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# The Student Record

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

VOL. IX

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, DEC. 1, 1901

No. 6

## "A Legend."

"LOOK!" he said to me, and pointed with slender fingers far to the north, where the Great Bear just touched the tops of the mountains. There, in a deep notch, the river running through it, was the form of a man, half bent, and with eager eyes searching the depths of the river.

This is the story that Moca, the faithful friend of the white man, told, with evident zeal, of the days that are now forgotten.

"Long, long years ago when the earth was green with the grasses that pushed through the jealous soil to greet the bright sun in the heavens—here in this valley dwelt a family at peace and contented."

"Adoring the Great Spirit, their Father, they planted the maize in the spring-time, and while it grew through the summer, they hunted the deer in the forest."

"And so, many years had passed and the family increased and was happy; but, alas! one fatal day their laughter was turned into weeping."

"Bravely the livelong day their Chief had roamed through the forest. He shot—what he thought was a deer—but it was the sacred Coyote. That night with tearful eyes he told his guilt to his people. What the atonement should be, he left to the will of his brothers."

"Long through the weary night was seen the blaze of the camp fire, lighting the gloomy forms of the braves who had gathered around it."

"Just at the break of day they reached the dread conclusion that Oonka's betrothed, Tisaya, should die for the good of her people; that she alone could appease the wrath of the angry Father."

"And so, in the early morn, she bade farewell to Oonka and wended her way up the mountain to meet her death in the river. Cold blew the wind that night o'er the small and sorrowing village when Oonka crept from his father's lodge and began the ascent of the mountain. Closely he followed the path that Tisaya had taken that morning. Up, up he went to the place where the narrow path descends and crosses the chrysal river.

"Now, when the dawn returned and the Chief, who had early arisen, sought for his son, he was not to be found in the village. There in that deep-cut notch, the river roaring through it, stood the frozen form of Oonka, half-bent, and with eager eyes searching the depths of the river, and at times, when the gentle breeze blows down from the heights to the valley, can be heard the muffled voice of the loved and lost Tisaya."

W. E. W.

## The Gypsy's Prophecy.

**B**Y a fire-place one cold winter's evening a young man sat staring into the flames. By the poise of his head and his general attitude, one could tell that he was thinking very deeply. Yet his face was so expressionless that one could not tell just what things were running through his head. Being so entirely absorbed, he was unmoved by any little noise in the room. Several members of the family had entered but he remained motionless.

Finally, by the entrance of one of his old college friends, he was aroused. Hearing his friend's voice he turned in his chair with a welcome "Hello, Jack! Come near the fire and be comfortable. Well, Jack, how are you, old fellow? I hope you are in better spirits than I. I have been sitting here by this bright fire thinking of my life since my college days were over. The thought has just come to me that I am not making the, the most of my life. Franklin's words: 'Time wasted is existence, used is life,' have been in my mind all day. This evening I have been asking myself how I can best apply these words. I have decided to sail for South Africa as soon as possible. The newspapers say that there is great need of men to superintend companies of diamond diggers. Large salaries are offered to anyone who will come."

Just as he had finished his last sentence a messenger was announced. He came to tell Jack that his mother was taken suddenly ill. This was Jack's last visit to his friend Reuben. For Reuben in a few days announced to his family his departure to South Africa. On the first of June Reuben set sail on the "Ben Bolt."

On the trip nothing unusual happened, until near the end of the journey, the "Ben Bolt" had met no other vessel. When she was within half a day's journey, she passed a vessel bound for Cuba. Everyone, tired of the sameness of the sea, was gazing at the approaching ship. For a long time, a little girl, leaning over the deck, had been gazing at the reflection of the ship. Suddenly losing her balance, she came near slipping from the deck. Reuben, who was standing near her, saw her just as she lost her balance. He caught her just in time to save her life. The father of the child soon became interested in Reuben. One day, in the course of their conversation, Mr. South told Reuben that he owned a gold mine in South Africa and that he had been on a trip to America and was just returning. He also said that he had been in need of men to work in his quartz mill and wanted a man to superintend the mill. He asked Reuben to fill the position. Reuben gladly accepted.

