

H

E

Student Record



Feb. 1, '02



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The Student Record

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

VOL. IX

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, FEB. 1, 1902

No. 9

"Lolita."

ONE beautiful day in the spring of '99, I was riding with my old college chum, Jack Steinway, along one of the famous thoroughfares of the Santa Clara Valley. The sun had sunk far toward the horizon and was already painting his warning of departure, in colors of purple and gold upon the cloudy canvas of the western sky. The long branches of the cherry trees, which bordered each side of the roadway, were bending to the ground beneath the weight of the deep-colored berries, while troops of noisy wheat-birds and linnets were hopping about among them preparing for their night of rest.

We could not have found a more desirable place or a more suitable time to call forth the memoirs of our college days. With a reminiscent smile on his handsome face, Jack was concluding the relating of a certain escapade in which he bore no small part, when suddenly a large black stallion dashed through the trees, out onto the road before us. I saw the pleasant smile which illumined his countenance give place to a look of deep trouble.

Neither of us spoke for a few moments, and then Jack said "The sight of that black stallion rushing out so suddenly before us took me unawares and my mind flew back to the time of one of the strangest and saddest experiences of my life. You remember the condition my health was in at the close of my college course? Well, upon the advice of our family physician, I repaired to a large stock ranch owned by my uncle, in the southern part of the State. I had not been long on the ranch before I felt my old strength and love of adventure returning. Almost every day I would saddle my pony and gallop over the plains or into the hills, sometimes alone, but generally accompanied by Lolita, a waif, whose mother had died while in the employ of my uncle.

"Seated upon her little mustang, she would fly along by my side, her black hair floating out behind her and her bright eyes dancing with glee. One day we were riding with considerable speed down the valley, when my horse stepped into a hole and fell, throwing me violently to the ground, where I lay unconscious for some time. The first thing that made itself known to my bewildered mind was that someone was washing the dust from my face. For a moment I lay still, trying to think what had happened. Then I felt two hot lips pressed to my own, and opening my eyes, I saw Lolita bending over me, her black lashes sparkling with tears and a look in her eyes that I had never seen before.

"After this occurrence I did most of my riding alone, but Lolita always saw me and ran out with a happy greeting on my return. One evening when near home I had allowed the reins to fall loose and was reading a letter from Miss Wakeland, in which she spoke of her intention of visiting with me for a few weeks at the ranch. Before I had finished reading the letter my pony turned into the path which leads down to the barnyard. When I had read the last line I was within a few yards of the barn. I looked up, and there through the open door came the large and vicious black stallion that my uncle had kept chained for years. My pony wheeled unexpectedly and I fell to the ground. Quickly I sprang to my feet, but with eyes like blazing coals and with open mouth he was rushing upon me. And then—I do not know how it happened—Lolita sprang out and placed herself between me and the man-eating demon. I saw her raise her hands as if in prayer and gaze straight into the eyes of the infuriated animal, that at once came to a standstill before her, lowered his head and turning, trotted away.

"Three months passed away, during which I seldom saddled my pony, my time being almost wholly employed in walking with Miss Wakeland into the hills or over the meadows. She was the same Eunice Wakeland as of old, with the same jolly laughter and delightful conversation, but Lolita had changed. It seemed that a gloom settled upon her at the moment of Miss Wakeland's arrival. Her gay laughter was not heard about the corrals as of old, and once I had seen her cast a glance at Eunice that filled me with compassion and with fear. My visitor must have noticed the deep jealousy with which Lolita regarded her, yet she gave no evidence of it and often insisted on Lolita being with us in our rambles, when she knew it would but add to her pain.

"The month of May arrived. The wild flowers had reached the zenith of their beauty. One bright morning Lolita and Miss Wakeland had been out in the fields, and after gathering the most gorgeous flowers into bouquets, were returning by the pathway that led to the barnyard. I noticed joyfully that Lolita appeared happier than usual as she skipped along several yards in advance of Miss Wakeland, seeking out the rarer flowers.

