

T H E

Student Record



Sept. 15, '01



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The Student Record

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

VOL. IX

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, SEP. 15, 1901

No. 1



A Gridiron Duel



Is there any where a true, loyal-hearted college girl who has not a deep admiration and enthusiasm for football? Although she may not understand all the technicalities of the game, although decision may seem unfair, and plays rough, the up-to-date college maiden is as zealous and as enthusiastic over this inspiring game, although perhaps not as noisy in showing her approval, as her more privileged brother.

Not very many years ago, there was a girl attending one of the California colleges, and having rank as a Sophomore. Owing to business changes her parents moved to Nevada, and shortly after she entered the University of Nevada.

Now it happened that this young lady was an ardent admirer of football in general, and of a certain member of her college team in particular. But as things go in this world, she and her athletic friend were forced to part with many mutual expressions of affectionate regret, and hopes of a speedy reunion.

Now when this California fair one, and she really was "divinely fair," entered the University of Nevada, she brought with her certain peculiar ideas regarding the Nevadans, and hence was somewhat surprised to find them as courteous, intelligent, and physically well-formed as their neighbors on the west. For some time however she cherished the conviction that the Californians could play better football. Soon she formed a habit of watching the practice after recitation, and then, —oh, fickle maiden, began to take a deep interest in a certain handsome young fellow who wore a huge white "N" on his blue sweater, and played football which rivaled even the most brilliant efforts of her California hero.

The weeks slipped quickly away, and our fair one found that long evening rambles with her new athlete, whom for convenience we will call Jack, were very pleasant indeed. The football season was now drawing to its close, and oh, irony

of fate! the last and greatest game of the season was to be played with the team from her old college.

With mingled emotions, she saw the arrival of the team from the Golden State. She welcomed them gladly, however, and though she felt somewhat guilty was very cordial to her old admirer, whom we will call Tom. A long stroll in the moonlight with him on the evening before the game served to waken old memories, and bring back half-forgotten thoughts and feelings; and as she retired that night, she could not, for her life, have told which of her football heroes held first place in her affections.

The momentous day dawned at last. Tom and Jack had heard of each other, and each was resolved to be on his mettle to prove himself the better man and the better player, hoping thus to take precedence with the fair damsel. She, poor weak one, really did not know which she cared the more for, although she was inclined to the belief that Jack honestly cared more for her. The sight of the two men in their football suits—handsome, strong, splendidly built—only served to make her the more uncertain as to which she preferred, and she could not help feeling that this great game should decide between them.

Ah!—she is suddenly aroused from her reverie by the kick-off. California has sent the ball way down the field by a splendid punt. But now Nevada has it and is carrying it back,—no, the Nevada man is downed, and it was Tom who tackled him. She feels that Tom has gone up several degrees in her estimation. A confused mass of arms, legs and heads is pushing frantically, first in one direction and then the other.

“Hold ’em, Nevada! Hold ’em!!” madly yell the rooters. Nevada “holds ’em” for a few breathless moments and then suddenly, by some unaccountable strategy, a California man is disengaged from the mass of humanity and is rushing madly toward Nevada’s goal with the ball. The spectators preserve a tense, breathless silence for a few seconds. But look now,—a Nevada man has downed him, and now the rooters with a mad howl raise the yell of the Sagebrush State to high heaven, and the first half ends without either side having scored; while the

Wah! Hoo! Wah!

Zip! Boom! Ah!

bursts forth in a deafening roar.

During the interval between the two halves, our heroine sits buried in meditation. She looks first at Tom, then at Jack. How handsome they both look! But surely Tom’s plays were a little quicker, a little more clever, and had a little more snap. Yes, the scales turn just a little in Tom’s favor now.

But now it is time for the second half. Nevada punts the ball for a good distance down the field, but here comes a husky Californian carrying it back. Oh, what a splendid tackle! Nevada and California are rolling in the dust, twisting, squirming, over and over, until it is almost impossible to distinguish one from the other.