About five o'clock of that same day, the "Ben Bolt" anchored at a small town. Standing on the wharf were a few white men and a good many negroes. Mr. South lived about fifteen miles inland. Reuben accompanied him home and soon began his work as superintendent.

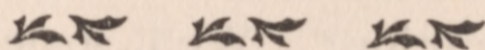
Because of lack of water, one Saturday the mill closed. Reuben had not seen much of the country, so decided to go on a prospecting trip and get a view of a small part of the African wilds. Donning his old clothes, and with his pick in hand he started. After walking about three miles, he stopped and began digging. In a few minutes he noticed a piece of earth having the appearance of gold

"Could it be gold?" Have my eyes deceived me? He looked again. Lo! there bright and shining lay a nugget. It was about ten inches long and eight wide. "Ah? said he, my fortune! my fortune already!" Laying aside his pick he tried to lift his treasure, but could not budge it. Hearing a step behind him, he turned and beheld a beautiful gypsy. At a glance, he could tell she was an American. Just as he was about to speak, a sweet voice said: "Leave your treasure and return to America. Something terrible has happened and you are needed."

Before he could reply, the beautiful stranger had disappeared. He wondered much at the strange words. From that time on he was never at rest. His life was one torment. Even in his dreams he could see the beautiful gypsy and hear her strange words. After waiting until he was almost dead with distraction, he searched for the beautiful gypsy, but all in vain. One morning, to the South family he announced his departure for America. He gave no reason for his departure.

On inquiry, he found that a ship sailed the next day. Should he leave his treasure, as the gypsy had told him to do? After asking himself this question many times, he decided not to leave it. Taking the nugget to the wharf, he weighed it and found that it amounted to twenty thousand dollars. Three days after the ship set sail, a terrible storm arose. The ship and all its passengers went down.

M. M. S., Nor. '02.



### Memories

Fragments of unforgotten memories  
 Chords from some dim-remembered melodies  
 Fantastic visions of departed days  
 The restless heart's sad, minor harmonies.

Sometimes I think that I can almost hear  
 The careless, happy songs of other years.  
 For a swift moment think that I can see  
 The laughing faces that were once so dear.

This Life that in its dawn we found so sweet,  
 Now runs to welcome Death, with footsteps fleet;  
 Our hearts that once like fragrant roses bloomed,  
 Life hath deprived them of their odors deep.

Like voiceless Dreams that momentarily slip past,  
 Are the sad memories of our lives at last.  
 Forth from the Abyss, laughingly we come;  
 Weeping, into the abyss plunge at last.

—L. W., '05.

## “Early Rose Letters.”

“EARLY ROSE” FARM, April 16, 1900.

DEAR JERRY:—

Greeting, my old college chum! And how waggeth the world you-ward? Smoothly, I hope; and yet how otherwise could it be for one so favored by the gods and men?

Jerry, are you surprised at my tripping back to the old farm? Well, you ought to be, seeing that I am, myself. But in a word: Father wishes me to spend a year with him and then I am to take up whatever calling my fond heart desireth, and can strike out with the full consent and hearty blessings of the daddy-kins. To be sure, I ran into a changed household; you know it is full eight years since I have been home for any length of time. The kid brothers are strapping youths—such guards as they would make on the 'Varsity team! And the little sister—lo and behold! Jerry, but she's a queen! This is bad form, isn't, the praising of one's own kin?

To-night I brought forth the old frat pipe and filled it with “Yale Mixture”—say, Jerry, the reveries I read in the smoke rings were jolly pleasant. Why can't a fellow live through his college days forever? And do you really enjoy the prospects of a life spent in strenuous endeavors to accumulate fame and fortune? Ay de mi! but there's no love like this love for Alma Mater.

