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The Student Record

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The Student Record.

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EDITORIAL STAFF:

A. M. SMITH, '00, Editor-in-Chief.

G. T. SAXTON '00, Associate. GUSTAV SIELAFF '00, Exch.

CARL STODDARD, '01. GOODWIN DOTEN, '03.

FENTON A. BONHAM, '01. JAMES S. GILES, Sp'l.

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EDITORIAL.

Whither Are We Drifting?

Here we are again. I mean the editorial "we," pencil in hand and face to face with acres of smooth white paper. A column of editorial must be ground out this hour, and not

an idea in sight. When we picked up our pencil and ensconced ourself in an easy chair we imagined that inspiration would come; that great ideas embellished in flowery rhetoric would flow from our pencil tip. But nay! Hope is quashed; our imagination is gone glimmering. I am not sure of gaining my readers' sympathy by telling this, and furthermore don't care a tinker's epithet whether the majority does or not as I am confident of the staunch loyalty of my classmates no matter whether I am right or wrong, or better said, whether I err or do the right thing.

Those among the students who would condemn me for a lack of wit should wait and see before they speak too harshly. It is safe to assert that the majority of our students have not had a great deal of worldly experience; their young knowledge boxes are still absorbently receptive, and it is necessary to pass this stage of development before reaching the period of sober reflection characteristic of a competent critic.

As yet I have written nothing, and see I must continue thrashing around in the dark after an idea. I am like a man who has had all his long standing religious convictions suddenly annihilated; still clinging to the shadow of old beliefs, hence must write in favor of everything that is brought about by the University government. Such is the awful force of habit. This habit is acquired by wilfully perverting the mind into a wrong channel; by writing praises when curses would have been the proper thing. Such is the strength of the college government to which we bow allegiance. I therefore beg my patient reader to bear with this wandering, truth-seeking introduction because it is the raving of a mind disordered by long-continued and persistent ill-usage.

I reiterate that it is quite impossible for me to

find fault. Besides being an undergraduate, my gentle warble of remonstrance against anything that has been decreed by the faculty and the Board of University Regents would have no more influence on existing conditions than a snowball on the flames of hades. Doubtless a student suicidal enough to give for publication an opinion adverse to their action would be disintegrated as quickly as the aforesaid snowball.

Vale, Professor Jackson. We would fain call you "Jack," the old familiar term of endearment. Farewell kind friend and benefactor. The circumstance which takes you from us in some measure kills our love and respect for the school. We are powerless to help you, we can but idly rail in vain, and to rail is to invoke the wrath of our rulers.

Ah! at last I have the idea. I knew it would come. Welcome proof that my think-tank is not yet utterly deranged from efforts to solve the mighty problems which seethe and boil 'midst the ruling powers of our University. So clear and vivid is this thought and its subdivisions that it must be right and innocent, so, being innocent, how can it offend my superiors?

Here goes: Does the Board of Regents know that Professor Jackson has made the University of Nevada School of Mines famous from end to end of our fair land?

Does that august band realize that this could have been accomplished by no other means than through perseverance, application and ability?

Do the capable intellects of these men whom the public has vested with the grave duty of managing University affairs grasp the subtle fact that Jackson has time and time again paid out his own cold, hard-earned cash for supplies needed in the mining laboratories, after they had failed to apportion money necessary to properly conduct the department?

Has this enlightened band of broadly educated men—men whom we inconsequential undergraduates have been accustomed to regard as semi-deities—has it ever been informed that

Jackson practically established an Alumni School of Mines, giving employment to one and all of his graduates in his own mines and mills, thus fitting them to fill difficult positions everywhere?

Do they realize that in wresting an old and honored instructor from the graduating class in mines—oh, but where has this idea lead me! to destruction, in all likelihood. I, the editor, who should lead the chorus of praise and cry shame to those who do not sing as loud as they might—here I am condemning the action of my rulers in the worst sort of way. I am helpless. My pencil rushes fiercely along, driven by a sorrow and anger utterly beyond control and it scratches a complaint right in the face of the "powers that be."