Back and forth, up and down, the tide of battle surges. Now Nevada gains a little, now California, but it seems that Nevada is gradually but surely gaining ground. Nevada has the ball! In great excitement our heroine recognizes that

it is Jack who has the pigskin in his arms. Oh, it can't be that he has fumbled so frightfully! Yes, he has lost the ball. Oh, Jack, Jack, your chances with the fair one are dubious indeed now!

California's ball! Oh, Tom has it and is making a splendid run toward the goal! Wildly excited, she watches him dodge and evade two tackles. But here comes Jack, splendid in size, and formidable is his strength. Tom evidently realizes that he has met his match, and he hesitates, slackens his speed, and almost stops as Jack rushes up and seizes him. Tom has certainly shown a cowardly spirit, and she turns away her eyes for a moment.

Now the yelling becomes so wild that she looks again, to see Jack making a victorious dash right through the enemy, overturning everything in his path; and finally, amid the most frantic howling and yelling imaginable, he rolls just beyond the goal, with three California men on top of him.

The second half is over and the ball has been kicked squarely between the goal posts. Somebody is howling something about the score. All Bedlam shrieks "What's the matter with Nevada?" but the poor girl has eyes only for the prostrate form over behind the goal posts. They are working over a man back there, and she knows that it is Jack and that he is hurt. In a flash she is on the field and elbowing her way to his side, and before she or anyone else realizes the strangeness of her action, she is sitting on the ground with his head in her lap and bathing his brow with her handkerchief.

* * * * *

Tom went back to California without seeing her again,—she had no time to devote to him. Jack had to be a little careful of himself for a time because of two broken ribs. But all the days were amply compensated for in the deep admiration accorded him by the whole college as their hero; and by the somewhat tremulous assurance from a certain little maid, as he strolled homeward with her one afternoon, that "she had thought all along that she liked him best, but now she was sure of it." And faintly from the hill behind them floated the beloved sounds:

"Wah! Hoo! Wah!

Zip, Boom, Ah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Nevada!

G. D. S. '03.

Song to the N. S. U.

On Wednesday, the 4th, the following was sung at General Assembly by Miss Mabel Stanaway '95 and Mr. J. B. O'Sullivan. It made a very favorable impression. Something of which we have long been in need is a college song which



everybody can sing and whose air and words are such as to satisfy the most exacting. The author of this song, which was adopted as one of our college songs, deserves the highest commendation for making an attempt to fill one of our greatest wants. We hope to soon have songs which will rival those of other institutions.

AIR, "MANDALAY."

In our mountain-circled valley where the silver Truckee flows,
 And our 'Varsity stands proudly 'neath the shadow of Mount Rose,
 In the land of the Sierras, where the western breeze blows free,
 It is there we lift our voices, N. S. U., in song to thee.
 Where the Indian war-whoop shrill
 Echoed sharp from hill to hill,
 Now the students' voices mingle
 In the dear old college cheer.
 Where the silver Truckee flows,
 And the western breeze blows free,
 It is there we lift our voices,
 N. S. U., in song to thee.

When to the breeze "Old Glory" flings the white and crimson bars,
 There the color of our college gleams a setting for the stars.
 Sons and daughters of Nevada wear the patriots' royal blue,
 True to State and true to Nation, loyal to the N. S. U.
 With the op'ning of the year
 The great football season's here.
 Then our team goes out to battle
 And to win us victory.
 And the "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah" rings true
 For the men of N. S. U.,
 While the deep-arched sky above us
 Spreads aloft the royal blue.

When the year of work and pleasure has slipped rapidly away,
 And the students bid farewell to each delightful day,
 Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, bound by college spirit true,
 Gather in the "Gym" to sing a parting song to N. S. U.
 When Commencement time draws near
 The Alumni gather here,
 To renew the ties that bind them
 Closer still from year to year.
 Where the Silver Truckee flows,
 Canopied by heaven's blue,
 There we lift our hearts and voices
 In a song to N. S. U.


