

Vol. VII. No. 3.

October 15, 1899.

# The Student Record

CONTENTS:

College Directory,	4
Editorial,	5-6
Literary,	6-10
Society,	10-11
Campus,	11-12
In College and Out,	13
Athletics,	13-15
The Critic,	13
Exchange,	15

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# The Student Record.

VOL. VII.

RENO, NEVADA, OCTOBER 15, 1899.

No. 3.

## The Student Record

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OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA.

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## EDITORIAL.

Should  
Not Be  
Permitted.

WE notice that several men who once belonged to the football squad but who, for some trivial or fancied grievance, have quit playing, now make a practice of standing on the sidelines, where they

jeer every player who happens to muff a catch. This should not be permitted by the majority of enthusiastic students who come out every evening to watch and encourage the players. The men who can but will not play should at least be made to remain quiet or else compelled to leave the sidelines.

\*\*\*

A  
Lack of  
Class Spirit.

WHAT appears to an old student to be the most radical difference between the present undergraduate body and previous ones is the lack of rivalry manifested between the different college classes. I am not prepared to assert whether a keen interclass feeling is beneficial or not, but am inclined to think that it is, providing it be properly guided along certain lines. It adds zest to interclass debates and games, by insuring preparation and interest. But thus far we have had no class sports and debates. By the way, did we ever have interclass debates? In our steady march toward the destination of most good to be obtained from college training, is it not high time this should be given attention?

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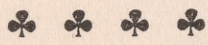
Where  
Is the  
Philomathean?

WHERE, Oh where is the Philomathean Society? Where is that once august organization of students who banded themselves together for the purpose of manufacturing dramatic, elocutionary and literary ability? Did it become so refined and classic that it could no longer endure the commonplace surroundings of our University, and consequently, after precipitating us "Among the Breakers," fly away to distant realms beyond the ken of man?

Possibly the Philomathean is dead. This thought is terrible to contemplate, so we will

thrust it aside for one more congenial. Probably the Philomathean is sleeping. Again, it may have been cut up and parceled out after last Commencement, each member of the Class of '99 taking a liberal slice to light his way through the great dark world outside of college walls.

If it is not dead, let us find and awaken it. Let us again have an active band of "Lovers of Learning."

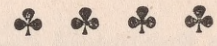


**The  
Crescent  
Club Meets.**

THE Crescent Club, a literary society composed of students in the University High School, is making excellent progress. The first meeting for this term was held Friday evening, Oct. 6th, in Room 6, Morrill Hall. The program was well rendered throughout. These young people deserve praise and encouragement in fostering a department of University work which the college classes seem to be neglecting.

One of the members writes of the meeting as follows: "For the first gathering it was well attended, although many old members were

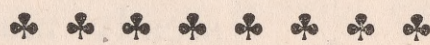
missing. If the underclassmen could be made to realize what benefits they may gain in the way of literary information, our club would have a hundred members. At present it has an enrollment of fifty."



**Wear  
Your Own  
College Color.**

APROPOS of the habit some of our co-eds have of wearing the college colors of visiting athletic teams, a word of advice seems necessary. Always wear your own college color. Show all possible courtesy to the visitors in other ways than by wearing their college colors.

During the recent football game several of our girls appeared upon the scene wearing both the U. N. and U. P. colors, thereby indicating that they were indifferent as to which team won the day. Probably they only meant it as courtesy to the visitors, and were as anxious for the U. N. to win as any of the spectators, but our players love to see the co-eds wave only the true blue of Nevada. It encourages them as they battle for the honor of the University.



✻ LITERARY. ✻

**An  
Outing  
at Yosemite.**

(Concluded  
from last issue.)

THE next day's journey was again up, up and up and through the mighty forests. Once more we saw some of the renowned *sequoias*, one of which was so hollowed out that we easily drove through it. It seemed as though we would never reach our camping place, Crane Flat, but at last, just at dusk, we discerned the house. Too tired to cook or to pitch our tent, we prevailed upon the good people here to furnish our supper and to allow us to sleep in the barn.

After supper we made our beds in the stalls and reposed our weary bodies upon them, hop-

ing soon to be in the arms of Morpheus. But our slumbers were disturbed by the pattering of little feet on the boards near our heads. Like most feminines, the sight of a mouse is sufficient on ordinary occasions to cause me to mount a chair or table. I have no reason to think my bedfellow on this occasion is more courageous in this respect than I. Yet, such was our fatigue, we simply turned our beds around, so the mice might scamper by our feet instead of our heads.

