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Student Record



Mar. 1, '02



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The Student Record

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VOL. IX

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, MARCH 1, 1902

No. 10

A Christmas Waif

"The World has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young."

WHAT a beautiful season greets us every year when Christmas comes again! Its spirit pervades the air. From young to old, from rich to poor, it infects us all and fills our hearts with its sweetness. Then it is that we try to forget our sorrows, our disappointments, our pain; then it is that we try to let peace and good will rule our hearts and actions. Dulled and disheartened though we may be by life and its never ending round of tasks and burdens, at some little unexpected act of love we can not help feeling a thrill of gladness,—a touch of the spirit of Christmastide.

Christmas eve is the most beautiful portion of this beautiful season, for then it is that the Christmas angels come to the tired world to cheer and comfort the weary and the heavy laden. Noiselessly they journey from place to place; here wiping away pain, there wiping away a tear, and everywhere granting sweet sleep to the tired ones of earth. To those whose burdens have made the day well-nigh unbearable, they bring sweet, refreshing, dreamless sleep; but to those who are grieving and heartsick for those lost and gone, they bring comforting dreams, and the happiness of which their waking hours are bereft. Only to those who at Christmastide willfully and selfishly hurt or grieve a fellow creature do they bring no sweet messages. The Father who sent his Only Son to bring the tidings of his love to earth at this season, cannot love those who make others suffer at Christmastide.

One cold Christmas eve, too early for the angels to begin their pilgrimage of love, a little boy was wandering about the city streets. He was such a little fellow—scarcely six years old—and he looked so cold and pinched. His poor little clothes failed pitifully to keep out the chilling winds; and he looked pathetically unfit to be out alone in the darkness and the night. Surely his place was in his mother's arms, to be soothed to sleep with words of Christmas and its sweet story. He stopped at the shop windows and gazed wonderingly at the lovely things there. These bright, beautiful playthings had been transplanted from Fairy-land and placed where people might see and admire them. How splendid they were! How kind it was of Santa Claus to put them where he might look at them! The idea that they were to be bought and sold never entered his childish mind.

He only knew that they came from Fairy-land and that Santa Claus had brought them. Then came another thought,—Santa Claus had always brought him some Christmas presents; but to-night, when he had no place to sleep, where could he hang his stocking so that the good old man would find it?

Should he go back to the cold room where he had left his mother? No, he had tried once and could not find his way. And, besides, there was something there that made him afraid—afraid of his own kind, sweet mother. She lay so still there on the bed; and when he spoke she didn't seem to hear him. He shuddered when he remembered the chill he had received when he touched her face to awaken her. Crying and afraid, he had run from the room, and now, even if he could find the way, he dared not go back. Perhaps in the morning his mother would come and find him, just as she had the day when the big dog had made him run, all trembling and afraid, so far that he couldn't find the way home again.

Soon he saw a crowd of happy, laughing children. He followed them a short distance and then saw them go into a brightly lighted church. He heard music from within, and when he had stepped into a dark corner of the vestibule, he could catch a glimpse of a wonderful Christmas tree. He stood there for a long time. It wasn't quite as cold as it was out of doors and the music and the tree were very beautiful. At last he saw that the people were going home; and so all unnoticed, he crept out and away into the cold, dark night.

He was very lonesome now and very tired. How he did wish that his mother would come for his to-night! Morning was such a long ways off. But then, how could mother ever find him when it was so dark? Besides, he didn't want her to be out in the night, for he knew she was timid. He was not afraid,—only tired and cold; and he did wish that he could find some place where, before he went to sleep, he could say his little prayer and then hang up his little stocking for Santa Claus.

By and bye he came to a spot on a side street where a big box had been left. It lay on one side and was pushed close against the wall. It had contained a lot of Christmas goods, and in it had been left two old sacks and a quantity of excelsior. This would make him a splendid sleeping place. He made a bed of the excelsior, keeping the sacks for covering. Then he prepared to hang up his stocking. He hated to take it off, he was cold enough with it on; but he decided that he could keep the bare foot under him and so do without the stocking. There was a gaping hole in the toe, but by using a nail as a pin, he managed to fasten it together. Then he hung it in plain sight on the front of the box. At last he knelt down and repeated the little prayer that his mother had taught him, adding, "Please, God, tell Mama and Santa Claus that I'm here." A moment later he was asleep.

At midnight one of the Christmas angels passed that way. He had come from soothing a sobbing girl into forgetfulness, and the remembrance of the smile that the dream had brought to her face filled her heart with joy. He bent over the sleeping waif and brushed the golden curls from off the little white forehead. What could he do for this little one? He gave him a beautiful dream of his mother and of happier by-gone Christmastides. The child stirred in his sleep and whispered "Mama." It seemed such a pity that soon he must wake and find his

another vanished with the dream. He was so little and so alone in the big, busy world!