"To Err Is Human"


Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman rules us still.—Moore.

ONE beautiful spring evening, when the excitement of Commencement Week had not yet thrown its spell over the over-worked students and faculty, two persons, arm in arm, walked slowly by the river, and sought a well-remembered rustic seat. The charm of the evening was upon them, and, by mutual consent, they said nothing. Searching the desired place, they quietly sat down, but still spoke no word. She was seemingly content to have it thus, but he—was it the gentle ripple of the silvery waters, for from the far ages their hidden, nameless charm has been known to entice men from themselves; was it the quiet of the evening, broken only by the soft sighing of the wind through the leafy branches; or was it some subtle, unseen power that made him forget that he was only a man?

Of a sudden, in all its radiance, the moon arose and began its ascent of the sky. Quickly the girl glanced up, gazing enchanted. He knew a sweeter luminary and looked only into the lustrous grey eyes, so perfectly offsetting the matchless beauty of the face. She paid no heed until he drew her to him and spoke in the tender, luring way which only true lovers can use. The startled look on her face only enhanced her beauty. Although, in the dim half-light, the whispered words were to her so full of melody, she, having the true college girl's love for mischief, thought to make him believe otherwise. So, heedless of the fact that her head was on his shoulder, she murmured coquettishly the folly of man and what nonsense he was telling her. He did not see that she was trifling; he did not rightfully interpret the look in her eyes and he could not see that she was in a rather awkward position to speak as she had. * * * * *

On a bloody field of battle, on the sands of Africa, lay one who, if help did not come, would soon be through "life's fitful fever." The whole heavens were similar to what they had been several years before. He seemed to see and again live through the same scene. But now a great peace came over him; for since that time he had been tired of living and at last his strongest desire was apparently to be fulfilled.

A few weeks after the time he had displeased her, as nothing could persuade him to again do, he had graduated. Life, once so bright, had lost all its charms for him. Indeed, the passionate heart of man had that night entered the breast of the joyous, but wild-dreaming boy. He became what he would be to the last—her adorer. And the quiet of his heart was broken by a voice whose echoes would never cease—the voice of that deep, true love, destined to everyone, comes but once. He finished his mining education at Columbia, but was never his old self. The breaking out of the African war, which gave opportunities for men to show such brilliant, dashing bravery, or rather recklessness, as is seldom equalled and never surpassed, was exactly what he wanted. He had thought to die with

a last prayer for one who was constantly in his thoughts. But the world is perverse; what most one wants he does not frequently get. He was found, and being carefully tended, recovered. He was doomed to continue longer with the hollow mockery of living. * * * * *

People had come from far and near to witness the Commencement exercises in the small Western University. In a crowded gallery two people accidentally met. That graceful form, more perfect now than in its girlish fullness; those soft, grey eyes; that lovely, tender face, sadder but sweeter than before, could belong to but one person; and she was in the bloom of perfect womanhood. As of old, she was a creature who defied description; for no one could do her justice. As if to blot out the sight, the man passed his hand over his eyes, but the vision was real. Being that she had thought altogether too often of him, she readily recognized the man whose stern, gloomy face was more melancholly than ever.

As in a dream, they advanced, clasped hands, and spoke as friends long parted should speak. But each was ill at ease, and believing that the presence of each was distasteful to the other, they quickly separated. Both were in the toils of the relentless demon—blind, insatiate love. It is hard to understand why people persist in not seeing things in their true light. Verily, there are "none so blind as those who will not see." * * * * *