"I had just taken my rifle on my shoulder and started for a hunt in the pastures when I looked toward the stable and saw the black stallion that had again by some almost fiendish ingenuity freed himself. Seeing Miss Wakeland so near, he raised his black head high in the air and with open mouth and flashing eyes, darted toward her. Hearing the loud hoof beats, Lolita looked up and ran out at once between the stallion and his intended victim. The horse saw her raise her thin arms before him and attempted to stop, but he was too late. His broad black breast struck her squarely and she fell senseless to the ground. For one short moment the brute stopped and looked at the child—that moment was enough. I raised my rifle and fired. He dropped in his tracks with a bullet through his brain.

"We carried Lolita to the house, but she opened her eyes but once that night. I stooped and kissed her torn lips and with a sad smile she left us."

When Jack finished his story, tears were in his eyes and I no longer doubted why his engagement with Miss Wakeland had so suddenly been broken.

W. E. W.

A Fallen Waysider's Story.

T WAS a dark and stormy night; the lightning flashed, the wind howled and the rain fell in torrents. A lonely traveler in the prime of life, and with disquietude and pain depicted on his countenance, rode swiftly through one of Russia's gloomy forests. For twelve long hours horse and rider had braved the cold and storm; on a mission for the government they rode; the horse, with the confidence and faith he placed in his master; the master, with ambition foremost in his thoughts, and bright prospects of a higher position that awaited him on his return. Food and warmth seemed almost dreamed-of comforts, till after a few more miles of speedy riding, the stranger drew rein before a rude and lonely hut. A light, faintly glimmering through a broken window, told the drenched and weary one that it was not uninhabited. Quickly he dismounted, and after sheltering his horse, with a heavy knock thus addressed the unknown occupant:

"For God's sake, open and give a tired and famished traveler shelter from the impending storm!"

A slight movement from within was the only reply.

"For God's sake, I repeat, be quick!"

"Ah! For God's sake! There is no God, man," came the reply in a low, hoarse, despairing tone; then the door was slowly opened and the stranger stepped quickly in. Before him, advanced far in years, with crime and debauchery the only traits to be read on his face, clad in the rude and well-worn garments of many years past, stood the hermit.

His abode of solitude consisted of but one room. Through the old and ill-wilt ceiling the incessant rain found its way to the rough, uncovered floor; two windows, made mostly of boards placed slightly apart, through which opening the wind whistled, gave a cold and shuddering aspect to the room. The only furniture of this dwelling place was a rude table and two partially broken chairs to one side, while to the other stood a small cupboard.

"Ah! my friend," spoke the hermit, "methinks that you have found but a poor abode in which to spend the night."

"Any cover, it appears to me, is better than the sky when under Jupiter's angry sway. Come, sir, I am nearly famished; it is now twelve hours since I tasted food."

But his hunger was only little appeased, since the meal he sat down to was scarcely better than that the poor beggar was seated to at Barmecide's Feast.

"It seems, mine host that by living in such desolation, you are throwing to the winds the noblest work of God—a life—and robbing the world of its just right."

"Life! Ha! Ha! What is it? The Laughing Philosopher says it is a jest, but I say it is one awful struggle with death. Death, that long-continued echo of the sound Life; Death, that blood-curdling spectre, who is ever chopping at the tree of Life, pausing never to grind his axe, pausing never to wipe his grim brow; but on he chops, while the pieces fly out thick and fast, and on he shall chop, until with a derisive smile on his ghastly features, he sees the great tree fall and

hears the heavens echo and re-echo with the death-awakening notes of Gabriel's trumpet.

"I have thus far deluded him; nevertheless, under the head of Man, in the Catalogue of Mortality, I am billed to die! Do you wish to hear my story? You are a man still in the prime of life; there is yet time left to you to fail in life's work. Take heed from what I shall tell you and let ambition take care of itself. Look at me, my friend; do you see in me semblance of a monarch? Ha! the answer writes itself on your countenance; nevertheless, I was once the King of Lydia. Perhaps you will question my soundness of mind, but pray hear me to the end.

