

**THE STUDENT
...RECORD**



May 1, 1901



**Volume VIII
Number 14**

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THE STUDENT RECORD

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GEORGE and I were in love, and were both in love with the same girl. I claimed her by right of discovery, George by right of conquest. We both pressed our claims and both seemed to find equal favor with the fairy princess. We could have settled the matter promptly, once and for all, by a personal conflict, but such a course was out of the question. George and I are brothers.

I met her at an afternoon tea and at

once fell in love with her. I had been in love before, but never had cupid's arrow sped so true or pierced so deep as now. I conspired with the hostess to be allowed to take the princess down to dinner, and in so doing, managed to squeeze the tips of her dainty fingers. I told my best jokes and cleverest stories; indeed I fairly outdid myself in my endeavors to create a good impression. A few minutes tete-tete after dinner out on the veranda completed that most delightful evening. I accepted an invitation to call and found her the most charming of entertainers. I progressed so rapidly that several times I was on the point of declaring my love, but to no purpose. I have always considered myself especially gifted in the art of proposing, but my attempts were all failures.

That night I told George all about her. It took me nearly two hours to describe her and enumerate her

charms. With passionate outbursts of love, both in verse and in song, I kept him awake until far into the night. My protestations of undying affection were abruptly terminated by a shower of shoes and books from the now irate George. From behind the shelter of my pillow, I continued to extol the praises of the fair charmer until George's defiant snore gave me to understand that my discourse was indeed tiresome.

In course of time, I introduced George, and then the trouble began. At first it was a mere sisterly interest, but later I perceived that George was as welcome as myself. And George was by no means bashful. He grew to talk as much, if not more, about her than I did and showed he was as easy a victim as myself. Duets took the place of my solos and my passionate verses gave way to selections from "Romeo and Juliet" and all the love scenes conceived by author or artist. We were both hard hit.

At first we always went together to call on her but we found out that this plan would not work. To all appearances neither of us was making any headway. So we decided to call by turns and, making but slight progress, we lengthened the turns to a week's duration. Each Monday morning the lucky one would outline his plan of attack and boldly declare that the prize would be won before the week was out. The unfortunate one could only hope that something would happen to delay proceedings. But what a change Saturday. The one so bold and confident at the beginning of the week, found that he had underestimated the strength of the besieged. Although not exactly repulsed, he had been outmaneuvered and could not bring on an engagement. The other, now supremely confident, would prepare for a fresh attack, only to

return empty-handed when his time expired.

The girl was clever. She would lead us on and then leave us at the critical moment. She was as gracious and affable to one as to the other, and it was evident that either could win at a single bold stroke delivered at the proper moment. But the stroke and its opportunity seemed far distant. Women are the same the world over; while they are fishing for you, you can escape, but once you are hooked the game changes and the woman becomes a despot.

At length we decided that as both could not win, one must lose and quit the game. We both loved her and she apparently loved both of us. Which should have her? I formulated a unique scheme; one that would solve the difficulty. We were to write her a letter of proposal and sign it plain "Mr. Brown." Then not knowing which one of us sent the message, she would immediately think it was the one she loved best and would send him her note of acceptance. Her answer came. It said, "Dear Mr. Brown, I accept with pleasure. Yours, ——" We were in a worse quandry than ever. She had accepted one and refused the other, but how could we determine which one she had accepted. Each of us secretly believed it was the other.