Now I understand the emotion which centuries ago thrilled the Persian poet Omar Kaah-yim when he wrote:

"Oh love, could you and I conspire,
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire
Would we not shatter it to bits and then
Remold it nearer to the heart's desire?"

Why was I possessed with an idea and why have I followed it up, burning the bridges behind me? Is it a decree of fate and all for the best, or is it a problem to be solved by time and the faculty?

One of the ramifying rootlets of this idea leads me to believe the welfare of our school of mines is in the dusk, night is yet to follow and the dawn, if coming at all, is a long ways off. Not only has our Professor Jackson been injured and insulted, but Dr. J. Warne Phillips, one of the school's mainstays,, has been injured by insult, all of which is pretty well known by this time.

Where will it all end, whither are we drifting? What is happening to our University and who is to blame? Is a new state of affairs forthcoming, or is the pride of our State doomed to fade away as did the glory of Greece after the revolution? Will it be possible in the future for us to address a miserable substitute of the once famous school of mines as Byron did the dead land of art and learning?

"Fair school, sad relic of departed worth;
Immortal, though no more,
Though fallen, great.

* * * * *

In bleak Nevada's sepulchral strait;
Oh, who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Alumni's ranks and call thee from the
tomb?

GIVE SANCTION AND APPROVAL.

We, the undersigned members of the Senior Class in the School of Mines, University of Nevada, have each read and approved of the editorial which appears in this issue of the STUD-

ENT RECORD, and it is at our suggestion that it is printed in the college paper. We publish this in order that the public may not be lead into an erroneous belief that the editor and staff are acting alone in the matter.

(Signed:) RICHARD TOBIN,
D. W. HAYES,
W. H. BRULE,
CARL STODDARD,
GEO. SAXTON,
W. F. NORRIS,
G. J. SIELAFF,
W. F. BERRY,
D. W. GAULT.



LITERARY.

The "Bustup" Between Bess and Bill.

BESS and Bill had been keeping "steady company" for over a year. The college wags said it was an awful bad case, and mutual. Gossips predicted a wedding soon after commencement, for Bess and Bill were both Seniors in good standing and would graduate at the close of the semester. So much for our hero and heroine.

Now the third character in my story, the villain, I suppose he should be called--though Heaven knows he never had sense enough to make a real out and out rascal—is a domesticated foreigner, whom we will label Chauncey Flap-Doodle.

Flap-Doodle had entered the school during the previous term, registering as Sophomore Special. That is, when anyone asked him what course he was taking, he would reply with some show of pride, "I am a Sophomore Special taking additional work in other classes." He really was classified in Soph English, but all the

rest of his subjects were in the third year Preparatory School and 'twas said by some of the youngsters that "Doodle-Flap" was having an awful tussel with simultaneous quadratics. It was further hinted that the principal reason he did not register 3rd Prep. was because he could not bear being ranked with such a plebian lot of preps, he Mr. Chauncey Flap-Doodle, who had traveled extensively and had such an amazing stock of general information and entertaining blarney.

Flap-Doodle was a specimen of that peculiar arch-type of the dude commonly known as a "ladies' man;" perhaps my meaning will be clearer when I say that he was neither a dude nor a prig, but something of both. He had the power, or rather the faculty, of making himself very agreeably interesting and entertaining for a short time to any girl he chose. As soon as she became better acquainted with him and looked beneath his shallow coat of artificiality and loose learning, the charm ceased to work and he must needs find another girl to fascinate.

Girls, as everyone knows, are attracted moth-like toward a first-class "ladies' man," and the singing of their wings consisting in ultimately finding out how badly they have been fooled. But here I am forgetting my story to discuss Flap-Doodle, who is hardly worth so lengthy a description.

This is how it came about. Bess met Flap-Doodle and thought he was, as girls express it, "awful nice." Flap-Doodle thought Bess a very pleasant girl and brought all his talents to bear. He talked of travel, authors, music and drama; reviewed the latest books and told of his remarkable experiences in far-away lands.

