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Vol. VIII

No. 5

THE STUDENT RECORD



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THE STUDENT RECORD

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DECEMBER 1, 1900

No. 5

LITERARY

Side Lights on Nevada History--The Young Gray Head.

Grief hath been known to turn the young head
gray—
To silver over in a single day
The bright locks of the beautiful, their prime
Scarcely o'er past. —C. Southey.

My hair is white, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night
As men's have grown from sudden fears.
—Lord Byron.

SO say the poets, and Southey's "The Young Gray Head" is hardly less beautiful than Byron's "The Prisoner of Chillon," although perhaps not so well known. History tells of a few cases, notably Marie Antonette, where extreme grief or fear has in a short time turned a person's hair from its natural color to white. The death of Julia Mansfield some two years since, recalled the murder of Jim Fiske, and it was remarked that shortly after the crime, Richard Stokes' hair became thickly streaked with gray. Among the stories of early life in Nevada, one of the saddest and most remarkable is about a case of this kind.

A number of years ago a lady who was living in a small hotel in W—— happened to notice that the gentleman sitting opposite her, although he appeared to be a man considerably under middle age, had snow white hair. The inexpressible sadness which this peculiarity gave to the man's face aroused her curiosity, and after having made his acquaintance she asked him the reason why his hair was that color. The reply was the following story which, begging the reader's pardon for a few changes as to places and names, I will attempt to tell as the young lady heard it.

"I am from Ohio. At the age of twelve I was left an orphan, penniless and with no near relatives living except a brother about ten years older than myself. After our parents' death Dan was very kind to me and never failed when he could get away from his own work to come to the farm where I was staying and talk to, play or visit with me. If any one could have taken my father's place in my affections, he did. I suppose our common loss and the fact that we were separated a great deal of the time, made us care more for each

other than brothers usually do, and our one dream of happiness was that we might have a home of our own where, free from the interruptions of strangers, we could work, study a play as we chose.

"That was about the time when there were such great excitements here in the West and Dan caught the fever. With some borrowed money and the little he had saved of his wages, he secured passage for us from New York and we landed in San Francisco not many weeks after he had first expressed to me a desire to come West. From San Francisco we worked our way into Nevada. There was no railroad and all the supplies for southern Oregon and Idaho and northern Nevada were taken by ox or mule-teams up past Dun Glen, the ill-starred Gravelly Ford and McDermitt toward Silver City, Idaho.

"Dan had no taste for mining, so he located a farm near the road between McDermitt and Silver City. He hoped by raising cattle and horses and furnishing accommodations to the freighters to make money in a slower but surer way than by mining. He had chosen a good location and for two years we lived there and did well. Those were the happiest days of my life. We had returned the borrowed money, had made a home of our own, were growing richer every day and felt that we need beg no man for assistance.

"We had never been molested by Indians or, worse yet, by bands of thieving whites in the guise of Indians and had begun to think we never would be. But one day the trouble came.

"On the morning of this particular day my brother arose early, built a fire, shook me by the shoulders to arouse me, saying, 'Come kid. It's time to turn out,' and picking up the bucket started

to the creek for some water. I heard the door open, heard his step upon the gravel walk and then suddenly came the sharp reports of half a dozen rifles, followed by a low groan. I sprang from the bed just in time to see Dan's strong body fall lifeless at my feet. The heavy door which he had pushed open as he staggered back, swung slowly shut again. I stood still, stricken motionless with horror. Though it could have been only a few minutes, it seemed to me that I was standing for hours gazing at the gaping wound in the chest and at the loved face so fast assuming the rigidity of death. In those moments all of our life, all that we had ever been to each other passed through my mind and as my terrible loss forced itself upon me I remember saying softly to myself 'and, now, what *will* I do.' I wondered, too, in a dazed way, why some one did not open the door and kill me also, and it seemed to me that I cared too little to make any resistance.

"But at last I was roused with a start. Instinctive self-preservation and love of life came back with full force. I grabbed the rifle from the corner, slipped on my shoes and started for the back window of the house. The thought that this, too, was probably guarded made me hesitate for an instant but a second idea that the house would surely be burned if I stayed in it made me accept the window as a last resort. I jumped quickly out and crouched low against the wall. All was still. After a minute of waiting and listening, I began to crawl on my hands and knees toward a clump of thick brush not far away.