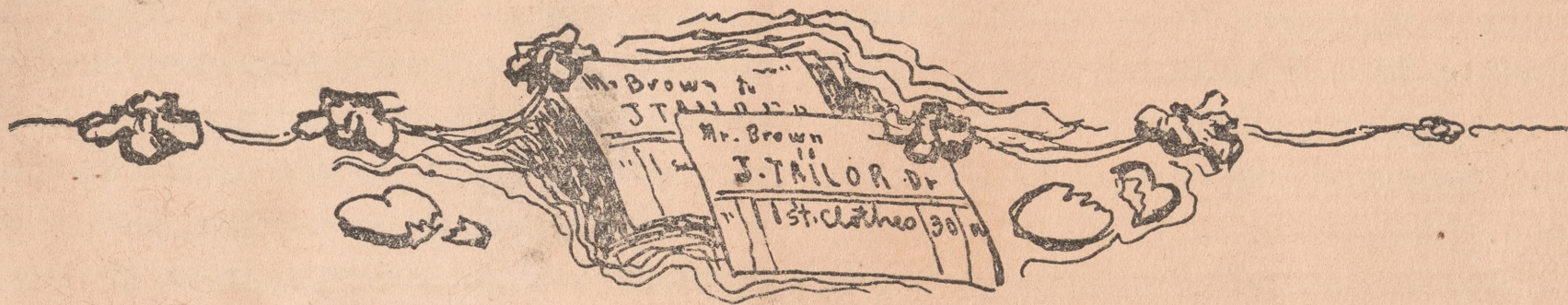
We decided to have the matter over with at once, and went to see the princess to ask which one of us was accepted. It was an hour before either one of us could summon courage to ring the door-bell. The loser was to be consoled by a suit of clothes, the gift of the winner. The loser would also be best man at the wedding. We waited for her verdict, and I know how a mouse must feel when the cat plays with her before the meal. There is some satis-

faction, however, in knowing that you are especially tough. * * * * *

"So you want to know my choice," said the princess. "Well, I think I could make a good wife for either one." [We admitted the fact. That was the object of our visits.] "I like one as much as the other." [How nice!] "I have accepted one of you, and you shall

determine which one it is." [The plot thickens.] "I am sorry for the loser, but I can't have both. I will marry the one who has never proposed to any other girl." We sat as if stunned for a moment, and then, seizing our hats, we staggered out into the night. The next day each one called on his favorite tailor.

N. G. '01.



A Legend of Lover's Leap

ON the west bank of the Basque river, four miles from the city of Waco, there is a rock cliff, known as "Lover's Leap." Imagine a perpendicular cliff some 200 feet in height, with vines interwoven between the cracks and crevices of the rocks which form it, with a muddy river flowing along its base and you have a picture of Lover's Leap. Years ago this cliff was the scene of a thrilling incident.

In the early part of the nineteenth century when Texas was the home of the red-man, the Waco Indians lived in their wigwams, where the present city of Waco now stands. The Waco tribe was at peace with all nations, except the Comanches, who claimed as their home all of the northern and western part of Texas.

It now happened that Dove Eye, daughter of Wolf Ear, chief of the Wacos, was deeply in love with a young Comanche chief, whose strategy, in

time of war, had won for him the name of Trackless. No name could have been more befitting. Agility characterized his every movement. Swift of foot, he could go where the eye could not follow. Although these lovers belonged to tribes which were at war with each other, their affection for each other was not diminished. After two or three secret meetings, Dove Eye was persuaded to runaway with Trackless and join the Comanches.

One night during the light moon, Trackless, with several young Comanche braves, traveled to the Basque river, stopping a few miles from the Waco camp. Trackless, who was chief of this band of warriors, now decided to descend the river in a canoe, steal Dove Eye and return to his tribe. So cautioning his little band to be in readiness when he should return, Trackless with Buckskin, his most trusted brave, launched the canoe and floated silently down the river.

Some days before this time, the Waco camp had been mystified by the finding of an arrow, near Dove Eye's wigwam, with four white beads and one black one fastened to its shaft. Dove Eye, however, interpreted it to mean that four suns would come and then with the night would come her lover.

Trackless had chosen a time during the light moon, for he knew the Wacos would very likely be away on a rade. As you will understand, it was the rule of the Indian to plunder during the light moon and rest up during the dark moon.

As the surrounding country was very rough and offered good conditions for eluding an enemy, Trackless decided to leave his canoe near the rock cliff. Leaving the canoe with Buckskin, Trackless started for the Waco camp and after traveling a very circuitous route, he arrived at the camp, on the side from which an enemy was least likely to appear. After some reconnoitering, Trackless approached the wigwam in which Dove Eye was waiting, but had no sooner entered the wigwam than he was attacked by two warriors who had been watching him. No doubt he would have been taken prisoner had not Dove Eye come to his assistance. After dispatching these two Indians, the lovers quickly quitted the Waco camp.

The Wacos, ever equal to the occasion, had posted sentinels and by one of these the lovers were discovered and soon the whole Waco tribe was after them. Had the young warrior been alone, he would not have questioned the possibility of escape, but having the girl with him he could not travel as fast and by swiftness only could he hope to escape. Although, pursued by the whole Waco tribe, the lovers did not

despair but hastened onward, hoping to reach the canoe before the Wacos could overtake them.