Now a girl can no more resist that sort of thing than fly, and Bess was no exception to the rule. By dint of a great deal of gallantry and eloquence he persuaded her to attend the social with him. Bess had much of the proper spirit about her, and if it had not been that Bill was a hundred miles away at the bedside of a sick friend just at that particular time, Flap would never have persuaded her to say "yes," but Bill was away and the social was going to be "just grand," and Flap so wanted her to "attend," as she tearfully told her best chum after the "bustup."

The next day Bill came back to the Varsity, and of course was greeted by a perfect storm of joshes from every hand. "Flap has cut you out; you're not in it with the fairy, Bill." "Once you were the only pebble on the beach, but now you're only a 100 to 1 shot and no buyers at that; you ain't in it with Doodle-Flap." Thus they joked him and Bill smiled, but all the same the words rankled. He did not believe at first, but soon learned the true state of affairs. His anger boiled up. So Bess could go to the social

with no one but that dude, and he must needs be ranked as Flap-Doodle's rival. He would see Bess at once and demand an explanation. A few minutes later he called.

"Why, how do you do, Bill, I am so glad to see you. Are you glad to get back?"

"Yes, thank you. You had a pretty good time while I was gone, didn't you? How is his dudelets, Chauncey Flap?"

"Well, I think he is real nice, and has treated me splendidly."

"Evidently. Well, I guess I'll resign my exalted position in your favor for him. I couldn't endure having such a thing as that pointed out as my rival," retorted Bill hotly.

"You can do just as you like about it. I always have and always will do just as I please."

"Good bye."

"Good bye."

For over a month they crossed the streets to avoid meeting each other. The gossips said solemnly: "Bess and Bill have had a quarrel and are at outs."

The college wag remarked with a grin: "Well, the soak's all off between Bess and Bill. They've had a bustup."

And Flap-Doodle, poor fellow, was most cordially despised by both Bess and Bill as the cause of it all, when to tell the truth he was very little to blame, because you know, children and fools are innocent.

Now it came to pass that in the course of a few months Bess and Bill were again reconciled and more loving than ever. Six months after commencement they were married and lived happily ever after, which, by the way, is the only proper manner to conclude a love-story.

WHEEL-HOUSE.

AN EPISODE.

JACK HARVEY was a fireman on the Santa Fe. He was strong-limbed, deep chested, had clear blue eyes that looked straight into yours. He im-

pressed you as a man, who, no matter what the peril, could be trusted. Jack's engineer was a reckless sort of man, and often playfully chided Jack for his more steady ways. Jack's run took him over what is known on the Santa Fe as the "Raton Summit."

It was a lovely day in May. Jack was on his downward trip, and, just as they came to the top of the grade, he settled himself for a rest. "Charlie," he said to his engineer, "hadn't you better try the air, you know this freight is pretty heavy." The engineer's response was a surly "I guess I know my business."

Down the grade they moved, gathering speed with every revolution of the ponderous drive-wheels. Suddenly Jack noticed that the engineer was tugging with all his strength at the air brakes. He sprang to his assistance, but to no purpose, the combined efforts of the two men could not set the brakes.

"Down brakes," whistled the engineer, but it was too late, for no brakeman could remain on the top of that now flying train. Climbing back

over the tender Jack uncoupled the train from the engine and scrambled back into his cab.

"That's our only salvation," he muttered to himself, as he remembered that the track turned sharply at the foot of the hill.

By this time the train was going at a fearful rate. The conductor and brakemen jumped as soon as they realized the train was doomed.

Not so with the two men on the engine. They bravely stayed at their posts. The heavy freight left the track at the turn, but did not take the engine with it.

Jack's daring feat had saved two lives and a valuable engine. He now occupies an engineer's "seat" on a passenger engine and often remarks that he always tries the brakes before starting down Raton Summit.—D. B. A. '02.

IN COLLEGE AND OUT.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

THERE is yet a lack of literary societies in this University. The difficulty of successfully conducting a society devoted to general literary work having been demonstrated, specialization should be tried. Societies or clubs having some special aim, such as the cultivation of oratorical or dramatic talent, essay writing, reading or conversation, would undoubtedly be successful. A

membership of a dozen or so would be large enough for such organizations. Besides being an effective means of instruction we believe such small circles would be pleasant social events.

