

899

NUB  
20/2: 7/4

130

Vol. VII. No. 4.

November 1, 1899.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

RENO, NEVADA

# The Student Record

CONTENTS:

College Directory,	- - - -	4
Editorial,	- - - -	5- 6
Literary,	- - - -	6- 8
Joshes,	- - - -	9-10
Society,	- - - -	11
Campus,	- - - -	11-12
Athletics,	- - - -	13-15
The Critic,	- - - -	15-16


**CLABROUGH, GOLCHER & CO.**

UNIVERSITY HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

**SPORTING GOODS.**

538 Market Street, Opposite Grand Hotel,  
San Francisco, Cal.

 Catalogue on application.

**BANK OF NEVADA,**

RENO, NEVADA.

*Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.*

Correspondence Solicited.

Accounts of Banks, Corporations, Individuals Solicited.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES:

Geo F. Turritin,  
President.  
Moritz Scheeline,  
Vice President.  
R. S. Osburn, Cashier.

Daniel Meyer,  
A. G. Fletcher,  
J. N. Evans,  
P. L. Flannigan,  
Henry Anderson.

**HARRY M'DUFFEE,**

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Seven Years' Experience in Making Uniforms.

Cleaning and Repairing Neatly Done.

Ladies' Tailoring.

**THE WASHOE COUNTY BANK.**

OF RENO, NEVADA.

CAPITAL FULLY PAID - - - \$200,000  
SURPLUS - - - - - 90,000

Correspondence solicited.

Accounts of Banks, Corporations and Individuals  
Solicited.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

W. O. H. Martin, President. Geo. W. Mapes, Vice Pres.  
M. E. Ward, Second Vice Pres. C. T. Bender, Cashier.  
Geo. H. Taylor, Assistant Cashier.  
F. M. Lee. A. H. Manning. D. A. Bender.

**THE M. C. LILLEY & CO.**

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

U. of N. Uniforms.

LOWEST PRICE.

HIGHEST QUALITY.

Leave orders with

S. JACOBS, Merchant Tailor,

Reno, Nevada.

**FOLSOM & CAHLAN,**

Dealers in

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

Cash orders a Specialty.

Competing with California prices with freight added.

**NEVADA HARDWARE & SUPPLY CO.**

RENO, NEVADA

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, STOVES, FARM IMPLEMENTS  
AND WAGNOS.

Fine China Lamps, Crockery and Glassware.

**RIVERSIDE STUDIO.**

F. P. DANN, Manager,

We make a Specialty of Groups.

Stereopticon and Calcium Lights for Lectures, Etc.

ELOCUTION.

Instructions Given in

ELOCUTION AND VOICE CULTURE

By F. P. Dann, Director of the Reno Dramatic Club.

Apply for terms at Riverside Studio.

200 Smith Building. Cor Second and Virginia.

# COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

President of Board of Regents—Hon. J. N. Evans.

President of University—J. E. Stubbs, M. A., LL. D.

Secretary of the Faculty—R. Lewers.

University of Nevada Cadet Corps—A. W. Cahlan, Commandant; D. W. Hayes '00, Major; J. B. Jones, Adjutant.

Athletic Association—Allen Leavitt '00, President; Gene Arnot '00, Secretary.

STUDENT RECORD—A. M. Smith '00, Editor; D. W. Hayes '00, Business Manager.

Alumni Association—Anna Harnet Martin '94, President; Grace Viola Ward '94, Secretary; Stella M. Linscott, Treasurer.

Normal School Alumni—Mrs. C. Brown, President; Stella N. Webster, Secretary.

Class of '00—William Norris, President; Lucy Grimes, Secretary.

Class of '01—Clara Bender, President; Ethel Sparks, Secretary.

Class of '02—John Cameron, President; Laura Orr, Secretary.

Class of '03—Ed Lyman, President; G. Bell, Secretary.

T. H. P. O. Fraternity—G. T. Saxton '00, H. R. M. J. 1st; Chas. Maher '01, H. R. C. W. 2d.

U. of N. Y. M. C. A.—G. E. Anderson, President; F. A. Bonham, Secretary.

U. of N. Y. W. C. A.—Ethel Sparks, President; Mollie Scott, Secretary.



# The Student Record.

VOL. VII.

RENO, NEVADA, NOVEMBER 1, 1899.

No. 4.

## The Student Record

Is a College Magazine Published Semi-Monthly by the

Independent Association

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA.

### EDITORIAL STAFF:

A. M. SMITH, '00, Editor-in-Chief.  
 G. T. SAXTON '00, Associate. GUSTAV SIELAFF, Exch.  
 P. A. MCCARRAN, '01. GOODWIN DOTEN, '03.  
 IRWIN AYERS, '00. FENTON A. BONHAM, '01.  
 IDA HOLMES, '00. WILLIAM F. NORRIS, '00.  
 LUCY GRIMES, '00. JAMES S. GILES, Sp'l.  
 JOSEPH P. MACK, '02. MABLE RICHARDSON, '02.  
 CARLOTTA DODD, '00. CARL STODDARD, '01.

### BUSINESS STAFF:

D. W. HAYES, '00..... Business Manager.  
 RICHARD TOBIN, '01..... Assistant Business Manager.

### SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

Academic Year.....\$1 00  
 Three Months..... 35  
 Single Copy ..... 10  
 Advertising rates upon application.

All communications should be addressed:

STUDENT RECORD,  
 Reno, Nevada.

Entered at Reno (Nevada) Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

## EDITORIAL.

**A Plan  
 of Work  
 Organized.**

THE Independent Association held a meeting a few days ago at which staff appointments on the RECORD were made and all departmental work systemized for the ensuing semester. The pub-

lication of the annual "Artemisia" was also discussed. A meeting will be held in the near future for the purpose of electing staff officers for the Annual.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

**We  
 Need  
 More Yells.**

A PRIZE of five dollars was offered by the A. A. to the student who would write the five best original "yells" or college cheers. This was a good measure, for it is high time we had yells other than Stanford's "Give-em-the-axe!" and Berkeley's football war whoops. Let us at least be original in the matter of yells, and the more of them we have the better.