"When I was a young man I was both avaricious and ambitious. To reach my goal, I hesitated at nothing; the result of my daring and adventurous spirit was that one day, wandering among the cavernous country of my home, I entered one of the caves, and imagine, if you can, my astonishment on perceiving therein a brazen horse, and furthermore in that horse a man's corpse; on the crumbling finger of the corpse shone a ring; led on by my bold nature and the sin of covetousness, I took the ring into my possession; that act sealed my fate, for the ring had the wonderful property of rendering the wearer invisible.

"Being, as I thought, so fortunate in securing this treasure, each succeeding plan and action of mine grew bolder than its predecessor, until I became body and soul the property of Satan, and my last awful plot was, by means of the precious ring, the entering, invisible, into the chamber of the King of Lydia, and the murdering, while he slept, of that royal personage!"

Here the hermit with a shudder, paused; he was going through again in mind that dreadful deed. A rather weak "ahem" from his auditor brought him back to his story.

"There is not much more; I mounted the object of my ambition, the throne, and after a time, haunted by both the dead king and Satan himself, I made my escape to this desolate region to escape man—man, whom I despise.

"My friend, take warning from this example before you. I expect soon to die, and still having the ring, would gladly leave it in the possession of a benign person who would make it of good use to mankind."

He then drew from his pocket the ring, which by that time had lost the greater part of its luster, and holding it to the stranger, said:

"Sir, take it and also the lesson—" but he said no more, for with a tremendous roar, accompanied by flashes of fire, that monster Satan, an object hideous to behold, stood between them.

"You forget, your majesty," derisively spoke the Tempter, "that you and that ring belong but to me. I now claim you both."

With a piercing cry, the hermit, clutching in his bony hand the fatal ring, fell dead at the feet of his conqueror, while the latter, taking up the ring and the soul of his victim and uttering a low, chuckling laugh, left the hut and, with the lesson of the fallen waysider's story instilled deep in his heart, the lonely stranger.

Lost.

I reached out for a lovely jewel
In the bright and sparkling day.
It turned to blackest dust again,
Its light had fled away.

I cast my hope upon the sea
And sailed it in the brine,
That it might gain immortal fame,
While I would waste and pine.

I struggled hard, and hoped, and prayed
Far up a dreary height,
And saw the sun sink low again
Upon the western sight.

I see the light upon the sea,
My ship is coming back,

And it doth bring my fondest hope
Across the pathless track.

The ship's light flickered in the dark;
It rested on the sea;
It glimmered then again once more,
Then left forever me.

My spirit wanders still on earth,
The body holds it down;
When will its binding chains relent?
When will it seek its treasured ground?

Oh, hope! oh, hope! you're sunken low,
But live you still for me;
Live you in the Blessed Home,
Where all my strongest fancies roam,
And I will seek for thee. J.



In Arcady.

The green pavilions of the pine
Hold high their ancient canopy,
While warm south winds their boughs
entwine

Upon the hills of Arcady.

In Arcady, in Arcady

When summer dawns on flower and tree,
O love! to walk again with thee,
Among the groves of Arcady.

Still from the meadow pipes the quail,
Still o'er the myrtle hums the bee.
Above the brooks the swallows sail,
Blithe messengers of Arcady.

In Arcady, in Arcady,

Where passion flowers bloom far and free,
So fair, yet not more fair than thee,
My love, in sunny Arcady.

The river winds, beneath the moon,
While shadows rest on hill and lea.
It murmurs soft some sweet old tune;
A vesper song of Arcady.

In Arcady, in Arcady,

Like isles of pearl on sapphire seas,
The stars shine thro' the clustered trees,
And light the land of Arcady.

Tho' I no longer hear the pines,
Nor walk beneath their canopy;
Yet well I know the still moon shines
O'er love, in Ancient Arcady.

In Arcady, in Arcady,

Tho' far I roam from love and thee,
I pray my heart may never be
Forgetful of sweet Arcady.

L. W. '05.



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.

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

A Glee Club

Most college enterprises and customs are carried on, in one way or another, at the University of Nevada. But there is a lack of some very important things. One of the most essential is a glee club or some similar organization.