The indispensable requisite for club success is through acquaintance among its members. By this means only can embarrassment be dispelled. There is yet a field in this University for at least a half-dozen such societies.

J. S. M.

Schells from the North-West Schoer.

THEY Arnot afraid to put on Ayres by carrying Caines on their Arms Orr in their Wright Hand, and will never starve with Choice Cutts of Lamb and

Bacon and with Cases of Berrys to eat, but they Drew the line at Barkers. Nay you must not Banta them for Bean late at the first Bell, or they will put your Coffin in the Hardgrave and cover it with an Acree of Clay. They have not the Hart to Harris the Young Hayes-Edes who

are Shier than Sparks Doten on a Newlove they adMayre. Moran Moorman Luke for Holmes and a Lodge over the Hill toward Moutrose, while the Weathers Fiene, in a hope that a roof the Rainwater Patterson may shelter them when the Ayres Fuller of Grey Fogg and Hayes and Watterson the earth. Grant that the Pope may confer a blessing on them.

We have Adams and Caines and Abels but

only one Dewey eve, which all Americans claim. In trades we have a Taylor, a Sadler and a Smith, who are all Dexterous.

There in the Gill-ded Hall the Writer's Penrose with a Snapp when the Morrill of the story was finished.

P. S. Against all Leavitt-y be Warren'd. See! Laugh! What Kenny do? Hennything. What a Pitt-y.



Last semester was closed by the customary Junior prom and the members of '01 are deserving of much credit for the able manner in which their guests were entertained.

The grand march, led by Miss Nash and Mr. Ward began promptly at 8 o'clock. The music was excellent, and twenty-four waltzes and two-steps, with an intermission at 11 o'clock for refreshments, carried the merry company late into the following morning.

In the world of social events, the Society Editor is pleased to record that a most pleasant vacation was spent by all the students, although our friends who remained in Reno were foreseeing a dull vacation, accounts tell of an entirely different result.

Several card parties and candy pulls were given during the two weeks, and on New Year's Eve a dance took place in the Gym. Although it was an impromptu affair, many were present and a jolly time was had.

What particularly occupied the students was skating, through Jack Frost's kind thoughtfulness, the numerous reservoirs and ponds in the vicinity of town were paved over with a fine sheet of ice. Although there were no evening parties, many students might have been seen during the day gliding merrily over the ice,

while others, less skillful in the art, skated on one foot and stood still by turns. It is said that several new skaters have developed among the co-eds, not, however, without having first undergone many of the dangers of the sport.

Of those who spent the vacation at their homes, none have expressed themselves otherwise than as having had a jolly time.

Although vacation brings with it a feeling of freedom and enjoyment, yet every student will agree that he is glad when it is over and that there is much more happiness in actual work at college.

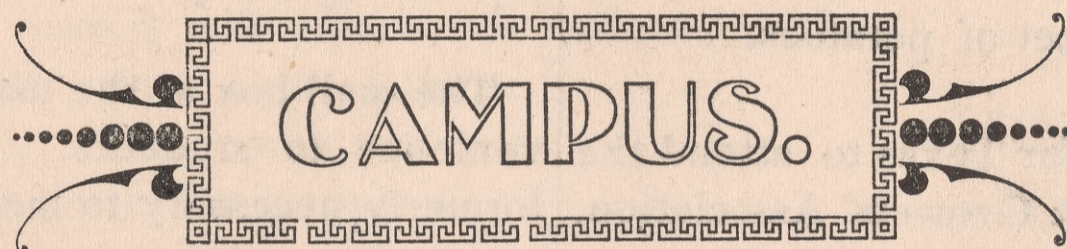
Professor Krall, assisted by Mrs. C. E. Dutcher and some of his pupils, has kindly offered his services to help raise the Gymnasium indebtedness by a concert to be given about the 2d of February. Professor Krall hardly needs an introduction to our students, as he has assisted in such matters before. For the sake of those students who were not here then it might be well to say something about him. The Professor has been teaching music for many years. At present he is teaching in Wadsworth, Reno, Carson and Virginia. The number of pupils he has in these different towns speaks well for his ability in music.