"Horror and sorrow were gone now and in their stead absolute terror seized me. Tremblingly, I

hurried on, ever looking back and expecting each instant to feel the hot lead crash through my body. My terror increased. I reached the brush and forced my way through it, cutting and bruising my hands and knees, tearing the little clothing which I had so hastily put on, off my body and scratching myself in a hundred places. On and on I crept through sagebrush, over rocks and down the long hill-sides out into the desert until at last I stopped from sheer exhaustion.

"I was calmer when I was able to go on and I arose and walked in what seemed to be the direction of McDermitt. My judgment, was right but the hot sun poured its blistering rays down upon my uncovered head, the alkali dust choked me and I weakened fast

from hunger and thirst. In a few hours my senses fled and I would have perished had not a scouting party from Fort McDermitt found me and taken me to that place.

"I was placed under the care of an army surgeon and for several weeks lay at the point of death. When I was at last able to drag my thin limbs out into the yellow sunshine, I found that my hair was snow-white, and the soldiers told me it was that color when they picked me up on the desert."

The speaker paused for an instant then slowly added, "We never knew who it was that came that morning. I didn't go back to the place. The soldiers said everything was burned and destroyed when they got there."

F. A.



The Problem of the Nations, Wise and Otherwise.

THE Anglo-Saxon has just pulled himself together after a little family quarrel. He is victorious and sits down to contemplate his less successful rival. This latter, an almond-eyed, yellow skinned, pig-tailed little gentleman shame-facedly digs a hole in the ground with the toe of his wooden shoe, folds his horny hands in his long sleeves and awaits judgment. The self-appointed judge wearily passes his bloody, powder stained fingers through his own dishevelled hair and begins.

"Well, John, you're a problem. I never tackled a proposition just like you before and I don't know exactly what to do with you. In the first place you're too many. Wherever you are at all you're thicker than grasshoppers in

a plague or amateur violinists in Pluto's kingdom. A broadside from the united navies of the world doesn't seem to harm you any more than a shot gun would a swarm of gnats. If any damage is done, it can't be seen. You can exist on a piece of land that an ordinary man wouldn't consider large enough for a Chicago girl's footing, and when there isn't room for you on top of Mother Earth you go a few stories below or locate your farm on the sunny side of a log and float around in the water. You need thinning out, John, just like early turnips in a garden patch.

"Then you're exclusive, so blamed exclusive that you don't even want to stay dead in another man's country, and as for inviting your white brother in to share the good things of your own home, you never seemed to think of it

until it was forcibly suggested that such an invitation would be welcome. Even after you granted that hospitality you spoiled the whole reception by insisting that your guest bump his head on the floor near your great toe, a position not only ungraceful but positively offensive to cultivated nasal organs. You must overcome that feeling of offishness, John, before we can play in the same yard.

"Besides you have such bad habits and your tastes are so much to be deplored. You'd make your dinner off a missionary any time in preference to a porter-house canine steak. Now, missionaries may be good but they are too expensive a luxury for you, as you ought to know by this time, having had to pay for a few at insolvency rates. I may try the effect of preserved mustangs or of army beef on you soon but meanwhile please curb your abnormal appetites.

"As far as smoking opium goes, that, in itself, isn't so bad and I'll furnish the material as long as you pay for it but you should be a little more genteel in your way of using it. Don't be lying around down cellar curled up at the other end of an infant bamboo tree through which the smoke comes, but roll your mixture up in cabbage leaves, pack the rolls in a small box with a few half-caste Spanish words for a label and when you choose to indulge you won't be considered half so much of a public nuisance.

"Then you have such absurd notions about fighting. Even your boxers don't seem to know what a wind-mill is. You go at a man with a pick axe, broad axe, butcher knife, blunderbuss or any other old, out-of-style thing instead of standing off and perforating his person with a nickle

topped projectile hurled by nitro-glycerine or smokeless powder. Your way of doing isn't good at all because by the time you are ready to congratulate your brave enemy on his brilliant defense and to take good care of him so his friends can embrace him when he gets home, he probably has no ear for your ecomiums nor will any amount of after-the-fray solicitude make him a very likely subject for public demonstrations of affection.

"Then again, John, you're guilty of several atrocious crimes. The first one is that you're old and that must surely have come from deliberate, malicious intent because, according to the true principle of things, you ought to have reached your climax, adopted the ways of some of your subjected peoples and degenerated into a classical dead language a long time ago. But you're so perverse that you can't even backslide when everything has for centuries seemed most beautifully greased for the occasion.

