

Book

THE STUDENT ...RECORD



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Independent Associa-
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THE STUDENT RECORD

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FEBRUARY 15, 1901

No. 9

A Rare Treat.

IT was one bright Thursday morning in August. Tom and Phil, two sport-loving youths, were wandering leisurely about town. They were at a loss to know how to pass the time away for the next few days, so they decided to take a fishing trip. They had seen fishermen coming from the Goose Creek country laden with speckled beauties and decided to rid the stream of the remaining fish.

The creek was some fifty miles distant, and extensive preparations for travel were necessary. The country over which they were to travel was of the most barren and desolate character. There was but one path leading to their destination. This was an almost impassible road, characterized by innumerable curves and countless numbers of boulders.

The following Saturday they got their paraphernalia together and started on their journey. At noon they stopped at Coyote Gulch and partook of some lunch. After eating lunch they resumed their journey, but had not gone far when they met Jimmie Biscuit, a noted

Indian fisherman, who kindly informed them that Goose Creek was yet twenty miles distant. During the remainder of their journey they met other fishermen who informed them that the creek to which they were destined abounded in mountain trout.

It was quite dark when they reached the fishing grounds. They were worn out and hungry, and after pitching camp they sat down to rest. A few hundred yards below them they perceived a cabin and voted it the home of Mahogany Jim. They had heard of Mahogany's hospitality and thought it a good opportunity to get supper, so made their way to his cabin. Mahogany was overjoyed to see them and readily consented to cook them some supper. They found the mutton quite delicious and pronounced it the best that they had ever eaten. They wondered how it was that such a delicacy was to be had in such quantities in this desolate region. After thanking Mahogany many times they returned to camp, but before retiring they spent some time in commenting on the manner

in which their neighbor cooked mutton, and decided to procure some for breakfast at all cost.

They arose early the next morning and looked wishfully towards Mahogany's cabin—it was his breakfast time. The odor of frying mutton impregnated the air and the boys could not refrain from begging some. Their request was readily granted and they declared Mahogany a perfect man in the selection of his meats. They spent the day fishing, but met with no success. However, they were not discouraged. The following day brought them no better success. In the evening they visited the cabin and made arrangements with the landlord to supply them with meat during their stay.

Fishing evidently was a failure, so they decided to try their luck at hunting. The country seemed devoid of

game. Nevertheless they determined not to return empty handed if possible. Many miles of country were scanned in a futile attempt to carry out their purpose. The worn-out hunters returned to camp and prepared supper. The boys concluded that they had a sufficiency of hunting and fishing and decided to return home. The next morning before starting on their homeward journey they went to the cabin to get breakfast. They found Mahogany not at home, so the boys proceeded to prepare breakfast. The mutton was eagerly sought. They soon found it and the mystery was solved. They no longer wondered how it was that this lone settler could afford such delicacy. What they supposed to be mutton proved to be no more than coyote. The boys immediately set out for home, realizing that they had a rare treat. C. M. '01.



The Fountain of Youth



EVERYONE noticed that the inhabitants of the South of Florida were ever young. From year to year not a grey hair silvered their locks. An everlasting bloom was on their cheeks. Those moving in from other parts of the country grew old and died. The natives, nevertheless, still remained young. Many had tried to unravel the mystery, but they might as well have saved their energy, for the secret remained safely locked in the bosoms of their native friends.

One day, however, an old man was

journeying through the country. Late in the afternoon he found himself in a dense forest. On both sides of the narrow path were gigantic trees. Graceful vines twined themselves about the massive trunks. Under foot grew the velvet like grass. The thickly leafed branches, meeting over the path, let only scattered sunbeams through.

He, tired and hungry, and not caring to pass the night in the forest, quickened his steps. The sun was almost down when he came upon a well-beaten path—a path which told of constant use. Doubting not that it led

to some cottage, he gladly followed it. A few moments' brisk walking brought him to an opening in the woods. There he found, not a cottage, but a fountain. Its waters, thrown many feet into the air, reflected the colors of the setting sun. Over all hung a luminous cloud, drooping as though to kiss the sparkling waters as they leaped. On all sides of the fountain stood groups of men, women and children. Each held a cup full of water, while one young man spoke in clear accents: "Bless Thou the waters of this beautiful fountain—the waters which give to us our perpetual youth. Help us to keep our secret from all foreigners and destroy

all who may intrude."

