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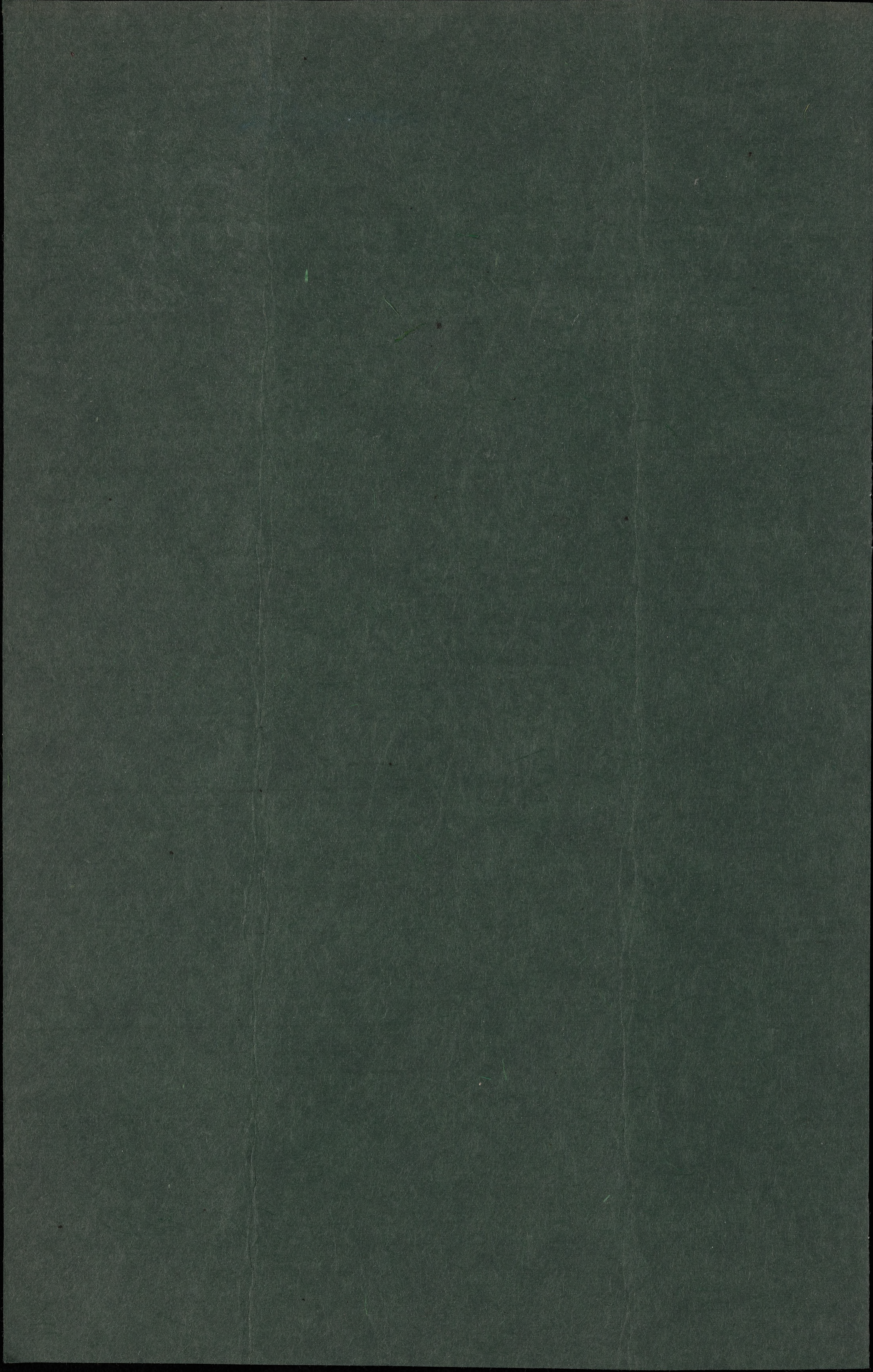
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Student Record



Oct. 1, '01





9:2 (Oct. 1, 1901)

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Class of 1903—President, John O. McElroy; Secretary, May Wilson.

Class of 1904—President, Edgar Leavitt; Secretary, Jeanette Cameron.