Another one of your premeditated wrong doings is that you're in the way and that you'll have to be punished pretty severely for that. I made an example of the noble red man for your special benefit but it didn't seem to do you any good. You never moved. I had an inspiration not long ago and the burden of it was something like this: 'Choose your own path and in pursuing it put your foot on or kick out anything which happens to be in the way.' You may have had a contrary inspiration but as I feel quite sure that my whisperings come from a higher source than yours, yours don't count. As there does not happen to be any other world handy which I could use as a rubbish heap to throw you on, there seems no way out of it but to give you wings,

just as I am doing with your cousin down south of you, and send you off to find another planet for yourself.

"Now, my Celestial friend, the crime of this century is slowness and you are slow, oh! so slow. Your little neighbor only had to have about two winks and he caught on like a top but no amount of coaching seems to make you any faster. You never tried to move but once and that ended so quickly that it made us all tired. You are so behind the times that you will even work, and I had to ask you to stay at home for that very reason. And your boys, the little simpletons, *will* mind their mammas. In a civilized country a seven-year-old wouldn't toe the mark like your Emperor did when the Dowager shook her finger at him. Then your fashions; you will stick to it

to do your hair in a queue instead of a curl, don your black silk shirt in place of a dream in variegated wall-paper designs on calico, and case your lower extremities in trousers of ample expanse. You wouldn't even offer an inspiration for a twentieth century poster artist let alone cut a graceful figure at a cakewalk.

"Now that I've told you what ails you, just sit down and keep still till I think out what I'm going to do with you. You needn't do anything for yourself, because you won't have anything to say about it, anyhow. I might mention beforehand that you've been a little naughtier than usual this time and will probably have to fee the fiddler a little heavier. Now, let me think."

He is still thinking. Let us hope that he will soon evolve a theory fit for the occasion.

POTENS.



WHEN the Stanford aggregation
Marched out upon the field,
Palo Alto's lusty rooters
Waved the Cardinal and squealed.

"Don't make the score too heavy.
Give the Blue a little show.
A little more than Berkeley did,
Is all we want, you know."

But ere the play was well begun
They hung their heads in shame.
Stanford couldn't hold the ball,
Nevada had the game.

When the smoke of battle settled,
And the players ceased to mix,
Stanford had the single o,
Nevada had the *six*. —Anon.



Diamonds Forming in Hawaii.

According to an English expert, diamonds are in process of formation in Hawaii. He spent much time and some money following up the first indications that attracted his attention. In many respects, he says, the formation here is

like that of the diamond fields of Kimberley. But after researches he came to the conclusion that the process has not yet gone far enough, but is still going on, and that in the course of 100,000 years or so, Hawaii will be a great diamond field.

The Student Record

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Of the University of Nevada.

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STUDENT RECORD,

Reno, Nevada.

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VICTORY. SO much has been said and done to celebrate the victory at Palo Alto that very little remains to be said. Nevertheless, in this public manner we wish to congratulate the men who composed the 1900 Football team upon the splendid manner in which they conducted themselves and for the additional glory they have shed upon their college. The men who worked hard all through the season and did not go to California are no less to be honored. Theirs was the hard work without the glory but their faithful work enabled the 'Varsity team to make the showing it did make.

The University is proud of its football men this year. If anything were needed to prove this, the ovation the champions received at their homecoming from the Stanford game would dispel all doubt upon the subject.

THE MORAL EFFECT.

THE moral effect of the victory will, we hope, be lasting. At present it is remarkable. Some such thing has long been needed to raise the student body out of the slough of despond. Our students are too prone to discount anything done at home and make unfavorable comparisons with other institutions. Just now, however, we are all proud that we are Nevadans; proud of our University and its men. This is as it should be. Let all phases of student life, by our hearty support of our own interests, foster the spirit of pride in our University which is now so apparent.

THANKSGIVING.

IN accordance with custom and the proclamation of President McKinley, Thursday, Nov. 29th, was set apart as the day of Thanksgiving. The University closed on Wednesday, and students have until Monday to recover from the effects of too much turkey, and incidentally brace themselves for the coming mid-year exams. For this we ought to be truly thankful. In addition, while the students are celebrating the festive occasion, among the many things for which they ought to be thankful, we might mention:

That we beat Stanford at football.

That we had Little Jimmie Hopper for our coach this season.

That Giles, Saxton, Smith and Tobin are with us for another year.