There was a time when a University Glee Club, composed mostly of Lincoln Hall students, scored a great success. When the more prominent members left the University the club disbanded and has never been re-established.

Although there may not be as much talent as formerly, it is nevertheless certain that there is enough latent talent, which needs but a start to develop it, to form the nucleus of a good club later on. The best way to do this is for the boys of Lincoln Hall to begin. They have the time, the ability, the means, and, we believe, the inclination. Each day after dinner there is about an hour when most young men do not and cannot apply themselves to study. Instead of doing nothing in particular, they could utilize this and other times for practicing. Everybody would gladly lend all possible assistance. The club would serve to while away many happy hours and would be a source of much entertainment. Let some energetic person take up the matter and see it through.



Debating

If Nevada is this year to accomplish anything in debate, a decided change for the better must soon be made. At least enough interest and rivalry must be manifested to cause those who make the team to work for the privilege. Up to date only about half a dozen students have signified their willingness to debate. In the cases of those unfit or for some reason unable to give the time to the work, there is a reasonable excuse. But the refusal to take part of many of the most able students, the presence of any one of whom on the team would incite the others to greater effort, would be a stimulus to debate and would greatly strengthen the team, deserves the severest criticism. It should not be necessary to again repeat how debate benefits the participant, shows his loyalty to the University, and similar oft-told ineffective phrases. Better, perhaps to say, disgustedly, "Wake up!"

In the Shadows of Minerva

Cottage Girl to Indian: "Hello, Jim." Indian: "Hello, Mary."

The work for the Hastings debate has begun in earnest. The Hastings team has been selected, but because of the negligence of opposition in not accepting the question, the Nevada team has not yet been chosen. The trial debates are now taking place, and it is hoped an able team will meet the Law School representatives.

The University social life is not entirely at a standstill. Already one social has been held. Frat parties and initiations, meetings of literary societies and the like, serve to make all vacant evenings pass pleasantly. Moderation in society, but still the best of enjoyment from it, and strict attention to duty seems to be the plan to be pursued this semester. Nothing better could there be.

The General Assembly lecture of Jan. 15 was delivered by Dr. Patterson. On Jan. 22 Dr. J. E. Church of the Latin Department lectured on "Reminiscences of German University Life." On Jan. 24 President Wheeler of the University of California addressed the students. His words left their mark and impressed the audience as being seldom equalled as regards things of especial interest to college students. During his stay, President Wheeler was the guest of Dr. Stubbs.



Sourballs

One spring evening, as the wind was sighing itself to sleep, two youths emerged from Lincoln Hall and slowly wended their way to the "Smokers' Retreat." By their dress and manner one could easily see they were a Senior and Junior involved in a discussion of some weighty matter. Such was the case.

The student body had long been slumbering, and of late the slumber had become a deep sleep, from which there seemed no possibility of an awakening.

"To begin with, the STUDENT RECORD is to blame for the state of things," said the Junior.

"And how do you make that out?" queried the Senior.

The Junior replied:

"From the beginning of the fall semester did not the RECORD put in its appearance behind time? Has the RECORD "boosted" athletics as it ought? When the football team went below, would anybody except the accompanying "rooters" know that Nevada had a team on the field at all? And how about the trip to Utah? No one would know anything about that game with the U. of N. (The team itself doesn't want to have anything known about the game. I may say for once that the RECORD maintained a decent silence.) Then, again, look at the editorials, exchange and campus, what are they? Are they up to the standard a university paper should have? No. They would be rejected by the majority of

the editors of a high school publication. No, the STUDENT RECORD has not led the students to inhale that atmosphere filled with college spirit which surrounds every college. Why, man, it is here, only it is lying latent in the bosom of every student and the RECORD has done nothing to foster this spirit, to kindle this slumbering fire into one large bonfire."

The Senior was a patient and observant listener. He slowly pulled his pipe from his mouth and straightened himself.

"In some things you have said I agree with you. It seems to me that when a fellow enters a university he should have enough spirit about him to go ahead and be ready to explode at any time the occasion required, not hang back and wait for his next door neighbor to begin.