Why was it only three students entered the competition instead of everybody? We sorely need a diversity of yells and you, reader, are as capable of writing a 'Varsity slogan as the next person.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

**End  
 and Half, and  
 Tackle and Guard.**

"HOW much harder the men are playing this year than last!" is the almost invariable comment now made by side-line spectators who were familiar with the ability of last season's doughty team. This indicates the progress made in grid-iron tactics of late. Our team is now developing speed and endurance, the players are at last beginning to lose their individuality, a sure sign of unity of play and good team-work.

Coach Dickson follows every movement of the practice with the expert's watchful eye; sure to see and correct any error or "balk," and the men conscientiously endeavor to eliminate their faults as shown to them. Although Dickson says but little regarding the team's develop-

ment, and his constant, quiet injunction is "Play hard and don't talk!" It is evident that he is deeply interested in the approaching games. He is tireless in his efforts to strengthen every position. The men have been played everywhere; at end, tackle, guard and backs in order to ascertain what position is best adapted to them. Not infrequently "King" gets into the practice himself, where he shows the dash and *nerve* which made him quarterback on the great Pennsylvania team of '96.

A word—nay, a column—of praise is due to the men playing on the second eleven. Night after night they come out and line up against the locomotive-like first and play as though every foot of ground they held was of incomparable value and not to be given up under any circumstances. They block the whirlwind-like rushes of the giant guards, Keddie and Carman; checks the determined runs of clever, plucky Captain Brule, and hold the well nigh invincible tackles, Chism and Leavitt. The University owes the second eleven a debt for such commendable spirit and work.

Before this edition reaches the eyes of the public we will have played the schedule game

with Santa Clara College, and one week later we will meet the U. of C. first eleven at Berkeley. Should we win the latter game we shall hold a high place in U. S. intercollegiate athletics, and also win what is more dear to a true Nevada boy than mere victory, that is the cheers and praise of our native State.

\*\*\*

### The Cadet Band Grows.

THE Cadet Band now consists of twelve pieces and plays better this year than last.

This is due in a large measure to the zeal of instructor R. Tobin, who works hard to bring his men into line. New music has been received from the east, and judging from the diligent daily practice, we shall soon hear all the latest airs rendered in a manner to suit the most fastidious.

Now, why can't our band make itself useful as well as audible? Let music from the sidelines encourage the players at the next football game. On second thought, the spectators might also endure a few ragtime selections. A brass band always gives a holiday tone to things.

\*\*\*

## LITERARY.

"A  
Romantic  
Character."

SOMEWHERE in the Great Beyond there roams a Shade — aye, Shade he must be—for, upon this globe, his broad old face was as black as the hat which covered his curly head. Slow and lazy, but as full of cunning ways and as big a braggart as ever set foot upon the Western soil. These are the epitaphs which may well be applied to the memory of Old Jim Beckworth.

There is no space of land so small in extent of territory that has ever created more comment and interest in the commercial world than the

low sag in the Sierra Nevada mountains known as Beckwith Pass. Engineers have surveyed it; individuals have examined it; while the great transcontinental railways have struggled for its possession. It is the lowest pass through the Sierra Nevada range, with an elevation, at the highest point, of not more than 5,500 feet above the sea level. By the discovery of this pass, and by being the first civilized man to make its existence known, Jim Beckworth gave his name to a natural land-mark that will last while time exists.

Two miles to the westward, as the sparrow

flies, from the quiet little town of Beckwith, in Plumas county, there stands a typical farm house with its out buildings and farm equipments. The house itself, surrounded by its grassy plots and shady trees, stands on a rolling raise of ground which smewhat separates it from the other buildings; but on its left there stands an old, yet well preserved log structure.

"What place is this?" I inquired of an honest looking old farm hand, as he came up with his shovel on his shoulder.

"This is the Kerby ranch," said he with a courteous air.

I dismounted and stood with the kind old gentleman as he pointed out to me the tract of land comprising the Kerby farm, known to be the finest in all Sierra Valley.

"This farm, you know, is located on the sections of land given by the Government to old Jim Beckworth for faithful services," said my new acquaintance, and as he said this he drew my attention to the old log structure on the left. "Those logs were cut by Jim himself, and that is all that is left of what was once his dwelling."

Here, then, in reality, was the old cabin of the famous negro scout whose service to his Government in the perilous times of our western frontier were of the greatest value. In company with my friend, I entered the log house and listened to him while he related what he had learned of the former occupant.

"If you notice the wall you can see there (indicating with his finger) the mark of where his bar stood, and farther back was his old fire place. The place has been greatly re-arranged since his time; the whole structure was torn down and re-built by the present owner, Mrs. A. K. Kerby."

This and other information I received from my new acquaintance and for a moment I stood upon the threshold of this famous old land-mark and allowed myself to delve into the pleasures of a romantic dream. My mind, in its fancies, went back to the days of simplicity and sunshine; or, I might say, simplicity and gold; and I could see the famous old negro, standing be-

hind his hand-made bar, to deal out the fire water to quench the thirst of the weary wayfarer and add spirit to those who might choose to enter. I could see beneath the shaggy eyebrows, the sparkling black eyes of the old Southener as he would relate to some unacquainted stranger one of his blood-curdling adventures; spiced with more blood and thunder than is to be found in the five-cent novel of the present day. "I was with General Fremont when he crossed dem plains, I was. It was me what showed 'em de way cross de mountains. If twarn't fur me he'd neber seen de Pacific Ocean." With what pride did the cunning old negro justly boast of the honor of having been a scout and guide for the famous "white-haired chief."

