

The Student Record.

VOL. VII.

RENO, NEVADA, JANUARY 1, 1900.

No. 7.

The Student Record

Is a College Magazine Published Semi-Monthly by the

Independent Association

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA.

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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 Holiday Greeting.

CHRISTMAS vacation is here at last. Ah, how we welcome this period of mirth and hilarity, coming, as it does, after a term of studious application. THE RECORD,

which in the past has either refused to appear during the holidays, or else has crept out reduced in size, now forever relegated to the past its seclusive habits, and from this date on will celebrate Saint Nick and the New Year by appearing in a new dress.



Is It College Spirit

THAT makes some older students cut classes all the term in order to loaf about

the buildings and jolly up the Freshmen?

That makes some Lincoln Hall students appropriate and read STUDENT RECORDS which are addressed to other people?

That makes only eleven girls in the student body subscribers to the college paper?

That made only four members of the Independent Association appear at the last meeting?

That compels the editor to use all his natural and acquired powers of persuasion to induce certain members of the staff to get their copy in on time?

That makes us all dread examination week as if it were the crack of doom?

Perhaps some of the upper classmen who daily grapple with abstruse and technical subjects will solve these problems for us.



A Word of Praise.

THE football season has passed. What has been accomplished, what rank do we now hold in intercollegiate athletics? The University of the Pacific was defeated by a score of 63 to 5, Santa Clara beaten 12 to 6. Stanford won by 17 to 5, and the University of California beat us 24 to 0. Six to 0 was our

triumph over San Jose, and the second team has twice bucked through the Carson Indian team to victory.

We have won every game except those against the two great University teams, and were by no means badly beaten by either of them. Our team has made a reputation for itself throughout the west; not only a reputation as a strong football team, but its members have become known as true gentlemen. Wherever our little band of athletes traveled they made hosts of friends. It would be difficult to estimate the amount of money it would take to advertise so thoroughly and favorably the Nevada State University as has this little group of sturdy, honest students.

The many people of California who never

knew that Nevada boasted of a University now not only know it, but also that our University is up-to-date in every respect, a school from out of which come men.

It would have been well nigh impossible to accomplish this through any medium other than athletics. While everything can be said in favor of intercollegiate debating contests, they do not attract the attention of people nor win press comment as does football. A college student is assumed to be intellectual and studious. If it is also demonstrated that he is athletic and gentlemanly, he is complete—broadly, he is a man.

This is what our team is, a group of men. As they have done bravely and won honor for our University, let us honor them.



THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT.

A FEW of our old pioneers remember the incidents attending the death, at the hands of Indians, of a beautiful young lady who had been a member of a party of emigrants bound for California.

She had been captured by the Indians and was taken by them to their village, located upon a small eminence near where the University of Nevada building known as the girls' "Cottage" now stands. Before being put to death she was horribly tortured, both eyes being burned out before she finally ceased to live.

Thus ended the life of this girl, but her influence upon the living has not yet ceased. It is said that since the erection of the "Cottage" she has returned to haunt the place where she was so foully murdered.

Often have the girls seen and heard strange things, but they have never spoken of it for fear of being made the subjects of ridicule.

Once a young lady was going up stairs alone after returning late from a party. In the darkness she became aware of someone walking by her side. Thinking it was another girl, she paid no attention to the matter, but as the moonlight, streaming through a window, fell upon them, she was frightened at the vision which she beheld. There by her side walked a headless woman with a stream of blood gushing from a wound in her side. As she stood horrified, the hall clock struck the hour of midnight and the headless woman turned toward her for a moment, and then, with a low, unearthly moan, floated silently down the hallway and disappeared.

Another time a young Cottage girl lay awake

in her room. As the clock struck the hour of midnight she was surprised to see a shadow fall across the floor. Looking toward the window, she beheld a sight to make the blood run cold. Pressed close to the window pane was the face of a girl with two black holes where her eyes had once been. Just as the last stroke of the clock died away, the head came through the window, passed where the girl lay, and floated through the closed door. As the head passed the girl, a few drops of blood fell upon her. The vision afterwards appeared in the same room, for it is said that where the head has once spilled blood, there it will be sure to appear again.

