



U. of N. Directory



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The Student Record

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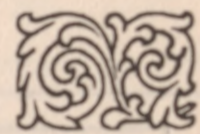
VOL. IX

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, NOV. 15, 1901

No. 5



A Bear Story



IN the latter part of the year 1815, a party of three persons entered one of the great forests which covered half the State of — They were all young and seemed browned and weather beaten. As darkness set in they gathered dried leaves and piled them against the trunk of a large tree, which was situated on the edge of a clearing.

When they had eaten their supper and were sitting around the fire, Sam Whitaker, the oldest man in the party, suddenly said: "I wish I was back in Boston; just think what fools we are to endanger our lives and suffer all kinds of hardships when we might be in civilization enjoying ourselves."

"Dry up, Sam," said Pete Brown, the youngest sportsman in the crowd; "you are always bringing up something unpleasant. Let us have a game of whist."

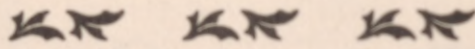
The cards were brought out and they soon were forgetful of everything but the game they were playing. Their interest in the play at last waned, and rolling themselves in their blankets, went to sleep.

The sun had just begun to throw his beams on the earth when they were awakened by a mixture of noises which sent the chills chasing each other up their spines. The cause was soon evident; they were beset by bears, three of them, fierce looking and hostile.

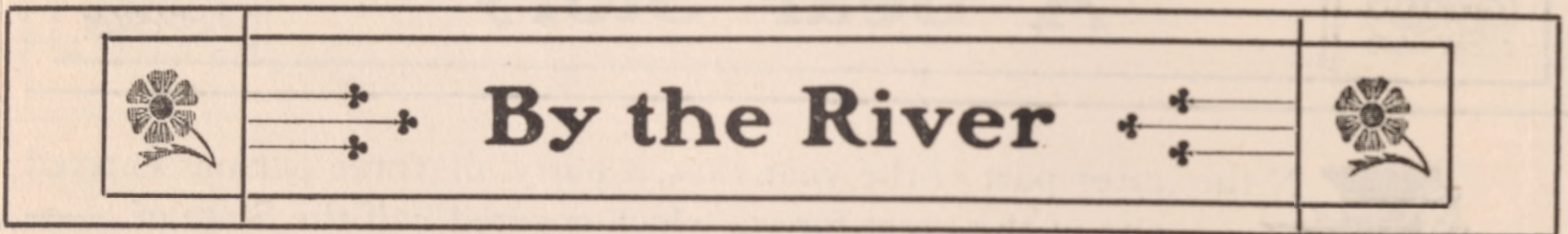
Grabbing their knives, they made a run for a tree, with the bears a close second. Only one man had his gun, and he had but two cartridges. The line of their retreat was up a gentle slope, at the top of which a large tree, probably smitten by lightning, seemed to lay. One of the party made for a small poplar and began to climb. The other two would have done the same, but the man going up was panic stricken and couldn't make any time, so the other two made for the trunk at the top of the hill. On the other side the descent was abrupt; wind and water seemed to have worn and washed the earth away from the base of the trunk, and it was just poised on the summit. The man with the rifle paused, took aim and fired, and the bears were diminished by one. He fired again, but there

were still two bears. Dropping his gun, he set out after his companion, who had sped down the declivity. When he reached the bottom he heard a roar of anguish; soon after, another. Looking up he saw the huge log rolling down the declivity toward him, and he speedily got out of the way. When it had passed he called to his comrade, who immediately joined him, and together they went up to where one of the bears lay with the life crushed out of him; the other had been served in the same manner. When they joined their friend they had a hard time convincing him that the weight of the bears scrambling over the log had caused it to start rolling down the hill, saving them from the claws of the bloodthirsty brutes.

B. F. O'HARA '03.



M.



Pet

V.

