



U. of N. Directory



President of the Board of Regents—Hon. J. N. Evans.

President of the University—J. E. Stubbs, M. A., LL. D.

Dean—Prof. Henry Thurtell.

Registrar—Prof. Rob't Lewers..

University Alumni Association—President, Peter P. Frandsen '95; Secretary, Miss Grace V. Ward '95.

Normal Alumni Association — President, Miss Lena Joy; Secretary, Miss Stella Webster

Athletic Association President, Seymour Case '02; Secretary, Laura Arnot '04; Treasurer, E. J. Erickson '03.

Independent Association—President, Geo. Springmeyer '02; Secretary, Florence Hall '02; Treasurer, Edwin P. Arnot '02.

Military Department—Commandant, Capt. Hollis C. Clark, U. S. A.; Cadet Major, Benjamin C. Leadbetter '02.

T. H. P. O.—C. E. Southworth '02, H. R. M. J. 1st; E. J. Erickson '03, H. R. C. W. 2d.

Delta Rho Society—Elizabeth Stubbs '99, O. L. L. C.; Jessie Brumsey '03, O. I. S. III; Ivan Sessions, K. O. F. c.

Theta Epsilon Society—Laura B. Orr '02, Theta Gamma M.; Elizabeth McCormack '02, Theta Lambela Rho; Mabel G. Plumb '04; Beta M. Sigma; Vera Novacovich, Kappa Omega Phi.

U. of N. Dramatic Club—President, C. E. Southworth '02.

Philomathean Society—President, Florence Hall '02; Secretary, Mattie McMullen, Nor. '02.

Union Debating Club—President, C. E. Southworth '02; Secretary, Geo. E. Anderson '02

Cartesia—President, J. B. Clark '04; Secretary, J. S. Case '04.

The Crescent Club—President, Eloise Elliott '05; Secretary, Della Fuller.

Y. M. C. A.—President, Geo. E. Anderson '02; Secretary, Vergil Buchannan '04.

Y. W. C. A.—President, Ada Edwards; Corresponding Secretary, Lillian Esden '03.

Football Manager—J. P. Mack '02.

Football Captain—B. C. Leadbetter '02.

Track Manager—C. E. Southworth '02.

Baseball Manager—J. D. Cameron '02.

Basketball Manager — Elizabeth McCormack '02.

Tennis Manager—Laura B. Orr '02.

Gymnasium Manager—Florence Hall '02.

Class of 1902—President, Edwin P. Arnot; Secretary, Seymour Case.

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

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

Class of 1905—Louis Spellier; Secretary, Gertrude Sheehy.

Senior Normal Class—President, Mattie McMullen; Secretary, Miss Wright.

The Student Record

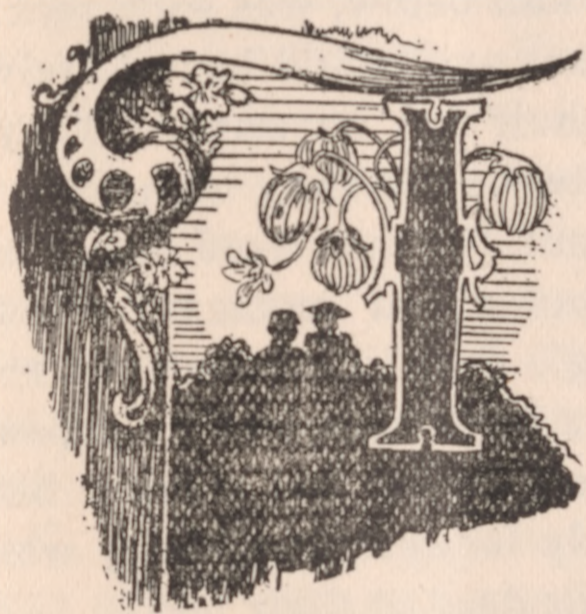
PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

VOL. IX

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, DEC. 15, 1901

No 7

A Day's Adventure.



N the fall of 1899, two young fellows, Harry Winters and Jack Lindsay, while hunting in the Humboldt mountains in Eastern Nevada, came across what seemingly appeared to be a cave. They went a few steps into the place and found it was a sort of tunnel about four feet wide and high enough for an average man to enter and stand easily. It seemed so quiet and nice that the boys thought it would be unique to seat their luncheon there. During their luncheon they discussed the subject and wondered that the spot had never been discovered before; they were quite sure it had not, or undoubtedly they

would have heard of it. The more they talked, the more excited they became. At last they resolved to explore the place a bit. Darkness did not come until they had traveled about a hundred yards inward; gradually then the light of day faded and the boys were left in darkness. They had brought several pine branches in with them; of these they made torches to light the passage. As they penetrated farther they found that the way grew broader, then narrower. Time slipped away rapidly, and when next the lads glanced at their watches it was half-past five in the evening.