One morning, a short time ago, a girl staying in a secluded corner room on the second floor, found drops of blood on her floor. She may be certain that some time, sooner or

later, just as her clock strikes the hour of midnight, that vision will again appear.

Often girls have awakened to see, staring at them through the darkness, a single eye. The head and body does not appear, but there the single eye remains and keeps its silent vigil.

Often the presence of this being from another world might not be suspected. Yet the sighing of the wind, the rustling of a curtain, will indicate its approach. And should the young ladies look about them in the impenetrable darkness, they will see, somewhere, two spots darker than the rest, indicating the position of that head without eyes.

The head, the eyes and the body are never seen together. Separately they roam about the hill. They will continue to roam until, at some future date, they are again united, when their wanderings upon this earth will cease.

F. T. '02.

"FICKLE FRESHMAN!"

"MAIL, thou wise and reverend brother Senior, hast thou viewed the surpassing glories of the Freshman maid with the raven tresses?" asked one Senior of another, thrusting his head through the door of the latter's room.

"Hi, Carter, that you," replied the other, throwing a book at the protruding head, by way of welcome. "Come in. So you've discovered my raven-haired Dulcinea, have you? Well, just let me tell you to let her alone; she's all mine, and it's no use for you to try. She's been mine ever since the day I rescued her College Algebra from the ditch, so you'd better quit before you begin."

"Ne' mind, Osborn, old man, I'll skin you out yet. She gave me the most ravishing smile just now, and I'm going to call soon."

"Oh, get out, I'm studying. But she's mine just the same, you'll see."

"Never was, never will be," laughed Carter.

"You're too old and *blase* for her. She's young, unsophisticated, and fresh from papa's farm; but she's a beauty just the same, and mine she shall be." And so saying, he departed, leaving the studious Osborn to his books.

The maiden in question was indeed "surpassing fair," but was, perhaps, not so unsophisticated as they imagined; for she soon had a host of admirers around her, and, strange to say, Frank Carter and Ted Osborn seemed to be her favorites, and no one could tell which of them was the "solid" man. They were inseparable and were always joking with each other as to which stood the best chance with the black-haired beauty.

One afternoon Carter came into Osborn's room, and jubilantly displayed a deep red rose. "Ah-ha, whose innings is it now?" he bragged. "Just what she gave me!"

"Well, that isn't so wonderful, that I can see," sniffed Osborn.

"Can't eh? Well, I guess you'd like to have it mighty well. Her fond mamma sent it to her

all the way from the dear old ranch, enclosed in a raw potato to keep it fresh; and if she hadn't known I'd appreciated it, she never would have given it away. Now, don't you wish you were me? Don't you wish you had it, old self-esteemmer?"

"No, I don't, but I'll make you wish something if you don't quit pestering me, when I'm writing my Senior Forensic—Git!"

Next time it was Osborn's turn to crow, which he did very ably. Suddenly bursting into Carter's room, he turned that worthy green with envy by displaying a curl of raven-black hair, carefully encased in his watch-charm. "Now, where's your old red rose? Withered up just like your chances with the fair one. Oh, Carter, my dear boy, I told you it was no use. Just gaze at this lovely curl, and hope no more!"

"Oh, hang your old curl!—Hold on, did she let you cut it off?"

"No, dear lad, she feared I might spoil that magnificent pompadour bang, and cut it herself in the privacy of her own chamber; and gave it to me when next we met, with such an angelic smile. Ah-ha!"

"Oh, you make me tired,—go home and sleep off your delirium. You're not the only man

alive. I'll show you yet."

So it went on, the wily fair one encouraging both alike; and, as matters progressed, they ceased to tell each other all that occurred; for she artfully gave each to understand that *he* was favorite, but that she didn't want to hurt the other's feelings by letting him know the truth. At last, as Commencement drew near, and with it their parting from the school, both felt that something serious must be done, and both urged her for some definite promise or token; and alas! the false-hearted one gave each what he considered sufficient reason for believing himself the happy man. But on the day when she was to have given them both her "plighted troth," the whole college was electrified by the discovery that she had eloped with the youngest professor of the faculty; who, perfidious one, was already engaged to another estimable lady!