The rain drips drearily down
 From the roof, and the dark, low eaves;
 From the gently rustling trees,
 Whose water-laden leaves
 Yellow and brown,
 Seem to weep
 For the dead hopes of the years,
 That, on barren biers
 Buried 'neath phantom rose leaves lie in soundless sleep.

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The rain beats fiercely down
 In sudden, shivering blasts.
 The sad trees quiver
 And moan, by the river,
 As the grim rain touches
 And savagely clutches
 Their scattered leaves, best loved and lost. *last*
 The river howls its panic dirges,
 Bearing the thundering boulders in its grasp.

The drops fall, one by one,
 With a muffled, metrical sound,
 And a ceaseless beat,
 On the sullen stone.
 The night is dead, tho' the rivers moan
 Like the voice of a Titan, under the deep;
 Like the echo of some forgotten tone;
 Like spirits that call from their endless sleep
 When the sad soul sits alone.

L. W. '5.

"Forgetful, Unforgotten"




He took it in his hand again. He held it away from him at arm's length and got every view of it possible from that distance; then he scrutinized it. He realized it was there, every bit of it—just the expression that he wanted—but what gave it the peculiar hauteur, that was what bothered him. At last he put it back on the bookcase. He tho't to himself—"I'll leave it awhile and probably seeing it unexpectedly will bring out what I want most to know." He tried to divert his mind, tried to think of what he had read that day, his letters, a new cozy corner for his studio, but at last his mind would wander back to the expression of the greatest success he had had. He walked toward the bookcase, head downward, glanced up suddenly at the picture, and laughed out loud. He forgot what he wanted most to know. "Oh you beauty, you beauty, yes, thrice beauty—you live. Scorn it, if you like, but I love you, you adorable thing, you haughty thing. I can hear you laugh—a laugh just as full of scorn as you unconsciously make it. Of course, you hate me. I don't believe you ever loved me. Well, perhaps when I was young and handsome—perhaps when I ran the risk of losing everything for you, oh, yes, then—perhaps; but now that it is all gone, and that mad chase to keep it all has ruined me, you've forgotten you ever did love me. It really is you. Half the time, I take it up, and I hear that scornful laugh; then I can't help saying this out loud:


If Sin with promises of youth,
Has blotted from my eyes the truth,
And made me but a passive waste,
And killed my senses, all but taste;
Oh, let me bear the pain alone!
I did it for thy sake, my own!

Your scornful laugh breaks down my pride,
Would God, you had not been my bride!
And could you guess what pain that gives,
What deathless pain, that lives and lives,
You in your scorn would pity me,
And know I did it but for thee!

Ha, ha, ha!—probably my sarcastic laugh is heard only by myself. I never laugh any more except when I'm alone—but, oh you beauty, you scornful, haughty beauty, I still love you, and I have painted you because I know you loathe me so. Laugh on in your haughtiness, you, my wife." ELLA ROSS.



A Broken Heart



The sun, whose very rays, during the entire day had seemed so filled with disagreeable heat, was now sinking low on the horizon and would soon be hid by the swell of the sea. The cannon had fired its farewell shot and the boom of its deep roar was echoed among the wharves; then slowly it faded away, as it were, among the hills and peaks.

The breeze was blowing seaward, and after some maneuvering, for the sea was by no means calm, the great three-masted hulk plowed through the deep towards the setting sun, and the white caps grew whiter 'neath the touch of the giant prows.

Sitting alone on the wharf was a sad-faced little boy. He was dressed in a suit which looked as if just from the store; still no one would doubt him to be aught else but a street arab. There he sat, without a tear, regardless of dirt, ever gazing at the departing ship with a wistful look that betrayed the longing of his heart. For he had gained a friend. On that ship was the only man he ever remembered to have been kind to him. Well did he remember how three days before this same man had treated him to a "square," as he called it. For three days he had been with this man, ever knowing but ever forgetting that he was soon to depart for a far-off land.

On one side of the Atlantic a story was told of the joy that had entered the heart of a little vagabond because of a deed of kindness. On the other side a street arab was found tightly clutching a golden eagle, dead, cause of death unknown. Friendship had entered a heart unknown to it before. It had been withdrawn and the heart could not live without it.