More strongly than when the fiery heart of youth beat in his breast, were his slumbering passions aroused. Time, instead of healing its old wounds, makes true love more intense; "For love is young, though love be old, and love alone the heart can hold." Simply because of a shattered love, one who should apparently be happy was restless and dissatisfied. He could not believe that there are other higher things in this life worth living for. He thought that with his life his troubles would end for all time—who can say that he was wrong? As with the terrible coolness which only brave men display, he fingered the revolver, there came before him a vision more beautiful than the dawn. O woman, because of you, what follies are committed! * * * * *

The calm of the evening had passed, and in its stead raged the fury of the storm. The roaring of the waters, the howling of the tempest, the lofty peaks, combined to make more sublime the grandeur of the scene. Slowly carefully, and with a steady hand, a woman removed her heavy outer garments and loosed the thick tresses of golden hair. On her knees, with bent head, she made her peace with this earth. She had found that all we labor and live for is the accomplishment of one end—the attainment of happiness. She did not have what is to everyone the height of happiness—satisfied love. She who had never before wilfully done the slightest wrong—surely the little mistake of years before was no wrong—like the falling star, disappeared from the cliff into the hungry, raging waters. But as the glorious eyes looked at the heavens for the last time; as for an instant, before being forever lost to human eyes, the magnificent face rested on waters, the lips moved and came the whispered words: "My love, I die for you." As the noblest thing on earth is a true, beautiful woman, so the saddest thing is the death of one. With something like a moan the merciless elements seemed to abate and then continue in all their fury. Did the foaming waters become tranquil; was the noise of the tempest hushed; came through the trees a deep sighing sound as if all the world were lost? "SPRINGER" '02.



The Student Record



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Exchange—H. C. Southworth '02.

Blaine Grey '02, Mabel Richardson '03, Geo. E. Anderson '02, Bernard O'Hara '03, Carrie Allen '03, Ott F. Heizer '04, E. J. Roberts '04.

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Our Intentions and Our Wishes.

In order that editorials may possess interest or value, the writer must have something to say and there must be a desire to read that something. Perhaps, therefore, it would be as well to write nothing. But even though this, as other editorials, be but little read, the opportunity is so tempting that it is too hard to refrain. And, anyway, there are things which should be understood at the outset.

We will attempt to surpass all previous efforts in our college journalism. Our predecessors have accomplished much and have had to surmount difficulties which we will not encounter; but nearly all things, however perfect, can be improved, and crude affairs should be easily bettered. We aim high and may not attain to our ideal—how well we shall succeed depends upon much.

The thing necessary to our success is the hearty co-operation and support of the students. Although the "RECORD, born through the opposition of the regents and faculty," has lived through their opposition, and, we believe, can continue to do so; both these honored bodies, seeing that its only object is the advancement of the University, now give it all possible aid and encouragement. But the foundation of all, that which we most desire, is the confidence of the student body as a whole, and not, as heretofore, of a few scattered members or even a majority. The RECORD will continue to give voice to the student sentiment, and, in every case, will do what it can for the University and students. With this end in view, we believe all students should subscribe for it, patronize only its advertisers, take an interest in its every doing and, when necessary, give it the benefit of frank criticism.



Is It Wise to Abuse the Privilege of Others?

Although the semester has barely begun and things are not yet settled; and although the characteristics of the new students cannot so soon be very well known, it is surprising and annoying to observe some of the things done, not only by some students, but by a considerable number of underclassmen who have been here before and should know better. By what right any one of these persons gets too familiar with, sometimes almost insulting, an upper classman, who, according to all college customs, has precedence and is here their superior, is beyond our understanding. Without taking upon

ourselves duties which do not belong to us, we believe it would not be amiss to suggest that it would be advisable for everyone to keep his place and not exceed his rights.



**May Our Hopes
Be Fulfilled.**

We do not believe in giving undue credit to anyone, giving anyone cause for conceit or exaggerating things in order to make a favorable impression; but where merit is deserved, there should it be accredited, and a few truths would not here be out of place.