You ask for a word of description? Well, some day you must flit out this way and I'll point out the beauties of “Early Rose” Farm. Romantic name, that. Go not so fast, though, for know you that there is a famed spud raised within the boundaries of this fertile ranch that gives the place the charming title of “Early Rose.” Faith and I could tell you another appropriate reason for terming this domestic paradise “Early Rose,” viz: the giddy hour of leaving one's downy couch; an hour which strikes terror into my heart—the hour of 4:30 a. m. Ye gods, 'tis a portion of the day that appeals to twittering birds only.

As yet I have not begun my pastoral duties; I take up the burden to-morrow, and to-night I'll merry, merry be, forsooth.

Now for another lingering smoke, and already the reminiscences crowd in upon me. So fare thee well, Jerry dear, and write me the news of your latest doings.

Thine fraternally,

“TOD.”

FARM OF THE EARLY ROSE, May 2, 1900.

DEAR OLD JERRY:

Your letter catered to my hungry soul, friend of my gladsome past. Cheerful future, yours—but “Lucky” Merton was not a soubriquet given to your ladyship without due justification; similarly appropriate as “Early Rose” is to our potato farm, don't you know?

So you are chief assayer in the Wizard Smelting Works? Here's to your towering success, Jerry boy!

Farming isn't so bad; in fact the infinite variety keeps one guessing. The

only thing that doesn't vary is that monstrosity of a "getting-up hour." Still the sun peeps over the purple hills somewhat earlier nowadays, and that helps some in toning up the ghostly gray of four o'clock in the morning.

My first "stunt" in farm work was unique. Perhaps you never heard of *brushing* as it is *did* on the broad acres of these western ranches. After the hay crops are cut and gathered, the farmers turn in their cattle to graze on the stubble through the fall and winter. Then in the spring, in order that the new crop may not grow up in tufts, and the mowing machines not be impeded by the little mounds of manure, a big *brush* is drawn over every foot of the fields. This "brush" is not an ornamental implement; it is builded solely for utility. First a 4x4 scantling some ten feet long is bored full of holes about three inches apart; in these holes are inserted large willows, with all the brushy part left on, and dangling gaily behind. An old mowing-machine seat is fastened upon the braced scantling, three wiry horses are attached abreast, and, presto, the "brush" is ready for its deadly work. I was detailed to do the "brushing".

A thrill of anticipated pleasure coursed up and down my spine as I seated myself upon this bristling field "brush," gathered up the reins and chirruped to the three rough-coated mustangs.

The ponies stepped off briskly, the willows began to brush—which was perfectly proper—but it alarmed the steeds, and away we went at a clip that outrivaled the speediest hippodrome feat ever done in any saw-dust ring of the past or present.

I wrapped my legs around the seat rods and hung on to the ribbons with the desperation of a charioteer with a reputation at stake. The field was roomy, but irrigating ditches marred its otherwise comparatively smooth bosom. The mustangs were sure frightened, so was your friend, and the way that "brush" swept over the turf gave promise of a quickly executed—even though a poorly done—job.

A strong five-board fence, into which I guided them, stopped the meteor-like rush of my steeds. I turned them around, after a few moments spent in soothing their nerves and securing a firmer clinch on the seat, and, would you believe it, those high-strung mustangs bolted clear back to the starting point? Well, I discovered that I could hang on by dint of intricate leg-windings, and so turned 'em about once more. Results, same as before. Thus we kept at it all forenoon; and a repetition of the same tactics ensued after dinner. Father was surprised when I reported the field all done up brown at supper time; he said it generally took three days to brush that piece of land. However, he looked over the ground and complimented me on the dispatch—he didn't mentiou neatness—with which I accomplished the job.

No one learned how excruciatingly stiff and sore I was for some three days after that *turn* at "brushing."

This missive takes on voluminous proportions, Jerry, and as I retire with the birds (not mentioning arising with them) these rural times, I shall bid you good night.

Write soon, and my best wishes be with you.

I remain your truly rural frater,

"TOD."