"How late it is!" both exclaimed in alarm; "we must hurry back." Just then a low growl, as of some wild animal, was heard apparently but a few yards away. The boys, with their guns cocked ready to fire, pressed on to find out the cause of the noise. There they discovered a large female mountain lion glaring at them ready to spring in defense of her three little ones in the lair beside her. The boys, recognizing their danger, instantly fired. The mother lion, with an awful groan, fell back dead.

"What pretty little lions," Jack exclaimed as they looked at the fierce-eyed but helpless little animals left motherless in the lair. "It is a pity to kill them, but we shall have to do so," said Harry. So the baby lions were shot and the lads started back from whence they had come. But somehow the way seemed different as they went back. They noticed several chambers and paths leading

in many directions; these they had not seen before. The ground beneath them was of almost solid rock, and to save them the boys could not tell which path to take. They were now thoroughly frightened, but after a little decided upon one of the openings which looked just like the one through which they had come. They traveled on and on, thinking how lucky they were, when they came suddenly upon a large pool of water.

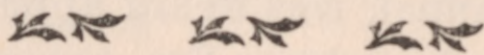
"We are on the wrong path!" Jack exclaimed excitedly; "what shall we do? Guess we will have to go back and try another of the passages. It would not be safe to travel this, not knowing where it would lead us. How stupid we did not notice that chamber with so many passages. If we can but strike the right one next!"

With weary feet they returned to the central chamber and started anew, but this venture proved as unfortunate as before, and once more they made a trial. By this time Harry's torch had burned so low that he was forced to throw it away, and Jack's was almost gone. All around them, above and below, was solid rock. What were they to do? They could get no more torches and would have to rely upon the scanty light of matches to help them grope their way outward. They could now scarcely see where they were going, and frequently they tripped, or ran against the rock wall. Finally, completely worn out, the lads were forced to sit down to rest their weary limbs; they had sat there but a few moments when they heard the sound of footsteps stealthily approaching. Jack lit a match and by its dim light the horrified boys saw the glaring eyes of a monstrous mountain lion about twenty feet away. With trembling hands Harry raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The lion, with a cry, plunged madly forward, but Harry was on the alert. Another shot brought the lion from mid-air dead at their feet.

"It is the male animal who was just returning to the family we destroyed," said Jack. "I don't think we will be troubled again." Not caring to remain longer in the place, they journeyed on as fast as they could drag their tired, aching bodies. All at once the passage grew lighter. The lads were almost frantic with joy; it seemed ages since they had left the bright sunlight.

"It is three o'clock!" exclaimed Harry; "we have been in that awful place twenty-seven hours, and it seems like years. A few hours later found the lads safe back at camp. The next day they returned home and related to their parents and friends the thrilling story of how they were really "lost in the woods."

O. W. '03.



"Ecce Homo."

SKIBO was in a fret. Back and forth with a steady tread over his well-worn and accustomed path he went, reading a letter just received from a friend of his happier days. This was the part of the epistle which chiefly caused his agitation: "Your sweet little fairy has returned, looking sweeter than ever. She is a swell little dame, I tell you. Barden is making advances to her and they seem to be very acceptable."

If some three hundred and fifty miles did not separate him from her, he would show Barden what an insignificant creature he (Barden) really was. "Yes," he muttered to himself, "I will win that girl by the very force of my undying love." Tragic as this may seem, it is true.

How thoughtless, or heartless, or heedless that friend had been. One year later we find Skibo in his native village. Well dressed he was and with a thoughtful aspect. No change in his feature but this. Yet, it is not for man to judge how the passions that rankled at his heart had changed its very substance. His left hand was shoved carelessly in his pocket. In his right he handled a light bamboo cane. Slowly he advanced along the by-way, when suddenly before his line of vision, going in the same direction as he, appeared a maiden of angelic form. He knew her and his heart stood still, while his uncontrolled blood surged through his veins and bathed his tanned and lowered brow. He withdrew his hand from his pocket. He hastened on until he came within a few yards of her, but dared to go no further.