In the days when the great flood of humanity poured across and pierced the wilds of the West; when the redskin was on the warpath and the bones of many an innocent victim was left by his hands, to parch beneath the sun, scouts and guides were in great demand. It was in those times that old Jim Beckworth, having become an experienced mountaineer, proved himself most useful to his fellow man. He knew every point of land and every pass in the Western mountains; he knew the grassy spots and the river fords; and he knew best how to deal with the Indian. When Uncle Sam moved his troops across the plains to the West, Beckworth was their guide, and while in that position he was of far greater importance than the colonel of the regiment. The guide was the "big man" in those days and old Jim knew his responsibility and never missed an opportunity to boast of his importance. When off duty, he was ever restless, ever moving from place to place; ever wandering over the mountains or sneaking through the pines; now here, now there; always on the move. Every river, every lake, every mountain, every valley was as familiar to him as the ocean to the experienced mariner. But, after years of active toil, old age crept on and nature commanded him to rest. The Government, in recompense for his faithful services, granted

him four sections of land. The cunning old fellow, knowing a good thing when he saw it, selected his land in the most productive portions of Sierra Valley and there he settled down to make out his existence by dealing out "hot grog."

I have since thought that the old negro had an eye for nature's beauty as well as he loved to be alone with her; for what more beautiful spot could he have selected. To the east and south, stretching out in a great expanse, lay Sierra Valley; on the north and west, the mountains, clothed in magnificent verdure with their stately pines, whose murmur, on a summer evening, would enrapture the very soul and lull to sleep the mind of the weary mortal. Here, the middle fork of the Feather river, still and sluggish; there, tossing down from precipitous crags, comes the famous Grizzly creek singing as it flows, now dashing itself into a white spray over some cataract; again, leaping from boulder to boulder as though in vengeful fury; then settling down into some calm, tranquil pool as though to rest in preparation for another tumult. On, on, it flows, as though endless, leaving behind an everlasting beauty in the verdure of its banks and the scenery of its existence.

Look where you will, to the right or to the left, you find naught but nature's handiwork. From the towering pines, lifting their tops in majesty to the clouds, to the meek, silent little daffodil, nodding its head to the cool breezes of the mountains—all these the work of nature; all the evidence of God's hand.

"Beauty wanders everywhere,  
Footprints leaves on every strand,  
But her home is surely here."

It was in such surroundings as these that Jim Beckworth made his home. Great changes have taken place since his day. The same valley lies in plain view, but how changed are its appearances; clothed with its productive fields and dotted here and there with farm houses and villages. Old Grizzly creek still pours its tumultuous torrents over the time-worn crags.

Its fury seems unappeased, and its white foam still bounds from boulder to boulder. Those mossy banks are ever green and beautiful as they were in the days of Beckworth, and the beauty of their existence has lost none of its charms. "Still stands the forest primeval;" the towering pines still murmur in the breezes, but their sound is mingled with the stroke of the axe-man and the buzz of the sawmill; while the daffodil is ever present to be picked by the hand of the maiden.

But time has wrought other changes. The little graveyard on the hill tells its own sad story and each mound covers the breast of some soul who played his part in the great drama.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,  
Await, alike, the inevitable hour

The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The sections of land which Jim Beckworth owned have been converted into a productive ranch. Near where his old cabin stands a farmer's house now adds to the surroundings. Sunny-faced children have played upon the spot where old Jim took up his abode. The succession of years has seen their youth develop into man and womanhood. The beauty and grace of civilization and society is now in existence with nature and the whole scene has taken up an air of quiet refinement.

Beckworth sold out his lands in the "fifties" and the old negro who had made the West his home for so many years, went back to the land of his birth in the sunny South. There his dust is resting in its native soil, and who knows but what that romantic spirit may be acting as a guide through the devious passages of the Great Beyond. At any rate, let us hope that on the other shore the soul of old Jim Beckworth was received with the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant."  
P. A. McC.

She—This is road is very steep; can't I get a donkey to take me up?

He—Lean on me, darling.

—Ex.

## ✻ JOSHES. ✻

"I found a horseshoe."

Is Saxton still in the Gym?

Who was the Junior who made assaying cupels of fire-clay and then wondered why "they wouldn't work."

C— '02 has a habit of laying his faults upon a younger brother. Must be a pretty tough case when it is necessary to take such steps.

G. '02 has lost his heart. Never mind, Fat, what is your loss is the lady's gain, for she now has two hearts. Indeed, if names count for anything, she has three.

One of our fair waitresses has vowed eternal vengeance on a certain member of the RECORD staff. Evidently the wearing of those colors was not a josh, for she appears to be endowed with genuine U. P. grit.

It was on the new University golf links: "Oh!" cried Miss Martin to Miss Field. "Dr. Phillips said 'damn' when Prof. Cushman hit him in the mouth with the niblick."

"That's all right," replied Miss F., "for he immediately corrected himself and said 'dom.' "

A new poet has sprung up in our midst. Last week the students at Lincoln Hall were surprised to see, staring at them from the reading room door, a rare production of poetic imagination. However, some good Samaritan removed the verses before they had caused any very serious results.

The other day "Sing" appeared at the Mining building and borrowed the cupel moulds to make some biscuits.

The youth with chrysanthemum hair and gold-rimmed spectacles descended the stairs seven at a leap. "Fire! Murder! Fire! Police! Professor!" he shouted at the top of his high tenor.

"Peace, child, peace," sighed the senior with an air of resignation. "'Tis only Tobin's Busted Harmony Glee Club at their weekly rehearsal."

The star half-back of the 'Varsity eleven and the captain of the basket-ball amazons were, as usual, seated in the hammock. The blue sky above them was studded with stars and breezes of Googo Land. Softly rustled the leaves of the surrounding shrubbery. He was humming the air of a popular song. "There's only one girl in this world for me. She's not so very pretty, nor of—"

"What?" she cried, "away from my sight! Never let me gaze upon your deceitful face again."