Somehow, nobody ever knew how, the particulars of the Carter-Osborn story leaked out, with various additions; and it was told, as a huge joke, that the red rose had been given her by the butcher's half-witted assistant; and that the raven-black curl (oh, horror!) had once adorned the silky ear of the young professor's pet dog!

G. S. DOTEN.

PRIVATE O'HARA'S CHRISTMAS.

YES, we certainly ought to have a good time to-morrow. Everything is in readiness. The men have been given a day off and we officers will have nothing to do but lay around and enjoy ourselves."

"But, Captain," said his Lieutenant, as Capt. Bland ceased speaking, "it doesn't seem right for us to be enjoying ourselves while Major Whitcomb is confined in that Spanish prison, probably half starved by the miserable food furnished him. It seems to me that we should make some attempt to rescue him. Now, if we

could secure his escape to-night we could really enjoy our Christmas to-morrow."

"Yes," said the Captain, "I've thought of that, but you know what a difficult task it would be. With those Spanish sentinels always on guard we could not send a boat to the shore. The only possible way to reach the fort would be to swim the entire distance from our ships. You know there is only one man on board who is equal to that task and we can hardly expect Private O'Hara to undertake it after the reprimand he received from the Major last Saturday."

But the Captain did not know Private O'Hara. No sooner had he been approached upon the subject than he reported to his captain:

"Captain," said he, "Oi hear as how there is to be an attmpt to rescue the Major to-night. Now, you know Oim the only man on board that has iver swum ashore from these ships. And what Oi've done once, sor, Oi kin do agin. If Oi iver onct git inside of thim walls Oi'll save the Major or git enough Spanish lives to pay for his."

And so it was arranged that Private O'Hara was to leave the boat that night and swim to the shore to attempt to release Major Whitcomb from captivity.

About 10 o'clock that night Pat came on deck prepared for his trip. There was no moon in the sky and total darkness hung on every side, save for the faint light coming from the watch towers of the Spanish prison. Pat was lowered to the water and we saw him strike out bravely from the side of the ship and disappear in the darkness.

There was now nothing to do but to wait for the morning light, when we could turn our telescopes on the prison and watch for developments.

That night was a night of restlessness on board the ship. Though Pat had not made many friends among the soldiers, yet thoughtlessness of his personal welfare and the calm indifference with which he risked his life for one who had once given him cause for offense created a sort of reverence for him. It was apparent that many of the men had more anxiety for the welfare of Pat than for that of the Major.

With the first sign of dawn we were on board scanning the adjacent shore with our telescopes. For a time we saw nothing to attract attention.

Then suddenly a small boat shot out of a little inlet and pulled toward the open water. In the dim twilight we could just discern the forms of two men in the boat. Here, we thought, were Pat and the Major at last. But it was necessary to wait some time before we could be sure upon this point.

As the dim light of dawn slowly gave way to the brighter light of early morning, we saw that one of the men in the now fast approaching boat was certainly Major Whitcomb, but where was Private O'Hara? Certainly not in the boat, for there by the side of the Major sat a man who was a stranger to us all.

Soon the boat pulled alongside and the men were taken on board. The Major said he had not seen Pat; that he, together with the man who was now with him, had been removed from their cell by a man in Spanish uniform, and that when they saw their chance and made a dash through the prison gates, the man in Spanish uniform fired several shots, none of which, however, came near them.

Of course the man in Spanish uniform could be no one but Pat. But where was he now? Had he himself fallen into the hands of the Spaniards?

Again we turned our glasses toward the shore. There on the prison walls another vision met our eyes. A squad of Spanish soldiers. Before them marched a man with bowed head and with his arms bound to his sides. The squad halts. The man is placed a short distance in front of them. A puff of white smoke, the man falls and rolls from the top of the wall into the bay.

W. F. NORRIS.

A YARN FOR WINTER-TIME.

THE sun beat garishly down upon the vast desert, through which he plodded doggedly onward amid alkaline shrubs and cactus. His steps were directed toward the broken outline of a far distant moun-

tain range which was dimly visible through the quivering, sultry haze. A scrawny jack-rabbit hopped lazily across a few feet in front and squatted down in the meagre shade of a clump of weeds. High over head circled a solitary buzzard. The weary wanderer eyed both with a sort of dazed, stoical indifference. Neither

rabbit nor bird would lead him to water. The last drop had been drained from his canteen early in the morning, after a few hours of restless, dream-disturbed sleep upon the hot, dry soil. How thirsty he was!