His hat was low on his eyes. His hand was again in his pocket. She turned then, as if by instinct. "Oh Sibbo," she said, and caught him by the arm. He looked like a true hero indeed, but 'tis not for us to judge how he felt. But anyhow he persuaded her to dine with him. When seated inside the box he grew serious. She laughed at him at first, but he caught her poor little wrists in his mighty grasp and in an awful whisper, said: "Answer me, will you be mine or not?" Then she cried a little and said: "I always did like you, Skibo, but so many people told me I would be a fool to throw myself away on you, but now I don't care."

That night she went home with a shining diamond ring, the happiest and sweetest girl in town. That same night Skibo met his friend and in confidence told him all. For the sake of old friendship, for the sake of old times and the present joy, for Skibo's happiness was his friend's, they indulged in a bottle of wine. As the evil eye hath greater effect on man's mind while he is being praised or honored, so likewise did this wine effect them. Freely did they indulge in the flowing bowl, and then tongues became unloosed. About twelve o'clock we find them in front of the house of the betrothed, but they knew it not. They would both begin the old familiar song, "She was Bred in Old Kentucky." Then Skibo would stop and his friend would continue. "Take her, boy, you're mighty lucky, for she is a lu lu." The last he would land up in high C, or like the yell of a Comanche.

The next day we find our poor Skibo entering his old haunt, the club. How strange and woebegone and disgusted he looks. In he walks with his accustomed heavy and steady tread. He draws off his outer coat and hat, sticks them against the wall, not noticing there was no nail to hold them. Then he sits himself at the fireplace and gazes at the burning embers. He now draws a note from his inner pocket, hesitates a minute, then deliberately tears it open. He removes—what? The ring and a dainty piece of blue-tinted writing paper. He lays them both down, turns slightly pale, then lighting his pipe, he reads the note:

"No, I was not bred in old Kentucky."

That was all. "Cruel as this seems," he said, "it must be true." And—

"The rain drips wearily down
From the roofs 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."



"Early Rose" Letters.

(Continued from Last Issue.)

EARLY ROSE FARM, June 1, 1900.

DEAR OLD JERRY:

Your letter fairly breathed of joyous tidings, Jerry, and if I was in need of a tonic, the aforesaid missive would have filled the prescription to the last grain. The old dance program that you enclosed recalled quite vividly the festivities of that Freshie Glee. What pompous youngsters we were some five years back! And that was the night the Sophs trundled our refreshments from the banquet hall and substituted bottled milk. Will you ever forget the consternation that overpowered us as we proudly led our ladies up to those milk-burthened tables? Well, we evened up scores when the Sophs, some three weeks later, attempted to glide through two-steps over a floor nicely coated with resin.

Hooray! Will be hugely elated to give you the glad hand in August. There will be plenty of recreation on the Early Rose domains. I have a chipper little skiff on the river, and if you can stay into September the duck shooting promises loads of sport. Sam "China" Dresden will be here for ten days' hunting, and you tell me the Wizard Co.'s smelter shuts down for six weeks, so there's no excuse for your not lingering a spell.

You inquire after the career of M. Disc-Harrower; bless you, Jerry, as a comparison I remind you of our first meeting, the night we were forcibly thrown together in that covered stone boat and whisked over the pebbly campus by members of our own class, goaded on by domineering Sophs with gad-sticks. Thusly do I liken the enervating pleasures of manipulating a disc harrow. That you may not be familiar with the barbaric tool, I briefly explain. It's a machine built on the plan of a sulky plow, only a long axle extends full width. On this axle are fastened steel discs 18 inches in diameter which perform the double function of propelling the harrow and masticating soil; these discs are convex, and can be set at any distance apart. Now the purpose (for it really is made for a purpose) of this harrow is to pulverize freshly plowed sod ground. My preferences lean toward bounding o'er extensive fields enthroned on a crude willow "brusher," if you want to know it. No springs, an iron seat, three mustangs—hard-mouthed and pig

headed—and there you are! *Comprennez-vous?* No, you can't, for 'tis by experience alone that one must solve these intolerable intricacies. A camel ride on a mid-way is like unto the drowsiest hammock when pitted against disc harrowing. The horses, three abreast, longed to run, but a thrust of the lever set the discs to pulverizing too desperately and the ponies were pleased to slow down to a jog trot. I worked up many acres of sod land; was mighty nigh paralyzed in doing it, and ache when dwelling upon the experience, but firmly believe one may grow accustomed to heretofore considered impossible "grafts."

Things are springing into fresh, virgorous beauty this mild month of June, and Jerry, the very air one breathes thrills one; and altogether, life on Early Rose farm is filled with joy and contentment.