Now they are gaining rapidly on their pursuers, and escape seems certain, but hark; the barking of dogs is heard. They are being trailed. They will soon be overtaken. Where hope had been cherished, only a short while before, despair now arises. Something must be done. The question is quickly solved. Dove Eye takes her blanket and throws it about her lover, the dogs now coming up recognize the kind voice of a friend and quit barking. At this moment a deer, jumping from his resting place, bounds away, followed by the dogs. Knowing that the Wacos will follow the dogs, the lovers turn off in a different direction.

After traveling for two or three miles through the cedar break, the lovers came to a small creek, along the bed of which they continued their flight, hoping by the protection which it affords to soon reach a place of safety. Just as they are emerging from the creek they see several mounted warriors riding hurriedly towards them, but by dropping flat on the ground they escape notice and the warriors ride on. They now feel confident of escape. The cliff is now only a short distance ahead. In their eagerness to reach it they quit the circuitous route through the woods and start across the open country.

The night is now growing old, streaks of gray appearing in the east giving warning of daylight. Just as the lovers are crossing an open spot of ground they hear shouts and yells, and looking around see several warriors running after them. Too late now to turn aside, they must try to reach the canoe which is in the river at the farther end of the cliff. Trackless, turning to

Dove Eye, gives her a word of encouragement and they begin running at the top of their speed. Just as they reach the cliff a puff of smoke rises from a clump of bushes at their side. Trackless falls, wounded by a rifle ball, but by an effort rises and with a dexterous swing, buries a tomahawk in the brain of an enemy. Trackless now sees Buckskin sitting in the canoe. The thought of escape arouses him to desperation. They run along the edge of the cliff, knowing the trail, by which to descend is only a few yards farther. A war hoop rings out on the morning air and is quickly answered by a hundred more. A number of painted warriors rise up and confront them. The lovers look behind only to see a like number. The Wacos come running up from all sides. The lovers are surrounded; escape is impossible. Several warriors start towards them, but Trackless threatens

them with his bow and arrow and they fall back. Chief Wolf Ear now appears on the scene. Calling several warriors about him he made known to them his wishes by a few grunts and gestures. The Wacos now begin closing in upon the lovers. Trackless and Dove Eye having decided on a mode of action, now walk to the edge of the cliff, where they talk hurriedly together. Wolf Ear, now seeing their intentions, begs them to surrender, saying that he will not allow them to be harmed. But Trackless knows too well what his fate will be if taken prisoner by these hated enemies. Trackless now speaks to Dove Eye, and receiving her sanction, takes her in his arms and amid the savage yells which rend the air leaps far out from the cliff.

Buckskin soon related to the Comanches the incident, which in after years was the cause of the almost complete extermination of the Waco tribe.

CHAS. E. BULL.

Summer Session of the University of California

There will be a remarkable array of scholars in the faculty of the approaching Summer session of the University of California, from June 27 to August 7.

The Summer school, open without examination to all applicants of good character and intelligence, will number in its instructing staff thirty-five or more members of the regular faculty, including, among others, Professors Bacon, Hilgard, Wickson, Clapp, Gayley, Merrill, Margolis, Loughridge, Page, Jaffa and Magee, and in addition, John Dewey, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Chicago; H. Morse Stephens, Professor of Modern European and English History at Cornell University; Barrett Wendell, Professor of English in

Harvard University; James E. Russell, Dean of Teachers' College of Columbia University; Liberty Hyde Bailey, Professor of Horticulture at Cornell; Ewald Flugel, Professor of English Philology at Stanford; Ellwood Cubberly, Associate Professor of Education in the same institution, and James M. Wilson, irrigation expert of the United States Department of Agriculture.

A circular containing full information will be mailed free upon application to the Recorder of the Faculties, Berkeley, California. The fee for the session is \$10, and the student may choose one or many courses. Applications for admission should be filed, if possible, by June 17th.

Berkeley, Cal., April 15, 1901.

The Student Record

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Of the University of Nevada.

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STUDENT RECORD,

Reno, Nevada.