With more brilliant prospects than ever before, football work last week began. The number and size of the entering men who are playing far exceeds that of previous years; those of our old stars still here are doing better work than in a game which will not soon be forgotten; we have what we have not always had—a captain who can infuse into a team his own undaunted enthusiasm and indomitable will, and a manager whose business capabilities and energy are seldom equalled in Universities; but, most important of all, after we have long sought in vain after one, a coach whose only aim is the perfecting of our football men and the continuance of our last brilliant victory, has already won the hearts of our enthusiasts. Truly, never as bright as for the season of 1901 was the outlook for the Silver and Blue.



**The Nation Mourns
Its Fallen Chief.**

In these days of gloom and sorrow, when men go about with the stern set faces which betoken a great calamity; when, for a third time, a President of the United States has come to an untimely end at the hands of an assassin, it behooves us college men and women to consider the greatness of our country, the appalling dangers to its existing forms of government and to think of the splendid opportunities we are enjoying. We are of the class upon whom in the future will fall the burden of properly influencing the people of our country, so that no such rash and shadowy deed as the murder of a noble and beloved executive will ever be thought of.



**Have the True
University Spirit.**

We welcome the students, old and new, with the best wishes for their success. Let each remember that his career at college is but a forerunner of his future life; the habits one forms at college will endure for all time. Neglect no phase of college customs which will benefit you or your University. Do all things so that when your fitful college dream is over you will regret nothing. If, finally, you are satisfied with yourself and with what you have done, you can go forth into the world with no better college heritage.

Have implicit faith in the University. Never forsake it, but believe in it in misfortune and defeat as well as in success and victory. Know that here as elsewhere one receives the real test when all is overshadowed with gloom, and mis-

fortune lurks on every side. Anyone can be enthusiastic when crowned by the laurel wreath of victory, but not everyone can be steadfast when the vulture wings of misfortune hover near. Observe the truth of these lines written by one who takes an interest in all our affairs:

Berkeley may be more clever,
And Stanford have more men,
But we will all swing together
And hang by the U. of N.

Columbia may be more famous,
And Harvard may be more swell,
But our hearts beat faster
At the sound of Nevada's yell.

Princeton's pride is in football,
And Yale's pride is in her crew,
But we look for our glory
To the boys that Nevada grew.

Don't spend too much time on athletics,
The glory fades quickly away;
But build up a character mighty
Which sheds glory forever and aye.

R. H. B.

In the Shadows of Minerva

Miss Hannah K. Clapp, University Librarian, will shortly take a leave of absence for an indefinite period.

Lieutenant F. E. Gignoux, U. S. A., formerly a Nevada University student, was last week a Campus visitor.

Dr. Church, after an extended trip of pleasure and study in Europe, has returned to resume his position on our faculty.

Bodyguard, the handsome and popular young social manager, is rapidly acquiring fame by the business-like way in which he draws his receipt book, and, in his mellow voice, says, "One dollar, please."

The work on the new chemical building and on the hospital building is progressing rapidly. Contractor Clough, who is building both, expects to have them completed and ready for occupancy by the beginning of the next semester.

When, in the Freshman English class, the professor asked who Socrates was, Willie hooted "One of Christ's disciples."

W. L. Hayes '01 is in charge of the University extension class in Virginia City, where over fifty are enrolled. C. E. Fitzmaurice is assisting Prof. Wilson in the chemical laboratory of the University.

On the eve of Sept. 7th the Delta Rho fraternity entertained the new girls of the college at the residence of Miss Beth Stubbs. A very enjoyable evening was spent and dainty refreshments were served.

The Social Club held its first monthly social the second Friday of September. There was quite a large attendance, many new students being present. The social was brought suddenly to a close on hearing the sad news of the death of President McKinley.

There is more than one way of doing various things, as, for example, interpreting abbreviations. "My son," said the stern parent, "what means the word 'Con.' written after your shop work? the standing is not given." "What-er-oh that means 'to be continued next term.'" Verily.