Clara has a pretty little friend visiting her. She leaves in a day or two, but promises to return late in August. I look forward to a very jolly recreation when we all get together.

Yours, with most fraternal love,

"TOD."

EARLY ROSE, June 24, 1900.

JERRY BOY:

The Sabbath is drawing to a close and I hear the church bells ringing in the distant village. We thoroughly enjoy Sunday—it is a day of quiet rest for us hard-working farmers. To-day finds me unusually weary—I dissipated last night. Can you imagine me shining at a regular country dance? And what joy we did have! The function was given at a big, rambling farm house; the whole countryside turned out in force. A fiddle, organ and flute furnished the music; when the musicians let up for a moment a harmonica took up the strain. So earnest were the revelers that many danced continuously and with an abandon good to see, especially by one who has grown blaze from a surfeit of half-time two-steps and languorous waltzes.

Billy, the youngest brother, warned me not to wear a three-inch collar, as such novelties were not in vogue hereabouts, so I raked up a soft negligee shirt, donned a light summer suit and was the best-dressed beau at the ball. The girls were rosy-cheeked, of a rustic mould and as jolly and whole-souled a set as I ever met. Of course there were one or two addicted to giggling and more than half inclined to flirt. That's right, Jerry, prick up you ears, because these country dances occur every once in a while in the Early Rose neighborhood, and I promise that you shall have the pleasure of "doing" one in style when you are my guest. Virginia reels, basket quadrilles and lively hop-polkas are the popular dances amongst our people. Everybody dances with a vim, and the couples that glide are considered green in the art of *Terpsichore*. The mirth waxes warm during the reels; "juba" is patted until the rooms ring, and I tell you it drives the darkey fling to the tips of your very toes. And Jerry, the spread these buxom farmers' wives lay out! Tables great, long, double ones—groan, actually groan 'neath cold turkey, tongue, chicken, roast pig, salad, sandwiches, pumpkin pies, custards, coffee, cakes by the dozen, every class of delectable viands jumbled onto the tables in most appetizing confusion.

Jerry, Jerry, I say unto you, this kind of life is "scrumptiously gorgeous!"
 Clara calls for me to come down and go horseback riding, so I'm off. Write
 promptly, my old college mate. Thine,

"TOD" of Early Rose.

EARLY ROSE FARM, July 17, 1900.

DEAR JERRY BOY:

I spent the greater portion of to-day in papa's potato patch, Jerry; the man with a hoe is a crying necessity at Early Rose farm. No, I do not enjoy playing Markham's here, it's too bloomin' prosy, notwithstanding that rattling poem to the contrary. I happened to remember an old school song with whistling chorus about "Hoe out you row, Hoe out you row!" Somehow I forgot my hard lot in whistling the old refrain, and the day slipped by rather quickly.

Directly before supper, Billy and I, as we came marching home, espied one of our milch cows mired in a swamp. We procured a fence rail and spent fully an hour prying the stranded creature from out her muddy anchorage. I noticed a nasty green tint in her eyes as we worked over her, but since she was one of our gentlest "critters," thought nothing about it. Well, do you know that ungrateful, onery beast turned on her succors the moment she was pried loose and gave us the hottest race for our lives you ever dreamed of! Billy leapt a ditch and a barbed wire fence with the ease of a cross-country runner. Your friend, badly frightened, waded the ditch and by dint of Billy's strong arms and the cow's bumpy, dehorned head, got a sweeping lift over, or through, I can't swear to which, that aforesaid barbed fence. Several sections of blue jeans are dangling on the barbs now as a warning signal not to monkey with mired cows in the future.

Miraculously as it may sound, I suffer no serious inconveniences, barring a disinclination to sit on hard-bottomed chairs.

Clara laughs at my absurd adventures and informs me my vocation is far removed from the raising of spuds and caring of dairy animals. I agree with her this evening; and can say with entire honesty that farming is not all beer and skittles.

How did you put in the glorious Fourth? There was a celebration in the village which we took in by storm. A Goddess of Liberty reigned in golden-haired splendor; ice cream and soda water flooded the town and sent into bankruptcy more than one rural swain. I observed many and diversified amusements—such as merry-go-rounds, Punch and Judy shows, fortune tellers and the hundred and one things indispensable at a country fair or Fourth of July.

A "grand ball" terminated the celebration, and next day we all stumped around quite groggy and weak in the knees.

Haying begins full blast this week. I predict a right "rummy" siege.

Jerry, I bid you bon nuit, and pray overlook the egotistical trend of this missive.