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EARLY ROSE FARM, May 20, 1900.

JERRY DEAR:

To-day, being Sunday, I actually have a perfect right to be lazy—one of those lolling, satisfied feelings which we frequently enjoyed at college, say when we had passed a good "ex" and then took a day off to ease our "crammed" minds.

The brothers two and Clara, the sister, have been in my room all afternoon. Why, Jerry, those brothers are mighty clever lads, and we have no end of a good time. I am putting notions into their heads about college life, spin yarns to the huskies by the hour, bring forth all my relics and trophies, and it wouldn't surprise me if the twain hied themselves away to college next year.

Here's a compliment for your loyal self: Clara singled out your photo from my vast collection and wanted to know who you were. "That's Jerry, my dear," says I in response. "Jerry? Oh, that chum of yours. I like his looks, Tod."

Along with your last letter came one from Fred Frazer. He is in the frozen Klondike delving for pure gold; he is the man of all the class that can stand hard knocks. No fortune for him yet, but he wrote a cheerful letter, which I enclose.

Clara helped me in fixing up my room to-day. It looks a typical college joint, and the boys will be up soon, and Clara's to be queen of the chafing dish. Had no idea a fellow could be so chummy right in his own family circle, but such is the case here.

You are doing well to please the company right from the start, Jerry, and I predict a ripping career for you. We here are like a bee hive, for in the spring-time one is totally unable to foster that languid fever (which at college was the cause of our numerous flunks) while abiding on Early Rose Farm.

Aside from vegetable products this is a thrifty locality for creatures of the bovine species. Ten soft-eyed, little baby calves put in an appearance last week. Of course, having read so much about amateur stock raisers and their ludicrous entanglements when teaching bossies to drink, I considered myself prepared. Oh, Jerrymio, when you pay that promised visit you must certainly chip in a hand at these thrilling pastimes, of which you reckon not.

I taught six of these innocent-eyed, miniature bovines to imbibe lactean liquid—during which teachings I learned that patience *is* a virtue, but a virtue I do not possess. Anna Held can no longer boast of being the sole member in the exclusive milk-bathing line. Behold in me her rival! Twice a day for a week the bossies assisted me to a shower bath of frothy milk, and indications are in fair way for numerous repetitions throughout the year.

This week father allots to his college-bred son a nerve-wracking occupation—the engineering of a disc-harrow. I am to work those same three mustangs that performed the Roman hippodrome turn in "brushing" the fields of Pan.

Wish me joy as Monsieur Disc-Harrower!

Rush me a lengthy response.

Your Early Rose friend,

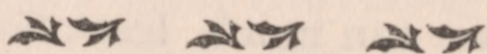
"TOD."

(To be Continued)

## Tardius Ambulavit.

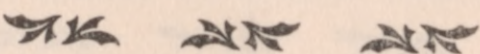
**T**HE football field was covered with numerous and sharp rocks, and the unyielding earth was packed harder than ever had been known in the history of football. One by one the stalwart gladiators ran down the declivity into the arena. On each face was a deep scowling frown which did bode naught but ill. Even the great centers frowned—men who otherwise would line up with a smile anywhere from a football game to the kissing of a co-ed.

One more gentle than the rest frowned not nor decided to fall on the rocks, but if there were a hole he would run into it, and once and a while jump on top of the bunch, just for luck. "Line up," shouted the coach. The captain gave the signals. The youth did as he would and long remained intact. But lo, on the side-lines appeareth one from a far-off town, fair to behold. How she came there he knew not, nor did he ask. With force did he throw himself, and with desperation did he tear through the line. For he, like John Alden of yore, was a lover of women, and there was his twentieth century Priscilla. He had grown stiff by his former in exertion and his limbs would not work as they should. The next to the last buck—he rushed in like a cock trying to separate two hens, an awkward position. On the field he lay, wounded—noble hero. By the force of his manly power he arose and gazed on the side lines. The fair one was gone. Then he started for the gym, full of blasted hope. Hence the title of the tale, "tardius ambulavit"—he walked rather slowly.