Standing behind the trunk of a large tree, the old man heard these words, saw them drink the liquid and depart by the winding path. He, not willing to believe what he had heard, wished to try for himself the powers of the water, so he drank. As though in a mirror, he saw himself young again. He again felt the blood of youth flow freely through his veins. For only a few brief moments, however, he remained thus. Then his eyes grew dim and the picture faded. The chill of death passed over his body. The prayer of Florida's youth was answered.

M——, N. '01.



A Romance



IN the western part of Tennessee there is a small village near which the turbid Cumberland flows. In this town years ago there lived two children, a boy and a girl. The boy, George Davis, was a poor laborer's son, but Martha Williams, the girl, was the only child of a wealthy farmer. Despite the difference of social position, however, the two children were fast friends. From the time that they were old enough to go to school, hardly a day passed that they were not together. Often they played at their homes or wandered along the banks of the river, gathering wild flowers and watching the birds flit from tree to tree.

Once, while playing near the stream, Martha fell in, and George, in attempting to save her, fell in also. Both would very likely have been

drowned had not assistance been near. This made still more firm their childish regard for each other. They shared alike their sorrows and joys and were always happiest when together.

Years passed and finally George took the little money which he had obtained by hard work and saving and started for college. He was not destined to follow this life very long, however, for in his second year at school the storm of civil strife broke upon the country in all its fury. In George's veins coursed the blood of a people who would die for a cause which they believed to be right. He immediately returned to his home to enlist as a volunteer in the Southern army.

Since George's parents had died while he was still young, there is little wonder that, as he grew older, Martha

became the one object of his affection. She returned his love with equal sincerity and tried to persuade him to remain at school, but her pleadings were in vain.

On the day set for the departure of the troops, George, dressed in his new, gray uniform, appeared early at Martha's home. After being complimented upon his soldierly appearance, he began to speak to his sweetheart of the life upon which he was about to enter. He spoke of the honor of being a soldier, of the rapid promotions which were so often given the worthy and the distinction which he hoped to attain, and thus make himself worthy of the woman whom he hoped would be his wife. Although his remarks pleased her, Martha answered: "Never until now did I think you would flatter."

The conversation was interrupted by the clear notes of the bugle. George arose to go and Martha, leaning on his arm, accompanied him as far as the public square. When the command, "fall in" was given, he turned to the weeping girl, pressed her hand softly in his, kissed her goodbye and stepped to his place in line. Although Martha had said little at parting, George did not question her sincerity, for he argued, actions speak louder than words.

George was in the army over three years and rose rapidly in rank. But when the honor which he had hoped for seemed about gained, his life was ended. At Chancellorsville, on the morning of May 16, 1863, while leading a part of Jackson's command across an

open field he fell, mortally wounded.

"Bob," said he to a comrade, "I'm done for. Will you do me a favor?"

He took from his pocket a small testament, wrote a few lines on the fly leaf, and handing it to the comrade who had stopped to do his bidding, said:

"Bob, if you live through the war, find the girl to whom this is written and give it to her," and with a faint "Good-bye," George Davis pitched forward on his face, dead.

Late in October of the next year a man in tattered gray uniform came to the Williams house, and handing Martha a little book, quickly took his departure. Opening it, she read upon the fly-leaf these words:

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

MY DARLING MARTHA:

This little book I send as a token of my love for you. I am fatally wounded and can never see you again on earth, but will meet you at the throne of God.

Your loving friend,

GEORGE DAVIS.

Years have passed and Martha Williams is now an old gray-haired woman. Although she is wealthy, she has never taken any part in society. She spends her money in the work of charity. Often she may be seen walking along the bank of the Cumberland or near the old schoolhouse.