Write me your usual cheery letter, my friend.

Yours in a cloud of smoke,

"TOD."

The Rime of the Sonneteer.

There once lived a Poet in days long ago,
 Whose doleful tale men tell.
 The story you'll surely be anxious to know,
 Why the Poet now simmers in Hell.

Now this bard was no slouch, I would have you to know.
 Of rhymes he possessed a great store;
 And swift from his pen the apt numbers would flow,
 While printers still clamored for more.

Through intricate metres he danced with his Muse,
 And dallied with accents so well,
 No faults from his stanzas the critics could choose,
 Yet the Poet now gibbers in Hell.

It happened one day when his fancy was light
 That his thoughts upon Wordsworth were fixed.
 Straightway he determined a sonnet to write,
 But he found that his metres were mixed.

His feet were continually twisting around,
 His rhythms were discords or worse;
 His accents combined the most villainous sound,
 Till the Poet went out—in a hearse.

Yes, this is the reason, as everyone knows,
 Why the singer who sung so well,
 Whose verses were wont like streamlets to flow,
 Now gibbers of sonnets in Hell.



The Old and the New.

They used to sing some time ago
 A rather plaintive song,
 "Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."

But nowadays the song is set
 With music to the rhyme:
 "Man wants as much as he can get,
 And wants it all the time."



The Student Record



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

C. E. SOUTHWORTH '02, ASSOCIATE

E. P. ARNOT '02, BUSINESS MANAGER

The Student Record is published semi-monthly during the college year by the Independent Association of the University of Nevada.

Subscriptions: Academic year, \$1.00; 3 months, 35 cents; single copies, 10 cents.

Communications should be addressed Student Record, Reno, Nevada.

Editorial Staff: Goodwin Doten '03, Lillian Esden '03, Seymour Case '02, Elizabeth McCormack '02, 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, Geo. Lyman '04, E. Weddle '04, Agnes Gibson '04, James Comerford '04, John S. Case '04, Leigh Worthing '05.

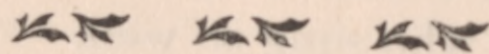
Entered at the Reno, Nevada, Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

The Vulture.

The time for examinations is at hand. Some of us will soon feel happy and proud; and too many of us may soon be discouraged and crestfallen. For, as in former years, there are many students who, not having made the most of their opportunities, are apt to come out of the wrong exit.

But why need there be so many flunks? Believing that we know the Nevada spirit and the Nevada students aright, we will venture to say that if the students so will it, there will be few failures. What can we not do? Let us for a while cast aside all devil-may-care ideas, take heed of the President's words of admonition in General Assembly, determine to do, and *do*.

And however we emerge, whether exultant or gloomy, may we be strengthened and satisfied. May the departing year have for us the consolation that we have at least done our duty. Then will our vacation be pleasanter, and our return to work fraught with more joyous anticipations, brighter hopes and stronger resolutions. Fate, your move next!



Two Ways.

At the University of Nevada we take not only our monthly tests, but also the final examinations at the close of each semester. For the finals, students do a great deal of "cramming," are continually worrying, and withal much overworked. Besides, they have a whole week which might be utilized to better advantage. The finals do not really show that a student is proficient in a subject, for the knowledge obtained by the hard "boning" occasioned by the necessity of getting through, passes away as quickly as it comes. On the other hand, for the monthly tests students depend most upon what they really know; if they pass they do so upon their merits.

It might therefore be best to have monthly examinations only. Then students could neglect nothing and would really be more inclined to do good work; there would be no waste of time, no trouble, no bad results. It is true that there are benefits, psychologically and otherwise, derived from the final examinations; but, taking all in all, it seems that the monthly method is the better. At least, so think most of our good students.

"Sic Transit Gloria Mundi."

A WEEK before exams. The Senior sighed; he had excellent prospects for four flunks. "One o'clock now, and I can't keep awake much longer. I'll take a look at this fraternity magazine by way of recreation, and then turn in."

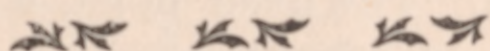
"Hello! Professor Von Der Kauter guarantees a method for passing all examinations. Well! He is all right, or his nerve deserves recognition. Five dollars sent to Box 14, Philadelphia—I guess I may get through after all."

He had received a letter from the Professor. Eagerly tearing it open, he found four cards, one for each subject. Upon each card was written several formulæ. Trying the formulas, he found that he could easily work the hardest problems in any of his subjects.