"The Seniors, or rather, most of them, take it for granted that they are gracing the campus by their presence, rather than trying to keep things lively; while the Juniors, well they seem to think that they are the regents and own the whole business.

"Now that is not the way to do. The Seniors and Juniors must put some life into the student body and the underclassmen will fall in line. The STUDENT RECORD, it is true, shows a spirit entirely foreign to the doings of the student body which is directly opposite from what it is intended. Do away with that spirit of 'for self and self alone,' and the RECORD will kindle that latent fire you were talking about, into one towering mass of flames. Until this change is made you will have your college spirit sleeping the sleep of the weary. But come, let's go into the Hall and get that brief and continue our discussion at some future time. You have just opened a theme upon which I could talk a month of Sundays."

SOURBALLS.



Resolutions of Respect

WHEREAS, God, in his infinite power and wisdom, has seen fit to remove from this earth the beloved father of our classmate, Anna Woodward, be it

Resolved, That the Class of 1904, represented by this committee, hereby tender to our classmate and her family our heartfelt sympathy in their hours of bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing family.

Laura Arnot,
F. P. Thompson,
R. W. Julien.

WHEREAS, The Father has seen fit to take from this earth the beloved father of our member, Anna Woodward, be it

Resolved, That the A. T. P., represented by this committee, hereby extend to our member our heartfelt sympathy in her hours of bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family.

Della Fuller,
Maud Warren,
Catherine Hand.

The College Poker Player

He was a poker-playing youth,
And these few rhymes shall tell
The strange and grievous happenings
Which once to him befell.

The aces, spades and kings and queens,
They always came his way.
Some came in pairs and some in threes
A many times a day.

He sat with friends one afternoon
Around a table green.
His pile grew high, his friends were sad;
He coppered every bean.

With cautious look he scanned the cards
And never raised the dough.
He seldom dipped into his sack,
He wouldn't bluff, you know.

The dealer shot his dry stuff out;
Our hero drew four tens,

But much too wise to heap the pile,
He passed up to his friends.

They failed to raise, and o'er his face
There swept a look of pain.
He swore and vowed that such a hand
He'd never pass again.

Another round had dropped, his eyes
Shone with a baleful light;
He stacked out every chip, for lo!
Four queens flashed on his sight.

The bet was called, his hopes were high.
"What's in your hand?" he cried
"Two little pairs, all kings," he heard.
Our gentle friend near died.

And this is why, O college youths,
He deals with cautious hand.
By winning every other pot
Spreads sorrow through the land.



Athletics

The midwinter hibernation of "interest in athletics" having ended, and as the frequenters of the diamond, as well as the fleet-footed sons of the cinder-path begin to make themselves conspicuous, it behooves the scribe to sing of the long-haired scalps that will hang in our wigwam when the season is over.

The outlook for baseball, to judge from the interest shown thus early in the season, is very bright. On Dec. 18 a nine chosen from Hall boys crossed bats with the Blue squad taken from among those who pass their nights off the campus. The work on both sides was better than had been expected, from the little practice they had had. The Hall boys scored 14 home-comings to their opponents' 6.

As yet it is too early in the year to predict very closely the quality of the bunch of brown-legged warriors who will represent Nevada in her track meets. Coach Steckle, who understands the mysteries of the cinder-path as well as those of the grid-iron, will look after the boys. Manager C. Southworth has promised to give all applicants a chance at training and rule diet. He will attempt to have frequent visits from other aggregations of brawn. Let us answer, with our best efforts, the call for reapers.

“Early Rose” Letters

(Continued from Jan. 15.)

EARLY ROSE FARM, November 4, 1900.

MY DEAR JERRY:

Signs of winter are in the air; the mercury drops below freezing every night; no leaves adorn the trees; skates are being sharpened in advent of an early sheet of ice on the ponds.

Lest I forget later on, I shall issue mother's invitation, bidding you eat Thanksgiving turkey with the Larkins at Early Rose Farm. Try and come, Jerry, we all want you very much. There might possibly be good sleighing by then; if so, that means exhilarating tours of our snowy valley.