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IT is gratifying to note that all the members of the Class of '01 will wear caps and gowns Commencement week. Heretofore, ever since the custom was inaugurated by the class of '96, there has been some members of every class who have made themselves conspicuous by refusing to comply with the wishes of the majority and by appearing at the Commencement exercises minus the regalia of the class. To an outsider it has looked as though these persons had been afraid they would not pull through and on that account had

not thought it worth while to order their outfit. It is to be hoped that all future classes will follow the example or the present Seniors, and that the former exhibitions of bad taste and "strong mindedness" will never recur. If a student does not personally favor the custom, his regard for the wishes of his class, for college traditions, and his sense of the "eternal fitness of things" ought to lead him to sink his own preferences and gracefully accept the will of the majority.



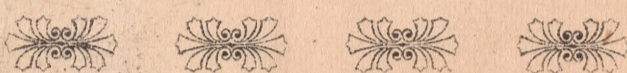
"YOUNG men, don't think that swearing is manly. It is irreverent, stupid and demoralizing. Avoid profanity, and tell your friends who swear that if they had brains enough to express their meaning clearly they would not need to disgrace themselves by cursing." The above quotation is not from a minister of the gospel nor yet from a religious newspaper. It was taken entire from a leading editorial in the San Francisco *Examiner* of April 21st, entitled "Profanity—It Offends Decency, Weakens Language, Checks Progress." We recommend it to the thoughtful attention of all who have gotten into the habit of seasoning their conversation with that kind of language.



IF the performance of Stanford's track team at the Stanford-California field day is anything to judge by, our track team has nothing to fear from the Cardinal. With the exception of the sprints, broad jump and mile walk we have men who will make the contest for first places very interesting with the stellar combination at Palo Alto.

THE approaching Summer session of the University of California affords an excellent opportunity to all who may have the means and inclination, to have not only a pleasant time, but also to better their education. It is not often that such chances present themselves. We urge our students to consider the benefits that may be derived, and to attend if possible.

THE next issue of the RECORD will not appear until the latter part of May. This is because there can be only one more this academic year, and it is believed that the students would rather have it near the close of the semester when all their cares are over. If all the plans materialize and all goes well, we look to have the last RECORD of the season at least somewhat above its usual standard.



SOCIETY

Owing to an unusually large and congenial crowd, the social of last Saturday evening was one of the most enjoyed of the entertainments given by the club.

A large number of the 'Varsity students took part in the Colonial party given by the Trinity Church Guild. A graduation Normal class was one of the main features, in which marked ability in impersonating was shown.

The L. F. G masquerade took place Friday evening in the Gym. Among co-eds it is an event long to be remembered. At eight o'clock the couples formed for the grand march which was led by the Duke Bologna and Princess Elaine.

Among the characters were the following: Old women, twentieth century women, young men, English lords, dudes, fairies, farmers, coons, chinamen and two wandering Piutes.

ANOTHER VERSION.

One of the most interesting social events of the season was the masquerade

given by the L. F. G. Friday evening in the Gym. Friday afternoon from two o'clock until seven boys were hurrying toward the Cottage with enormous bundles for the gentle sex. One fair maid even went so far as to send "West" for her costume and it "Harley" arrived in time. At 7:30 the train of maskers poured fourth from the Cottage along the walks to the Gym. When they entered the Gym. what a picturesque group the lights alone saw. The following are some of the characters: "Swift Water Bill," looking "Wise;" "the newly married flirt" dressed like a "Prince;" the "West Point cadet," accompanied by a charming little negress who agreed to all he said by answering, "Nats Wright." One of the "Shier" lasses attired in English costume, was captivating, her boots in particular were perfect "Fitz." A "Lone" sport was seen to pay decided attention to a young lady and all said he had a "Case." When the music struck up these together with sergeants, policemen, bandmasters, Indians and Negros joined in the whirl of dance. After a few hours of merry making, refreshments were served and soon the jolly crowd dispersed.

ATHLETICS

The basketball girls are practicing hard in anticipation of a game with the Stockton High School. May 10th has been set for the meet.

As yet no field meet has been arranged with Stanford, but our manager and captain are making every effort to bring them to Nevada.

Sometime during Commencement week the young ladies of the gymnasium class will give an exhibition of the work accomplished during the term.