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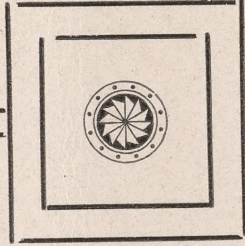
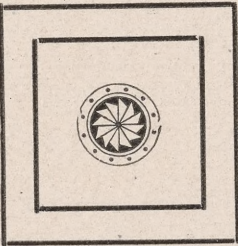
The Student Record

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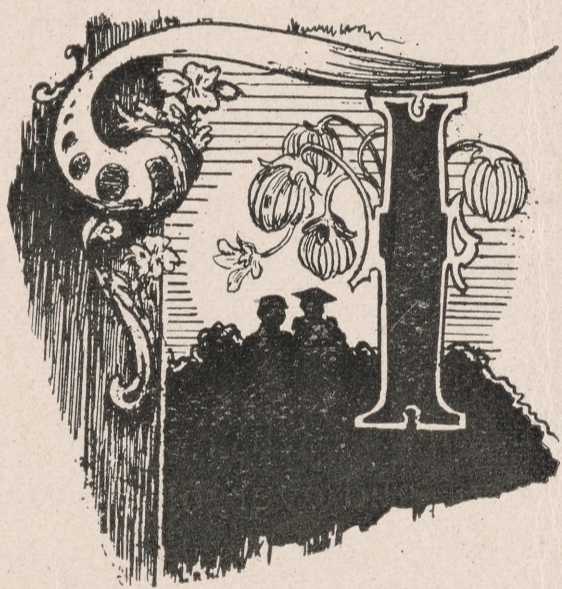
VOL. IX

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, OCT. 1, 1901

No. 2



Reverses



INTO the wild woods of California, an Eastern girl came with her mother (in the early fifties, when gold was abundant and women scarce).

The object of the young lady's visit was to find her father, who had come to California the year before in search of wealth. The poor, unfortunate William Stuper (better known as "Billy Stoopover," on account of the tendency of his chin toward his knees), while returning home one night was brutally murdered. You can easily imagine the disappointment of the fair daughter when she heard this horri-

fying tale on her arrival. But not having much love for her late father, she at once decided to lay aside her grief and set her cap for a California millionaire.

Mr. Du Pont, a Frenchman who claimed to come of a noble old French family, and a leader in social circles, was naturally pointed out by the rough miners as the suitor for the hand of the newcomer. Now, this fair Yankee girl, with curling amber locks—that is, after the use of curl papers—and rich in the distribution of freckles, only especially noticeable on her aquiline nose, was quite capable of pouring forth sweet words of great dimensions. Thus she completely captivated the heart of the little Frenchman with the goatee and waxed mustache.

Poor, deluded creature. Could he have but read the future, Miss Stuper would not have dazed his mind and rended his heart. But so goes the world, and poor Du Pont suffered sad reverses.

A grand ball was given and people flocked from far and near to attend. Lillian Stuper was the center of attraction. Clothed in latest Eastern dress and bedecked with jewels and other ornaments, Miss Lillian entered with an old friend of her late father. How Du Pont's heart beat as he saw this vision before him. The passion of love seized him and he vowed "to have this queen of women what-

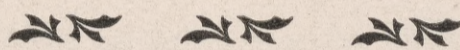
ever be the sacrifice." When the dance was over he believed his dream to be realized.

The cruel daughter of Eve had laid her plans well, for in less than a month they were fully realized. Du Pont led her to the altar. The love that he lavished upon her came to a climax when he gave her possession of all his gold.

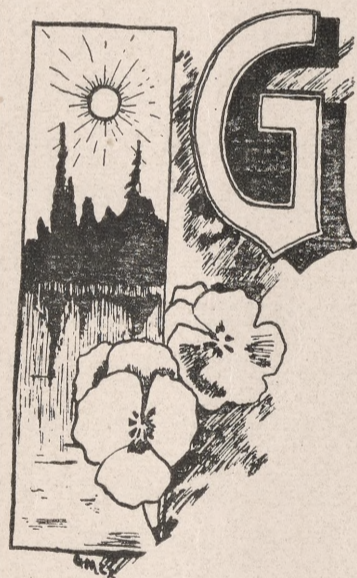
The loving wife soon contracted with a dear friend to take her and her mother away secretly while her devoted husband was at work. In due time she was on her way back to New York and thence to Europe, leaving husband, love and all else but gold in California, where she had been lucky enough to find a fortune.