On he stumbled toward the dim, ragged line where the brown mountain tops cut into the copper-hued sky. To reach them was now his only hope. If water was not found before night he would die of thirst. He kept his eyes fixed upon a peak somewhat higher than its neighbors, for much experience with deserts had taught him to keep a destination in view that he might not get lost. But what an effort it required! The heat made his brain spin, and the silence of the desert was no longer silence, but a vast, strange noise that beat upon his rapidly increasing fancy like waves upon the seashore.

Sometimes he would drop down upon the burning ground and rest a few minutes, again to rise and continue the apparently endless walk toward those grim mountains which seemed to recede as he advanced. As hours passed, this hallucination grew upon his heat-disordered imagination. The high mountain, with springs of sparkling water at its base, was running away from him. It must not, shall not escape.

Incontinently the staggering man broke into a wobbling, frenzied run. Suddenly he

realized that he was going mad, that the awful fate of thirst-crazed men was upon him. He threw himself face downward, arms outstretched and fingers digging the sun-cursed plain.

How long he lay thus he knew not, but when he arose and looked about, the sun's lurid disc was near that broken line of distant hill tops. He wished to lie down again and die, but could not. The thirst was torture. Feebly, gropingly, he staggered forward.

Ah! what is it he sees in front which makes him start as if struck by a lash? It may be, nay, it is water! Such green shrubs could not live anywhere else. He rushes wildly forward and finds a crystal pool of the life-giving fluid. Oh God, thou art indeed good! He stoops to drink, but even in his dazed torture realizes that to drink deeply might be fatal. His blackened, cracked tongue touches the water. It stings him and he draws quickly back. He wets his hands. They are dry almost instantly and whitened by a layer of salt.

The man looks first at his hands and then at the pretty, sparkling spring. A wild, guttural laugh forces itself out from beside the swollen, protruding tongue, such a laugh as the devil might give on viewing a trial of some particularly exquisite torture for the damned. Then the man stooped and drank.

A. M. SMITH.

LAMENT OF A LAME ATHLETE.

I want to take my lady love
To trip the light fantastic toe,
To lead my gentle turtle dove,
The pretty maid I love, you know.

But since that fatal football game,
My leg is sore as sour-ball,
And though I like to just the same,
I cannot dance a bit at all.

If I could hop about and sing,
I'd shout a blithesome roundelay

Of Hymen, Cupid on the wing
And love upon a summer day.

Oh blast this beastly leg so lame!
I don't know what to do with it,
I wish I'd never played the game,
I wonder what she thought of it.

The other fellow's in it now,
He surely will be in the swim;
Then she and I will have a row,
And make a solid thing for him!

M. M. S.

MY FIRST SWEETHEART.

The flowers blow, the seasons go,
A generation's passed away,
Yet in thoughts reminiscent flow
I love to dwell upon the day,
To dream and smile at love's first glow;
'Twas kindled when I learned to know
My earliest sweetheart, Birdie J.

My age thirteen, hers ^{more} less, I ween,
It does not seem so long ago,
Yet twenty years have swept between
With woe and pleasure, passing show,
Since Birdie J and I were seen
At play upon the village green.
Sweet blue-eyed Birdie, cheeks aglow!

"The better bred, the sooner wed;"
Bird is a stately matron gray.

A fortune checkered life I've lead,
Met with success, so people say.
Some still are living, some are dead,
The girls who since have turned my head,
But none as did sweet Birdie J.

Friends lightly chaff, or joke and laugh,
When I relate this recollection,
"What sentimental gush, riff-raff,"
You needed ma's strict interdiction,
Yet did the gods ere nectar quaff
That thrilled them through as much by half
As me my boyhood's first affection?

A love so pure cannot endure,
A treasure 'tis of childhood's state,
And with knee pants and frocks sure
To be outgrown. A hapless fate!
But mem'ries march we can't deter
And sweetest one of mine to stir.
Recalls sweet Bird, my early mate.

A. M. SMITH.


 IN COLLEGE AND OUT.

THOSE DRAWINGS OF MERRILL'S.