OBSERVATION.

When a maid asks foolish questions,
 And begins to heed your talk,
 She has nearly reached her rope's end—
 You had better pack and walk.

If a maiden smirk and giggle,
 'Tis no sign your witty. She
 Either shows off well when smiling,
 Or is bent on warning thee.

If a maid ask little favors,
 Follow slow and clip your wings.
 Any pound is made of farthings,
 Any cable made of strings.

—D., in *Dartmouth Magazine*.

Fable of the Ambitious Rube



AND one time it Happened that there came to the 'Varsity, from a Remote Corner of the Sagebrush, a Raw Rube. He Opined that he had Rind enough to Jar even the Dead Ones; but the Sophomores Put Themselves Wise that when it Came to Innocence, he was a Dewdrop on a Lily. They even Bluffed him into thinking he had been Hazed, and gave the Blood-Curdling Ha! Ha! when they tho't of the Graft they could Work.

Now the Rube felt a Hankering to Shine in Society, and be considered a Swell Thing among the Fair Ones. So he Gathered Up a Necktie and a Frat Pin, and Wended his Way to the Cottage. There he met a Fair Maiden with Golden Hair. When it came to the Great Circe Act she was a Lulu and a Wonder, and the Way she Snared the Innocents was a Holy Fright. Her Sister Sirens Chid her for her Meanness, for they needed Practice more than She. But she Gave them the Marble Glance, and they Hustled to the Parlor for Raw Material.

The Rube rejoiced, for he Had It Bad. He took to Writing Verses to Her. She knew they were Rocky, but She threw him a Bouquet of Hot Air about the Lovely Things.

He Cut his Lectures and the Profs Bawled Him Out. He Flunked his Ex's, and the Prex gave him a Heart to Heart Talk.

Presently the Wise Guy that the Maiden had been Playing For, Happened Along, and Whispered in her Ear. Whereupon she gave the Rube the Chilly Mit. The Fellows Passed him the Sympathetic Grin and told him he was Bug House. But In the Course of Time the Rube Got Next, and Worked Off his Cons, and the Profs have him Spotted for an Arc Light.

Moral: The Royal Road to Wisdom Lies through the Cottage.



The Student Record



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Chronic Kickers.

An editor's woes are legion; it is a song as old as the printing press, and repeated with every issue of the three-hour extra. But the ordinary annoyances incident to the knight of the paste-pot and scissors are added to by the enmity of those who should be his supporters.

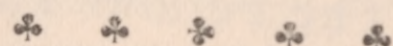
There is unfortunately, at every college an element ceaselessly hostile to the college paper and all that therein is. They forget that the college paper is the representative it sends to the outside world; that it is a potent factor in forming the judgment of the public on the 'Varsity and its work.

Kindly criticism is never unwelcome, but sneers and gibes that are afraid to face the light of day are simply indications of the fatuousness and petty jealousy of the minds from which they come. Speak a good word for your college sheet, write for it, subscribe for it and so increase the reputation and prosperity of your alma mater.



University Debating.

Now that the football season is drawing to a close, we must turn our attention to debating. Although debating has not received its share of thought from our students, it should be remembered that it, as well as football, advances the University and gives us a higher reputation and better standing among the institutions of learning in the West. This college year Nevada has debates scheduled with Hastings Law School and with the University of Utah. We also have three class debates to attend to. It is therefore necessary that we begin immediately to do faithful, conscientious work or we will not have the success which followed us last year, when, for the first time, we defeated a University. Let us wake up and go into debating with the same spirit and vim as has characterized our football work. We will then have no reason to be ashamed of the showing we make.