He used argument, expostulation, prayer; he brought all his oratorical talent to bear upon the crisis, but in vain. He had committed an unpardonable crime.

Willie Drew was not a festive swain. He could not be called, in modern parlance, a "lady's man;" but the arrival of a certain blonde young lady at the University marked an epoch in Willie's life. She came, he saw, she conquered. He secured an introduction and next evening he wended his way joyfully toward the Cottage, rang the bell, and the door was shyly opened by the preceptress. Willie thought. But startling discovery! He thought



in vain. He couldn't for an instant recall the name of his inamorata. The silence grew painful and the preceptress was visibly affected by the pain. Great beads of red, white and blue perspiration stood out on Willie's forehead. At last, however, his natural powers of description came to his aid and he resorted to them, much to the relief of Miss Bardenwerper. Willie was ushered into the parlor, where he was joined a few minutes later by his divinity. Her name is now engraven on his mind as with a branding-iron.

James Sweeney Giles attended divine services at the Congregational Church last Sunday morning. Why that incredulous look? "'Tis true and pity 'tis, 'tis true." After the benediction had been pronounced, Jimmy found himself in the throng which was (shall we say eagerly?) moving toward the exit. At the door his eye was attracted by a box in the corner which had a slot in the top and which bore a strong resemblance to the other boxes which he had seen in some other resorts around town. Either absent-mindedly or instinctively, Jimmy dropped in a nickel and awaited results. A moment passed and he called the attention of a gentleman with chin whiskers and a long face to the seeming reluctance to pay which the box showed.

"Say, dis machine don't seem to work," said Jimmy.

"My dear young man," replied the deacon, for it was indeed he whom Jimmy had addressed, "it works in the interest of suffering humanity. You have generously given of your worldly goods to help some poor benighted heathen in a foreign land."

James stared in amazement and then slowly walked out. "Dat's a skin game," he soliloquized.

"Snooky," said the wild-eyed Junior, as he removed his pipe meditatively from his mouth and placed his No. 12 feet on the ice-cold register which was supposed to heat his apartments, "Have you noticed how the Wether's

changed on this Shoer?"

"Now, there's enough of that, Billy," said his room-mate with the ghost of a smile, "I didn't notice that particularly, but I do notice that these chilly Ayres Cutts a fellow like a knife."

"Aw, cheese it," said Billy, as he threw a bound volume of Vanity Fair at the grinning Snooky. "By the way, me boy, I hear that there's one Junior who's Abel to get a Snapp once in a while."

"That's not half bad William, me boy, but let's change the subject. Let's tackle that French for to-morrow. 'Bruler,' to burn; 'Brule,' past participle, burnt. Great Mollie Scott! that's where Babe gets his Sparks."

Billy sighed deeply and replied with a pre-occupied air, "Now which is it, Snooks, Stubbs Orr Richard?"

Silence reigned unbroken for a whole minute. "Thomas Mac-Gedney attended the Soph. Reception the other night," commented Snooky, "and Miss Comerford, when spoken to suddenly, turned a brilliant Carman."

No response for fifteen seconds, during which the atmosphere became heavy with sighs and tobacco smoke. "Say, me erudite son, I see that Frank is becoming Shier every day."

Snooky fell to the floor with a moan, but presently aroused himself, leaned on his elbow, and said with a horror-stricken face, "Sielaff has been endeavoring very hard lately to save his Bacon, hasn't he?"

The door opened and the head of the Cheerful Idiot from across the hall appeared just in time to receive "David Harum" in the mouth. He gathered himself together and said with the same old smile, "Did you know that the air about one of the Holmes in this city was always quite Hayes-y?"

Snooky's frame quivered and then became still. Billy bent over him, sobbing audibly. "He is dead," he moaned.

The last rays of the setting sun lingered for a moment, kissed the blonde locks of Charles Snooky Montgomery, and as the orb of day disappeared behind the blue line of the western hills, a young soul was wafted to paradise.

❖ SOCIETY. ❖

A very pleasing lecture was delivered by Rev. J. Anthony Mitchell in Room 6, Monday evening, Oct. 16. The subject was the "Catacombs of Rome," and many of the descriptions were illustrated by paintings.

Rev. Robert Whitaker of Oakland and Mr. D. P. Ward of Pasadena addressed the Y. M. C. A. meeting last Sunday afternoon. Apropos to the recent football game, Mr. Whitaker gave an interesting bible reading and talk on "Christian Athletics." Mr. Whitaker has addressed the Association before and is a popular speaker among the students.

A meeting of the Crescent Club was held Saturday evening, Oct. 21, in the Society Room. Work in this club is rapidly progressing and all present report having spent a most pleasant and interesting evening. The program was carried out as follows:

- Song.....Miss E. Berry
- Recitation.....Mr. Stark
- Reading.....Mr. J. I. Leavitt
- Violin selection.....Miss L. Shier
- Debate—Which is more beneficial to man, wood or water? Resolved, that water is more beneficial.
- Affirmative.....Mr. C. C. Smith, Miss M. Scott.
- Negative.....Miss A. Stewart, Mr. E. Bergstein.
- Harmonica trio..... Messrs. Case, Mulini and Riordan

The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. held a union social last Friday evening in the Association room, Stewart Hall. The evening was spent in playing games, and a novel method of serving refreshments was introduced. Owing to the expected arrival of the Santa Clara football team on the evening train, there was not as large an attendance as usual, but those who were not there missed a delightful evening.

Boom-a-lack-a,  
 Boom-a-lack-a,  
 Boom-a-lack-a-loo!  
 Hip, Skiddi-i-ki,  
 '02!

All day Friday the jolly Sophs were seen hurrying about the Campus, and from within the Gymnasium the echo of their merry voices told very plainly that preparations were being made for a "Hop." At 8:30 that evening a large crowd had assembled and the Grand March, led by Miss Bessie Evans and Mr. Bren Smith, began promptly. The music was excellent and those present enjoyed the merry dance until 11:30, when all adjourned to the dining hall for refreshments. Thus was the evening's enjoyment ended and the "Hop" of the Class of '02 is now to be numbered among the successful social events of the past.