The original etchings made by Lester Merrill for the "Artemisia '99" will be raffled in order to help remove the indebtedness of the Annual of last year. They are now on exhibit at the Cann Drug Store. There are twenty-two in all. Each will count as a prize. Tickets with numbers from 1 to 100 have been sold in envelopes. The person taking a chance will select a ticket and pay the amount for which the number inside calls for. At the Junior Hop the etchings will be awarded to the lucky persons by allowing some disinterested person to draw one number at a time from a hat containing numbers from 2 to 100. The person holding

the numbers corresponding to the first twenty-two numbers taken from the hat will have their choice of the drawings in the order in which their numbers were drawn. The etchings will be exhibited in Morrill Hall next week.

ARTEMISIA '99.

The price of the "Artemisia" of '99 has been reduced to 75 cents per copy, and can be had at Prof. Lewers' office, or at Mr. Doane's or Mr. Cann's places of business in town.

Owing to the late arrival of the last shipment of the Annuals last June, a number now remain on hand, which it will be necessary to dispose of in order to remove the indebtedness incurred

in getting them published. It is hoped and expected that the students will contribute toward the liquidation of this debt by buying the remainder of the books on hand.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

FROM 98-99.

ASSETS.	DISBURSEMENTS.
On account.....\$ 68 61	Note of July 6\$ 50 00
	A. A. note of Feb. 1 150 00
	Interest on note.... 10 00
	Field Day tickets .. 5 00
156 39	Medals 10 00
<u>\$225 00</u>	<u>\$225 00</u>
	Bal..... 156 39

FROM SEPT. 1 to DEC. 9.

Saxton.....\$ 10 00	From 98-99\$ 156 39
State Fair..... 20 00	Coach Dickson's
U. P. game..... 134 30	fare to Reno 90 77

Fees..... 532 00	Interest on same .. 55
S. C. game..... 202 00	Fare U. P. team ... 131 25
Indian game..... 73 75	Fare S. C. team ... 140 00
S. J. Normal game 156 90	Fare S. J. Normals 131 25
Overdrawn acc'ts. 6 75	Incidentals 592 69

\$1,235 70

7 20

\$1,242 90

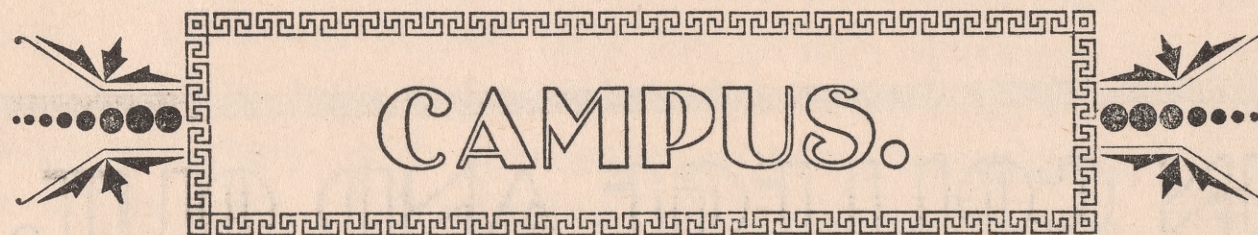
\$1,242 90

Bal 7 20

Claims which have not been paid	7 20
A. A. Note	100 00
Fare of U. N. team to Palo Alto and return.....	177 45
Football supplies.....	46 15
Incidentals (about).....	25 00
<u>Indebtedness</u>	<u>\$355 80</u>

G. SIELAFF,

Acting Treasurer.



Geo. Bliss '97 was on the Campus Dec. 8th visiting friends.

Paul Adams '03 was called home the 10th by the death of his mother.

P. A. McCarran '01 has accepted a position with the *Gazette* as reporter.

What's going to happen? Merrill was on time to breakfast Tuesday morn.

R. Tobin '01 went to San Jose with the Nevada State Band. "Sousa" is sure to be a valuable addition.

Miss Louise Sparks, Normal '00, was married to Mr. Geo. Noel during the Thanksgiving recess. Congratulations to the lucky groom.

Prof R. Brown left for Chicago the 20th on a visit to his parents.

Adams '03 was called home Monday, Dec. 11, by the illness of his mother.