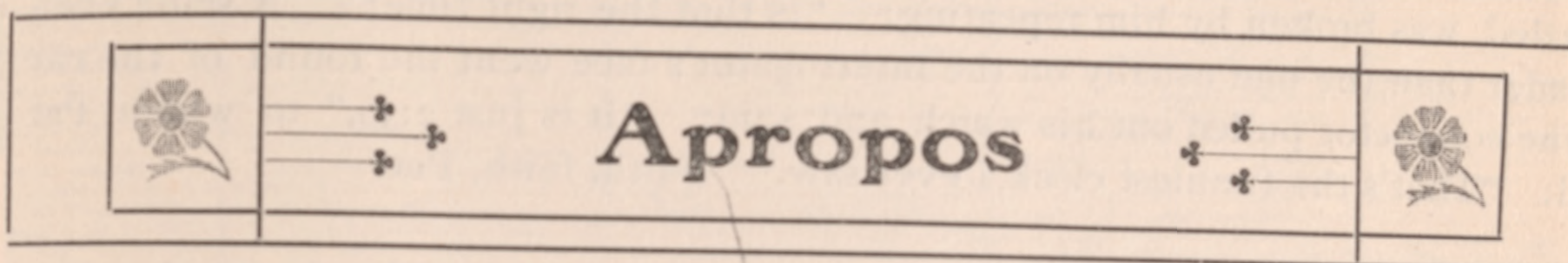


A Failure.

A few nights since some insignificant person, who, if found, should be taken out and wetted in the ditch until the trend of his thoughts should change, took it upon himself to adorn the much-used fence by the Mechanical building with class symbols for the evident purpose of precipitat-

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ing a rush. He failed in his miserable attempt, for both the underclasses had the good sense to disclaim all knowledge of the painting and to let the affair pass quietly. It is strange that there are still some persons here, who, after all our experiences, insist upon lowering our class reputations and doing childish things.



Following the return of the football contingent from the land of the sunsets many strange and fantastic tales have left their impression upon the wondering minds of the persons who heard them. We take the liberty of reproducing a few. We will not guarantee them to be genuine, but submit them for what they may or may not be worth:

The stalwart center of the Nevada team took a young lady for a drive. The noise made by the vehicle made it necessary for him to speak rather loudly. The fair one by his side gently remonstrated, saying that the horses might hear.

"Oh," said he, looking fondly at her, "we don't care—and anyway, what do they do hear?"

"Well, don't you know that horses carry tales (tails)?"

Nevada's two Smiths, the giant C. C. and the dashing Brainerd, when walking along Mission street were attracted by the sign "Smith Manufacturing Co.," at which Bren aroused himself and muttered: "Well, at last I've found out where all the Smiths come from."

Whittaker, fearing he would get lost in 'Frisco, was continually asking the street-car conductor when he should get off. One day when going to the park he tapped the conductor on the arm every time he passed, asking "Have we reached the park yet?" The conductor, bruised and maimed by the constant poking, whirled around and snarled: "Young man, I want you to understand I am no old punching-bag."

Three Seniors, the RECORD's special correspondent and Charley and Harford, thought they would like to invest in a few articles at the Emporium. But when the articles purchased and the money were put into the basket, they followed it all around the store to see where it was going and to be sure they wouldn't lose that twenty-dollar bill.

Among others, Edgar Leavitt had a disagreeable time with the fleas. While in the bar-room of the Golden West one day he said: "These fleas are terrible! Here they are running right up my shoes." An old gentleman turned and said: "Young man, that's nothing; a sewing-machine ran up my pants legs."

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8 Coach Steckle was asked if he wanted to chute the Chutes. "No, I didn't
ng my twenty-two with me."

Patrick J. Quinn entered a street-car, and after several minutes, took out his
tch and looking up at the register that marks the fares, asked the conductor:
ay; is that the right time?" A long pause, during which Pat looked decidedly
zzled, was broken by him repeating: "Is that the right time?" A smile even
ader than the one usually on the interrogator's face went the round of the car
the conductor pulled out his watch and said: "It is just 2:30," to which Pat
J. d: "That's the funniest clock I ever saw." Faith, faith, Pat.