Far o'er the plains a distant murmur glides  
 Like honey-laden bees from golden hives;  
 Like the faint echo of forgotten songs;  
 Like the soft lap of the advancing tide.

The crouched hills rise like Death from a gloomy sea,  
 The still moon cleaves a path through the dark for me.  
 Far through the night, a little golden ray—  
 Ah, there I know my true love waits for me.



### COMPENSATION.

A sharp thorn lurks beneath the perfumed petals  
 Of that fair rose for which we longed;  
 Springs a white spire, on which the wild bee settles,  
 From the gaunt Yucca, thousand-pronged.





# The Student Record



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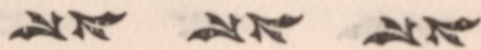
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## It All Depends.

After the recent Olympic-Nevada football game there was an impromptu dance in the Gym. There then and afterwards occurred things to recall which sends the shivers along our spine. To call attention to them is doubtless out of our sphere, but we still are an organ of protest. Some of our co-eds, not many, but enough to make themselves noticeable, allowed members of the visiting team to take liberties with them which, to the best of our knowledge, no student ever dared to take. The young ladies did not think it at all out of place to have virtual strangers become so insolent as to exceed gentlemen's rights, and did not object to what is not the most polished conversation in the world.

We strongly approve of properly entertaining visitors. But in so doing we should impress them with our regard for the rules of good society as well as with our gracious qualities. Hence we can ill afford to do anything which is not tolerated among ourselves. And we can much less afford to have visitors think that our environment, influences and habits are not of the best.

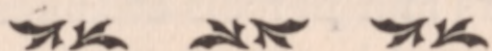
It once happened that when our basket-ball tossers were defeated several thoughtless boys, besides otherwise tormenting them, flaunted the colors of the victorious ones in the faces of our players. And then—oh, my dears, what a fall was there! How you flew off on a tangent until you held full sway! How many of nature's briny dew-drops you shed! What sympathy you demanded! How long it was before you restored the erring ones to favor! But now, have you lost all that splendid courage? Has your spirit become so weakened that you are afraid to ostracize those of your own sex who have committed a worse folly and a graver offense than did the boys upon whom you once before wreaked your vengeance? Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel.



## Progress.

An article in a late issue of the Occident, regarding self government and self education, deserves more than passing mention. The writer shows how the tendency is toward allowing students greater liberties in absenting themselves from classes and toward giving credit for work in athletics, debating, journalism, etc. He further shows how debaters and journalists do harder work and get more from it than they could from several well regulated college courses.

In Nevada there is much room for radical changes in these matters. It might be a good plan to allow a student a fixed number of absences from recitations and drill; not enough to injure his class work, but enough not to keep him fettered down to a useless application of energies when he might be doing something more advantageous. The greatest good of a University life comes from outside work and influences, anyway; that which one learns when the cares of the class-room are out of his mind leaves the lasting beneficial effects. Give the athlete more opportunities, grant to the debater and journalist credit for what they do, and all will do better and more satisfactory work.



## In the Shadows of Minerva.

Mr. Aneas Riordan, accompanied by his sister, has returned to the University.

The dining hall ante-room has lately come into new use. Say, Johnny, we are Wise.

The Lone(ly) look upon Seymour's face was quite noticeable during Thanksgiving vacation.

The University closed on Thursday for the Thanksgiving vacation. Many of the students went to their homes to spend the four days, but the majority remained, for the examinations are approaching.

In company with a great many other University students the RECORD editor went home for the Thanksgiving vacation, leaving the management of one of the last departments to assistants. Hence the appearance of a little nonsense which he could not intercept.

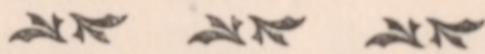
The Sophomore hop occurred Nov. 22d, and was a big success in every detail. The Sophomores again demonstrated themselves royal entertainers. The arrangements were most perfect and everything went off smoothly. All those present agreed that they had a most enjoyable time.