His first exam, in mechanics, he passed with ease; mark 98 per cent. His second, geology, gave him 96 per cent. In steam engines he made 95 per cent, and in physics, the most difficult of all, he made an even 100. His thesis, on "The Amalgamation of Gold and Water," won the special \$100 scholarship. He was chosen valedictorian of his class, and his masterly address called forth the wildest enthusiasm. After he had received his sheepskin and was leaving the building, he was approached by the secretary of the El Dorado Gold Mining Co., who offered him a position as expert in one of the company's large mills.

He modestly accepted and was immediately handed his first month's check for \$1,000. As he reached out his hand to take it, something slipped, there was a dull thud, and "Just then my room-mate kicked me—I was dreaming; that was all."

O. F. H.



In the Shadows of Minerva.

Examinations for the first semester will begin on Monday, Dec. 16, and close on Thursday, Dec. 19. The University will re-open on Monday, Jan. 6, 1902. The new Chemical Building will be ready for occupancy immediately. The work on the Hospital is progressing rapidly, but it will not be completed before February.

The Senior-Junior debate took place at General Assembly on Dec. 5. Class spirit was rife and intense interest was manifested. The contest was spirited, but the debaters might have worked harder on the subject. The Seniors, Laura Orr, George Anderson and George Springmeyer, had the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That organized labor is a greater menace to the commonwealth than organized capital," while the Juniors, Carrie Allen, Alfred Taylor and John McElroy, upheld the negative. The Seniors won; and great was the rejoicing thereof. The Sophomore-Freshman debate is next in order.

Diet for freshies: Headcheese, smartweed and evergreen. Always avoid goose.

They're building us a hospital between the gym and hall;
They were building it last summer, and they'll be building it next fall.

"Can a *skunk* swim?" eagerly asked the light-haired co-ed from the North residence. "Why, certainly," briskly responded the lanky full-back. "Cats can, and they belong to the same family."

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 19th, the Crescent Club will present a four-act drama, "Way Down in Dixie," in the Reno opera house. The proceeds will be turned over to the Athletic Association. The Crescent Club, which is composed mostly of preparatory students, is a live literary society which deserves special commendation for its efforts.

The two centers, whose huge bodies covered many square inches, faced each other on the gridiron. "Don't you know," said he of the blue sweater, "you remind me of a fat lad in Nevada." "Well, I can't help that," responded his antagonist deprecatingly. "Play ball, Fat. What are you chewing the rag about?" And the captain turned his gory face toward the grand stand.

The sun was high in the heavens and all nature smiled. The willows by Lincoln Hall glistened in their naked, autumnal splendor. By them, looking most martial in the full glory of their handsome uniforms, were drawn up the ex and would-be cadet officers. These Seniors, the reduced, the retired, the degraded, were being photographed. The deed done, with many sighs, they took off the treasured uniforms, for they might never again wear them. But "why should we weep"?

BEWARE! THE GIRLS ARE COMING—There has been a constant complaint on the part of some young men that the young women monopolize the University gymnasium. For the benefit of these young men the co-eds wish to state that they demand only fifteen hours a week out of forty-five for the exclusive use of the gymnasium. These are recitation hours when the young men would be unable to use the gym. When the young men abuse the privileges of the gymnasium and are consequently locked out, let them not blame the young women.

Harford and Seymour have formed a combine. They did not keep an engagement last Sunday night and Seymour thus made the excuse: "After two busy hours dressing, Harford announced his readiness to go. We started alright and all went well until we came to the Cottage lawn. Here there are several holes. As the night was dark and Harford's whole being was centered on something else, he happened to fall into one of these holes. I heard a fall and a loud ripping. I looked, and, well, he was in no condition to go into the Cottage." Senior Philosophy as graphically explained by Seymour Case.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, The All-Wise and Omnipotent Father has seen fit to call from this earth the beloved father of our esteemed classmate, Elizabeth Webster, we, the members of the Senior Class of the University of Nevada, extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family.

FLORENCE R. HALL,
LAURA B. ORR,
JOHN S. MAYHUGH,
Committee.

Since God has willed to remove from this life the beloved father of our Sister, Elizabeth Webster, we, the members of the Theta Epsilon, do extend to her our heartfelt sympathy in her bereavement.

GERTRUDE SHEEHY,
BEULAH HERSHISER,
MABEL PLUMB,
Committee.

WHEREAS, It has been the will of the All-Wise Creator to remove from this earth the father of our beloved Brother, Otto F. Williams; be it

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

EDGAR J. LEAVITT,
H. C. SOUTHWORTH,
FRANK WELLER,
Committee.