People wonder at her peculiar ways and her life of seclusion. Perhaps they would sympathize with her more if they knew that her love for earthly things died with George Davis and the downfall of the South. CHAS. E. BULL.



Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.

The Student Record

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Of the University of Nevada.

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STUDENT RECORD,
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THIS issue of the RECORD will be published under the supervision of the Associate Editor. Owing to the time consumed in the preparation for the debate with Hastings Law School, Mr. Bonham is unable to perform his duties as Editor.

ON Friday, the 7th inst., the members of both houses of the Legislature paid the University a brief visit. They spent the greater part of the forenoon visiting the class-rooms and laboratories in order that they may see what the

real work of the University consists in.

A special general assembly was held at 11 o'clock, which gave the legislators an opportunity to address the student body. The speakers clearly demonstrated that they realized the great needs of the University.

While in Carson, Dr. Stubbs made known the wants of the University to the members of the Senate and Assembly, and his statements were only verified after these men had made a thorough inspection of the buildings and grounds.

We are sadly in need of two buildings, namely: a small hospital and a chemical building. It is to be hoped that the appropriation asked for will be allowed.



ARRANGEMENTS have been completed for a debate with Hastings Law School, and next in order is the support of the students to the men who will represent us. If the debaters do not have the support of the students, what encouragement have they? They work faithfully and spend hours of work in preparation for a debate, without receiving any recompense whatever.

The success of various student enterprises lies with the students, and if the men who form the nucleus of these undertakings do not have the support of the students, failure is sure to follow.



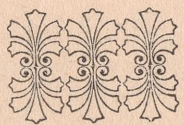
CASPER WHITNEY, a sporting critic of considerable note, makes the following comment on Pacific Coast football in the February *Outing*:

"The past football season on the Pacific Coast is not one to which the big California Universities can point with much pride. The State Universities of

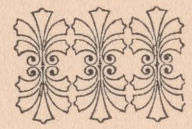
Oregon and Nevada are hardly more than small colleges, and both at Palto Alto and at Berkeley it was commonly supposed that they might cut out work for the Freshman teams, but not much beyond that; yet these two small colleges invaded California, played the big University teams and returned in glory—Oregon with California's scalp, and Nevada with Stanford's!

"On the first meeting Stanford won against Oregon, 34 to 0; and Berkeley against Nevada, 32 to 0. In neither game did the big teams have a walk-over; what the lighter teams lacked in weight they made up in activity and

condition, and they made their bulkier opponents fight for every point. The next week Nevada went down to Palo Alto and beat Stanford in a hard fought game, 6 to 0; whilst Oregon forced California to touch down for safety. The explanation of over-confidence and mud is not enough to account for such reversals as these. The fact is, in the first place, Oregon and Nevada had the better team spirit; in the second place, though they had but one or two substitutes, and were without trainers and rubbers, they were in better physical condition; thirdly, and by no means lastly, they played cleaner football."



Campus



No General Assembly was held last week.

Pres. Stubbs, who has been slightly ill, has about recovered.

During the inclement weather the cadets are having recitations in tactics.

The class in Junior geology intends a research in quest of geological specimens.

P. J. Quinn '02, who has been absent for several weeks, has returned to resume his studies.

The Philomathean held a rousing meeting on the 1st. Since the society has been granted a room in which to hold meetings, it has demonstrated that it is the strongest society in the U. of N.

The legislators visited the University on the 4th.

T. P. Mack of Dayton visited his son, J. P. Mack '02, last week.

As a result of vaccination, many of the students are unable to attend classes.

Messrs. Moyle and Stewart of White Pine visited Murray Clay on the 25th ult.

Since the State Board of Health issued their last edict, several co-eds have suddenly become lame.

J. S. Case, E. Leavitt and J. Wright are the Freshmen chosen to meet the Preparatory students in debate. H. Louderback, Mabel Sheehy and Emily Berry will represent the latter.

Several of our old students have re-entered the University.

"Mr. Senior, I can't salute, my left leg is lame," said a Freshman to one of the Coms.

Some of our students have gone so far as to ask a professor whether an artesian well is bored or punched.