Mrs. Dutcher is an exceptionally well accomplished lady in music and has had training in that art, both in this country and abroad. We are informed that she has made several great "hits" with her remarkable voice. She has the fortune of having both a sweet and a strong voice. In fact, Mrs. Dutcher is an exceptionally well cultivated lady, and we should all congratulate ourselves at the prospect of hearing her sing.

About Professor Krall's pupils and other assistants we cannot say much, for we do not

know who they are. We can say this, however, that whoever the Professor chooses must be good or they would not be chosen. There will also be some University talent taking part in the concert. We are also informed that the evening's pleasure will close with a few dances.

The students should all endeavor to make this concert a financial as well as a social success; both for the purpose of paying off the Gynasium indebtedness and to show Professor Krall and his assistants that we appreciate their efforts in this direction.



Several new students have entered college with the new term.

A few of the students worked at the reduction works during vacation.

Prof. Blessing was called to his home during vacation, by the death of his mother.

General Assembly was held Thursday, the 11th. Prof. Lewers delivered the address.

T. J. Lawrence, '99, left for Placerville Cal., last week to take a position with a mining company.

The play, "A Kettle of Fish," to be put on soon by the Reno Dramatic Club, will be a great thing. It has comical situations all through. It is for the benefit of the football team.

The golf links are again receiving attention from the club. They were deserted during vacation, with the exception of Prof. Cushman, who is an expert in the art of smashing.

Jack Bristol '99 visited the 'Varsity during the Christmas vacation.

Ralph Travers, Com. '97, visited the University during the holiday vacation.

Miss Sibyl Howe, Normal, '99, was on the Campus visiting friends Monday the 8th.

C. Wedertz, ex-Special, has returned to the University in order to continue his work in mines.

The T. H. P. O. intend giving a grand ball in the near future. It will be the social event of the season.

"Mystery" did some good work during vacation. He repaired two chairs and bought a bottle of pickles at the auction.

The Philomathean has arranged a good program for Friday evening, Jan. 25th. It will be an open meeting. A roaring farce entitled "A Proposal Under Difficulties," will be rendered in addition to the usual program.

A holiday party was given Xmas week, at the Gym. by a few of the Hall boys. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

Everybody should bear in mind that this year's Artemesia will be a great thing. Get your funds in order for several copies.

"Zeb" and "Ruffles" walked ten miles to get a Christmas tree and then were angry because it was not used. Could you blame them?

Cards are out announcing the wedding of "Buzzer" and a fair damsel. "Buzzer" wears a smile as large as a basket of potatoes.

President Stubbs left for Texas to attend the meeting of the Live Stock Growers' Association. He will deliver an address before the Convention.

Re-exams are being held later than in previous years. This was for the reason that students might have more enjoyment during their vacation.

Several of the students spent the vacation in San Francisco. They thought the climate would be more adapted to their health than Nevada's atmosphere.

R. M. Brambilla, '97, has been appointed battalion adjutant of his regiment in the Philippines. He passed his exam. so well that the promotion was very sudden.

The latest thing in the musical line on the Campus is a quartette. It is composed of Mrs. P—, Tessie, Gee Wah and Sing. The chief song is "I have bum beef and bread upon the brain."

Skating is the chief sport on the hill at present. The only trouble is the walking to reach the reservoir. Since the edict went forth "you may look, but you mustn't touch," there have been tears. The girls cannot see our expert.

Prof. Brown returned from the East Friday, the 2nd. His daughter Mildred returned with him.

R. H. Fraser, '99 has a position with a large mining company in Arizona. He is doing well in his new position.

Many of our students patronized the auction last week. They have laid up a supply to last during the winter.

The raffle of the '99 Artemesia sketches brought quite a little sum. This will go toward liquidating last year's debt.

The mail box at the main gate is a great convenience to students. It saves many steps formerly necessary to mail letters.

Baseball is beginning to receive some attention from the students. It is hard work to form a team, owing to the need of a battery.

The University intends making some provision for skating for the students next year. It will be a welcomed improvement to the 'Varstiy.

The library has just received a fine lot of books for use in the Department of History. They are a valuable addition to the reference shelves.