From Crane Flat we continued to ascend till we reached an altitude of 7,000 feet, and then began the descent into the valley. The scenery

grew more beautiful and grand, and at a turn in the road, O My Point was reached, and we gazed, for the first time, in breathless awe upon the matchless Yosemite. O My Point was so named because travelers, upon reaching this spot, are so impressed that they involuntarily exclaim, "O My!" To me the view from this point on the Big Oak Flat Road, though it may not be so beautiful, is more impressive than that from Inspiration Point on the opposite side of the valley. Through the remainder of the descent and up through the valley, scene after scene of such majesty breaks upon the enraptured vision that a breathless silence holds you.

"Emotions new and strange here rise  
And sweep with cyclonic force the breast,  
A new, strange world all-powerful and sublime  
Enchains, enslaves and fetters all.

Strong lips are dumb, and eyes unused to tears  
Are forced to yield the highest tribute of the soul  
To these grand thoughts of the Eternal Mind!"

On the left, El Capitan towers 3,300 feet in the air. This monarch of the valley is truly unequalled for sublimity and massive grandeur. Though not so high as some of the neighboring points, its position makes it one of the most sublime features of the Yosemite. Its walls are almost perpendicular, without a scrap of vegetation on their surfaces. To the traveler, gazing upward at its white granite side, it seems that it is indeed as it has been called, "The great master-piece of God's masonry."

In a recess in this mountain, Ribbon Fall hangs, a single streamer of silver. On the right, Bridal Veil floats as airily as a piece of gauze caught on the mountain side. The Cathedral Spires appear nearly opposite El Capitan. The resemblance to some vast cathedral is so strong that we almost listen expectantly for the sound of the deep-toned bells from the cloud-capped belfry. But

"No hand has touched those silent bells;  
Those aisles untrod, save by the spirits,  
Whose mortal forms rest neath the sod;  
They only have the power to hear its chimes of  
God."

Reverently the head is bowed in homage to the creator of all this majesty.

A view of Three Brothers is obtained, the highest point of which is 3,280 feet above the valley. "Pompompasa" the Indians called this mountain with its three peaks. The Sentinel is a conspicuous landmark, standing solitary where it projects from the southern wall of the valley.

Yosemite Fall comes into view. At one bound this fall leaps 1600 feet and then descends in a series of rapids and cascades 500 feet and finally makes another plunge of 500 feet to the floor of the valley.

Passing Yosemite Fall, we see almost in front of us North Dome, lifting its perfectly rounded summit high in air. The Royal Arches, with a span of 2000 feet, cross the perpendicular sides of this mountain, 1800 feet above the valley. Just opposite North Dome, Half Dome, with an absolutely vertical face of 3000 feet, towers above all. Some great force has rent in twain this mighty granite tower. One-half has disappeared, while the other remains a fitting monument to the power of the Most High. Lost in wonder and admiration, we traversed the greater part of the length of the valley and decided to encamp under the Royal Arches, with glacier Point in front of us. Much of the beauty and grandeur of the valley had been seen in this ride, but there remained much that could be seen only by an excursion to some particular point. One such excursion was to Mirror Lake at sunrise. At this hour the lake seems the soul of transparency. Not a ripple disturbs its glassy surface. Mt. Watkins, Half Dome, and Cloud's Rest are distinctly seen in its transparent depths, as when the eyes gazes upward at them, and the sun may be seen to rise many times in one morning. "Enamored of its own beauty," as one writer beautifully says, "Yosemite here regards itself in this incomparable mirror."