Poor Du Pont soon afterwards received a letter containing these words "Sorry for your reverses and hope you take them as only good men do."

C. H. A.



Tribulations of a Senior



GAILY the dashing Senior walks toward his room. All nature is smiling and it is but natural that a song is on his lips and a twinkle in his laughing eye. Two gay classmates hail him:

"Come, boy, take a stroll to the city."

"To the city? Well—er—you know—why, of course, with pleasure. Pleasure has its place and everyone should have his share, eh? I'll study when I get back. Come along, get a move on."

It is rather late and the fun is past. The tired eyes savagely look at the books piled up in such forbidding rows.

"O bosh, too tired now. Will get up early and go to them."

Can't study in this beastly stillness, anyhow, and those sleepers do make an awful lot of funny noises; queer combination, this—my head throbs fearfully.

Intentions are alright, but then, who is fool enough to get up, when, with half-open eyes, heavy with sleep, you are dimly conscious that the day is getting on, and you are feeling, O, so comfortable, and yet so weary. Why, you become certain that you know all your lessons—they will take care of themselves. Cast all troubles to the wind, what do you care? Nothing can induce you to get up.

A disconsolate figure tumbles dejectedly from the Hall steps and goes slowly to the class-room. Its air of despairing misery is in accord with the drooping sombrero, worn trousers and sleepy eye. The awed demeanor of the humble prep. passers-by is very appropriate.

"It is indeed a fine scheme to work the prof—will get some satisfaction for the time he tried to flunk me. Oh, yes, you know the lesson you never looked at; the look in his eye shows that—'Oh, such a bluff,' it seems to say. That question

s over with; guess I will forget things for a while. This is almost as good as— Come out of your trance. Pay attention.' Confound such a harsh voice—why is he looking at me in that way? What the devil does he think I am? Well, there are things I won't take from any professor—where are my hat and books? I'll show the old fossil. He isn't the whole thing."

"Out here on the steps it's just fine. Glad I am out of that oppressive old class-room. There is nothing like being in the open air and sunning yourself on such a day. And the prof. said you were a dreamer? And staring into vacancy? Well, what if a fellow is only vaguely aware of the buzzing sound of his old dried-up, monotonous discourse? A child of nature should enjoy nature's charms—and here is the place to do it."

"Ah, the co-eds. Same as ever, but not as handsome as some I have known—luring the fellows on with their senseless antics. It's a wonder some people never get any sense. Lucky you have not the lack of discretion you once had. Good for you that you did not get the only one you would ever have—she was too good for you or anybody else. I like to think of those good old times—when—she and— * * *

"There goes that old cow-bell, sounding luncheon time. I would like to stay here a little longer—those three periods passed already? Well, it serves them right for giving me so many lessons that I can neither turn around nor see to think. What do those new guys mean by looking at me in that way? What if I have been asleep for a few minutes and my eyes do look rather queer? Is it any affair of their fresh heads? Cannot I, a Senior, do as I please? Pshaw, I don't feel much like moving, but a fellow must live, and to live, even a Senior must eat. I'll just fancy that the legislators are visiting the University again. That *was* a swell spread—and the lawmakers were told that such was our daily fare, and so, since the truth," etc., etc., etc.

* * * * *

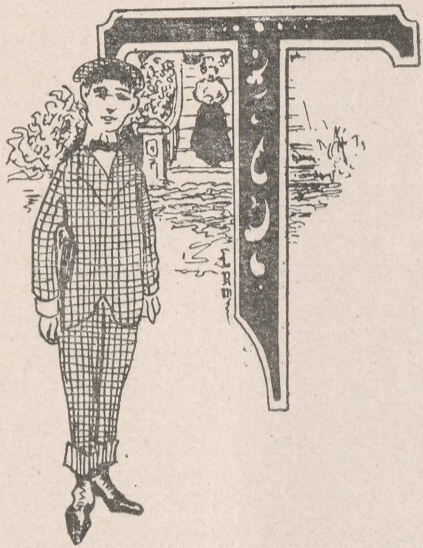
And the star of the Senior's hope, which rose so brilliantly with his freshman card, continues in its ascendancy until it reaches its zenith in that incomparable flash of glory, when "Upon the recommendation of the ——— and by the authority vested in me by the ——— of ———, I grant you the degree of ——— of ———, with all the rights and privileges contained with it, forever." And then the Senior no longer goes plodding on, and his sun has set for all time.