The last Assembly address, delivered by Dr. McKenzie, was better than any we have had this year. The speaker held the attention of his audience from the moment he began speaking until he concluded, which has of late been very seldom done. We hope to soon listen to other lecturers who may rival the brilliant speaker of Nov. 25th.

Military methods may be different than they used to be, and other conditions may not be the same, but it is certain that our cadet corps drills very poorly this year. At least it does not drill nearly as well as did last year's corps after only a month of drill. There seems to be a lot other needless trouble also; things are being run with too high a hand and there is something radically wrong somewhere. Things should take a change for the better.

In that long list of joshes,  
 Why didn't Springer tell  
 Of those rare and fragrant flowers  
 He bought near San Rafael?  
 How he had them cut and sorted  
 And packed away so neat;  
 Addressed them there, with every care,  
 To a certain house on a certain street.

But things, as you know, often go wrong;  
 Our letters and parcels at times go astray.  
 Then listen to this, the one greatest miss,  
 For Springer's whole works went that way.



## Exchange

The poem entitled "The Gettysburg Maid," in the last issue of the *Collegium Forense*, deserves special mention.

The Stanford *Sequoia* is one of the best exchanges that has made its appearance this month. "The Mighty Fallen" is an interesting and well written story.

We notice that the material of the exchange column in the *Utah Chronicle* is taken mostly from city papers and publications at large. It seems to us that a college paper should obtain its exchange material from college publications only.

Prof. Roberts of Cornell is credited with saying that it is generally accepted now by the scientific world that frog spawn can be carried in atmosphere and hatched out in the clouds, and that a shower of frogs will result.

The teacher asked, "What is space?"

The trembling freshman said:

"I cannot think at present,  
 But I have it in my head."—*Ex.*

The following poem, taken from the *Chico Normal Record*, would indicate that our Chico friends don't feel so gloomy over their recent defeat as might be supposed:

There was a professor named Max,  
 Who was a fine coach for half-backs;  
 After he coached the team,  
 Why they played like a dream,  
 And the Reno men died in their tracks.—NIT.

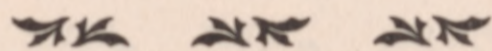
## THE LAZY MAN'S UTOPIA.

It is not as it ought to be,  
 This world of ours so fine;  
 It ought to be that man may have  
 What e'er he may incline.

That lazy men, like you and I,  
 Might while the hours away;  
 And doing nothing all the time,  
 Receive a steady pay.

Just sit and smoke a long stem pipe,  
 Tobacco of the best;  
 Then when tired of doing this,  
 To lay us down and rest.

—*The Clemson College Chronicle.*



## Athletics

### Olympic 5, Nevada 0.

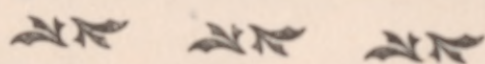
On Wednesday, Nov. 20th, in the last Varsity game of the season to be played on our own campus, Nevada juggled the pigskin with the heavy Olympic team of San Francisco. The only score of the game was made by the visiting team late in the second half, when they made a place kick from the thirty-yard line. The home team was much weakened by the absence of Keddie, the trusty veteran, at full and Drips at tackle. Captain Leadbetter, who had not entirely recovered from the injuries received in the Berkeley game, was forced to retire early in the second half. The attendance was small, due in part to the stormy, disagreeable weather.

At 3 o'clock Cadwallader, for the Olympic team, kicked off to Nevada, who ran the ball in ten yards. Nevada made her distance on the next three downs, leaving the teams lined up near the side lines for the next scrimmage. When the ball was passed two of the backs and all the line swept around the left end, and the entire Olympic team, except the man in the back field, surged to the right, as Leadbetter, turning quickly, gave the ball to Graham, who skirted along the side line for thirty yards. On the next three downs Nevada failed to make the distance and was forced to punt. The ball rolled across Olympic's goal line, giving them a free kick. Lawrence received the ball and ran it in five yards. By short and runs by the halves and dashes through the line by Riordan, Nevada worked the ball to the 30-yard line, and was forced to punt. The ball again rolled over the line, giving the Olympics another free kick. Hoffman received the ball and ran it in five yards. Lawrence went through left tackle for 15 yards, leaving the ball on Olympic's 50-yard line, where time was called for the first half.