Another well-remembered trip was a drive to Bridal Veil Fall about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The wind blows the misty fall of water

now to one side and then to the other of the rocky precipice, as though in were in reality what its name implies, while the rays of the western sun caught in the cloud of mist, form a most beautiful rainbow across it. The Indians called it "Spirit of the Evil Wind," and such it might seem if moved by a hurricane, but when seen on a pleasant summer afternoon, so soft is its beauty, so tranquilizing its effect on the mind, it seems rather to be swayed by the spirit of the gentlest zephyr of our fair western land. Perhaps the finest trip of all is that to Glacier Point, and then down by Vernal and Nevada Falls. It has been called the grandest ride on earth. Our party drove to the foot of the trail, and then climbed steadily upward for about four hours. Higher and Higher we ascended, the view ever broadening and increasing in beauty and grandeur. Across the valley, Yosemite Fall soon lay far below us, and the higher peaks come into view. At last we stood on Glacier Point, with the valley 3,357 feet below us. Even before reaching the iron railing at the edge of the precipice, the hand involuntarily reaches out to grasp it, so appalling are the depths beneath. The whole valley is spread out below. Merced River seems but a silver green ribbon, Mirror Lake a bright spot, an orchard of four acres, the trees twenty feet apart, is a checker-board, and our tent directly beneath us a white speck.

Down, down you gaze, but the head grows dizzy and the heart faint, and you turn aside, lest the very fascination of the spot tempt you to cast yourself down those dizzy heights.

We stood on Glacier Point at sunrise the next morning. The rosy glow of the morning sun tinged the point and surrounding peaks, while the valley beneath still lay wrapped in the shadows of night. Awe-struck, we gazed into the chasm, dark, chill and drear, then, with a sort of fear of those awful depths, turned, and passing to the eastern front of the hotel, looked in rapture upon the scene spread out before us.

The view embraces the main crest of the Sierras for a distance of forty miles. Close at

hand are steep precipices and deep canyons, beyond which the silvery waters of Vernal and Nevada Falls glisten in the sunlight. The rounded summit and back of Half Dome tower above, and Cloud's rest rears his misty summit above all. Peak after peak rises in the distance, each with some peculiar beauty of its own, and all, at this hour, bathed in the rays of the morning sun.

Descending into the canyon and then climbing out at the other side, we came to the top of Nevada Fall. Here the main Merced plunges 700 feet, the falling water resembling down-shooting rockets of snowy whiteness. Near the bottom it strikes a slanting rock and spreads out into a floating sheet of mist one hundred and thirty feet wide, across which the sun forms the brightest of rainbows. The waters then rush through a narrow gorge, and after making a leap of twenty-five feet, slide at the rate of sixty miles an hour along a perfectly smooth piece of granite, forming the Silver Apron, and then come to a rest for a moment in the Emerald Pool.

It is said that Yosemite Fall is height, Vernal volume, the Bridal Veil softness, but Nevada is height, volume and softness combined. When gazing down upon it, the soul is filled with an overpowering impression of the sublime.

Following the zigzags, almost in the shadow of the Cap of Liberty, we reached Vernal Fall, where the torrent leaps 350 feet. This fall, which has been compared to a small Niagara, seems but a falling mass of sparkling crystals.

Reluctantly, we proceeded down the trail to Happy Isles, where our chaperon awaited us with the team and wagon. In all we had walked seventeen miles, but the glimpse we had had of this rarest of Nature's spots more than repaid for all the fatigue.

Pen can not picture, nor brush portray the beauties of Yosemite. The imagination can not conceive of its glory, but once seen, its pictures can never be effaced from the memory, but ever remain an elevating influence for all after life.

Life there was ideal. The cares of the world



were far removed. The brotherhood of man seemed the doctrine of all and the "Golden Rule" the one guide for conduct. Heaven seemed to come nearer to earth and a sense as of something divine pervaded all.

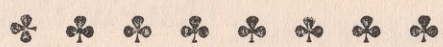
Day after day we lingered, loath to leave so fascinating a spot, but the hour of departure came, and as we said farewell to Yosemite, our hearts echoed the words of the poet:

"Throne of the continent! Queen of all splendor!

Creation supernal! Work wholly divine!  
When touched by thy presence the cold heart  
grows tender,  
And reels with a joy as though drunken with  
wine.

Transcendent valley with sky-woven ceiling,  
Rivers that murmur, white-lipped falls that roar,  
Records divine, His wonders revealing  
More and More."

F. J. N.



"Erasmus." "SAY, they's a long-haired cove down here wants to see you, shall I show 'im up?"

I was in an unusually pleasant frame of mind that morning, for the arduous duties of editor-in-chief of a prosperous daily paper had been less pressing than usual that week, and I had had time to recover some of my fast vanishing equability of temper, and so I replied to the announcement of my long-suffering "devil:"

"Well—er—did he say what he wanted?"