THE GREAT VICTORY

Nevada 6
Stanford 0

WHEN the telegram bearing the above good news reached Reno on the evening of November 17th, it at first took everyone's breath away. Nevada beat Stanford! No wonder we could scarcely believe it. Stanford 'Varsity, the strongest and best team on the Coast, which had a few days before rubbed it into Oregon to the extent of 34 to 0, beaten by Nevada! Was there not some mistake? Nevada had on the previous Wednesday at Berkeley gone down before the great U. C. 'Varsity with a score of 32 to 0. And now to whitewash Stanford! Whoop-ee!

WHEN THE NEWS CAME TO NEVADA

"There was a sound of revelry by night
"And U. of N. had gathered there
"Her beauty and chivalry"

To celebrate the glorious, the magnificent victory of her 'Varsity team. As soon as news of the victory was confirmed, the pent-up feelings of the students, men and women, gave way in such outbursts of enthusiasm as were never before seen at the University of Nevada. There was no checking the flow of spirits. At the University during supper the dining-hall was in an uproar. Immediately after supper the students, yelling and singing, led by the Cadet Band, marched joyously down town. Halting at Wheelmen's Hall, where they were joined by all the downtown students, they secured torches and flambeaus and formed for parade. Meanwhile a committee of students sent a congratulatory telegram to the victorious team.

The procession, starting from Wheelmen's Hall, marched through the principal streets, to the Riverside Hotel, where it halted while the co-eds executed a torch-dance and the band played selections. The parade re-formed and marched direct to the University, where, through the kindness of Dean Thurtell, the Gymnasium had been thrown open for the occasion. What a parade there was! Fireworks were in profusion; the torches and flambeaus flared joyously; the band played, the students shouted, the bystanders cheered, and above all the noise and din, the sharp, measured beat of the old Nevada yell rang out upon the excited air.

At the Gymnasium, spirited, impromptu speeches were made by Captain Moorman, Irvin Ayres and A. M. Smith, which were cheered to the echo. While the band played the students utilized the time and music in treading the waltz and two-step. A chorus of trained voices in the gallery administered the college yell with varying frequency, and interspersed it with inquiries after the condition of the members of the team and sundry other jubilant observations. At last, after a few more hearty college yells, the student body went to rest, feeling fairly well satisfied with its preliminary effort.

THE HOME-COMING OF THE TEAM.

The first demonstration was entirely an impromptu affair and only served as an example of what the student body is capable of. There was

time now in which to prepare a fitting welcome to the victorious veterans of the grid-iron upon their return home. All day Monday a committee was at work preparing to meet the team at the train that evening and to tender them a rousing reception in the Gym. on Tuesday evening. When the train rolled in on Monday evening, accordingly, the team still bearing the scars of battle, were received with the united cheers of the student body, and were virtually carried to a coach already prepared to convey them to the University. Transparencies, each bearing the name of one of the victorious team, and the now famous legend "6-0," had been prepared for the occasion. The coach, drawn by forty or more of the college men and escorted by students and alumni bearing torches and transparencies, was conducted in triumph through the streets of Reno. The co-eds were out in full force and marched gaily in the procession. Colored fire burned all along the route and fireworks were discharged at intervals. The student body, having learned that it could make itself heard when it made the effort, informed the bystanders along the line of march that the football team were "all right," told them the score so that anyone who could not read might be able to remember it, and enlivened the march with sundry college yells and hurrahs. The procession halted in front of Dean Thurtell's residence, while "Thurty" waved his salutations from the window and the crowd cheered enthusiastically. Then on up to the Gym., where much the same performance as on the previous evening was gone through with, the "choir music," however, being reserved for the grand finale on Tuesday night. After the crowd had yelled itself hoarse and danced all the mud off

its shoes upon the Gym. floor, Chairman Taylor told it to go home and get ready for the big go, and with three more cheers and the college yell everybody took the hint.

THE RALLY.

The Gym. was beautifully lighted and tastefully decorated for this, the last event of the football season. The seats were arranged tete-a-tete and no pains spared to make the affair a grand success, as indeed it was. After the band had finished a stirring selection, Chairman Taylor introduced Dr. Kennedy, who accompanied the team to California. Dr. Kennedy gave a detailed account of both games, praised the good work of the team, showed up the faults and bad habits of the men and kept the audience in good humor by working off some good joshes on some of the fellows who were not quite at home in a large city. After Dr. Kennedy's speech Miss Langan sang charmingly and "Our Dick" Tobin played a cornet selection in his usual fine form. Keddie, full-back of the victorious eleven, told in his usual modest way how they did it. A few ringing words by Irwin Ayers closed the program. Refreshments were served in the gallery. As a climax to the affair, dancing for a brief hour was indulged in, and then everybody went home happy.