W. J. Luke '98 and W. H. Brule '00 were on the Campus last week. Billy and "Babe" look exceedingly well.

The boys in Lincoln Hall are like the Klondike men. When the dinner bell rings they say: "Come on, boys, let's go to suffer."

The following are the officers of the L. F. G.: S. L., Lucy McDermott; T. S. L., Annie Shier; C. K. R., Florence Kent; K. M. D., Elizabeth Rammekamp.

On the 2d inst. fifteen Cottage co-eds were initiated into the L. F. G. After solemn ceremonies, they passed through the pearly gate into the realm of the Mynchynx. Although several were unable to attend classes the following week, they say it was the effects of vaccination. The former members extend a cordial welcome to the new members.

The Regents held their regular meeting on the 20th of last month.

Emery '98 has secured a position as draughtsman in the Surveyor General's office.

Several new students have been enrolled in the classes of dairying and assaying.

J. D. Cameron '02 has fully recovered from his recent illness and returned on the 11th.

Campus is covered with about a foot of snow. Snowballing and sleighing are the prominent sports.

Fred B. Smith, International Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., lectured to the young men of the University on the 1st.

The second preliminary debate, which will take place on the 20th, will decide who shall compose the team to compete against Hastings Law School.

B. C. Leadbetter '02 and J. P. Mack '02 have been respectively chosen Captain and Manager of next year's football team. With two such men at the head of affairs, the next year's team will doubtless continue the good work of the victorious team of 1900.

 Athletics 

The track outlook this year is exceedingly encouraging. We lose but one member of last year's team, and although we can hardly replace him, we

have several extra good men in his event. Jameson '00 was the coast champion last year in the mile run and was always good for a place in the half

mile. He would have made the coast record if present at school this year. Mack and Roberts are both good men and will both run the mile under five minutes.

Captain Richards intends to get the coast record in the pole vault and will get it, too, if nothing interferes with his training.

Stubbs will be a hard man in the hurdles. He will break both University records. He may try the hundred.

Cash Smith can throw the hammer and shot as if they were toothpicks. He should take places in both events. He holds the present U. of N. records.

Moorman is our veteran athlete. He has entirely recovered his health and will run the hundred in his old style of 10 1-5 or less. He is good at the 220, 440, shot, hammer and pole vault.

Case will take care of the half mile. He ought to have several team mates for this event. We need second as well as first places.

Keddie should take the 440. He is good in all kinds of athletics from playing "hop-scotch" to riding a bike.

B. B. Smith is good in the 220 and shot-put. In practice he has placed the shot near the 40-foot mark.

Frank Smith will be hard to beat in the high jump and broad jump.

Springmeyer will try the 100, Stewart, hurdles; Parker, pole vault; Hays and Graham the high jump; Kornmeyer the jumps.

In track there are some things, however, in which we are deplorably weak and for which we will have to depend on new men. I don't know much about the new material yet, but as a rule a man can't be depended on in his first year. One of our weakest points in our college athletics—football

as well as track—is the reluctance of men to get out and work if there is a better man in the event for which they are trying. The result is that we seldom have more than one man that can be depended on in any one event. This will be brought very forcibly to your mind if you will think how many Seniors there are on the track team and how few lower classmen are in any condition to take their places when they leave. Unless more new men get out and work faithfully during this season, we will go into a slump from which it will take at least two years to recover. In the past it has been necessary to weed out the men, but this year by increasing our training facilities, we hope to obviate that difficulty. As far as we are able we will give the new men all the help and encouragement possible. All that we ask is that they go into it seriously and earnestly and with the intention of working hard and making a place on the team if possible. If it is found that any man can't be used and is taking time that could be better spent on others, he will be told so and must take it graciously and try again next year.

In all probability we will secure the services of our last year's coach, Mr. Brunton, and he will be able to start where he left off last year. The training this year will begin with work in the gymnasium, and this will continue until the weather will permit active outdoor work.

In view of these facts I see no reason why we should not meet the best teams of the coast on an equal footing.