Many improvements were made during vacation, among them a walk around the lawns at the Hall, and Stanaway has put a grate in the Reading-Room fireplace.

A concert is to be given by Prof. Krall assisted by local talent, Friday evening, Feb. 2d. The concert is for the benefit of raising the indebtedness on the Gymnasium. University students and children will be charged twenty-five cents general admission. Prof. Krall is an accomplished musician, and the public will be accorded a musical treat. This is the first of this sort of entertainments given in Reno in several years.



JOSHES.

It is impossible for us to work a great deal of humor under this head for this edition. We are sad, oh so sad, and besides we are very inexperienced. Sad, because we have just returned from the last "Josh" writer's funeral. He having been assassinated by one of his irate victims; and inexperienced, because we are a new man, his successor. Such being the state of affairs, we know our readers will pardon the lack of scintillating wit which has hitherto illumined this column(?). The reader will also mentally pat us on the back for bravely stepping into such a dangerous position. We wish to state right now that it is from no natural courage we accept the position. Nothing excepting the large salary could have induced us to take it.

We have been urgently requested not to josh our business manager about Miss H., and have sworn a solemn oath by the whiskers of Kakum Kakum to honor his wishes in the matter. However, we have one on him of a different nature. Who was the girl he so effectually "mashed" at a recent installation of the I. O. O. F.?

Rev. James Prior Giles, ladies' man, author, anarchist, orator and successful in all, has embarked in a new business. He purchased three cans of salmon at a recent auction. Not a soul knows what he intends to do with them. Jimmie's transactions always were "fishy."

What kind of meal does Kate McG. like best? Graham. Note:—This josh was written and submitted by a big student who has a "pull" with the editor. It was undoubtedly prompted by a spirit of revenge.

I despise a punster. How it grates upon one's finer sensibilities and makes a mockery of the tender passion to hear such things as these: "I left my watch in a repair shop. It Doane keep time." "How Can it be possible?"

"I am trying to win favor in the eyes of Miss L—— B——." "Well you are a Lulu! You had Becker Leavitt alone. That's my advice Allen a nutshell."

AN ELEGY (?).

Ah me! I fear our Gus is gone;
Entranced ne'er to awaken,
His heart, I know, is now in pawn
To charming, witty Bacon.

Cute Cupid, when you break the ice,
And Seniors are the lovers,
You should erect a danger sign,
Because destruction hovers.

"This Unsworth her weight in gold,"
Said "Fat" in manner merry,
"A case of love?" inquired a friend.
Fat reddened like a Berry.

"There is no new love like the old,
Newlove's the love for me,"
A Senior popped this paradox,
Its meaning, can't you see?

Oh, isn't it just awful sad
So sad it can't be Sadler
That Mable R—— of '03
Could let a lad so addle her?

Ask Miss McCormack about the horseless carriages.

Since vacation Ed Roberts has been devoting his spare time to drawing a portrait. As the writer passed his door the other day he heard Roberts exclaim: "———! those eyes don't look like Miss A——'s."

Miss C., '02, stood in the doorway of her home a few evenings ago gazing at the stars. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Oh there is a Meter" (meteor.)

Stiner, Com. '00 is all smiles. Several co-eds predict that he is going into the confectionery business.

CONVICTION BROUGHT BY DREAM.

The mind is master of the man in sleep,
When we're awake conditions are reversed.
Things thought seem grim, realities, vast,
deep,
When they are loathsome, then sleep is
accurst.

I dreamed last night the maid I love was dead,
Snatched from me by a swift and dread
disease;
Into her still, white presence was I lead,
Sorrow enthralled me; blood, pulse seemed to
freeze.

Half crazed with grief and all bereft, I woke.
Oh rapture! Joy to know 'twas just a dream;
Dread misery gone, destroyed at one fell stroke,
Which tore me from the realm of things that
seem.

A virtue was there in that dream so drear.
'Twas sent by Him who rules the heaven and
earth
To show my doubting heart I need not fear
To trust the love which calls her to my hearth.