THE RESULT.

It was fitting that we should thus celebrate the victory of our team. Never before had the student body had such an occasion for rejoicing. Never had our prospects of victory seemed gloomier than after the defeat at Berkeley. After that game the spirit of the students seemed to touch low-water mark and the indications were that they would sink still lower. When, however, vic-

tory was snatched from the very jaws of defeat, the news of the victory put new life into the student body. We realized that we had a college, nay, a 'Varsity, and a 'Varsity eleven that was making a name for Nevada. We began to feel the thrill of that indefinable

something that is called "college spirit;" and the influence of this victory shall endure long after the present generation of students shall have passed out from the college halls.

G. S. '02.

F. A. B '01.

CAMPUS

O, that smile!

A. M. Smith is taking post-graduate work in chemistry.

The University Dramatic Club played in Verdi on Nov. 10th.

On the 8th, new members of the T. H. P. O. fraternity received their third and last degree.

Capt. Brette went to San Francisco on the 15th to have an operation performed on his arm.

Three more subscriptions for the RECORD were received last week from the co-eds at the Cottage. Let the good work go on.

Capt. F. M. Linscott '96, who is now employed in the Irrigation Bureau of the Agricultural Department at Washington, was a visitor at the Football Rally.

On the 21st the Lincoln Hall Self-Government Association elected the following officers: President, W. A. Keddie; Prosecuting Attorneys, J. P. Mack and C. E. Southworth; Clerk, C. C. Smith; Sheriff, M. P. Hayes.

Sometime in the near future the Reno Dramatic Club will give an entertainment for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

Dr. J. W. Phelps, pastor of the M. E. Church in Reno, addressed Assembly on the 22d. His theme was "The Mission of Humor."

Our Alumni were not behindhand in the demonstrations over the football victory. Among those who took an active part in the proceedings were Fraser, Seagrave, 'Doten and Dexter '99, Luke '98, Ward '96 and Smith '00.

Mr. F. P. Dann has arranged to have his class in elocution and voice culture meet on week-nights in Room 6. Students who wish thorough vocal training and preparation for public speaking should consult Mr. Dann as to hours.

Giles and Saxton '01, the irrepressible college rooters, took a sheep train for the West in time to be at the Stanford-Nevada game. They both returned with bad colds. Wonder if it is because they yelled too much after that 6 to 0 score was made?

G. Holmes of Bridgeport has entered the University.

During inclement weather the Cadets have recitations in tactics instead of the regular outdoor drill.

The Constitution of the Lincoln Hall Self-Government Association was adopted on Nov. 12th. The officers will be elected on Nov. 21st.

Nearly all the Seniors and several other students accompanied the victorious 'Varsity football team on their trip to California. Dr. Kennedy also went with the team.

Dr. L. W. Cushman, of the English department, will read a paper before the Pacific Coast Philological Association upon "The Early History of the Drama." The Association will meet December 27th and 28th in San Francisco.

Although our first eleven is the peer of every football team on the Coast, the question of superiority among the U. N. elevens has not been settled. The second eleven were afraid of the Shameroons. The Podunks played the Shameroons to a standstill in a 0 to 0 game, and the Squeedunks held down the Podunks with a 5 to 5 score.

Dean Thurtell and Prof. Blessing, who have been ill, are able to be about again.

During the absence of the other commissioned officers, Companies A and B have been in charge of Lieutenants Moorman and Sadler.

The Faculty is well pleased with the work of the University Extension Classes in Virginia. The students are making marked progress in every branch.

To the joy of many and to the sorrow of a few, two meals on Sundays at the University Dining Hall have finally been decided upon.

The Assembly address on Nov. 14 was delivered by an educated young Chinese, Mr. Geo. B. Quong of Carson City. Subject, "China." The address was very interesting and attracted more attention than any lecture this semester.

Our co-eds are wonders. When the news of the first game was received at the dining hall, the boys were mute, but the girls nearly lifted the roof with a rousing college-yell, thereby recalling the boys to themselves. All honor to the girls, whose spirit cannot be dampened by defeat any more than their enthusiasm can be checked by victory.