G. W. S. '02.



Anent inter-class debating arrangements are being made for a series of debates between the Freshmen and Sophomores, the Juniors and Seniors, and finally between the victors in these two debates. The victors in this final debate will be the college champions, and, as Prof. Cushman informs the editor, will be awarded a suitable class trophy. Debating seems to have at last gained a permanent foothold in the University. It is to be hoped that the class debates will create much interest, so that the debating material heretofore unknown can be found and developed.

A Football Episode



THIRD down, and five yards to gain," called the umpire. The game was drawing to a close; at any moment the sharp thrill of the whistle would end the contest.

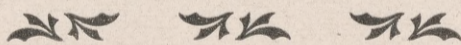
The Oriels had a touch back in their favor against the zero of their antagonists, the Ravens. If the Ravens did not cover the five yards that intervened between them and the goal line in the next few minutes they would taste the bitterness of defeat, and if there was any man on the Ravens who could make the distance, it was Taylor, their big right half. All through that fierce game he had played like a wild man, striving to turn the tide in favor of his team, but thus far his efforts had been unavailing; he had only helped to keep the opposing side from piling up a larger score.

The teams lined up; a strange stillness had fallen over the grandstand, and the quick, determined signal of the quarter could be heard all over the field.

Snap! The ball was passed and Taylor went crashing, on a straight buck, into the writhing, struggling mass in front of him; men hurled themselves at him in desperation, but Taylor, with head low and muscles tense, plowed on. When he staggered over the goal line it seemed to him as if every man on the opposing team was riding on his back, but he made it.

As the teams lined up for another kick-off the whistle blew and ended another game where the grim determination of one man had snapped victory from the jaws of defeat.

B. F. O'H. '03.



IT was midnight in the city. Cold and bleak was the night, and the bitter wind howled dismally as it swept the desolate, vacant streets. Before a cafe, in the dim light of a street lamp, crouched a man. His face was haggard, his eyes were blood-shot, and his clothes were tattered. A well-dressed man, whistling and jingling the money in his pockets, passed the street lamp and entered the cafe. Withdrawing from the gloom into which he had momentarily stepped, the shivering outcast went to the window. Looking through the heavily-frosted glass, he saw the well-dressed man standing in a secluded corner of the room, alone and very near the door, and examining a heavy gold watch. A murderous light entered the eyes of the silent watcher and his muscles became tense. He drew a long knife, straightened out his body, and still looking at the man inside, muttered: "It must be; I will have it." Then, opening the door, grasping the knife more closely, and again muttering, "It must be; I will have it," he savagely rushed up to the man with the watch—and cut a slice of bread from a loaf which was lying on the free lunch counter.



The Student Record



GEO. W. SPRINGMEYER '02, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

D. E. SOUTHWORTH '02, ASSOCIATE

E. P. ARNOT '02, BUSINESS MANAGER

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Athletics—Seymour Case '02, Elizabeth McCormack '02.

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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Right Prevails and the University Still Lives.

The STUDENT RECORD expresses the universal student sentiment of the University of Nevada, and the will of the students be done. Certain things have been grossly misrepresented, much injury has been done to the University, and the upperclassmen have been grievously wronged. We purpose to show things in their true light and to disprove absurdities.

With the same eagerness with which the hawk pounces upon its defenseless prey, just as the merciless storm tosses the helpless ship upon the waters, two Reno daily papers, taking their victim unawares, disdainingly to inquire into the veracity of their statements, gave the University a black eye over the State. Under glaring headlines they published articles which would lead one to believe that an appalling state of affairs existed at our presumably peaceful institution. If they were true their exposure by even sensational newspapers would be justifiable. But regardless of the fair name of the University, the truth is colored and distorted out of all semblance to itself, and the U. N. tainted with the stigma of disgrace.