A. M. SMITH.



Every melo-drama has its hero. Every hero has his admirers. Inspired by his noble actions, his self-sacrifices, his generous soul, every heart beats in sympathy for his welfare, every nerve tingles with admiration. So it is on the stage; so it is in reality. There we have the hero, here we have his admirers; there, is the idol, here, are youthful minds full of love for a magnanimous man. Few will know of the subtle influence, the incontestable though mysterious, authority exercised upon the heart, the life of one under a power intelligences unseen, un-

known—but felt. Felt by one who endures a mental torture crushed to the heart, one who bears a head bound in grief, but still is too self-sacrificing, too respectful of the feelings of others to strike the blow that would gain the victory of right over wrong.

Such is the condition of affairs in reality. Could every heart speak for itself, no word of praise could be too grand for the one who has devoted his thoughts, his actions and his pocket book to help those in the struggle to gain knowledge, to gain fame, Heaven grant that they

themselves might some day become as whole-souled, as unselfish, as famous in college history as the career of a beloved friend.

When the brown curls of the bookworm, the cysanthemum locks of the football hero will become silvered with gray, the robust glow of a youthful cheek will fade with age, the bounding step will falter in its tread, but let him look

back and say "when I was at college"—he stops—a smouldering light glows in his eyes, his nerves tingle with admiration, he sees a face, not a common mental picture, but the face of a strong mental character, a face that won the undying love of boyish hearts. Could I have been his equal? Who was he? His name was R. D. Jackson.



The *Boston Herald* has published an all-American football team, making its selections from the colleges of the Eastern and Middle States. The team is as follows: Left end, Campbell of Harvard; left tackle, Hillebrand of Princeton; left guard, Edwards of Princeton; center, Pierson of Cornell; right guard, Hare of Pennsylvania; right end, Poe of Princeton; quarter back, Daly of Harvard; left halfback, Sharpe of Yale; right halfback, Reiter of Princeton; fullback and captain, McBride of Yale.

This gives four players to Princeton, three to Yale, two to Harvard, and one each to Cornell and Pennsylvania.—*Indiana Student*.

"I've stood beside the cataract
Of the great Niagara Flood;
I stood with Lee at Malvern Hill
And saw the earth drink blood;
I've seen the Vatican at Rome,
And St. Paul—but alas?
These are but molecules beside
Our present senior class.

The *Yankton Student* comes to us somewhat improved in its Christmas edition and is decidedly interesting.

The State papers have of late been discussing the resignation of Professor Jackson, and the events following his action. We hope that these discussions will soon cease, so as not to reflect upon the man who has been the idol of the student body. The editor of this department shall refrain from answering the State papers because he believes the matter will be peaceably settled without any article through this column.

My boy will cut a figure,
Said the popper with a smile;
He is what they call a "digger,"
One that studies all the while.
The grades went home to popper,
And he swore an awful lot;
The boy had cut a figure,
But it was the figure o!

The Christmas number of the *Wyoming Student* has a new cover, which is a decided improvement over the old one. The literary department of the paper has improved greatly. We hope that the *Student* will continue to develop.

The *Baylor Literary* contains an article entitled "Individualism in Literature."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, God in his far-seeing wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved friend and classmate, Miss Loretta Jackson, be it therefore

Resolved, That we, her classmates, represented by this committee, tender her bereaved relatives our sympathy and condolence in their great bereavement; and be it furthermore

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the *STUDENT RECORD*, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

KATIE LESTER,
EDGAR LEAVITT,
C. C. SMITH,

Committee.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The age of intense competition is here. The world, which a century ago was but a skeleton of what it now is in civilization and education, has changed and advanced so rapidly that old, white-haired men, who have lived longer than the short span of years allotted to them, cannot realize that they are existing in the same world into which they were born.

Aerial navigation has established itself as a means of travel; railways are used only for the transportation of heavy freight. The slow, puffing, awkward steam locomotive has been relegated to the past, superseded by snake-like trains that run on concave elevated tracks at the rate of 250 miles per hour.

The State of Nevada, which at that time was a barren, desert plateau, has become a beautiful and thickly populated country. Blosson's wonderful invention for precipitating atmospheric moisture has caused the most desolate mountain tops to blossom as the rose.