Saturday afternoon a tryout was held on the cinder path for places on the track team. Owing to the high wind and poor condition of the field, the time, in most of the events was poor. A notable performance of the day was Captain Richard's vault of 10 feet 10 inches, which is 8 inches above the University record. Both Coach Brunton and Trainer Ryan expressed themselves as much pleased with the performance of the men.

The various athletic committees for next year are as follows;

Football: J. P. Mack, '02, (Chairman); E. D. Lyman, '03; W. Graham, '04; M. J. Clay.

Track: C. E. Southworth, '02,

(Chairman); F. Barker, '03; F. F. Smith, '04, C. C. Smith.

Baseball: J. D. Cameron, '02, (Chairman); F. W. Whittaker, '03; Harry Price, '04.

Basketball: Bess McCormack, '02, (Chairman); Lizzie Rammelkamp, '03; Janette Cameron, '04.

Gymnasium: Flora Hall, '02, (Chairman); W. B. Harrington, '03; Nat Wright, '04.

Tennis: Laura Orr, '02, (Chairman); Florence Kent, '03.

Arrangements have at last been completed for the first annual meet of the academic league recently formed among the high schools of the State. It will take place on the University oval on the 10th and 11th of May. It is not easy to estimate the good effect that such a league will have on athletics in the University. Nearly all of the colleges and Universities in the country depend, for their excellence in athletics, on men who have received early training in preparatory schools. With Nevada it has been different; often first year men look with amazement at a football suit or a pair of running shoes. So we feel confident in saying that with the formation of an athletic league among the high schools begins a new era in University athletics.



CAMPUS

The RECORD staff intends getting out a special edition in May. It will be illustrated and larger than the regular edition.

A challenge to a game of baseball with the Virginia Reports was received last week. Owing to track arrangements it was not accepted.

The short course in Domestic Science started on the 25th.

Mr. J. Holmes expects to return and finish his work at the University.

Geo. Saxton has left the University. He is surveying on the N. C. O. R. R.

Prof. Wilson visited the Comstock on the 20th in the interest of the University Extension Class.

The men, who will represent the U. N. in the coming debate against Utah, will be chosen on the 27th.

Dr. P. B. Kennedy has been appointed a member of the executive committee of the Pacific State Floral Congress which meets in San Francisco, May 14th.

The Senior class in mining took in Virginia on the 25th and 26th while the less pretentious Juniors contented themselves by examining the rocks of Steamboat Springs.

General Assembly was addressed by Rev. Chase on the 17th. Subject: "Twentieth Century Education." On the 24th President Stubbs delivered the address: "A Borrowed Speech."

Competitive drill between Company A and B will be held during Commencement week. Some friend of the University has offered a prize of \$25 to the winning company. The winning companies will be the ranking company and have the right of way until defeated. The non-commissioned officers especially will have to be relied upon and a close contest is expected.

E. J. Roberts, '04, has left college but expects to return next semester.

Work on the new buildings will commence about June. The plans are all drawn up.

J. S. Stownard of the U. S. Agricultural Department was a campus visitor on the 23rd.

Miss J., '03 had a very pleasant ride returning home from fishing but "his hands were so hard."

Pres. Stubbs is endeavoring to have Secretary of State Hays deliver the Commencement address.

W. S. Hayes and B. C. Leadbetter visited Carson on the 11th in the interest of the Academic League.

Prof. De Laguna received the sad news of the death of her brother on the 24th and immediately left for her home in Oakland.

P. A., '02, took decidedly too much for granted on the night of the 20th. Any further information can be obtained from Hootman.

U. N. vs. Indian School. Miss L. McD., after vainly endeavoring for 3 hours to catch a fish,—“Say Jim, catchum pfish—sabbe catchum?”

Jim—“No, Madam, I haven't but I've only been fishing 20 minutes.”

If indications are worth anything the State High School athletic tournament to be held May 10th and 11th on the campus will be the biggest event of its kind ever held in the State. Pres. Hayes is sparing no pains to make it a success.

Dr. Stubbs spent a few days in San Francisco last week.

Rehearsals for "Much Ado About Nothing" have begun.

Fitz—"I wonder who the President referred to? Surely it wasn't me."

Miss Clapp and Prof. Wier spent a few days of last week at the Reservation.