Notice has been posted on the bulletin board that all candidates for the track team will take gym. work on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This is a good

move in the right direction. California and Stanford, besides doing light work during the football season, have been training for a month or more and will have had two months' active training before our team can begin practice. We begin the season rather late, as the weather does not permit out-door work until the last of March or first of April. We must therefore work hard and get in as good condition as possible so that when the season opens we can have had six weeks' preliminary work and be in first-class trim to take up active work on the track.

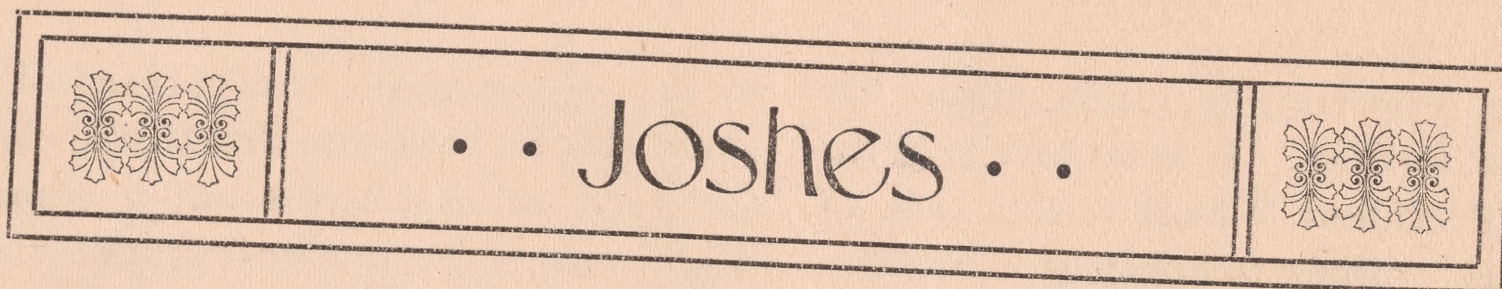
The class baseball contests are next in order. The Seniors have never been defeated and are confident of carrying off the trophy in their last year. We hope the Freshmen will have a good team so that the games will be warmly contested.

We hardly have a strong enough

"varsity" to go against an outside team. We have no battery except that of the Senior class, and both members play bases on the varsity. What we need is a first-class pitcher.

We may have several track meets this Spring. Utah is anxious for a return meet and expects to make up for her last year's defeat. Stanford will probably send up her Freshman team and Nevada may meet the Stanford "varsity" at Stanford. There is also talk of a meet with Washington University.

We still have hopes for that cinder track. It will be a great convenience for track men while training, and our gate receipts will be fifty per cent better than at the fair grounds. As soon as the present storm clears away and the weather permits, work will be commenced, and it depends upon the students whether the track is completed.



No wonder that Taylor gets the best roast beef at the Senior table. He is in with a Cook.

Case '02 and Hayes '02 have become boon companions. Each takes his turn at arranging the dates.

A joke by Prof. D. (in geometry class)—"Mr. Scott, you ought to have lived in the time of Noah, you are so good in constructing arcs."

Prof. W—Gentlemen, I will now read you something about pipes—pipe it off, as it were.

J. S. M. '02 and W. F. D. '02 should procure a good pair of glasses. There is considerable difference between 60 and 16, boys.

G. '02 has not as yet entirely surrendered, but not long since he displayed the white flag. A full view mirror is suggested.

A SOLILOQUY.

My heart has ceased its beatings. All the love I have lavished on one so "innocent" has been cast back in my face. I cannot comprehend why he has treated me so coldly. He "Ott" not to have done that, for my longing heart swelled so "High Sir" when he arrived.

Should I have fallen upon my knees and worshipped him when he entered the door Sunday morning? Would it have won his once loving heart? No! oh, my poor heart. No! my one eternal, external, internal, never faltering love was in vain.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone," so goes the old saying. No, I will not weep alone; there is a cutter and fitter,

yes, a "Taylor" who weeps with me.

Could I but clasp that one. You may say he is cold, but I say he is "Cooked." If I could but clasp him my heart would raise up with all its fire and make his cold heart relent.