The upperclassmen would be as deeply humiliated as their president if what was said were true. To say that, after having reached a period when the honesty of their motives is not questioned, they would be guilty of brutally "hazing" "throwing into a ditch" and "heaping indignities upon" anyone whether or not he deserved such savage treatment, certainly shows that yellow journalism goes too far. There was no such thing as "hazing" in the accepted meaning of the term—the "hazing at the University broke out afresh Sunday night" article was a myth conceived by the folly of some forlorn scribe.

There are times when University men think, perhaps wrongly, that they must take matters into their own hands, provided that they do not exceed their rights and go too far; for they consider that they alone can deal properly with the offenders and that the duty resting with them cannot be understood by anyone else. Hence, when they saw students doing things bad for themselves and for the University, and against the spirit of our life and customs, the upperclassmen took occasion to mildly reprimand the wrongdoers by administering to them such slight chastisement as to vividly revive the memories of childhood. No one was in the least hurt or subjected to any wrong treatment. All say that they deserved what

they got and were benefited thereby. The upperclassmen believe that these men should be recalled to themselves, so that our principles might not become weakened, as was the spirit of the Romans when not nourished by the excitement and activities of war.

"A nervous, delicate boy, who believed that he would be thrown into the ditch," and "did not shoot until one of the boys struck him in the face"—according to the truthful papers. How vivid and how false is the imagination of man! "The shots were not fired until he was sprung upon in the dark, seized and thrown violently to the ground," etc. How forgetful and how deceptive is the guilty conscience of the coward. It seems that the proper University element has no use for one who is so thoughtless, so weak, and so unfortunate as to allow a chunk of lead "to leap from its sleeping chamber" in the direction of a former classmate. Falsity added to injury makes base principles stand out more prominently, but some people know not what they do.

If the reports in circulation were true, one would wonder that parents would be so rash as to send their sons and daughters to a place which the sensationalists would have infested with the worst type of men. Fortunately, the reports are untrue; manliness is the highest sense of our college men who have withstood the ups and downs of a University life for a few years--there can surely be nothing alarming about that. They may have made a slight mistake, but in spite of the presumptions of those who insist on the contrary, their motives were good. We are proud and glad that one who has always shown that he is equal to any emergency, has again given proof of his unerring judgment and wisdom by dealing fairly and to the best advantage with this delicate problem, so that the crisis and danger to the University are past. All praise to our honored President.



**Do More
Library Work.**

Our library is not equal to those of larger institutions but if all goes well, a library building that would be a credit to any University will within a few years adorn our campus. But if no more use be made of what is to be contained in that building than is made of our present collection of books, etc., the money required to make the needed addition to our University will be wasted and the building and its equipment practically useless. There is no reason why we should not make the most of our advantages and tax the library to its utmost. There is an opportunity for everyone to do advanced work and to do more than is required by the recitation and laboratory hours. Beside the pleasure resulting from it, reading increases the scope of learning. The hours spent in the library are never regretted—let us wake up and get all we can out of our career at college. There are many scientific and other works in the library, but as they may be tiresome to our easy-going student, the following, which are on file, and will serve a like purpose, should receive attention: Advocates of Peace; Age of Steel; American Economist; Bibliography; Botanical Gazette; Christian Register; Cosmopolitan; Conservative; Current Literature; Columbia University Quarterly; Dial; Domestic Science monthly; Experiment Station Record; Forester Journal of Education; Journal of Ethics; Jour-

nal of Geology; Journal of Political Economy; Literary Digest; Mining and Metallurgy Monist; Monthly Weather Review; Municipal Affairs; National Geographic Magazine; National Irrigation; North American Review; Our Dumb Animals; Overland Monthly; Scientific American; Sunset; Torrey Botanical Club Bulletin; Torrey.



In the Shadows of Minerva

"Here is a shepherd's pipe from Europe." Miss Inquisitiveness: "Where do they put the tobacco?"

F. Gill, ex-'02, was seen in his old haunts this week. Frank has been doing well since he left, and all his old friends were glad to see him.

Miss Anna H. Martin has resigned her position in the History Department. Miss Jane Weir of Stanford has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

Geo. Saxton '01 paid a visit to the University recently. George was heard giving some advice to his brother; of course the advice was not needed.