❖ CAMPUS. ❖

"Good lodgings wanted," cried Miss H—— as she fell from the bar in the Gym.

Battalion inspection took place Wednesday. The Commandant expressed satisfaction at the appearance of the cadet corps.

Dr. Gardner of Elko visited the University Wednesday, the 25th.

Wanted—Several males who are able to swear well. Ex-football men preferred. Apply to Prof. C——, Secretary Golf Club.

"Society Ike" Schell has become a good supporter of the dances. "Ladies first" is his motto.

A. P. Mack '96 was on the Campus last week. He was bound for Oregon on mining business.

The Major has gone into the real estate business. He offers Ho(l)mes for sale at reduced prices.

Miss Susie Tredway '97 visited friends on the Campus on the 25th. She is now teaching school at Wadsworth.

It is rumored that Frazer and Ferguson, Mines '99, will hie themselves off to the land of the Aztecs next month.

Hayes '02 says we ought to go to church regularly, as he finds enjoyment there. Why Arnot we following in his steps?

C. S—— '02 claims that ladies are a nuisance. He says one spoke to him last week and he forgot his name. "Cherry" is a strong advocate of celibacy.

"My face is my fortune" said L—— '01 to a fair maiden. "Well, then," said she, "I wish you would not be showing me your resources so often."

Our hearts were made glad when Chism, the redoubtable tackle, again appeared on the gridiron. Domestic complications bade fair for a while to number him among the retired list.

J—— '00 has a fondness for sofa pillows, but says, when it comes to barley sacks, with a bordering of baling rope, "Patience ceases to be a virtue." So all ye fair ones beware. Verdi papers please copy.

Coach Frazer (of the second eleven) was heard to remark the other day that "the first eleven can only make three touch-downs a night now." Lookout, Mr. Dickson, you have a formidable rival warming up in the "grass-hopper." Can't we scare up another trainer also.

Wm. Luke '98 has gone to the eastern part of the State to take a position with a mining company.

P. E. Emery '99 is doing good work on the wrong end of a shovel at Prof. Jackson's leaching plant at Willow Glen.

"Buzzer" has blossomed out as a disciple of Cupid. A fair charmer had him under her charge at the Soph reception.

R—— '01 and S—— '01 have arranged a schedule of work which seems to be satisfactory to each. The female participant says, "As you like it."

The Sophomore Mines held a grievance meeting last Wednesday on the middle of the Campus. They claim that they have too much work.

News of M. E. Pratt ex-99 has reached us from Dawson. Mort says he is having a rough time of it on the Klondike, but can't complain as to results.

Messrs. Tobin and Carman were engaged in extricating a calf which had been so unfortunate as to catch its leg in the fence surrounding the Cottage. The frightened young bovine remonstrated vigorously, attracting the attention of a near by group of co-eds. "What is it?" exclaimed one dainty Miss in some alarm. "Oh, nothing," answered her older friend; "just some boys getting a calf out of the fence." "Which is the calf?" asked the dainty girl.

In each copy of this issue will be found a notice of your delinquent subscription to the college paper. Duty calls you to pay your subscription and add your support to your paper. It is the representative of our college and each student should take it upon himself to give his support if in no other way than by paying his subscription. Unless your delinquency is paid by the next issue, your name will be dropped from the subscription list.

## ✦ ATHLETICS. ✦

Santa  
Clara vs. U. N.

THE god of the elements struck a happy medium for the conditions of last Saturday. It was neither too hot nor too cold, but the air had just enough of both to make it invigorating.

The largest crowd that has ever witnessed a contest on our grounds, assembled on the bleachers and side lines of our football field to see the contest between Santa Clara and our team. Flags waved; banners fluttered; and the college colors as well as the college yells were turned loose to the air.

The game was set for 2:30, but owing to a dispute as to the qualifications of the well-known professional, Sheehee, the game was delayed and it was after 3 when the teams arrived on the newly-limed field. The crowd waited anxiously for the incoming of the contestants. The more nervous wandered up and down, while others discussed the relative merits of the two teams and the general conditions of individual players.

On a sudden there was a lull and silence. "They're coming!" shouted a small boy, and with a song, the Nevada team lined out on the field. The college yell went up to break the silence and give cheer to the boys in blue as they went through their signals. It was but a few minutes when the visiting team came over the hill and they, too, were greeted with a yell. Sheehee, the Olympic giant, received many fitting eulogies from all sides, and even the small urchin could not help but take up the question.

At exactly 3:15, Umpire Thurtell called out in his familiar tone, "Are you ready, Captain?" His whistle sounded clear and shrill through the calm air, and the great battle was on.

McGee kicked off for Santa Clara. The kick was a good one and dropped into the hands of McCarran on Nevada's five-yard line. The lat-

ter run it in to the twenty-five-yard line and was there downed for the first scrimmage.

Santa Clara gained possession of the ball on downs and by a series of bucks placed it on Nevada's five-yard line. In three more downs they placed it within two yards of our goal. Here the Nevada line did excellent work, for the ball was held on the spot, and going to Nevada; Keddie, by a well-directed punt, placed it out of danger. Santa Clara surrendered the ball at the center of the field and Nevada soon worked it down until it was placed on the visitors' fifteen-yard line. Here Keddie made a goal from the field. The ball went to the center with five points in Nevada's favor.

Keddie received the ball from Santa Clara's kick-off and Nevada worked it down the field once more. Santa Clara never even obtained possession of the ball for once until it went over their line for a second touch-down.