W. L. T. '01:—"Say Min, hadn't we better leave the children at home? They might get hurt in the bicycle parade."

At a meeting of the Student body, held on the 24th ult., the following officers were nominated for the ensuing term:

President, Seymour Case, '02; Vice President, P. J. Quinn, '02, B. B. Smith, '02, E. D. Lyman, '03; Treasurer, E. P. Arnot, '02, R. J. Hesson, '03, E. D. Lyman, '03, E. J. Erickson, '03, J. A. Peckham, '03, E. A. Stewart, '03; Secretary, Laura Arnot, '04, Mabel Richardson. The election will take place at the next regular meeting of the student body.

The Independent Association will give a banquet sometime during Commencement Week to all those who have ever been members of the Association. A committee to arrange for the affair has been appointed and the banquet is expected to be a big success.

Several weeks ago the Freshmen challenged the Sophomores to a field and track meet. The latter, however, after ignoring it as long as possible, positively refused to consider the challenge. The Freshmen now think that the Sophomores either have not the requisite class spirit to follow class customs or have too high an opinion of their prowess, but the Sophomores say nothing.

The entire shipment of Artemisias for 1901, will be received here on May 10th, and be placed on sale in the Registrar's office at 12 o'clock noon. Those who have had their copies reserved for them will be assured of getting their books. The management can not guarantee to other students who have not had their copies reserved the assurance of getting an annual. At the present time there are but a few copies left. Books delivered only for cash.



EXCHANGE

THE TEXAS UNIVERSITY GIRL.

[BY LEE C. HARBY.]

The following is so typical of University girls and impressed us so strongly as being like our own fair co-eds that we cannot refrain from publishing it:

"She is the product of co-education,

and an argument in its favor. Well aware that she is regarded in the light of an experiment, she feels obliged to demonstrate to the world that she is a success. She takes pride in proving that the fathers of Texas were right when, so long ago, when they planned equal chances for the sexes. Her State

gave her the opportunity, and she has made the most of it.

"In the proportion of one to every three male students, she still holds her own, and every year bears off the honor of her classes.

"Living as she does in a University town, boarding where she pleases, with no restrictions laid upon her, she is singularly free from the taint of a fast style. She is independent in her ways, however, and unaffectedly fond of 'the boys.' Nor has daily association with young men rubbed the bloom from her maidenly modesty. She is not as formal as the ordinary girl, yet preserves a womanly dignity which increases her value.

"She is not beautiful, not always pretty, but has a good share of comeliness—combining a fine figure and attractive face. Brunettes are in the majority, and one and all appreciate the poetry of motion—so dance well.

"She goes in mildly for athletics, yet is fond of tennis and of walking.

"She does not indulge in 'larks,' late suppers or other questionable diversions, but she likes having her fun and a laugh at the powers that be. Thus, when Professor Garrison, in his lecture on English, related a joke, hoary in its old age, the brightest girl in the class rang her 'chestnut bell' on him, pealing it out loud and clear. A storm followed but it cleared the atmosphere of stale repetitions.

"She does not smoke cigarettes, but she will climb a fence and make a raid on a neighbor's peach orchard, finding stolen fruit the sweetest.

"She believes in dressing well, but not conspicuously. Simplicity and good fabrics give her a distinctive style.

"She has small feet and wears a fine shoe—in both points keeping pace

with her fellow students of opposite sex.

"She is seldom rich, never wealthy, but almost always of parentage comfortably fixed in life.

"She is not professional; neither law nor medicine attracts her, but she is fond of the scientific course. Devoted to languages and history, a good chemist and mathematician, she holds a high rank for general scholarship and studiousness, and wins honors of the first degree.

"She is fond of a good debate and attends all lectures. An inordinate reader, she patronizes the University library, finding time for all her studies and many books—which she delights in discussing, and discusses well.

"She has not a mission, and she is seldom forced to be self-supporting—but she graduates with a high standing, and without any noisy demonstrations—going home to take up the round of domestic duties which awaits her.

"Healthy in body and cultured in mind, improved and broadened by constant association with bright men, she is still an honest, happy, unaffected and unspoiled child of the prairies—a lovable and home-like woman, and a most eloquent plea for thorough co-education."