Seymour Case '02 was elected Track Captain for the ensuing year. Under the leadership of Case the track team of this year should outdo the records of any of its predecessors.

"Fiend!" roared the terrible right tackle; "You die if you write any josh about me; I can hold my breath longer than any man who ever tried to kick another's ribs through his back."

The Prep: "Say, how do you manage to catch the ladies?" The Freshman: "Why, I just simply spot a maid and then keep pressing my suit." The Prep: "Well, then I'll have to get a coal-oil stove and some flat-irons and press my suit, too."

A tall young man, auburn haired and scholarly looking, promised to take a young lady friend to the show. At the appointed time he called for his fair partner and steered straight for a *free for all*, where a faker was selling patent medicines.

We are glad to note that the University Cadet Band has again organized and is giving forth sweet strains of music under the leadership of Mr. Richard Tobin, who is so favorably known to all University students. A score or more horns in unison produce a much more agreeable sensation than one here and one there over the campus, each independent of the other. During the coming academic year there will be many events whose interest will be greatly increased by the presence of a good band, and of course the University will be proud of such an organization.

"I would like to catch the man who wrote that," said he fiercely, as he gazed on the stone to the right of the main building. "I would give him a good thrashing." At that moment the fair culprit was holding her breath in horror and wondering how such a comely youth could be *so* mean.

A HIGH KICKER.—Young Lady (at Annex)—"What'll we do when the snow gets deep in winter?" Preceptress—"Perhaps it won't be more than six or eight inches deep, and we won't mind that." Y. L.—"Oh, I don't mind snow that deep. What I kickover is fourteen feet." Chorus—"What a high kicker!"

A SENIOR'S DESIRE.

A piece of bone,	His head oft aches,
A crust of bread.	And to be sure,—
A glass of beer,	Philosopher?
A cozy bed.	Well, I guess no.
A little hut,	Oh, yes, he's wise,
In which to rest.	But too much so.
Some good old rye	And just to rest
Within the chest.	In sweet content,
I do not like	With much to eat,
An epicure.	And pay no rent.

The reception given in Room 6 on Sept. 21, to the new students, by the University Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. was a success in every particular. The old met the new and the new got an insight into the customs of the University. The work of both the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. is progressing very favorably and larger memberships than in other years is anticipated.

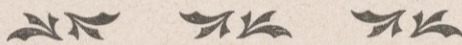
Through the kindness of Hon. A. J. Condon, father of Arthur Condon, ex-'02, the Senior Class made an excursion to Verdi and vicinity on Sept. 28. The mountain scenery as viewed during the trip on the new logging railroad was superb. All in all, a splendid time was had, the memory of which will not soon pass away. One senior seemed more tired than the rest as he sat on the sand gazing into the great beyond. The train was beginning to move and all but he were on the cars. "Come, get aboard, Harry." The drowsily-nodding head turned and the tired eyes opened; "What do I want with a board?"

A very pretty "at home" was held on the 18th ult. at Miss Blakeslee's home on University Avenue, given to the heroes of the cane rush by the loyal '04 girls. The reception was made the occasion of much jollity on all sides. Charades proved to be a brilliant feature of the evening, and at midnight a bountiful supper was served, Mr. Leavitt presiding at the board. Many loyal speeches were heard from both girls and boys. The parlors and dining room were handsomely decorated in the class colors, purple and gold, and each guest carried away an appropriate souvenir of the occasion, as well as pleasant memories of a bevy of delightful hostesses.

A TRIBUTE.

Silence, sorrow and sadness
 Is spread o'er our nation great,
 For the Angel of Death
 Has left our President lying in state.
 Our President, good and noble,
 Our Union's supreme head,
 By the hand of a bitter anarchist
 Is left to his country, dead.
 All party hatred is buried
 In the one great wave of grief;
 All gladness is turned to sorrow
 In mourning for the Nation's Chief.

The bells are mournfully tolling
 All day, and in every town
 The colors of Old Glory
 Are reverently drooping down.
 While the wail of New England's forests
 Lulls him to eternal rest,
 The peaceful and mighty Pacific
 Sends back echoes from the West.
 And as our gallant Chieftain
 Sleeps beneath the sod,
 We know he has justice
 In heaven before the Tribune of God.
 C. H. A.



