours I met an old friend from Carson. He asked me where I was going. I told him, to the Golden West, and it happened that he was going there also. I went with him and thus arrived once more at the hotel without having been obliged to tell anyone that I was lost.

I made arrangements to go to San Jose the next day, but failing to catch the early train, I gave up the trip for that day and went to Berkeley instead. Arriving on the Berkeley campus, I was struck by the college spirit manifested everywhere. The Seniors and Juniors wore their plugs, the bleachers in front of the football field were crowded with enthusiastic students, the players were anxious to get out on the field

and none of them came out late. The track men were also out. I met Frank Ellis, our last year's coach. He has re-entered Berkeley and is trying for quarter-back on the 'Varsity eleven. After watching the practice I met Mr. Mumal, manager of the Berkeley team, and made partial arrangements for a game, which were afterwards completed in San Francisco.

The next day I went to San Jose and from there to Santa Clara, where I completed arrangements for a football game with them, to be played on our Campus. They invited me to stay over that evening, but as I intended to visit the U. of P. and Stanford that day, I had to decline. From there I went to the U. of P., but as their manager was not present, only partial arrangements for a game were made.

The next and last place I visited was Stanford. I arrived there about 3 o'clock and as it was too early for practice, I went through some of the buildings. At the boys' dormitory I met Mr. Berry, Stanford's manager. He was busy giving out suits to new candidates. While watching the football practice I met Mr. Lewers, one of our Alumni. He is assisting in the coaching. There did not seem to be as much spirit shown at Stanford as at Berkeley, although the former made a good showing on the football field. After completing arrangements with Mr. Berry for a game of football, I returned to the city. While on my journey I met several Nevada Alumni, among them was J. M. Gregory, at present acting as bookkeeper for a large firm in the city. "Jack" takes the same interest in everything connected with the U. of N. as he did when here. Ray Murphy is taking a course in the U. C. Dental College. Lester Merrill, now singing at the Tivoli, expects to return to the University next month.

I must not forget to mention that I met some players on the Olympic football team. They treated me royally and seemed very anxious to get a game, but I thought they were too strong

for our team, so did not make any arrangements with them.

I returned to Reno completely worn out, but satisfied that I had an enjoyable time as well as successful trip.

G. T. SAXTON.

So=
cial Club.

WING to a misunderstanding as to who is permitted to attend the monthly socials given by the U. of N. Social Club, the management desires to state that the Alumni and co-eds are honorary members and are permitted to attend. The male students can become members by paying the social fee to management.

No member of the Club is permitted to bring anyone who is not attending college, without first receiving permission from the Executive

Committee of the Club. The names of the members of the Social Club Executive Committee are as follows:

G. Sielaff '00, Manager; W. A. Keddie " '01," Miss L. Orr '02; Ed Erickson '03, Miss Dora Hill, Normal.

Debat=
ing Club.

IT is rumored that a Debating Club is to be organized in the near future. From what can be learned at present, the Club will be assured of the support of the President and Faculty. The Club is to hold meetings every two weeks, at which questions of the day, and of parliamentary law will be discussed. The new movement is a worthy one, and as it takes up a field of work which has been almost entirely neglected in past years, it should be encouraged.

ATHLETICS.

On the
Grid=Iron.

THE football field presents a lively scene at 4 o'clock every evening. Thirty men on an average make their appearance on the grid, while the side lines are well filled with boys and girls to add spirit and give encouragement to the players. As a rule, the men are doing excellent work and the prospect for a good team is very bright. C. Smith and A. M. Smith are doing justice to the position of guards; at tackles, Chism and Leavitt are playing their usual good game. Keddie is at right end and the man who tries to come around that end will be sadly disappointed. Cap. Brule plays a snappy game at quarter and is working hard to please all and build up a good substantial team of men who will be worthy of their positions and capable of defeating our rivals. Hayes and B. Evans as backs are a formidable team, and are doing their usual good work. Then there is Leadbetter, whose playing deserves honorable mention. Moran and John Evans are good candidates for left end. Hunter is still at cen-

ter and does the position credit. Carman will return soon, but he will have to play good ball for position at center. McCloud, McElroy, Riorden, Berry, Smith and Mayhugh are each deserving of credit. The men who turn out to help along with no special desire of making the team are deserving of the respect of our University and the encouragement of every student of the college.

We are proud of our men who show up on the side lines and add spirit and encouragement to the games. If we had a few more members of the Alumnae with the same spirit as Frazer and Clemons we might gain encouragement from that body also. We feel duly proud of the spirit and interest shown by these two men and are pleased when they appear on the field. The co-eds also have put in a good representation on the hill.

On the 14th of October we meet the University of the Pacific on our Campus, and we hope to give them a "warm reception" when they go up against our team. On the 28th we meet the

Santa Clara team, that surdy squad from the south, and we expect to give them all they are looking for. On the 11th of November we meet Berkeley on her own Campus and on the Saturday following we will battle with Stanford at Palo Alto.

Manager Saxton returned after a week below with a schedule of games as given above. The Manager deserves special credit for his ability to arrange and carry on business.

Bas-
ket-Ball

WE are proud to notice our youngladies practicing basket-ball, and especially

pleased to notice so many new players. Remember, girls, we want you to win next spring against not only Stanford, but we also expect to have you bring home the scalps of your Berkeley friends. Scalps! that's what we say; scalps!

As yet no basket-ball coach has been engaged, but we trust the girls will soon have an instructor in their athletic field.

There is to be a game between the Normals and College students soon, and other local games have been spoken of. Manager Holmes and Captain Kerby are rustlers and both have a good supply of energy and determination.

We wish you success, girls.

✦ JOSHES. ✦

Saxton was a good churchman until two weeks ago. Now, however, he affirms a belief in the theory of Ingersoll.

"Buzzer" met the tempter a week ago Wednesday night. As he was not at his fighting weight, no serious results followed.

A certain member of the Freshman class has named one of her pets Dexter. It is needless

to say she esteems him (the pet) highly.

Student authorities, continued:

Y. W. C. A.—Brule.

Fish-hooks—McCarran.

Emery—Miss Davis.

Carpenters—Miss Thomas.

Ohio—Ruthrauth.

Anything—Fitz Morris.

Nothing—Grant.

✦ SOCIETY. ✦

The Sigma Alpha held a preliminary meeting last week, but nothing important was done. They expect to initiate at least fifteen new members at their next meeting.

A regular meeting of the T. H. P. O. was held Saturday evening, Sept. 30. Leavitt, Norris, Fletcher, Sadler, C. Southworth, H. Southworth, W. Hayes, M. Hayes, and Moran were introduced to Cacem Cacem with all the usual ceremony. Cacem was so pleased to admit

these candidates that he had a very elaborate banquet served in their honor, and promised to entertain them in a more fitting manner at the next meeting.

The Cottage girls have added a new fraternity to the U. N. Club list. At a meeting Sept. 25, they organized a society which is to be known as the L. F. G. Miss Clara Rammelkamp '00, was elected S. L. 23. The membership is strictly among the Cottage girls and forty are