"A Lamentation."

In the olden golden days,—
A many years ago—
My heart was like a garden,
Like a garden in the snow.
Soft leaves and velvet blossoms,
Violets in a row,
Filling my soul with sweet perfume
In the days of long ago.
The green and gorgeous branches,
Which hung from the willow trees,
Moved to and fro to the love-song low
Of the wooing western breeze.
But the western breeze vanished,
The leaves and petals fell,
When the raging north wind rushed in
Like a curse from the depths of hell.
Where once bloomed flowers of human love,
Black stand the stalks of hate;
The once luxuriant garden
Is sere and desolate.

W. E. W.

Rubaiyat of Splinter Murphy.

My friends, this life is strictly on the pork,
And laying with a double-acting fork,
The Devil guards the end, so let us hike
And have our little time before the dark.

For many a bloke that's hauling in the dough,
And many a warm gazook who makes it flow,
Shall fly the coop, and lope from this round ball,
To furnish Weehaw for the worms below.

So, what's the use of hustling for the tin?
Rushing a world we should be happy in?
Give me a glass of lager. By my side
A rag-time baby with a dimpled chin.

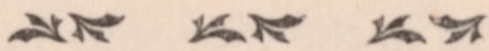
A keg of Schlitz to raise me to the skies;
A rainbow queen to make me goo-goo eyes;
A seat where I can hear the Bowery band;
And then, you jays, get next to me, I'm wise.

Perhaps you think your babe is yours alone?
If that's your dream, you'll find it's vanished soon.
For while her cheek sifts powder on your coat,
She's smiling at some other guy—then flown.

But though your lady deals you out the shake,
And though your head's a barrel when you wake,
Don't rubber for a softer graft, because
All other lays are even fiercer fakes.

And when you blow the foam from off your glass,
And watch the Mission sports and fairies pass,
Remember Murphy; in those happy days
He made the pace, and set 'em stepping fast.

—L. W., '05.



Exchange.

See the Football Man! Children, he is a Brr-uised Bruiser. See the plaster stuck on his face? He is of the Opinion that plaster is not the only thing that is stuck on his face. When he plays the game-his Ad-versaries flee in-to the Ex-treme rear. This is the last of the season. To-day He Chase the high Ball. To-night he will Connect with sixteen more High-Balls. Think of of it, Children—Sixteen! Oh Fudge. My God!

Harvard's annual scholarships amount to \$62,730.

A woman's fencing club is being organized at Michigan.

"The midnight oil" is the "midnight spoil"—spoiled health, spoiled scholarship, spoiled stamina, spoiled ambitions.

Why is a restless man in bed like a lawyer? Because he lies on one side and then turns around and lies on the other.

College students think the heavens will fall when they fall out with the faculty. The heavens do fall—fall to laughing.

John Montieth, the first president of Michigan University, was paid \$87.50 a year. This was when Michigan had a population of 7,000.

Definition of a college paper: A college publication to which one per cent of the students and faculty subscribe and contribute and which the other 99 per cent criticise.

Ethel (coyly): "What a pretty mouth you have. It ought to be on a girl's face."

Jack: "I seldom miss an opportunity."

A good student is known by three things: He can begin to study when he doesn't like it, he can study when he would rather quit, and he can quit when he ought to quit.

"What would you say," began the voluble prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a very short space of time all the rivers in this country would dry up?" "I would say, Go thou and do likewise."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Tramp—"Lady, if you don't give me some money I shall do something desperate."

Lady—"Here is a quarter. Now promise not to kill yourself."

Tramp—"Naw. I just meant I might be obliged to work."

An Irishman when asked if the roads in Ireland were good, replied: "We have the road to love strewed with roses; the road to marriage through briars; the road to honor through duels; the road to prison through law courts, while the road to politics is through a 'pull' and is the dirtiest in the country."

FRANK GOLDEN
JEWELRY COMPANY

Fountain Pens at \$1.00 and \$1.25
Corner Second and Virginia Sts.

NEW UNIVERSITY STATIONERY

Also Frat Stationery.
Wax and Seals, Twenty-five Cents.

THE CANN DRUG CO.,
Leading Druggists and Stationers

H. LETER

The Cheapest Place in Reno, to Buy
Clothing and Furnishing Goods.

Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

C. NOVACOVICH

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Fruits and
Vegetables, Crockery, Glassware,
Cigars and Tobacco.

Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

TOM'S LAUNDRY

Students' Washing Done Promptly and
Neatly.