We take the following from a story entitled "The Flight of the Freshmen," which appeared in the last issue of the *Yanktown Student*:

"Foot-sore and weary, weighted down with burdens of knowledge which the tropical sun constantly evaporated during the four years march so that toward the last, although they had been industriously adding to this store, they seemed to have less than at the beginning; forced even, to sacrifice their gold and silver, which they deposited in

piles by the way side where the quartermasters of the pursuing Faculty tribes easily scooped it up; the remnant of the Freshmen horde forced the third pass during the sweltering days of June and emerged, Freshmen no longer, into the valley of summervacation—but they were not to rest here, as my story.”

WOULD YOU?

When a pair of red lips are upturned
to your own,

With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them
alone?

Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you are permitted
to seize,

With velvety softness about it,
Do you let it alone with never a squeeze?

Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is within reach
of your arm,

With a wonderful plumpness about
it,

Do you argue the point with the good
and the harm?

Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should cap-
ture a heart,

With womanly softness about it,
Will you guard it and keep it and act a
good part?

Well, maybe you will, but I doubt it.

Yale has adopted, for three years, a scheme of financial support for the branches of athletics not self-supporting. Outside of baseball and football \$9,000 are needed annually. This is to be raised by an annual assessment of \$7 on each student.

The time is fast approaching when the teacher will divide the sheep from the goats. On his right hand he will place the sheep; on his left hand, the goats. Then shall he say to those on his right hand, “Well done, good and faithful students! Ye have been diligent in a few subjects; I will help ye to become masters of many subjects. Pass ye up into the place prepared for the worthy.” Then to those on his left hand he will turn and say, “Depart from me, ye violaters of the cut rule; ye riders of ponies; ye who stay up late at night, but not to study. Go hence, ye unprofitable students, into the place prepared for those who habitually flunk.” Then there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—*Whitman Pioneer.*

We echo the cry: “Why do not the students, especially the co-eds, read more?” The exchange table is covered with well written and interesting exchanges, which the students may obtain by applying either at the office of the managing editor or exchange editor. We would take great pleasure in assisting everyone, more particularly the co-eds, in this matter.

Little grains of mixture,
Little rings of smoke,
Make a mighty pipe dream,
And the dreamer broke.

WHEN GOLD IS NOT SILENCE.

He—“They won't allow a person to take money into the library now.”

She—“Why not?”

He—“Because money talks.”

Three is a crowd, and there was three,
The girl, the parlor lamp, and he;
But two is company, and no doubt
That's why the lamp went out.

A man who courts a girl has got
A hard lot we aver,
He first must ask her for her paw
Then ask her "Paw" for her.
—*Princeton Tiger.*

A profitable addition to our exchange list is the *University Argonaut* published by the students of the University of Idaho.

At the University of Wisconsin the students recently held a great indoor circus. A large number of spectacular features were presented, some taken from bonafide circuses.

The *Baylor Literary* presents itself this month in a new cover. Its place on our exchange table is in the front rank.

We do not like to be complaining all the while about the absence of our exchanges but some of them still fail to appear.

"What's up old man?" to his sea-sick friend over the ship rail.

"All up but the soup." he groaned.



Reserve Your Copies in Time; Only 53 Left  *The Artemisia*



Songs of the Blue Bird.

The catkins swell in the balmy air,
Soft breezes lazily blow.
A blue bird sings with nary a care
Songs of love I know.

Trill, trill, blue bird trill,
Trill for every joy—
Laura speaks: She says "I will."
Oh happy, happy Roy!

Sing, sing, blue bird sing,
Sing us a song of Dave.
Spring is here, languishing spring—
Oh—now he'll rave.

With a cooing song, the blue bird sways
On its slender, willowy perch;
The moon sails high, and its mellow rays
Shine on a pair from church.

Lightly trills this tell-tale bird.
Sweet sound the notes above.
To an ardent youth who craves a word—
One little word of love.

Coo, coo, blue bird coo;
Coo sweetly in their ear.
It's you, Ethel, only you—
And he's your "Fitzie" dear.

—CHAUNCEY.

Don't Forget May 10th  *The Artemisia*

WHEREAS, God in His wisdom has called from this earthly life the father of our esteemed classmate Irene Ede, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the class of 1901, extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in their loss, and further be it

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be published in the STUDENT RECORD.

IRWIN W. AYRES,
KATE BENDER,
VERRA DAVIS.
Committee.

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For benefit of readers whose English is rusty.

at 12 O'Clock, *The Artemisia*