But what of Reno, and the State University? Ah, if one of the plodding, unenlightened students—for they were all uneducated then—be brought to life he would find conditions changed beyond his wildest dreams. For miles and miles the city of Reno stretches out over the land, a mighty center of life, activity and struggling competition. Tall buildings of steel

reach upward for thousands of feet; myriad bridges cross the gorge-like streets. The University, which at that time consisted of a series of brick hovels, is now one immense structure, fifty stories high and covering ten times the area all combined did then. Students come from all parts of the State on flying machines and return at night. Chinese laundrymen and pawnbrokers have been forbidden to approach the building, as they exert a demoralizing influence upon the undergraduate body.

And now the reproving face of Wells appears and warns me to desist, as I am treading on forbidden ground. X.

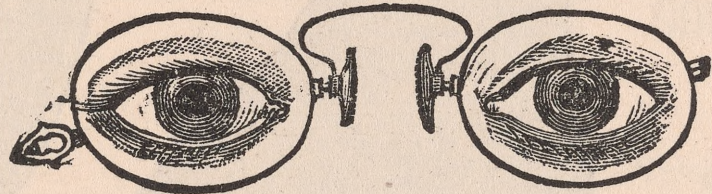
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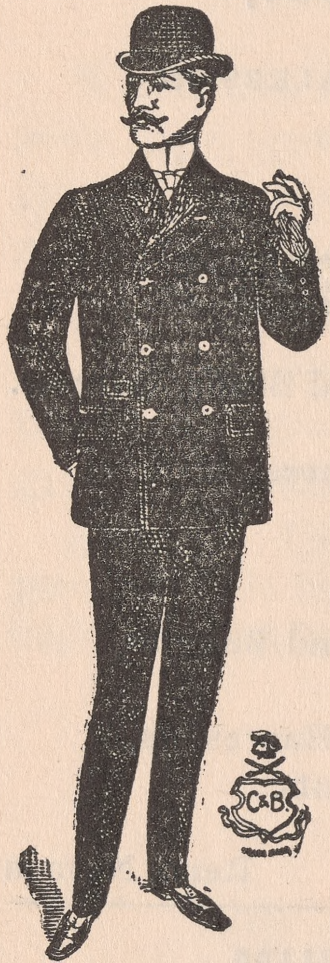
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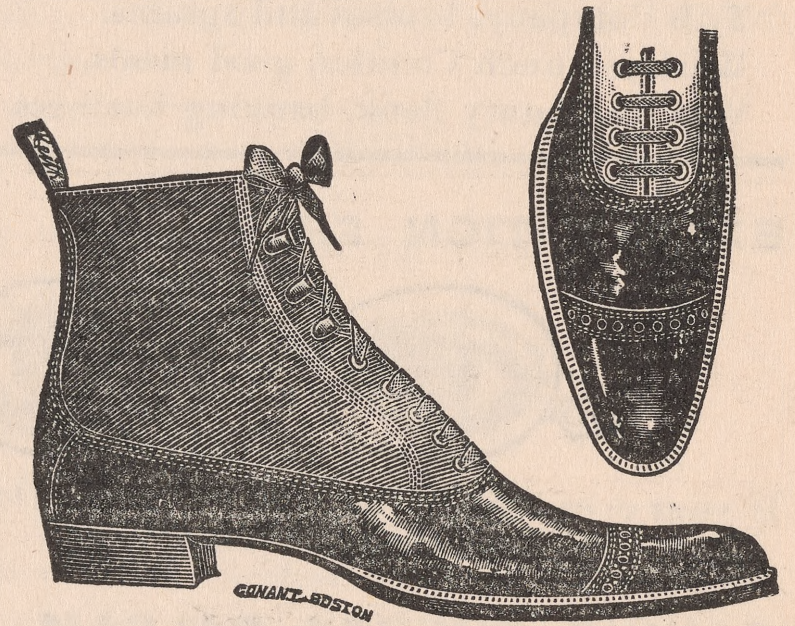


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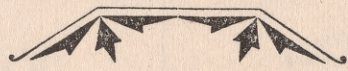


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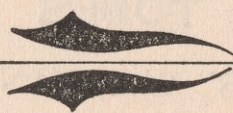
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