"Wal, he said most partic'ler that he wanted to see you, but he remarked, kinder on the side, you know, that you'd miss the opportunity of your life, if you didn't see him."

"Lost opportunities never return," I said, stifling a yawn; "yes, Pat, show him in."

Presently I heard Pat's footsteps returning through the hall, almost drowned, however, by the martial tread of the person who followed in his wake. Pat held the door open for the stranger, and then stood, grinning broadly in a corner. From Pat's characterization of the "long-haired cove," I had expected to see some modest would-be poet, but before my astonished gaze appeared an apparition of some six feet in height, and ludicrously thin in comparison to stature. His face was long and sallow, and was framed in locks of long, disagreeable-looking, oily black hair. He entered with the air of a proprietor and handed me a large square of

paste-board, upon which was inscribed "Mr. Erasmus Jenkins,"

After regarding me for a moment, to see what effect his august name produced, he remarked:

"I perceive that you are not acquainted with me, even by my name and fame."

And when I apologetically murmured that I had not that honor, he poured forth a stream of immensely long words, eulogistic of himself and his great achievements in the literary field, ending up, almost in tears, with the remarkable statement that he was the greatest poet who had lived since Homer, and that his Latin verse far excelled any of the productions of Ovid or Virgil.

"Beyond doubt, Mr. Jenkins," I ventured to remark, "you are a genius, but, unfortunately, we never publish poetry in our paper," whereupon he gazed at me with infinite contempt, and scornfully said:

"Excuse me, sir, but do not for an instant suppose that I have any desire whatever to have any of *my* productions appear in a plebeian newspaper! No, indeed, sir, no such motive impelled me to come to you; it was the hope that I might at last discover a kindred spirit,—a soul like my own, endowed with yearnings after the grand and the sublime!"

A side glance at Pat warned me that an explosion was imminent, for the boy had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and so, excusing myself as best I might, I bade Mr. Jenkins a touching adieu.

From that day, "Erasmus," as we irreverently called him, became even as one of the office fixtures. He came and went at his own sweet will, and so lordly was his bearing that none of us dared remonstrate, although he made himself very obnoxious. He was eternally boasting of his great achievements, and was aggressive and churlish if anyone dared show any doubt of his greatness. He had no respect for others or their rights, and bullied Pat until that worthy bore a fear for him, only equaled by his intense hatred.

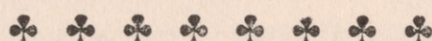
But at last there came a time when Erasmus failed to put in his daily appearance, and on inquiry, we learned that he had "shuffled off this mortal coil," in a severe attack of indigestion.

He left a will, in which his "precious manuscripts" were bequeathed to the public library of the city, but, strange to say, no such treasures were ever found among his possessions. To me

he left a letter and a small sum of money, "to be used in the erection of a monument worthy a man of genius." He also left an epitaph of some fifty lines, written in deplorably bad Latin verse, which he wished to have inscribed on his "tomb."

I instructed Pat to give the order to the stone cutter, to place only the first line of the effusion, which read, "*Hic iacet rex poetarum*," upon the stone. Some weeks later I visited the grave, and lo! the hand of Pat had done the work! I knew that the young scamp had considerable education underlying his rough exterior, and that it included "a little Latin and less of Greek," and now it had proved of use to him, for it had enabled him to avenge himself for all the indignities which Erasmus had heaped upon him, for there on the new white stone was inscribed, after the usual name, dates, etc., "*Hic iacet rex asinorum!*"

G. S. DOTEN.



## ❖ SOCIETY. ❖

The Social Club held its meeting one day later this month so that the members of the U. P. football team could be present to trip the light fantastic. The dance was successful in all respects and the visitors enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

Those passing by the home of Prof. Jackson on the evening of Oct. 7, might have noticed the porch hung with Japanese lanterns and the windows aglow with brilliant lights. The occasion was a reception given to the students and faculty of the University. The evening was most pleasantly spent in games, music and interesting conversation. Many students were present, and as Mrs. Jackson's ability as an entertainer is well known, it is unnecessary to say that all thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

The Crescent Club held its first regular meeting Friday evening in Room 6. There was a good attendance of old members and several new ones were admitted. The following interesting programme was rendered in full:

Opening Remarks.....	Mr. H. Maxson
Song.....	Miss H. Ede
Reading.....	Mr. E. Leavitt
Recitation.....	Miss A. Shier
Inst. Selection.....	Miss A. Henry, Mr. F. Thompson
Essay.....	Mr. Case
Recitation.....	Mr. Stark
Song.....	Miss M. Henry

Mr. Saxton, Miss Dodd and Mr. R. Stubbs have been appointed as a committee to draw up a constitution for the Debating Club. As soon as this is done, actual work will begin and meetings will be held semi-monthly. There is great

## ✦ IN COLLEGE AND OUT. ✦

Help  
Those  
Who Help Us.