"Ott, my heart is true,

But my looks are blue,

And you have cast your lot from me
Although I worship thee."

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
than never to have loved at all."

Co-ed to Senior—"Have you had
your palms read?"

Senior holds out hands.

Co-ed—"Oh, how can they be read
when they're so black."



EXCHANGE



The following is taken from the *Daily Californian*. It is an article written by President Wheeler, the title of which is, "Does Scholarship Promise Success?"

"This is a common question and it leads to this other question: Do the tests which the college work applies resemble those which life exacts? The answer can be given only in terms of individual experience and observation, and I give mine for what it is worth. There are individual cases as everyone knows of success from the lowest third of the class, and the comment of surprise gives them luster. I believe that they are comets, however. According

to my observation, the successful men come chiefly from the first third. When the good scholar turns out a commonplace man, as he not unfrequently does, the dunces have their delight, and one exception outweighs five illustrations of the rule.

"A college man wins in life not by virtue of the special knowledge he has acquired, so much as by the habits he has formed. Habits of mind involve an attitude toward truth. Habits of thinking involve a control of the mental process. Habits of work involve sense for time and for duty. A man who does things at the time when they ought to be done is likely to be wanted. It is

the men who are wanted that are the successes. The men who are forever toiling to create a demand for themselves, they are the nuisances.

"The best scholars succeed best in life, chiefly, I believe, because they have been most regular and punctual in doing their college work. My experience with college students teaches me that they are intellectually much nearer a level than their achievements indicate. It is power of will more than power of mind that differentiates them. Must and ought have fifty times more stuff in them than might and could.

"I have known men of the superbest equipment and the finest intellect and athletic training who were no possible use for any sublunar purpose, because they could not be relied upon to keep an appointment or to do anything they agreed to do at a specified time. Having lost faith in their own wills, they had ceased to plan their own work and went drifting on through life swept with every current.

"The college tests are not always of such character as to prevent some fairly small men and some pretty mean men from reaching class honors by sheer digging, but the modern college offers them less opportunity than the old curriculum. Digging is good, for it betrays will-fiber, but the 'digs' and 'grinds' who lack heart and vision will prove to be men of the muck rake.

"There is a type of man found well represented in every class of the modern American college from whom one may expect a successful life. He does his college work faithfully and stands well in his class. He takes part in student affairs without being pure athlete or impure class politician. He is clean in manners, morals and dress. He holds the solid respect of his class without

being flabbily popular. He plans his work, keeps his appointments, moves toward a goal and spends no time in watching himself grow. It matters little whether such a man is valedictorian or not."

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

A cat sedebat on our fence,
As læta as could be;
Her vog surgebat to the skies,
Canebat merrily.

Quite vainly jeci boots, a lamp,
Some bottles and a book;
Ergo I seized my pistol et
My aim cum cura took.

I had six shots, dixi, "Ye gods,
May I that felis kill!"
Quamquam I took six of her lives,
The other three sang still.

The felis sang with major vim,
Though meus aim was true;
Conatus sum putare quid
In tonitru I'd do.

A scheme advenit to my head;
Scivi 'twould make her wince.
I sang. Et then the hostis fled,
Non eam vidi since.

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.

"You sweet thing!" murmured the paper bag.

I went to kiss my my girl the other night,
For pleasure I was seekin',
I missed her mouth and kissed her nose,
And the bloomin' thing was leakin'.

"CUPID AND THE BEE."

[Translated from Anacreon.]

Once Love, wandering 'mid the roses,
All lighthearted, failed to see
How within its leafy cradle
Rocked a little slumbering bee.

Till the bee woke of a sudden,
Gave Love's hand a tiny prick,
"Ah me!" cried the startled Baby;
"Ah me! I am sick, am sick!"

And he hies him to his mother
"Woe is me, my mother dear,
I am wounded; I am fearful
That my hour of death is near."

"'Twas a little winged serpent
He who gave this wound to me;
Yes, a little winged serpent
That the Rustics call a bee."

But his mother answered, smiling,
"If the bee's sting pains thee so,
Think, my child, how stings the arrow
From thine own flame pointed bow!"