We have been reading aloud David Harum these long evenings; haven't taken so much interest in recent fiction for many moons.

Five agents, representing the British Government, spent a few days at our place in October. They are purchasing horses for John Bull's cavalry. They asked permission to make Early Rose their headquarters—which was granted them. Those farmers, who had horses to sell, flocked here with from one to fifty head of equines. The majority of the horses were young, unbroken range animals. Early Rose fields took on the aspect of a wild and woolly bronco-busting carnival. Maybe you think there wasn't some tall riding done. Such bucking and so much of it I never saw before. Cowboys, wearing “shaps,” wide sombreros and well “heeled,” loaned a western flavor to the scene; their adhesive power when astride of a fiery bronco was perfect. A careless, dare-devil aggregation that, methinks, will soon be listed amongst the passing tokens of our Wild West, which locality begins to feel civilations's touch, even here in wicked Nevada.

I had prided myself upon my expert riding, but was compelled to take a back seat at this exhibition par excellence. Billy didn't, though, and I'm proud of his achievements as a rider and thrower of the rope.

A good natured yet hotly contested try-out in roping mavericks wound up the carnival. Billy held his own with the crack ropers from the big cattle ranges. Grit and a cool head single him out as a prospective star on the 'Varsity eleven.

I put into practical use the theories absorbed in the dairying course taken up at school. Father had been sending the milk to a creamery, but he is more than satisfied with my experiments in butter making; now you may one day read notices (I know you wouldn't wade through the book) of a “New Process in Dairying,” by Professor Philip “Tod” Larkin.

I am alone in the house to-day. Clara is away to church with the old folks and I suspicion the brothers are shooting rabbits out on the sagebrush plains.

What glorious records our football boys are piling up to the credit of our Alma Mater!

Suppose you can't tear yourself away from the Thanksgiving game to come here for dinner; when I think about it, the temptation overpowers me, and I ask you to postpone your trip until Christmas that we may attend the big game

together. That's what we must do, Jerry. Think of it, 'twill be the first Thanksgiving game in three years that we have viewed from the bleachers!

Time to drive home the cows, my hearty, so auf wiedersehn.

Cordially yours,

"TOD."

P. S.—Be sure and tell me how the proposition strikes you—in regard to seeing the game.

T.

EARLY ROSE FARM, December 14, 1900.

JERRY.

How time flies! Here it is nearly Christmas again, even before the memories of last December are at all ready to be replaced by fresh Xmas greetings.

So you were a happily surprised Jerry when you beheld Clara alight from the train with brother "Tod" Thanksgiving morning. She wanted to go all along, but didn't say much about it until I asked her to accompany me. The principal topic of her conversation has been "football" ever since her return. Kind of unsatisfactory having the teams tie. I prefer a decision, even if against our eleven, rather than the uncompromising score of a glaring 6-6; nobody's game!

Didn't you relish the impromptu re-union of the remnants of our class? Scattered all over the world so soon, can you imagine where '99ers won't be in another year's time?

The giddy undergrads are cutting up too raw this year. I am sorry to hear what kiddish capers have been jotted down against them. Yet Prof. Lewison told me that certain members of the '99 were equally as irrepressible when they sported Freshman cards. "Natural," said he, "for the alumni to look back and doubt that they were once guilty of outlandish pranks." Then, by way of coloring his statement, he cited a series of "jinks" which failed to abash me because they struck a too tender spot in that section of one's brain given over to reminiscences of college days.

I received a bid to the village girls' Seminary ball for next Friday night. Clara tells me it is a function similar to our Junior Hop, consequently "Tod" doesn't miss the Sem. ball. Too bad you can't get in on the 21st, then you could participate in this dance also.

"China" is going home for the holidays, therefore our jolly summer's party won't be quite complete next week.

There are no rushing duties to perform on Early Rose Farm these wintry days, for which I am truly grateful; nevertheless the stock has to be fed regularly, thirty cows milked twice per day, in addition to the innumerable small items forever materializing on a rancher's premises. But with five pairs of willing hands, no insurmountable task looms up before any one of us Larkins.