In the second half Nevada kicked off to Gammon, who ran the ball in ten yards. Here the Olympic team began some terrific line-bucking, sending Gam-

In that long list of joshes,  
 Why didn't Springer tell  
 Of those rare and fragrant flowers  
 He bought near San Rafael?  
 How he had them cut and sorted  
 And packed away so neat;  
 Addressed them there, with every care,  
 To a certain house on a certain street.

But things, as you know, often go wrong;  
 Our letters and parcels at times go astray.  
 Then listen to this, the one greatest miss,  
 For Springer's whole works went that way.



## Exchange

The poem entitled "The Gettysburg Maid," in the last issue of the *Collegium Forense*, deserves special mention.

The Stanford *Sequoia* is one of the best exchanges that has made its appearance this month. "The Mighty Fallen" is an interesting and well written story.

We notice that the material of the exchange column in the *Utah Chronicle* is taken mostly from city papers and publications at large. It seems to us that a college paper should obtain its exchange material from college publications only.

Prof. Roberts of Cornell is credited with saying that it is generally accepted now by the scientific world that frog spawn can be carried in atmosphere and hatched out in the clouds, and that a shower of frogs will result.

The teacher asked, "What is space?"

The trembling freshman said:

"I cannot think at present,

But I have it in my head."—*Ex.*

The following poem, taken from the *Chico Normal Record*, would indicate that our Chico friends don't feel so gloomy over their recent defeat as might be supposed:

There was a professor named Max,  
 Who was a fine coach for half-backs;  
 After he coached the team,  
 Why they played like a dream,  
 And the Reno men died in their tracks.—NIT.

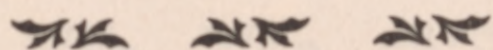
## THE LAZY MAN'S UTOPIA.

It is not as it ought to be,  
 This world of ours so fine;  
 It ought to be that man may have  
 What e'er he may incline.

That lazy men, like you and I,  
 Might while the hours away;  
 And doing nothing all the time,  
 Receive a steady pay.

Just sit and smoke a long stem pipe,  
 Tobacco of the best;  
 Then when tired of doing this,  
 To lay us down and rest.

—*The Clemson College Chronicle.*



## Athletics

### Olympic 5, Nevada 0.

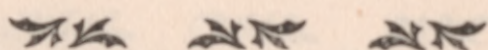
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In the second half Nevada kicked off to Gammon, who ran the ball in ten yards. Here the Olympic team began some terrific line-bucking, sending Gam-

mon, the old California star, and Cadwallader, the giant guard, through for repeated gains. The long gains were due in part to the weakness in the left side of Nevada's line, Lawrence having been moved back to full and Drips being absent. The visitors by bucks and end skirting formations carried the ball 3 yards and lost it on downs. Graham punted 40 yards, and O'Hara downed Gannon in his tracks. Again the Olympic backs began to tear through the line and carried the ball to Nevada's seven-yard line, where Nevada held and took the ball on downs. Graham punted forty yards, and Sherman ran the ball in ten. There was but a minute left to play, and the visiting fullback dropped back for a place kick. The ball soared squarely between the goal posts, winning the game for the Olympic team. Nevada kicked off, but time was called as the teams were lining up for the first scrimmage.

In the first half P. A. McCarran, '01, acted as umpire, and in the second half Whipple of the visitors carried the whistle. Wane Brown acted as umpire. Time of halves, 25 minutes. Attendance, 600.