SOME NEW ONES.

Ed. R. (swelling up in his new uniform)—Ain't I a Lulu?

A young lady coming from history class exclaimed, "That class makes me feel so Wiery."

Clair and Clay enjoy the foot cyclery very much. I wonder why?

G. S. '02 and B. G. '02 have started a suicide club. The cause: P. A. and Gov. S.

Cash Smith (hearing an electrical car)—Say, Barney, they have mighty big bees down here. Listen to that one hum.

“I came, I saw, and *she* conquered; and the other fellow came, she saw and *he* conquered,” said G. 'oz after the Senior had cut him out.

Sally McGann from Irishland
Came to California to get a man.
She slipped up on her plan
And lit in Portland.

Barney O'H.—Come on, Fat, and I will show you where I used to attend school. Well, Fat went, and after riding about seventeen blocks on a street car, and then walking four more, Barney and Fat came to a large brick building surrounded by a grove of trees, and over the gate was the sign “Home for the Feeble Minded.”

Frank Smith, wishing to go to the office of the Evening Post, stepped on a car and said to the conductor, “Put me off at the Post.” Well, to make a long story short, the conductor carried Frank out to the Presidio.

Hello Verdi—Is that you, Allen.

Verdi—Yes; hello, Dode.

S.—Give my best to George. Here is Lu.

Verdi—Give her my love, please.

L. takes the phone—Hello, Allan—and proceeds to jolly Verdi, but she didn't know that Central had called time and switched her to a Reno line.

Prof. K. (at restaurant)—This soup is too fresh; it needs some salt. Thereupon he seized the sugar shake and sugared his soup. Tasting it, he exclaimed, “This is the freshest salt I ever tasted.” Prof. also had two landmarks in the city. When he lost one he went searching for the other.

P. S.—They were the Call building and Fat H.

ATHLETICS

THE football season just closed is perhaps the most successful in the history of the University. At the beginning of the season our prospects were not very favorable; our last year's line was gone, our end positions open, and the back field alone made up of experienced players. But Manager Stubbs worked hard to get players on the field, and Coach Hopper, though discouraged, put forth his best energies to build up a team from the material at hand. The

return of our giant guard, Smith, and the appearance on the field of Perry, of the Iowas, put new life into the football men and the Manager took heart again.

Our first game was with the Carson Indians and was merely a practice game. We doubt if the Indian team can outplay our second team. The score was 39-0.

The game with Reliance showed our real worth and brought out some good players. Smith and Lawrence, the

new men, played like veterans. The team showed a lack of offensive play, but held their own against Reliance's famous line in defensive work.

The game with San Jose was a disappointment, but did not discourage us. Both teams were played to a stand-still, with neither side able to score.

Then came the trip to California. At Berkeley the team played a good game, but went to pieces through lack of experience. We were defeated by 32-0. But the game with Berkeley took away our team's "stage fright," and we went into the game at Stanford with confidence and determination, and the result is well known to all. The California papers all said that Nevada outplayed Stanford at every stage of the game, the ball never passing Nevada's 40-yard line. Our first winning team against the two great colleges of the Pacific Coast was composed of the following:

Center—Hunter; Center on the 'Varsity for three years; 210 pounds.

L. G.—Lawrence; first year; 178 pounds.

R. G.—Smith; Guard two years; 215 pounds.

L. T.—Riordan; End one year; Tackle one year; 160 pounds.

R. T.—Perry; Iowa Regiment football team; 170 pounds.

L. E.—Moran; End two years; 160 pounds.

R. E.—Smith; End one year; 160 pounds.

Q.—Leadbetter; Quarter two years and Captain-elect for next year; 140 pounds.

L. H.—Sunderland; one year Full-Back; three years Half-back; 150 pounds.

R. H.—Smith; Half-Back two years; 170 pounds.


Full-Back—Keddie; End two years; Guard one year; Full-Back one year; 185 pounds.

The game played on Thanksgiving Day between the University and the Reno Wheelmen attracted quite a large crowd. The game, while a one-sided affair, gave opportunity for some of the second eleven to distinguish themselves. The Wheelmen team was composed for the most part of old football players, but lacked sadly in team work. A spectacular run by Sunderland of the Wheelmen was the only event of interest throughout the game, Sunderland taking the ball on a fumble before it had passed to the third man. As the 'Varsity saw it was a mistake, they gave Sunderland a clear field for a sixty-yard run, which profited the Wheelmen nothing.