West side Virginia St., near Iron Bridge

THE PEOPLE'S STORE

Up-to-Date Clothing, Up-to-Date Shoes,
Stetson Hats, Etc.

Corner Virginia and Second Sts.

S. J. HODGKINSON

Druggist.

Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada.

THE RENO MEAT CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Beef,
Mutton, Veal, Lamb, Hams
and Lard.

Virginia Street.

Commercial Row

JOHN SUNDERLAND

Boots and Shoes, Clothing and Gents'
Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps.

Reno, Nevada.

PEARL UPSON

—CITY DRAYMAN—

Commodities of All Kinds Moved at
Reasonable Rates.

Piano Moving a Specialty.

PORTEOUS DECORATIVE CO.

Mathematical Goods, Drawing Papers,
Tracing Cloth, Waterproof Inks,
Erasers, Etc.

Virginia St., South of Washoe County Bank.

GRAY, REID & CO.

Newest Goods,
Latest Styles,
Lowest Prices.

Next door to Bank of Nevada

H. DAVIS

Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes, Stationery,
Books, News, Agency.

Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada

ALFRED NELSON

Imported and Domestic Cigars and To-
baccos. Cutlery and Notions.

Hats, Gloves and Underwear.

313 Virginia Street

THE PALACE

DRY GOODS AND CARPET HOUSE
Headquarters for Tailor-made Suits, Skirts,
Waists and Jackets. A Complete Line
of Dry and Fancy Goods Always
on Hand.

Prices Moderate

R. B. HAWCROFT

Book and Job Printer

THE GOLDEN RULE

Men's and Boys' Outfitters in Clothing
and Furnishing Goods, Hats,
Shoes, Etc.

One Price.

Fair Dealing.

M. FRANK & CO., 235 Virginia St.

GREAT DISPLAY

Swell Jackets, Capes and Furs, Stylish
Dress Goods, Gloves and Fancy
Goods at Popular Prices.

Tel. Black 233.

SOL LEVY, Reno

OPERA HOUSE STABLES

STEVE CURRIE, Prop.

Livery Hacks and Buses at All Hours,
Day or Night. Prices in Keeping
with the Times.

North side of Railroad Track, Reno, Nev.

THE CARBON STUDIO

Corner First and Virginia Streets

Near Iron Bridge

UP-TO-DATE STUDENTS

Use the Parker Fountain Pen. Try
One. The best in the World.

For sale by R. HERZ & BRO.,
Reno Jewelers

F. STRASSRURG

Importer and Maker of Fine Cigars.
Private Brands a Specialty.

Reno, Nevada

J. M. Libby

A. B. Updike

RENO ASSAY OFFICE

Assays Made for Gold, Silver and Other
Metals.

Office—Rooms 5 and 6, Columbia Building,
over C. J. Brookins.

BROOKINS' BOOK STORE

Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, Etc.

Ice Cream Parlors. 224 Virginia Street

THE PALACE BAKERY

Choice Ice Cream and Candies. Parties
Furnished on Short Notice.

Virginia St., Reno, Nev.

S. JACOBS

Gents' Furnishing Goods. Best Quality
Uniform, Cap and Monogram, \$16.

No. 243 Virginia Street.

J. B. McCULLOUGH

Dealer in

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet
Articles, Perfumes, Etc.

Commercial Row

S. C. FOSTER

Merchant Tailor,

Tuxedos a Specialty.

Phone, Black 282

255 Virginia Street

F. C. SAVAGE

Sanitary Plumbing and House Heating.
Pump and Water Back Work.

318 Virginia Street

STUDENTS AND FACULTY

Try Coffin & Larcombe for First-Class
Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables.

309 Sierra Street

A. W. FOX

... MERCHANT TAILOR ...

Fine Imported and American Suitings

249 Virginia St., near Com. Row

"THE GIBBS"

The Leading Millinery Store in Reno

MRS. M. F. GOODWIN.

Successor to Miss Gibbs

ESSAYS AND ORATIONS

For Outlines and Materials, address

COLCHESTER, ROBERTS & Co.,

Tiffin, Ohio

DONNELLS & STEINMETZ

Carpets and Furniture. The Best Stock
in Nevada.

Investment Block, Reno, Nevada

etly
We
an-
let
ip-
de,
ow
tly
ed
et-
ne
's
y
et
le
e
s
-
s
-
e
st
e
et
l
s
f
t
y
d
s.
-
s-
t-
gs
w
-
o
e
g
e
os
-
w-
k,
all
ot-
se
lt-
he
ng