The Seniors' paraphernalia has arrived. It will consist principally of a small-brimmed sombrero, corduroy jeans, shirt waist and bandanna. The attire will be worn at all times and on all occasions, except when the contrary is absolutely necessary. Keep a straight face and doff your hat when passing in the way of Seniors.

The University registration was this year larger than for several years. At one time the co-eds outnumbered the boys, but, fortunately, the latter came in with a rush and are now several in the lead. When all the old students are registered the total number will be three hundred or over. With all our departments well arranged and our laboratory accommodations very satisfactory, the University this year opens under favorable auspices.

Capt. Hollis C. Clark, U. S. A., took charge of the military department on Sept. 10. As a result of the marked increase in attendance, the corps will number something over a hundred and fifty, leaving out all men physically unfit. Cadets Harford C. Southworth, Carl Bray and Blaine Grey have been tendered commissions to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of First Lieutenant and Adjutant J. D. Cameron, First Lieutenant, Signal Corps, Geo. Springmeyer, and Second Lieutenant, Co. A, Charles E. Southworth.

A Freshman at the Cottage tried long and earnestly to light the electric light with matches—how many were required is not known—and '05 is not an unsophisticated class. This the following notice clearly shows: "There will be a joint meeting of the Junior and *Freshman* classes *respectively* for the purpose of organizing the *Freshman* class." And still the world goes on. And then, as usual, the Freshmen won the rush. In consequence, there was an abnormal increase in the size of heads. The University continues to be in existence.

Asked an Old Student of a New Addition to the University: "Are you going to stay at the dormitory?" "No, I'm going to the University."

If any of the recent entries to the U. N. have the conceit to make themselves conspicuous, they had best remember that college babies should neither be seen nor heard.

Although only two of the faculty, and they very new professors, find time to occasionally appear on the hill, there is no reason why over a hundred students, co-eds included, should not be out in force every evening. It will be a pleasure to all concerned—true college spirit is incomparable for the satisfaction that it gives—and will assist materially in the football work. There is no stimulus like college yells, college songs, music, and above all, the bright animated faces of the scores for whom the gridiron heroes are striving to win glory.

A PREP'S DREAM.

If I were a Freshman, oh how I would dig;
 If I were a Sophomore, you bet but I'd feel big;
 If I were a Junior I'd be filled with joy and mirth;
 And if I were a Senior, I'd think I owned the earth.

Every student who takes any interest in University life should help to make the Social Club a success. It is run solely for the benefit of the students; the membership is exclusive, and the socials only occur once a month, consequently it does not interfere with class work. Any visitor who attends must be there by the special permission of the management. A standing invitation is always open to members of the faculty, college, Normal, Alumni and students in good standing. The Social Committee is as follows: E. J. Erickson '03, Mgr.; P. Arnot '02, W. Graham '04, W. Stark '05.

A challenge to debate has been received from the Washington Agricultural College. With the proviso of securing reasonable rates, the challenge was accepted, and Washington asked to submit a question. The various literary societies will take up their different lines of work immediately, and, it is to be hoped, they will not forget to arouse a proper amount of interest in debating. We have three debates scheduled for this college year, and if we neglect no phase of the work and enter into it with the right spirit, there is no reason why we shall not come out of each with the same feeling of satisfaction as on May 24, 1901.

Although the size of the student body and the large number of entering students makes less apparent the absence of many of our most popular and promising students, outside of the graduates, still some of the vacancies are noticeable. The Misses Shier, Normal '02, are continuing their studies in San Francisco; Paul Moorman has accepted a position at the Experiment Station; Lyman '03, who is a Stanford Junior, Culverwell '05, Molini '05, Nesbit '05 and Osborne '04 have found more congenial climes; on the 7th, before leaving for the California College of Pharmacy, Edgar Shrier '04 and his familiar face bade farewell to Reno's whilom shades, leaving behind only the faint echo: "U. N. college days are over, Edgar, dear."