During all the first half the Santa Clara men took turns playing for wind. Nevada's ordinary play was too fast for even such great men as Coward or Sheehee, and the latter found it advantageous to play for oxygen once in a while. They resorted to all tactics in their power to delay the game. Notwithstanding all this, the ball was kept in S. C. territory during the greater part of the half. The half closed with the score eleven to nothing in Nevada's favor.

In the second half Santa Clara went in for their usual game, foul and unmanly; we had met them before on their own ground and were not surprised when we found them playing dirty ball on every occasion. This mode of contest is characteristic of the Santa Clara team and they have become adepts at the business. It is they who know best how to jump on a man when the umpire is not looking; it is they who can best cripple a man when they find him under a pile-up; giving the straight arm with

closed fists, holding in the line, off-side plays, and fouls of all descriptions are common to them.

The second half had been on but about ten minutes when Santa Clara, having obtained the ball, punted it down the field. Brule missed the catch on Nevada's twenty-yard line; Sheehee, taking the pig-skin, dashed toward our goal; Evans missed the tackle on Nevada's ten-yard line, and the Olympic wonder went over our line for a touch-down. McGee kicked a goal, and the score stood eleven to six in our favor. This second half was characterized by an unusual amount of punting on both sides. McGee and Keddie both did some excellent work in this respect.

Santa Clara found herself out-played in the second half. The Nevada team deserves the highest honor for defeating such a combination. When we scheduled a game with this college we expected to play college men with college standing. We expected to go up against men willing to lose or win like gentleman. On the contrary we met a team without even class standing in their institution. Ever their President was unable, or at least, refused to give a statement as to their being *bona fide* students. We went up against a team composed, in part, of professionals. But even this might be endured if there had been the first principle of true sportsmen about them.

They came here with a referee biased and prejudiced; unfair to the full sense of the word. The famous Dr. Gerlac showed himself most partial to his team. It was not enough for him to give unfair decisions, but he must add insult to injury by intentionally blocking our men; at another time assisting his favorite team and doing all in his power to show his prejudice.

The great battle closed with the score standing eleven to six in our favor. This reverses the score of last year and proves that Nevada is not to be downed, even at the hands of professionals.

The men who played especially well for Santa Clara were Coward and Sheehee. The

former played a magnificent game, and were it not for his presence, Nevada would have made an easy game of the southern squad.

There is no need of mentioning individual players, as our team, taken as a whole, is deserving of credit. There were no very long runs made, and no especially star plays. All played well, and each man is deserving of his equal share of the honor. The names of the men composing Saturday's team should be placed in blazoned letters upon the walls of our Gymnasium, and should stand in the memory of the students of this institution as deeply fixed as will the memory of that contest stand in the minds of the players.

What is the matter with the co-eds? Why do they take so little interest in basket-ball? Until recently, practice has been good, twenty or more girls turning out every night, but for the past few times there have been scarcely enough to compose two teams of seven players each. Miss Ada Edwards of Stanford has been engaged as Physical Instructor and Coach for the young ladies, but owing to a severe illness, has been unable to assume her duties. Her health is now much improved and she will be here in plenty of time to coach us for our spring games. However, practice up to the time of her arrival will be of great benefit, as we will then be prepared to do better work. Every girl should feel it her duty to aid in the organization of a strong team. We *must* have more players than the team number, or there will be little use playing basket-ball at all this year.

Trainer Ryan is bringing the boys into shape and takes more than ordinary interest in the condition of each individual. "Come on with the praise for Ryan!"

We are sorry to have to mention the fact that owing to an injury of the knee received in the U. P. game, Hayes, our former left half-back,

has been compelled to cease practice. It is a great injury to the team, as Dave was one of our best.

Our next game will be with Stanford and will take place at Palo Alto on Saturday, Nov. 11th. In this coming contest we can but hope for the

best. We believe we stand a good chance and will play for life and death.

Coach Dickson is bringing our team down to its fine points, and deserves the greatest credit that this institution can give for our recent victories. "There's nothing the matter with our King."



## THE CRITIC.

The  
'Varsity  
Is Grateful.

It is with no little pleasure that the faculty and students noted the assimilation of the town and University, and were deeply impressed more than ever before by the hearty co-operation of feeling, sentiment and loyalty displayed by our townspeople during last Saturday's game. With the exception of a few reluctant ones, the merchants assisted us by closing their places of business and not only coming to the game themselves, but by bringing their families and friends and joining as heartily in the "rooting" as did the students. As long as such a unanimity exists between our State institutions and the people of the town and of the State, our progress will be rapid in every phase of the University, and as firm as rapid.

After such consideration as was shown by the majority of the business men of the town upon being requested to close their places of business, we can only reiterate what we have said many times before, and urge that the students (and

Faculty also) patronize and help only those who are willing to help us.

A  
Sober  
Reflection.

WHEN a new student enters the University he immediately proceeds to attend to his own affairs. Let him become important and dictate to the older students, and he is very quickly shown where he belongs and warned to remain there.

Why should not also a new professor honor, at least in outward appearances, our long-established customs instead of treating college students as an inferior set of beings, fit only for chastisement according to the methods of ye old time backwoods pedagogue?

Ah, well, our old beloved professors will all have to some time pass into the Great Beyond and new ones take up their work. Let us hope, however, that their successors will not be blessings in disguise.



Boot, Mon!

THE President of the University, Dr. Phillips, Professors Blessing, Thurtell and Miss De Laguna were a-golfing upon the new college links. The President, after having broken

two drivers and smashed his shin, remarked in an authoritative manner: "It seems to me that modern inventive genius would devise some method to obviate the annoying features of golf. The clubs, for instance, could be constructed so that

one need not suffer physical injury on account of an occasional faulty drive. Dr. Phillips, you are next."

The Doctor called to "Baby" Brule and selected a heavy club. Our lightning quarterback, for a compensation of fifteen cents per hour, was serving as universal caddie.