Smith—"My son don't know what
in the world to do about his Greek.
He's afraid he can never pass it."

Jones—"Well, why dont he study
it?"

Smith—"That might be a good plan
—he never thought of that.—*Princeton
Tiger.*

"Is a football really made out of
pigskin?" asked a pretty girl of a col-
legian.

"Sure," said the college man.

"Is that why they call the crowd
that yells rooters, then?" And the col-
lege man looked far way.—*Pacific Wave.*

Some of our exchanges have for-
gotten to send the last number.

VERY NEAR THE TRUTH.

"Put two girls in the same bed, one
with the toothache and the other in
love, and the girl with the toothache
will go to sleep first."

A boat without a rudder,
A ship without a sail;
But the funniest thing I ever saw
Was a shirt without a—necktie.

Jinks—"Jove' I'm all out of breath.
I've been running upstairs."

Kinks—"That's not so bad; I'm all
out of money; I've been running up
bills."—*Princeton Tiger.*

Our Willie passes away to-day,
His face we'll see no more,
For what he took for H 2 O
Was H 2 S O 4!

Dennis—"The great astronomers
have seen a new asteroid."

Mike—"They can kape the animal.
O'im satisfied with a common horse to
roide."

Irate Parent—"Bobbie, stop pulling
the tail of that dog instantly."

Bobbie (innocently)—"But, papa,
I'm only holding on to his tail. It's the
dog that's pulling."

The faculty of Yale has passed a
rule to eliminate all secret societies in
that University by forbidding them to
take in any new members.—*Wrooste
Voice.*

Pennsylvania, California and Stan-
ford have adopted the graduate coach-
ing system for football.

ST. 'TONY.

Remember, gentle youth, this word,
When you are in the town.
You may perhaps see maidens there
While walking up and down.

But keep your eyes away from them
As modest students should,
For if you look at little girls
You can't be truly good. —*Tiger.*

“I say boy, stop that pig!”
“I haven't any stopper!”
“Well, head him then!”
“He's already headed!”
“Confound your impudence, turn
him!”
“He's right side out already!”
“Speak to him, then, you rascal,
you!”
“Good morning, Mr. Pig.”

The Olympian games of 1904 will
be held in Chicago.

The University of California records
show that over 150 men have graduated
from the college of civil engineering,
and are now enjoying profitable posi-
tions.

Dartmouth College is trying to raise
the sum of \$1,000,000 for a fitting com-
memoration of the graduation of Daniel
Webster, one hundred years ago.

Dr. Jordan says: “It is the natural
end of the college president to be nib-
bled to death by ducks.” Amen—and
lobsters.—*Occident.*

Dr. Ross, the late instructor in soci-
ology at Stanford, has been engaged to
fill a similar position at the University
of Nebraska.

“There is a woman in the case,” he
said, as he gazed at the sad, sweet face
beneath the lid of the coffin.—*Princeton
Tiger.*

 THE SPECTATOR 

THE SPECTATOR takes occa-
sion to call to account certain
under-classmen whose conduct
is not at all commendable.
These actions are particularly notice-
able in the library. During the inclem-
ent weather the library is open all day
for the convenience of those who are
desirous of studying. As a rule it is
infested at different periods of the day
by certain under-classmen who know
not even why they are in college.
Their chief aim seems to be to antago-

nize the aged librarian, but incidentally
they annoy every individual in the
room. However, if they do carry out
their purpose they accomplish nothing.
In fact, they show cowardice. These
same students lounge about the steps
and hallways during fair weather and
make it most unpleasant for those who
are compelled to force their way to the
class-rooms. These habits are not char-
acteristic of good students and should
be eliminated by those who expect to
make life a success.

WHEREAS, God, in His infinite power and wisdom, has seen fit to remove from this earth the beloved mother of our classmate, Otto F. Heizer, be it

Resolved, That the Class of 1904, represented by this committee, hereby tender to our classmate and his relatives our heartfelt sympathy in their hours of bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to Mr. Heizer and one spread upon the minutes of the class.

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(For benefit of readers whose English is rusty.)

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