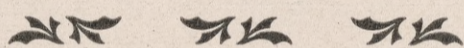
From the Heights


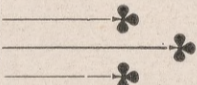
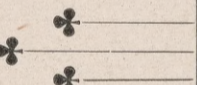



It seems to be the practice of a certain class of students in the University to persist in writing so-called "joshes" and disfiguring different notices placed upon the bulletin board in Morrill Hall. This practice was continued throughout last year, and attention being called to the matter through the columns of the STUDENT RECORD, for a time was discontinued. But it has broken out anew. As there seems to be no way at present of stopping this "kiddishness," the writer suggests that the University place at the disposal of all a bulletin board whereby these "josh-writing" cranks and notice destroyers may carry out their second nature instincts until further means can be provided to stop them.

In general, the more people on the football field, the better. But some may as well stay away. A short time ago, when about twenty young men were busily improving the football field, as many more were seated on the overlooking hill, watching and apparently enjoying the efforts of the workers. When asked to help, they took pleasure in declining, intimating that they were too *gentlemanly* for such work. Their idea of their social standing is somewhat far-fetched; they may find to their cost that they in whose eyes they evidently court favor have no use for their kind. The *gentlemen* will be the first to complain when the athletic fee is raised. Their spirit would deserve more censure were it not that they are so insignificant. Men who are not ashamed to work when athletics will be assisted thereby, however much they may be unused to work, are of the material we want and admire.

The Faculty Committee on Student Affairs has posted a notice to the effect that it will not meet any committee from the students to discuss any matters pertaining to them; that it will meet individuals only; and that after action has been taken, no further disclosure of facts before unknown can be brought to bear in order to change the decision of the committee. In short, the most important rights and privileges which the students have had will hereafter be denied them. This is in direct opposition to what the students have always been led to believe and regarding which they have had such emphatic statements made, viz: that the faculty would always be ready and eager to listen to any communication that the students might wish to make. Perhaps the faculty does not wish to always hear the truth, or perhaps they think that they might thus the easier attain their end with some poor erring one who is so frightened that he can hardly talk coherently and is therefore bound to contradict himself so often that the committee quickly gets into their toils. We will recognize the futility of opposing the powers that be, and we may not understand the intricacies of faculty committee work, but we fail utterly to see the force of the decree whereby students will be prevented from stating the truth clearly and concisely, so that justice may be done.



	 <h2 style="margin: 0;">Athletics</h2> 	
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That we have this year a football manager of exceptional ability and originality is shown by the football schedule that he has placed over the bulletin boards in Morrill Hall. It is drawn in large and various colored letters, and gives the date and opposing team in each of the coming games. From looking at this schedule we are led to believe that Nevada students will this year witness some brilliant and closely contested games.

Each evening the varsity and second eleven, after preliminary work, such as tackling and getting down on the ball, line up for a short practice game. Although these are but practice games, the players on each side are so swift and determined that a stranger to the men would think it a game in earnest.

Too much praise can not be given the second eleven, every man of whom is playing hard and determined ball. It is indeed astonishing to see these lighter men go through the varsity line for yard after yard. The play is really so hard and the strength of the teams so nearly equal that men are interchanged nightly between the two elevens. And from the point of view of one who nightly appears on the side lines there are eleven positions on Nevada's 1901 team awaiting eleven of the best men. And from the same point of view, it seems that when these men are chosen, there are various Pacific Coast teams in for a "hot time."



Exchange



THEN AND NOW.

In
days
long
ago (in
the six-
ties you
know) when
Grandma
went walking
she held
her skirts so.

What
would she
say if she
saw girls
to-day with
skirts
clutched
so tightly
they all
look
this
way.

THE STUDENT RECORD will this year have more and better exchanges on its list than heretofore. We would like to have more of the students, not excepting the girls, read the exchanges. There are always plenty on hand, which may be had at Rooms 41 and 33 Lincoln Hall. The state papers and the college journals are gradually coming in.

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Of all things great and small,
And the same mind that learning grasps
Can cook, housekeep and all."

First Freshie: How'd you get you feet wet?

Second Freshie: My corporal marched us down to Strawberry Creek and ordered us to fall in.

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