"Now, let me see," he soliloquized. "If I should give the old Princetonian drive aright, and with not sufficient energy to disintegrate the ball, it will alight in in the next orifice, providing the accepted theory concerning the conservation of energy holds good." With this he struck a heavy blow at the sphere, missed it and spun around like a ten-year-old schoolgirl making "cheeses."

"A helix by my love for old Kentucky, a perfect helix!" exclaimed Prof. Blessing in high glee.

"What do you mean?" queried Doc as soon as his center of gravity was in a state of equilibrium.

"Why, in your girations you described that mathematical curve commonly known as a helix!"

"Your explanation is accepted," answered Doc. "Let us see what the occupant of the chair of mathematics will do now. It's his drive."

Prof. Thurtell squinted along the course and then swung on the gutta-percha ball with all possible force. The result was a sharp report, a few drops of liquid air and a rift in the ground suggestive of a small relief map of the proposed Nicaragua Canal. The ball was undisturbed, but Prof's brand new club was broken. "Humph!" he exclaimed as he examined it ruefully. "Might as well be in the fourth dimension for all it will serve me now."

Prof. Blessing was next in order. He took deliberate aim. "Now, if that was a Senior's head—" and he drove savagely. The ball sailed away into space and disappeared. "Your honor, Miss De Laguna," he remarked in a cool, grim way.

"Is it? Oh, thank you!" replied the linguist

as she daintily knocked the ball about three feet. "I am sure that I will soon be quite proficient. Golf, like French, requires constant practice in order to obtain a working knowledge."

Let us draw the curtain. Anyone who does not think the above narration true should visit the Campus some evening. The same thing occurs every day.

---

He picked up an egg  
And hit it a peg  
In a manner fantastic and free.  
We'd not like to state  
What he found in his plate,  
But 'twas not what 'twas cracked up to be.

---

In the vicinity of the Catholic University at Washington, ground was broken for Trinity College, the first Catholic institution for the higher education of women in America.

Ruth, the youngest daughter of Pres. Stubbs, has been quite sick during the last few days.

Life is short, only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a "lie," and a half of it an "if."

---

### TRIB FULFILLS ALL PROMISES.

We send two ounces of this good liniment for twenty-five cents; six ounces for fifty cents, or sixteen ounces (a full pint) for a dollar. Trib cures bruises and sprains and often relieves rheumatism.  
TRIB CO., Carson, Nevada.

### OUR ADVERTISERS.

WE ask the students and friends of the University to patronize the following:

Andreucetti, P., groceries and vegetables.  
Allen, S. F., pianos and organs.  
Bank of Nevada.  
Claybrough, Golcher & Co., S. F.  
Cann Drug Co., drugs and medicines.  
Coffin, Chas. A., D. D. S., dentist.  
Coffin & Larcombe, groceries and provisions.  
Currie, Steve, fine livery, hacks, etc.

Doane, Will G., jeweler and optician.  
 Dickinson, Claire, stationery and cigars.  
 Fee, Drs. Katherine and George.  
 Fox, A. W., Merchant Tailor.  
 Folsom & Cahlan, choice groceries.  
 Gibbs, E. G., fine millinery.  
 Hamp, J. H., shoemaker.  
 Hershiser, A. E. M. D., specialist.  
 Hawcroft, R. B., book and job printing.  
 Herz, R., jewelry, watch repairing.  
 Hodgkinson, S. J., drugs and medicines.  
 Jacobs, S., clothing and gents' furnishings.  
 Koppe, Gus, heavy and light hauling.  
 Lilley & Co., Columbus, O., uniforms.  
 Levy, Sol, dry and fancy goods.  
 Leter, H., clothing, boots and shoes.  
 McDuffee, Harry, merchant tailor.  
 Nelson, A., cigars, tobacco and notions.  
 Nevada Hardware & Supply Co., stoves, etc.  
 Novacovich, C., groceries, fruits, etc.

Palace Dry Goods & Carpet House.  
 Pinniger, Wm., drugs and medicines.  
 Porteous Decorative Co., paints, wall paper.  
 Phillips Bros. physicians and surgeons.  
 People's Store, dry goods, clothing, etc.  
 Pfister, J. J., San Francisco, football suits.  
 Riverside Studio, photos.  
 Riverside Undertaking Parlors.  
 Rulison, Drs. D. W. and Helen M. dentists.  
 Reno Mercantile Co., hardware, groceries,  
 Rosenthal & Armanko, tobaccos and notions.  
 Sunderland, John, gents' clothing, shoes.  
 Stewart & Meiss, fine meats.  
 Spindler, F. C. candies, ice cream soda, etc.  
 Strassburg, Fred, manufacturer of cigars.  
 Tassell Brothers, boots and shoes.  
 Trib Company. bruises and sprains.  
 Taylor Bros., barbers.  
 Tom's Laundry, washing done neatly.  
 Washoe County Bank, banking business.

**BRUSH UPI**

When you buy a brush, be it hair, tooth, nail, bath, cloth or shoe brush, it pays to get a good one. Ours are of warradted bristles, and we have marked them way down.

THE CANN DRUG CO., Leading Druggists,  
 Second and Virginia Sts., Reno, Nev.

**VISIT THE PEOPLE'S STORE.**

**L**ARGEST AND GRANDEST STORE

In the State of Nevada.

Cor. Second and Virginia Sts.

**S. J. HODGKINSON.**

**D**RUGGIST,

Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada

**OPERA HOUSE STABLES.**

STEVE CURRIE, PROP.

**F**IRST CLASS TURN OUTS.

Hacks and Busses at all Hours, Day or Night.

Reno, Nevada. U. of N. Patronage Solicited.



*R. B. Hawcroft*

*Book and Commercial Printer*

*Nevada Bank Building, Reno, Nevada.*

Eyes Examined Free.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

**WILL G. DOANE,**

**W**ATCHMAKER, JEWELER,

Graduate Optician.

Class Fraternity Pins Made to Order at Bottom Prices. 201 Va. St.