M. Albert Wolf was looking around the office at the hotel. Glancing to the side,
saw a little room about six feet square, in which sat a man reading a paper.
bert wanted to investigate, so he walked in—when, lo! the man took hold of a
pé and pulled him and the whole thing right upstairs. All Ajax could say was:
Well, I'll be." Thinking he had found the strongest man in San Francisco, he
Pe wanted to know on what football team the modern Hercules played—but he does
V. t know on what floor he got off.

Mi The first afternoon in 'Frisco, Eddie Roberts and Percy Arnot were talking
out elevators. Said Roberts, "These elevators are not like those in Salt Lake.
Ca hy, in Salt Lake—"

E. "Oh, bother Salt Lake—tell me how to get the elevator to come up. I waited
half hour at the door of the place where I got off, but it did not come."

Sp "Press the button," advised Eddie.

Tr "No, no," said Percy, confidentially. "I pressed the button in my room and
was the fire alarm—but I didn't tell anybody."

H
m Visions were apparently before the eyes of the young man who remarked,
pon observing the large number of seagulls, "Gracious, the pigeons are thick
M ere." When the bystanders laughed, he only said, "I will be glad to be back
gain in the land of the sagebrush, where people are better mannered."

O
I A student from Smith Valley was gazing up into the murky heavens, looking
or the top of the *Call* building. At last his neck grew weary and he lay himself
T low on his back. He was in this position when found by an anxious friend.
T When he next was on the campus he looked in disgust at the buildings and said:
E 'Jiminy, the buildings here are small."
C

Yes, glad to be back. Although much was left behind—a new hat in the
S bay, plenty of coin, and, well, a great many other things—they were all glad to be
back. Saddest of all, when the city was becoming indistinct in the distance, the
Springtime seemed to pass out of one young man's life, for in the city he had left
—ahem! My only regret—but, now, let us drown sorrow, and forget, forget. For
you know "We—fellahs—at the club" * * *

S.

**In
the Shadow of Minerva**

The Tennis Court has come to be a favorite rendezvous for strollers.

Student: "Prof, if man descended from monkey, how is it that so many monkeys are left?"

Work on the new Chemical building is progressing rapidly. It is expected to be in readiness for occupancy by Jan. 1.

The Sophomore hop will come off on the evening of Nov. 22d. The Class of '04 are royal entertainers and everybody who attends should have a good time.

Three new stacks are to be made for the many unplaced books that are daily coming into the library. During last month a hundred volumes were received.

A request has been made to remove the new building, as it prevents the Cottage girls, especially those interested in commissioned officers, from watching drill.

Jeanette Cameron '04 will captain our basket-ball team this season. Games will be arranged with several California teams, and if possible, also with the University of Utah team.

Among the welcome campus visitors this week were Wm. Luke '98, Ferguson '99, D. W. Hayes '00, Alfred Smith '00, Charley Mayer '00, W. L. Hayes '01 and Carl Stoddard, ex-'01.

The seats in Assembly are all numbered and each person has a seat assigned him. Absences will not be so numerous from now on—that is, unless the lectures become so bad as to be intolerable.

Ajax and McElroy spent a pleasant afternoon with the children in the Park. Mac rode the merry-go-round and Ajax was bucked off one of the tame donkeys. In his excitement he was heard to say "Whoa! Bally!"

The 'Varsity practice in football continues steadily. Riordan, Leavitt and Lawrence have been slightly ill for several days, but it is not expected that their ailments will keep them out of the game very long. Some of the men have been changed about on the team, and it appears that the changes for the best, as a slight improvement on the offense can be noted. The Olympic team of San Francisco will play our team on the 20th, and in Salt Lake City on Thanksgiving day we meet the University of Utah for the final game of the year. Capt. Leadbetter has almost entirely recovered from his recent injury and in both games will be able to play in his old position as quarter-back.