On the part of the 'Varsity the game was marked by fairly good team work and star playing by Leavitt, center; Riordan, end; and Graham, full-back.

Sellers of the Wheelmen played a fine game as quarter-back. The Wheelmen team was composed of W. Wilson, "Jack" Chism, Ed. Chism, F. Bony, R. Sellers, F. Hewlett, W. Perry, "Quick" Sunderland, Ben Evans, John Evans and C. Mapes; M. Jacobs and G. Kornmeyer, substitutes.

Coach Hopper assisted Kelley in coaching California for the Thanksgiving game. To Hopper is due the credit for our excellent showing against the California team. He built up a team against heavy odds where a less energetic man would have made a failure. He is a young man of good character and a favorite among the students.



EXCHANGE

The *Clemson College Chronicle* contains many good short stories and short poetical sketches. A number of football songs appear.

The howl for subscribers is still kept up in many of our exchanges. It seems almost a disgrace to do this, as the college paper should be supported by every student.

COLLEGE DREAMS.

I was standing on the campus
My diploma in my hand.
My school days, they were over,
I had passed my last exam.;
In everything my mark was A,
I'd answered every call—
Just then my roommate kicked me,
I was dreaming, that was all.

The Professor tells a story
And the boys all laugh in glee;
If the joke provokes no mirth,
Then he marks you down a "C."
For him to spring those ancient jokes,
It must take lots of gall;
If he thinks we really like them,
Why, he's dreaming, that is all.

There's a college that I know of
And the boys are awful sore,
For in a recent football game
They never got a score.
They say it was the umpire's fault
They didn't get the ball;
But if they think we can't do it,
Well, they're dreaming, that is all.
—R. C. G. in *Albion College Pleiad*.

A NEEDFUL PRECAUTION.

Mike—"Begorra, an' I had to go through the woods the other night where Casey was murdered last fall, an' that they say is haunted, an', be dad I walked backward the whole way."

Pat—"An' what for wuz ye after doin' that?"

Mike—"Faith, man, so that I could see if anything wuz comin' up behind me."

"A well-known fact shows that few college graduates permanently go wrong. Find a graduate of an American University anywhere and you are nearly sure to find a pillar of society, a man or woman who is upright, trust-worthy, public-spirited, philanthropic, a good example for youth to follow. This fact is explained in part by the large proportion of vice-proof characters among the young people who enter upon advanced study; but the generalization could not be so sweeping as it is, did not university influences themselves re-inforce morality rather than break it down."—*Chancellor E. B. Andrews, U. of Neb.*

AN EXPLANATION.

A maiden fair, full fancy free,
Once wrung her hands and said to me,
"I love your closely curling locks,
But never cared for gaudy sox."

I hung my head in shame and said,
"At night I hang them near my bed,
And when the light upon them falls,
Their noise awakes me without calls."

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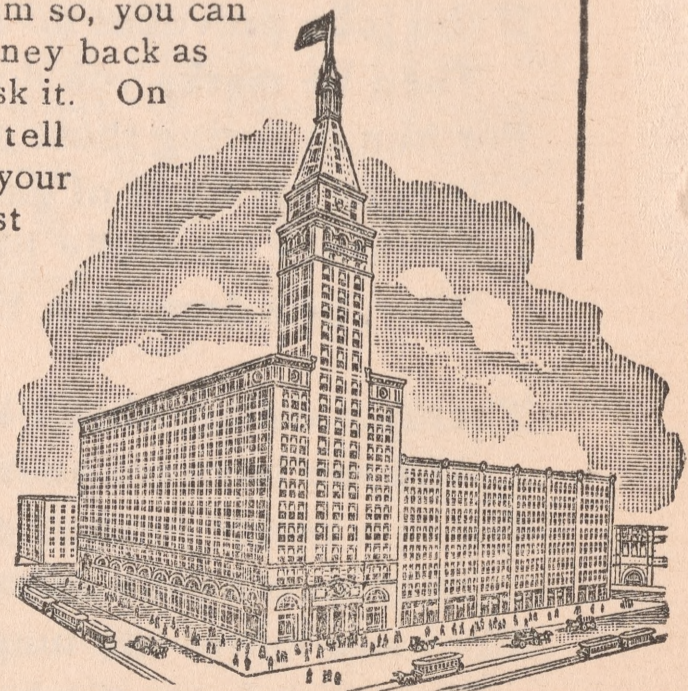
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