**MISS GIBBS.**

**F**INE MILLINERY GOODS

Call and Inspect My Stock.

202 Smith Building.

**ALFRED NELSON,**

**W**HOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER

In Imported and Domestic Cigars and Tobaccos,  
 Cutlery and Notions.

Hats, Gloves and Underwear. 213 Virginia St.

**TOM'S LAUNDRY.**

**S**TUDENTS' WASHING DONE PROMPTLY  
 AND NEATLY.

Laundry on west side Virginia St., near iron bridge.

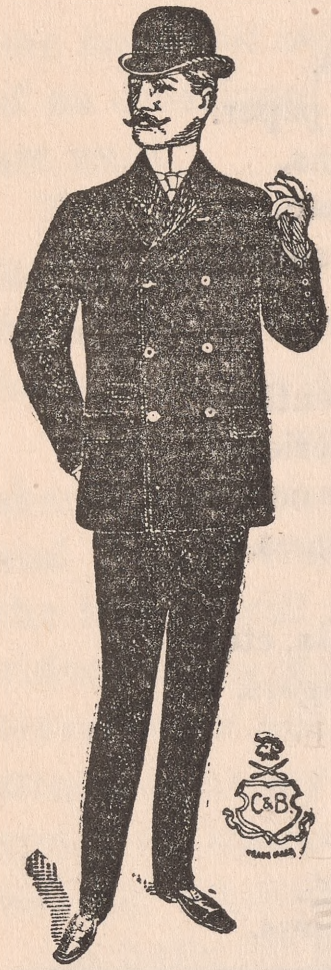
**PORTEOUS DECORATIVE CO.,**

Dealers in

**W**ALL PAPER, Paints, Oils and Window Glass.

Pictures, Picture Frames, Artists' Materials.





## JOHN SUNDERLAND,

—Manufacturer of and Dealer In—



### Men and Boys' Clothing, Boots and Shoes.

Ladies' Shoes Range in Price From \$1.50  
to \$3.50 per Pair.

The Latest Styles in Hats Always on Hand

I have engaged a professional military cutter,  
and am making the handsomest Cadet Uniforms in the  
State.

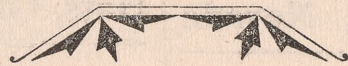


## RENO MERCANTILE CO.,

(Successors to W. O. H. Martin.)

—DEALERS IN—

# Hardware, Groceries, Provisions, Etc.



*Crockery, Tinware, Agricultural Implements, Bar Iron, Steel, Cumberland  
Coal, Cave Valley Lime, Plaster, Hair and Cement.*

Sole Agents for the Adriaance, Platt & Co.'s Buckeye and  
Knowlton Mowers and Extras for the same.

Commercial Row, - - Reno, Nevada.

**STUDENTS AND FACULTY,**

**TRY COFFIN & LARCOMBE**

For First-Class Groceries, Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.

No. 309, Sierra St.

Reno, Nevada.

**J. H. HAMP.**

**BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER.**

Repairing neatly and quickly done.

No. 13 Commercial Row.

**C. NOVACOVICH.**

**STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, GREEN**  
and Dried Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.

Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Tobacco and Cigars.

Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

**FRED STRASSBURG,**

Manufacturer of

**FINE HAVANA CIGARS**

Dealer in Smokers' Articles.

Private Brands a Specialty.

Reno, Nevada.

236 Virginia St.

**PIANOS**

**SOLD AND EXCHANGED**

By S. T. ALLEN, State Agt. for Kohler & Chase.

Our Leaders: J. & C. Fischer, Knabe and K. & C. Pianos.

Expert tuning by the year. Under Journal Office, Reno.

**S. JACOBS,**

**THE LEADING CLOTHIER. GENTS' FUR-**  
nishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

Best quality University uniform, cap and monogram, \$16

No. 243 Virginia St.

**CLAIRE G. DICKINSON.**

Dealer in

**STATIONERY AND CIGARS.**

School Books and Supplies.

75 Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada.

**PINNIGER'S PHARMACY,**

**AGENTS FOR EASTMAN'S KODAKS**

And Photographic Supplies.

Eastern Prices.

Your Patronage Solicited.

225 Virginia St.,

Reno, Nevada.

**ROSENTHAL & ARMANKO,**

—DEALERS IN—

**IMPORTED KEY WEST & DOMESTIC CIGARS,**

Tobacco, Pipes and Smokers' Articles,

Cutlery, Stationery, Notions, Etc.

**TAYLOR BROS.' BARBER SHOP.**

**STUDENTS' WORK A SPECIALTY.**

Shaving, 15 cents. Baths, 25 cents.

204 Virginia St.

**TASSELL BROTHERS,**

**DEALERS IN FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.**

The only first-class exclusive shoe house in Reno.

214 Virginia St.

**STEWART & MEISS,**

.... Wholesale and Retail Dealers in....

**BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB, HAM and LARD.**

Commercial Row,

**WIDE AWAKE STUDENTS**

Will save money by patronizing

**R. HERZ & BRO., THE JEWELERS,**

For Badges, Class Pins, Souvenir Spoons, Etc

Strictly Eastern Prices. Up-to-Date Designs and Workmanship.

**THE PALACE**

**DRY GOODS HOUSE**

Still Continues to Lead in Styles.

Their Fall Goods are daily arriving.

For correct styles you must visit this store.

**A. W. FOX,**

Successor to the Boston Tailoring Company.

**MERCHANT TAILOR.**

A FINE LINE OF IMPORTED AND AMERICAN  
—SUITINGS.—

Virginia St., Near Commercial Row.

**P. ANDREUCETTI.**

**BUY YOUR GROECRIES, FRUIT AND VEGE-**

tables at the Reno Garden Store.

— The Best and Cheapest Place in Town. —

Cor. Virginia and Fourth Sts.

ONNADEN & JANTZEN

NEW YORK

1880

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...