A game between the Juniors and Seniors, which should have been replete with spectacular runs and blood-curdling tackles, had to be called off because of the demoralizing effect it would have on the 'Varsity practice.

Harry Seagraves '96 was on the campus on the 12th. He left for Rhodesia South Africa, the same evening. He is one of the many University graduates who have succeeded in attaining a high position in mining engineering work.

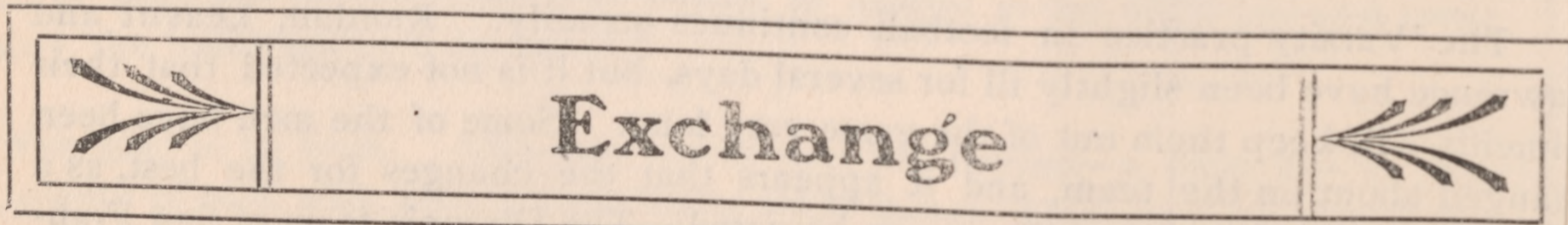
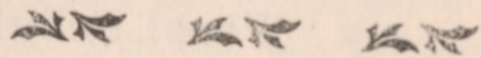
At a meeting held on Nov. 11th of all those interested in debate, it was decided to submit the following question to Hastings' for the coming contest: "*Resolved*, That organized labor is a greater menace to the commonwealth than organized capital."

Drill has been changed from 7:45 to 11:15. Reasons, weather, and generally better and more convenient. The companies were yesterday handed over to their Captains, J. P. Mack, Co. A, and B. B. Smith, Co. B. Battalion drill will be the order from now on.

When you take a Cottage girl to church,
Put your watch ahead;
For when other clocks say nine o'clock
The Cottage clock says half-past nine instead.

Dream of me at midnight, when the stars are shining low.
Think of me at noontime, when my pocket's full of dough.
Love me still, my darling, as I pass the Cottage by,
Thinking great perfection is in your goo-goo eye.

The great Sophomore-Freshman game is over and the air about the campus is not so heavily charged with electricity as of yore. The contest was a surprise to some and was warm and exciting from start to finish. The Sophomores did the better playing in the first half, and came near enough to the Freshman goal to try for a place kick, which, however, went a foot to the side of the goal post. The Freshmen did the better work in the second half and had the ball most of the time. The score was 0 to 0—the usual score in our games.



A bill was introduced in the Legislature at Madison providing that the Greek letter fraternities of the University of Wisconsin be given portions of the campus on which to build fraternity houses.

The *Occident* is still our best exchange for short stories.

The *Delaware College Review* comes to us in a new and neat cover, and its reading matter is of a high standard.

The Princeton *Tiger* reflects a great deal of credit upon its staff. It as nearly approaches an ideal college magazine as any on our exchange list.

We always welcome the *Buff and Blue*, published by students of the Gallender College, Washington, D. C. Its literary matter is deserving of much praise.

The Faculty of the Iowa State College has given to the editor-in-chief on the college paper three hours' credit per term and one hour credit to each assistant.

We have at last received a copy of the *Chronicle* from Utah. We are glad to note that it is an improvement on the former ones and hope the advancement will continue.

We note with some disapproval that the *Yankton Student* is not up to its former standard. It seems to be lacking much in reading matter. Say, *Yankton*, wake up.

A TOAST.