Chas. Lewers '94 was on the Campus the 20th visiting his brother, Prof. Robt. Lewers.

Examinations were very severe this term. The reports as handed in show a small percentage of failures.

Prof. Brown has met several of the Hall boys at the dining-room door and given them bouquets. He also rendered the pathetic little ballad, "Arise and get a move on yourself." Copies are for sale by Mrs. Pringle.

The Junior Hop was the social event of the season. Everybody who was present reports an enjoyable time.

Geo. Scheur '03 received a telegram stating the injury of his brother the 20th. Geo. left for home immediately.

Miss K. Bardenwerper, former preceptress at the "Cottage," left for Chicago, Wednesday, the 20th, to attend college.

The Business Manager of the Artemesia will soon start his work. It is intended to have the book out by April 15th.

President Stubbs has been absent in the East the last three weeks. During his absence Prof. Phillips is Acting President.

There will be a choice number of students remaining at the University this vacation. Nearly all the old students went home.

Captain Fred Linscott, Nevada Cavalry, has been appointed Commandant. "Scotty" will make a good corps of the battalion.

The price of last year's "Artemesia" has been reduced to 75 cents. Copies are now on sale at the Registrar's office and at Cann's Drug Store.

Many of the students were at the train to see the Carlisle Indian team. A few passes of the ball were made and our experts say that they were fast players.

The University Dramatic Club will soon begin work. They have sent for a choice lot of plays. It is organized for the benefit of needy organizations in the 'Varsity.

A. King Dickson, our football coach, left for his home in Philadelphia, Dec. 4. King made many friends while here and we all were sorry to see him leave. A rousing send-off was given him by the students. As usual, no co-eds were present.

The basket-ball team expects to play several games with California teams on the Campus in the spring.

Quite a number of the Hall boys have been sick the last few days. The present weather is hard on them(?).

The "Artemesia" will be a great book this year. Officers were elected last week. Work will be started on it soon.

Sam Durkee '94 has returned from Africa. Sam reports the other boys as doing well in the positions they occupy.

Mrs. Hunter and son, Harry, were on the Campus Dec. 2d on a visit to their son and brother, Will Hunter '01.

N. H. Bruette '99 and Nate Dunsdon '90 are at Grand Fork, B. C. They have a position with a mining company.

A. A. Carman, Special, center on the football team, left for his home at Pioche the 21st, "Linkum" will not return next term.

A dramatic Club is amongst the latest improvements in the 'Varsity. Several plays and farces will be put on during the winter.

Since the snow has fallen, drill is held in the Gym. The extra drill squad has a large attendance nevertheless. Snow seems to have a bad effect on the cadets.

It is surprising what a great number of hard students there are at Lincoln Hall. The exams brought out several good men. Tobin and Saxton did some studying and "Buster" read Scribner's.

Skating parties will soon be the rage. The ice on the reservoirs about the Campus is fast getting into shape for the skaters. Grey '02 and Hunter '01 have received orders not to venture near the reservoirs.

The sketches which Lester Merrill drew for the Annual last year are on exhibition at Cann's Drug Store. The management intends raffling them off in the near future.

On January 19th the Reno Dramatic Club will present a comedy entitled "A Kettle of Fish." This play is adapted from the German of Von Schoenthan, from the source of Agustin Daly's famous "7-20-8," and is a splendid satire on American girls marrying English nobility. Its four sparkling, brilliant acts are all that could be wished, and the climax is startling, to say the least. As the net proceeds are to be

donated to the University Athletic Association to assist in paying the present debt, a large audience is assured.

Attention is called to the new ads. in this issue of the J. R. Bradley Co., Free Museum, Donnels & Steinmetz, Riverside Hotel and Washoe Lunch Counter.

Paul Moorman was elected football captain by the team last week. Paul will be a good captain. He has the spirit and takes great interest in football. The team could not have made a better choice.



ATHLETICS.

TRACK TEAM NEXT TERM.

AT present the athletic element at the University is taking a lay-off, a period of reaction and rest after the excitement of the football season. Little or nothing has yet been done toward building up a track team. It is expected that active training will begin promptly at the opening of

next semester, and with the material on hand it is expected that we will be able to send out a team capable, reliable and strong.