THE following named firms closed their places of business Monday afternoon, Oct. 16, from 2 to 4:30, in response to a petition presented by the U. N. A. A. Management:

Sol Levy,	Will G. Doane,
Wm. Pinniger,	S. J. Hodgkinson,
A. W. Fox,	W. T. Hitt Co.,
Coffin & Larcombe,	Great American Tea Co.
Folsom & Cahlan,	C. Novacovich,
J. J. Quinn,	R. Nelson,
Porteous Dec. Co.,	Mr. McCullough,
Cann Drug Co.	

The Football Management wishes to thank the above-named men for the interest they have taken in the University, and we also suggest that

the students patronize those who patronize us.

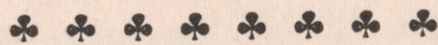
WHEREAS, The All-wise Father has seen fit to remove from this earth the beloved father of our esteemed classmate, Laura Bailey; be it therefore

*Resolved,* That we, the Class of '03, of the Nevada State University, extend to her our heartfelt sympathy in her great sorrow and bereavement; and be it further

*Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her, and also published in the STUDENT RECORD.

(Signed:) ELIZABETH RAMMELKAMP,  
GOODWIN DOTEN,  
EDWARD ERICKSON,

*Committee.*



## ✦ ATHLETICS. ✦

ONCE more we wave the palm of victory to the breezes for old Nevada. They came, they saw, but we conquered, and it may well be said that that conquest was as complete as wish would have it.

The game with the U. P. Boys on last Monday was one which showed off to a splendid advantage the weak and strong points of our team.

The visitors won the toss and chose the west goal, giving Nevada the ball and east goal. Keddie kicked off and U. P. was downed almost in his tracks. The visitors made a hard try to advance the ball, but could neither run our ends nor buck our line, and so, having lost the ball on downs, Nevada by a few successful passes, placed it over the goal line and the first score was made in two minutes and fifteen seconds from the kick-off.

U. P. kicked from centre again, but by a few successful runs and bucks, Evans went over their line for a second touch-down.

We found their line quite solid in places, but as a rule we had little trouble in holding them and could run their ends without any trouble.

During the first half the visitors held the ball, but once within Nevada's fifteen-yard line and it was there but an instant, for we soon succeeded in placing it in U. P. territory and again scored a touch-down; this time, Chism placed it over the line.

The whole game from beginning to end was one grand series of runs and bucks on the part of Nevada. When the opponents received the ball it was to hold it but for a few tries and then surrender it to us for a touch-down.

In the first half Keddie succeeded in making

a goal from the field by a place kick. This he repeated in the second half. His punting throughout the game was exceptionally good, as was also his bucks while at guard. At one time Keddie made a punt of 73 yards, breaking the coast record. Carman made an invincible guard and was always good for a gain. He played a game worthy of the highest credit and showed coolheadedness and ability throughout the whole.

The playing during the first half was characterized by the swiftness of its execution and a well-formed interference. Hayes, Nevada's left half-back, was injured in less than two minutes after the beginning of the game. He showed great endurance by playing the half out and is deserving of credit for his determination. Hayes is a regular locomotive and makes things interesting when at himself; even after being injured he made several good runs.

In the second half Bren Smith was substituted for Hayes and "Tom" Smith for Leavitt, the latter taking Evans' place at end. Bren Smith made some good plays and under a well-formed interference he succeeded in gaining ground on several occasions. He was injured early in the half and gave place to Frank Smith, who, though new at the game, showed up well, although somewhat weak in his interference.

Moran succeeded Leavitt at end and did some excellent tackling. The right end was held by A. Riordan and we cannot find words too strong to express our appreciation of his good work. He often succeeded in blocking six men and, in his runs with the ball, was always good for a gain. We consider him the best end we have ever had and believe that he will prove to be a star.