Athletics



On Sept. 5th some of the men appeared on the gridiron in football attire, to receive preliminary instructions in the national college sport. Each evening since the number of men has increased and the work become more general until now Nevada's football season is on in earnest. From all indications it will be the most successful in her history.

To coach the team and instruct them in all the finer points of the game, the manager has secured a man from the east who comes with an enviable reputation in this particular line. He is A. C. Steckle, Captain of Michigan's 'Varsity '99 and Tackle on the '99 All-American Eleven. If any man will play through the season under the guidance of a coach, and though he may not make the team, he will know the details of the great game as well as any of the 'varsity men of our greater Universities.

In order that the physical condition of the men shall be as near perfect as a man can make it, our manager has secured the services of King Kyan, who needs no introduction to Nevada students.

So much has been done for lovers of the sport. Now let every able-bodied student come out, at least for a time, and reap his share of this valued counsel, for although he may not make the team, he will be more the man, both physically and mentally, for having tried.

The Schedule for this year is as follows:

- October 5, U. N. vs. San Jose Normals. In Reno.
- October 12, U. N. vs. University of Washington. In Reno.
- October 19, U. N. vs. Reliance A. C. In Reno.
- October 30, U. N. vs. University of California. In Berkeley.
- November 2, U. N. vs. Stanford. In Palo Alto.
- November 2, U. N. Second Eleven vs. Stewart Institute. In Carson.
- November 4, U. N. vs. University of Oregon. In San Francisco.
- November 28, U. N. vs. the University of Utah. In Salt Lake City.
- November 28, U. N. Second Eleven vs. Reno Wheelmen. In Reno.
- November 16, '04 vs. '05. U. N. Campus.

On Saturday, Sept. 5, the Sophomores and Freshman met in the annual cane rush. As usual, the Sophomores were so outnumbered that it was a foregone conclusion that they must win by a ruse or not at all. But things did not go exactly as planned. Unforeseen circumstances arose, and of course, the victory of the Freshmen was assured.

At precisely 9:35 the President of the Senior Class handed the cane to the stalwart Soph who was to carry it through to glorious victory or down to defeat. A moment later the Sophomore formation was flying down the field, dashing

through the frightened Freshmen who were scattered in all directions, and being itself broken up and destroyed. The man with the cane, accompanied by two classmates, carried the coveted stick about ten yards through the line of Freshmen, stumbled over the panting, struggling mass of humanity, and with several Freshmen tugging at him, fell over the cane. Another Soph carried the cane a few yards farther, but he, too, was overpowered by the irresistible numbers and strength of the Freshmen, and down the cane went to go forward no further.

There was a clause in the rules giving the Freshmen if they retained complete possession of the cane for a certain time. But the gallant Sophs were determined that no such thing should be, and in spite of the frantic efforts of their opponents, during the whole time several second-year men had hands on the cane. Frequently a Soph was seen handling two or more of the new men as though they were children, but against such odds the mightiest attempts were of no avail; and, completely worn out, with the hands of some still clutching the cane so tightly that they could with difficulty be removed, but still having their honor, the time limit came, and in the gloom of defeat the vanquished Sophomores were led and carried off the field.

All through the rush was a good exhibition of brute strength and endurance, and still the best of feeling prevailed, and no one was in the least hurt. When all was over and the excitement settled, those who, in their rivalry of a short time before displayed all their savage instincts, discussed in the most friendly way the many amusing incidents of the rush; while even the dignified upper classmen, in their dignified plugs, looked on approvingly. But it is certain that some other way, fairer and not so rough, to test the strength and skill of the two classes, should hereafter be chosen. Then the result will be more satisfactory than now when it is the same story each year. And, anyway, we want a change now and then and like to have the unexpected happen.

The candidates for the Berkeley track team have already begun fall training, thereby greatly improving the chances for the track team next spring. We should do the same thing.

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