Some of the neighbors dropped in a few minutes ago. I hear the suggestive popping of corn, detect odors of simmering molasses candy, also know of huge pitchers of cider reposing on pantry shelves. Don't you think the circumstances

warrant a cessation of writing that I may join the merry-makers and cut in on the herein mentioned goodies? I do.

With brotherly love,

I am the same old

"TOD."

EARLY ROSE FARM, January 12, 1901.

JERRY, JERRY, JERRY!

I did not know I was harboring a thief beneath my father's roof when I had you here as my guest! Even so has it proven to be, and you are not eaten up with remorse? Can you ever look me in the eyes again, truthfully saying, "Tod, I am sorry?" How do I feel about it? Pretty question to ask your old chum who blundered around with big scales on his optics! Heartless wretch! Yet so inconsistent is human nature, so wonderful a difference is there between thieves and thieves that your future brother-in-law calls a peace conference at which he may take this thief by the hand and congratulate him with as much sincerity as he kissed that sly-boots sister who shyly confessed that her heart was not entirely compact—"because—because—" Oh, Jerry, it's nearer than a college frater that you're to be; dearer than a mighty *white* friend. Verily our relationship grows stronger with passing years, and I am glad, because knowing both you sentimental lovers in your numerous moods, perhaps even better than you know each other (impossible, you say), I think the match ideal.

Shunted aside as I find myself, I can not relinquish the old love for you, but realize how much stronger the bond tightens between you and me, and I rest in contentment.

Believe mother was prepared for the startling news; anyway she and Clara seemed uncommonly chummy and wore a we-have-a-secret smile several days before I was a participant in that same secret. Say, why could'nt you have confided in your old chum? I call it a scrubby trick. Would grow jealous if I had any idea of its smoothing over my ruffled state of mind. Blessings on you, old fellow. I never posed as a match-maker, but if I did I couldn't have succeeded one-half so well to my own liking as I did in all unconsciousness when I bade you come to Early Rose Farm.

That Farm has not only lost its only daughter's heart, but its two strapping sons. Yes, Ted and Billy are now enrolled upon the dear old 'Varsity's registers. We have received enthusiastic accounts of first impressions of college life, which is decidedly pleasing. How we miss the lads!

You know father expected to lose me next March, when my year at Early Rose expires, and, according to his word, I was to receive a neat pile to begin my worldly career. Can you guess what I did? You surely ought to, just from the contented swing of my letters to you.

Well, I had a long talk with the pater; told him if he was willing, and considered his college-bred son competent, that this son, instead of investing the profured money in any outside deal, wished to buy shares of Early Rose stock; furthermore, he would like to continue on as one of the tillers of Early Rose's soil.

It was the proudest moment of my life when the daddykins grasped my hand, tears in his eyes, too, and said he was pleased beyond words.

It is needless to say any more. "All's well that ends well."

Your contented

"TOD."



Why sit and ponder o'er forgotten deeds
Of things that happened in the long ago?
Look! At thy feet the path that leads
To nobler heights than those below.

Let not misfortune your happiness destroy,
For life is but a fretted shade of joy and grief;
Each bursting bud—a new born joy,
Each sorrow but a fallen leaf.

THAT WET SATURDAY.

She: "Well, I suppose you got soaked last Saturday."

He (embarrassed): "Er-ah, yes, how did you know?"—*Ex.*

AN EOCENE EPISODE.

"I lost ten bones on that game," said the Vulpavus.

"That's all right," replied the Megatherium; "they'll be restored at the Museum."

DESTINY.

Fimmie pushed baby into the well.
Fimmie went home and didn't tell.
Baby was found
Both dead and drowned,
Fimmie, they say, will go to —, college.

A boy, a match,
A strong cigar,
A period of bliss, then gloom;
A doctor, a nurse,
A coffin, a hearse,
A mound and then—a tomb.

"Gad! Drunk again; thought you had turned over a new leaf."

"Yish, soo have, but just been reading over the back pages."

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