Ben Evans at fullback played the good game common to him, making the opponent's line tremble when he hit it. "Poy" is a terror to natives when he gets started.

The crisis of the game came in the second half. U. P. having placed the ball on the U. N. five-yard line, tried three successive bucks, but failed to put it over. The ball went to Nevada

and was passed to Keddie for a punt; the right tackle of the U. P. team came through our line, blocking the kick; U. P. fell on the ball and hence their score of five. They failed at goal.

In the second half, Brule, who had played his usual good game, was injured and was succeeded by Leadbetter. Both men, in their respective turns, did excellent work and showed good judgment.

The game closed with a score of 63 to 5 in favor of Nevada. The U. P. boys were compelled to admit of being entirely outclassed, and found our men too much for them in every respect; notwithstanding this, our visitors played a good, clean, gentlemanly game and deserve our respect for such. This was the first game of the season for us. On Saturday, Oct. 28th, we meet the sturdy lads from Santa Clara, when we must look well to our laurels. This will be an interesting game.

The date for the meet between Berkeley and Nevada has been changed from Nov. 18 to Nov. 4; Stanford and Nevada, Nov. 11. Berkeley appears to have gained some respect for us from what we learn, having raised the guarantee. We predict that California will have more respect for us than ever when the game is over.

The second eleven has secured a game with the Carson Indian School team, to be played in Reno some time in the near future; they will also have a return game at Carson. Work hard, second, and make a name for yourselves!

There still continues to be a fairly good representation out on the field every evening, but our side lines have lost many of the "familiar faces." What's the matter, spectators, are you getting tired of us?

The practice at basket-ball is going on as usual, with a fairly good number of players present. The disagreeable weather has made it impossible to play out of doors and has de-

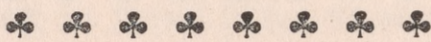
creased the number of players. You should remember, girls, the time is not far off when you will be called upon to uphold the honor of Nevada. There is a trip to the Bay in store for you, ladies, and also a chance to do battle on your own Campus. Considering all these things it is none too soon to commence active practice. Captain Kerby is working diligently and seems to be the backbone of the athletic spirit of our co-eds

We are told of a new game being participated in by our college professors. We hope they are not going into second childhood at such a premature age; but they seem to have a great liking for the schoolboy's game—marbles. Mar-

bles!!! College professors—one dealing out the sciences of philosophy and chemistry, the other wielding his authority over mechanics and drafting—think of these personifications of dignity and importance indulging in a game of “fats!”

Fourteen shots at a ring only four feet distant, without knocking out a single “bate;” this was the record the Doctor made for himself. “No fair ‘fudging,’ Doc!” “Knucks down!” said his younger companion, who being somewhat more of an adept, gave the familiar cry of “dubs” when he sent two from the ring at a single shot.

We suggest that these gentlemen practice up and challenge Angus Holmes or some other expert of the marble ring.



## ✦ THE CRITIC. ✦

Recep-  
tion Ac-  
corded to  
the U. of P.  
Football Team.

AFTER making extensive enquiries, I learned that the U. of P. football team was due here Saturday morning, Oct. 14, and consequently I went to the train that morning to witness their arrival and also the hearty welcome the U. of N. students were to give them. The train arrived about an hour late and with it the U. of P. football team. But where were the U. of N. students? I strained my eyes in vain; but, alas! all I could see was a dozen loyal boys who did their best to receive them, but the reception was cold and the yells were feeble. Where was the football team? Where were the co-eds and the faculty? What excuse can they offer for not representing their college on such an occasion? These were questions that were uppermost in my mind and consequently I went in search of some one to answer them. The first student I met told me he did not know the U. of P. men were to arrive Saturday morning. That was the only reasonable excuse I heard given. I then went after the manager to find what excuse he could offer for not giving due

notice of the arrival of the U. of P. team. But the manager either knew I was looking for him and avoided me, or crawled into a hole and stayed there, for I was unable to find him.

I have been told that the team that was engaged for the U. P. boys was unable to hual them to the top of University hill and consequently they had to walk. Why did the management get but one bus, and that the poorest one in town? and why did they hire it from a man who does not advertise in our college paper?