Here's to woman, lovely woman, who, when she's charming, can draw us to the ends of the earth, and when she's the opposite, can send us twice a far straight down!

JIM'S LIGHT-HEADED.

Freshman—"Why is the Gym lit up to-night?"

The other fellow—"I suppose it's signal practice."

Freshman—"I'm glad I didn't join the signal corps."

A FACT.

There was a man in our town
Who chopped with might and main
Until the giant tree was down—
Then chopped it up again.

—*Chicago News Record.*

It is very seldom that the STUDENT RECORD pays any attention to the poor and unfounded criticisms of such sheets as published by the students of the Lowell High School. If those acquainted with this sheet were alone to be considered, no ink would be wasted, but many of the Eastern exchanges know not the character of this so-called magazine and are apt to be misled by its rank criticisms. We hope, however, that the Eastern exchanges will consider the source as we do and not listen to the "barkings of an angry animal."

Among our exchanges which have a high literary merit may be mentioned the *Clemson College Chronicle* and the *White and Gold*. The *Baylor Literary* and the *New Mexico Collegian* continue to stand in the front rank of college journalism.

PIE LAND LYRICS.

A young man who hunted in Maine
Met a lion one day in the rain.
He ran in a fright
With all of his might,
But the lion ran, too, with his mane.

The crowd of spectators became suddenly hushed. The batsman gripped his bat firmly, and waited. Slowly the pitcher swung his arm. There was a quick movement, and the sphere flew from his hand. The suspense was breathless. "One ball!" yelled the umpire defiantly.

Up in the grandstand a maiden was watching the game with great interest. In wonder, she turned to the gentleman at her side. "Tell me what made that man say that?" she asked scornfully, confident in her close knowledge of the game. "Anybody could see it wasn't two."

My lady is fair to be seen;
The gold ripples back from her face,
With the gleaming and glints of sunshine,
And beauty of unstudied grace.

That face, that dear little face,
With the haughty lift to the chin,
The eyes, their blue lightning darting—
Slow my heart, for danger lurks in.

For I fear, oh I fear, heart o' mine,
That the face, the eyes and the curl,
That I sing in my song to-night,
Belong to another fellow's girl.

THE FRESHMAN'S DREAM.

Sleep, little freshman, sleep!
How your poor brain doth teem
With pitfalls deep that ever keep
The Sophomores in your dream.

It was not always so
When you were but a lad,
Not then I trow did you quite know
The bold Sophomore fad.

In those mild days of yore
You slept in quietude,
Heard not the roar like surf on shore
Of horses fierce and rude.

So sleep, little freshman, sleep
E'en though your bogies try
With treach'ry deep, to murder sleep,
YOUR TIME comes by and bye.

The title of "Professor" has been abolished in the University of Chicago, or rather an edict has gone forth substituting plain "Mister" in addressing members of the Faculty. The reason for this change probably is that the title "Professor" is becoming too cheap and common, as it is promiscuously to barbers, jugglers, peddlers, and even to editors of newspapers.

Mrs. Kendal thus epitomizes the qualities essential to a woman seeking renown on the stage: The face of a goddess, the strength of a lion, the figure of a Venus, the voice of a dove, the temper of an angel, the grace of a swan, the agility of an antelope, and the skin of a rhinoceros."

We wonder if any of the co-eds possess this combination, barring the last ingredient?

TEMPORA MUTANTUR!

A maiden, to wedlock inclined,
 Bore always this saying in mind,
 In our grandmothers' time, long ago,—
 "Have more than One String to your Bow."
 But the Modern Maid of today
 Puts the thought in another way;
 She says that this is the Thing:
 "Have more than One Beau on the String."



Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, It has been the will of the Omnipotent to remove from this earth the beloved Mother of our Brother, W. A. Keddie; be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the T. H. P. O., express to our Brother our heartfelt sympathy in this, his hour of bereavement.

J. P. MACK,
 GEO. SPRINGMEYER,
 B. F. O'HARA,
Committee.

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