In all probability we will secure a track meet with the University of Utah next term, whether in Reno or Salt Lake City is not yet known, and depends altogether upon what means can be devised to reduce attendant expenses to a minimum.

BASKET-BALL.

SOME anxiety is manifest among our fair co-eds who are wont to toss the pneumatic sphere. 'Tis caused because the horrid Stanford Faculty are talking of, or perhaps have already forbidden, their team of feminine athletes to play inter-collegiate basket-ball. If this is true, Berkeley's Faculty will no doubt second the motion and western athletic co-eds' delightful basket-ball games may possi-

bly become a thing of the past, "a schoolgirl's dream, the wonder of an hour."

This is but a rumor, and we ardently pray that it may not be true. The long periods of training and dieting have worked wonders for the physiques and health of our girls, and the injuries received in games are so trivial as to evoke a laugh when enumerated. Let us suppose for a minute that the play is rough, which it is not. Only two or three games are played during the year and the benefit derived from

the long period of training pays a hundred fold for sprains and scratches received in an hour of exciting play.

Let the girls play basket ball if they want to. Encourage and assist them in every possible

manner, and if the misguided professors of Stanford University should say "Nay, nay, Pauline," we shall call them a lot of bald-headed, long-whiskered, cross-eyed old billy goats. So there!



THE CRITIC.

THE CHRONIC "KICKERS."

THERE is a certain sect of students in this school, and I presume in every school, who want to do this thing and that thing and are always around letting you know what should be done and how. But let there be a little work or an assessment connected with the enterprise and they are quiet as clams. If you look for them they are no where to be found, or else they have something else to do just at that time. After the enterprise (entertainment, reception or whatever it may be) has been carried through, they come around as big as life and criticise every part of it.

To this class belongs those who do not subscribe for the college paper, but borrow or steal their neighbors' and then come around and criticise everything in it and "blow up" the editors for this article and that article. (I think in this respect some of the co-eds would be included in the class.) The same ones have a "kick" coming every time a joke appears in the college paper about them, and at the same time they smile to themselves to think their names are in print.

They are a detriment and a drawback to the student body in all its undertakings, and the sooner we learn to act without them the better it will be for all concerned.

CLASS SPIRIT.

WHAT is there such a lack of class spirit this year? Is it because the students take no interest in their classes, or is it because they have not enough "get-up" about them to do anything? We will have to waive the last reason, because the students have shown in more ways than one that they have "get up and get there" in them. It must be then that the present lack of class spirit is due to a lack of interest in the class. What is the cause of this lack of interest? In

the first place it is because there has been no inter-class contests, and in the second place because the students as classes are not together often enough.

I have heard it said that the Faculty opposed an inter-class football game this year. Probably they had good reasons for doing so, but one thing is certain; if there were more interclass contests there would be more class spirit. The students would take pride in their respective classes and work harder to keep up the standard. Without interclass contests there is no class distinction. The students are just as con-

tented to fall back into the next lower class as they are to stay with their own.

Again, if the classes would get together oftener, hold more meetings, have entertainments or revive some of the old class customs, it would tend to make the students study harder to keep up to their class standards, and after examinations there would be fewer "flunks" than at the present time.

THE CO-EDS LACK COLLEGE SPIRIT.

PERHAPS it is because they devote the whole of their time to hard study and consequently cannot afford to waste a single precious minute in learning what is going on at the University. Again, it may be that they are all in reduced circumstances, obliged to be so economical that the parting with a single dollar per year would be a serious calamity to each. Some staff members suggest as a solution that the ten loyal girls who do take the college paper are compelled, on pain of being dubbed "snobs," to lend their copies to the one hundred and fifty fair students who have neither the time to read nor the money to subscribe for the STUDENT RECORD.

It is an awful thing to say, is it not, but the Business Manager is face to face with the cold hard fact that if the RECORD had to depend on our co-eds for its subscription list, it would die quicker than the suicide who resorts to prusic acid. At present only ten girls in the whole student body are subscribers. At the Cottage, where half the co-eds in the University live together, only three copies of the college paper are delivered!

But the RECORD is not obliged to depend upon the co-eds. Its present paid subscription list is larger than ever before. Both the male students and townspeople loyally support this exponent of Nevada college life and we are now on a firmer financial basis than at any time in past years.

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