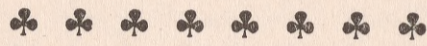
I next met our visitors at the social and they were accorded about the same reception there; sitting off in one corner by themselves while our own students were dancing and having a good time. Thus it was during the whole time the U. of P. men were with us. Probably we do not know how to entertain visitors or else we are so selfish that all we care about is our own amusement. But no matter what the reasons are, we are all to blame for this lack of interest manifested on every occasion. The sooner we take it upon ourselves to improve things, the better it will be for everybody.

**Lack  
of Interest in  
Literary Societies.**

At present there are three literary societies fighting for an existence in our University, and at least two of them are receiving little or no support from the student body. I have been told that at the last meeting of the Philomathean there were only six members present out of a membership of thirty, and at least four of them came in late. I have also been told that the University of Pacific, a school that in all probability is not as large as ours, supports seven literary societies. Do our students realize that they are losing the best part of their education; that what they get out of a literary society will be worth more to

them in after years than the rest of their education? Have you ever been called upon for a short speech and been unable to express a few simple remarks intelligibly? Do you know of any one who, although fairly well educated, is unable to make a short address when called upon? Do you realize the advantages you have in politics and in society if you can make a neat little speech without a second's notice?

If you realize the advantage of a literary education, you should support the societies. We want active members. There are too many who join a society for the sake of saying they belong to it. Such members never take part in a programme and they are more of a drawback than a help to it.



**EXCHANGE.**

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Yale and Harvard will meet in Princeton on Nov. 18. Princeton will meet Yale in New Haven on Nov. 25.

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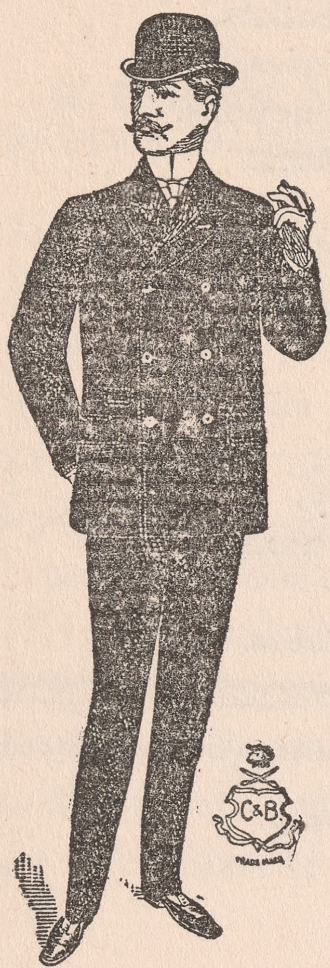
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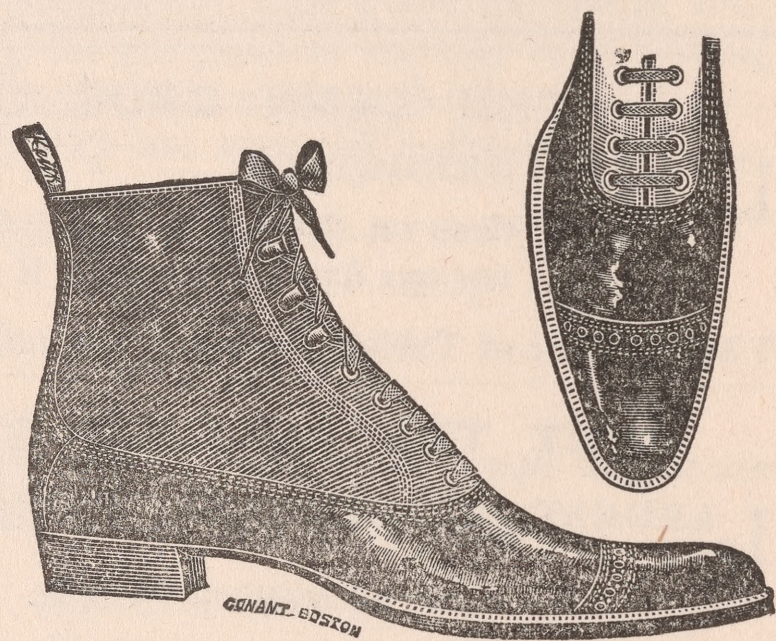


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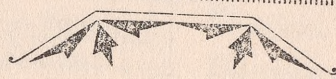


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