## Nevada 6, Utah 2.

**T**HE field on which the game was played is an old baseball diamond, which had never been plowed. The ground was wet and slippery, making it hard to start quickly. At 3:40 the referee blew the whistle and Governor Wells kicked off. The ball was brought back and Graham sent it spinning to Utah's 5-yard line. It was brought back 12 yards. Utah tried Nevada's right end, but was blocked and fumbled. They narrowly escaped losing the ball. On the next play, Utah's left half took the ball, and aided by a solid mass of interference, made 45 yards before being forcibly thrown by Hoffman.

On three downs Utah failed to make its distance and a quarter-back kick was resorted to. The quarter did not kick the ball past the line of scrimmage, but straight out toward the side-line. A Nevada man touched it, but one of Utah's players fell on it. The umpire came up and the Utah captain convinced him that it was Utah's ball and first down, while in reality they had been thrown back ten yards in a vain endeavor to gain their distance. Nevada now held and Utah was forced to punt. A Utah man knocked the ball out of Hoffman's hands and it went rolling toward Nevada's goal line, with Hoffman, Lawrence and six Utah men in pursuit. Lawrence made a splendid dive and lit squarely upon the ball, but he slid over the goal line. Making a frantic effort, he got back, but the umpire would not make allowance. This was a safety and two points for Utah.

Graham kicked out from the 25-yard line to center. Utah made a few gains through tackle. Nevada braced and held and obtained the ball for the first time in the game. With line plunges mostly, and a few end runs, Nevada went down the field for a touch-down. Hoffman covered the last ten yards on a cross-tackle buck.

Utah kicked off in the second half and Leadbetter carried the ball back to the 35-yard line. By line-plunging the ball was carried to center, where Utah held

for downs. Harker of Utah gained 22 yards around end. The Utah backs then bucked to the 20-yard line, where they tried a place kick. If the ball had gone straight it would have hit the stalwart frame of Cash Smith, but the kicker's nerve forsook him when confronted by the men breaking through and the ball went wild.

Graham kicked out from the 25-yard line and Riordan dropped the man in his tracks near the center of the field. Utah couldn't gain and determined to punt. Half of the opposing team broke through and pinned the full-back to the ground before he could do so. The umpire called off-side and stepped off ten yards, which is the penalty usually inflicted for such proceedings, but the Utah men thought different, and told the umpire that they had three yards to gain before being forced to punt, and should be given it then. Nevada's captain immediately stepped off the distance and asked them to take it and not waste any more time, which they did.

Utah was forced to punt again. The ball was fumbled and the Utah quarterback recovered it. Nevada was penalized for being off-side twice in succession, and aided by this and some line bucking, Utah got to the 10-yard line, but lost the ball on downs. Graham then punted fully 75 yards. The ball soared over the fullback's head, and he recovered it 83 yards from where Graham punted. The fullback was immediately tackled.

Utah was forced to punt, and Nevada got the ball forty yards from Utah's goal. By end runs and using Riordan frequently, Nevada raced down for a touchdown at the rate of 8, 10 and once 20 yards at a down. But the timer's whistle blew as a line plunge landed the ball on the 8-yard line.

Nevada played poor ball, as a team. The only relieving features were the splendid offense when the touchdown was made, and in the last ten minutes of play. The condition of the field may have had something to do with it, and, of course, the umpire had not seen a game in eight years; but Nevada's men always blocked Utah's plays when they had to, and were careless when there was no danger of their opponents scoring. A feature of the game was the manner in which Leavitt and Riordan carried the ball. Luck seemed to lean toward Utah, for in the first half Hoffman had passed every man but one. That one he prostrated with a beautiful straight-arm, but the impact and slippery condition of the field caused Hoffman to slip and stagger out of bounds, just as he had a clear field. The umpire made a grievous mistake when he ruled Lawrence off, for he was not slugging at the time. The Utah men were loud in their praises of Captain Leadbetter's conduct and star playing. The visitors were entertained royally by their hosts, and we hope that some day we may do as well with them.

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