And then, there was the empty stocking. How disappointed the little fellow would be to think that Santa Claus had forgotten him! A tear glistened for an instant in the angel's eye. Then he clasped the little wayfarer to his bosom and bore him far, far away beyond the stars, to that Home where there is neither hunger nor cold nor pain, to where his mother was waiting to receive him.



The Scent of the Roses

LESTER ROLLINS restlessly paced the floor in his office on Wall Street. From time to time he glanced at the tape that played out, yard upon yard, from the ticker. The price of C. M. & S. was steadily falling. An hour before it had been 80 then 78, 75, 70; now it was 64. In another half hour it would be 50. Calling up his broker, he said: "Sell more; make a break." The hour that he had hoped for, schemed for, aye, prayed for, for seven long years had come. It was a matter of but minutes before Ruthven would be driven to the wall, a ruined man. Revenge was sweet after all. Charles Ruthven had taken all the sunshine and hope from his life seven years before when he married Edith Osborne. He remembered the day of his return from a four months' trip to South America. He had only heard from her once during his absence; that was during the first month, but then the mail service was bad and he was never a week in the same place. As he landed he thought it odd that Charlie was not there to welcome him back. Charlie, his old college chum, who had shared all his pleasures and perils for four happy years, who had been the first to congratulate him on his engagement, who was always the last to leave him and the first to welcome him back. Then to his note to her, the reply that she would be at home to Mr. Rollins when he found it convenient to call." He called that night to be told that she had thought over their engagement during his absence; that she had found that she did not love him and that he must consider the engagement broken. He noticed the next day that Charlie left his usual haunts just before he arrived and he could not locate him for several days. Early the next week a line in the "Society Notes" in the paper explained all: "The engagement of Miss Edith Osborne to Mr. Charles Ruthven is announced."

And now the hour he had watched for for seven long years was at hand. He had learned that he and Ruthven held nearly all the C. M. & S. stock and that Ruthven's was bought at 74. If he could unload his quietly and drive the price to 50, Ruthven stood to lose \$240,000 on his 10,000 shares. Bradstreet rated him at 200,000. C. M. & S. at 50 would ruin him. Mr. Ruthven's card was brought up and in an instant he was shown in.

"Rollins," he said, "I have come to you for advice. Somebody's flooded the market with C. M. & S. while I was at home, and if it drops another point I'm a ruined man. I can stand it myself, but—Edith is sick; the doctor says it's her

heart, and a shock like this will kill her. God knows I've no right to ask help or advice of you, but you are my only help."

Mr. Rutherford," he said in his cold professional voice—he paused; he saw a brilliantly lighted hall; the orchestra was playing the grand march and he was leading with a slip of a girl with glorious golden hair who smiled up at him with the truest blue eyes he had ever seen, eyes that he knew saw the love-light shining in his own, and then he knew that he loved her yet as he did then—"Mr. Ruthven, hold your stock, the market will recover. I am very busy. Good day. No, don't thank me, it's purely a matter of business."

As the door closed he stepped to the telephone, a word to his broker, and the run on C. M. & S. was stopped. He sat down at his desk. His chance had come and gone. Had he lost it? And then he repeated, half musingly,

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

—101—



"Semi-Quarantine."

A small-pox germ one winter's day
Swung under the brakes and rode away.

Smiling, it rode in its merry glee,
Beating its way on the N. C.

But when it was several days in town,
Begun to develop and spread around.

The Prex scorched swiftly to the town,
The Board of health beheld him frown.

He asked them: "Do you really mean
To give the U. N. a quarantine?"

Then did he whisper and he smiled a
smile.

"Give us a *half* for a little while."

And said the Prex as he rode away,
"A very good joke I have played them
to-day.

The students looked and sighed—"Ah,
me!
If we and the Prex could only agree."

Almost eighty students, oh, woe is the
day,
Exiled full five miles from Reno away.

And the co-eds leaned from each win-
dow sill,

Saying, "With all your faults we love
you still."

"I have a mind," said the Prex, "to-day
To put those Seniors — f-a-r a-w-a-y."

Then he printed a scroll in sable hues,
To the world at large gave forth the
news.

And the fiat went forth "Come ye not
to the town

Till the great copper bell has begun to
sound."

So they gathered their grips, forthwith
they hied,
Each wounded arm hanging limp by its
side.

And the Hall, all deserted, stood there
alone,

On each passing zephyr sending a moan.

But of all bold words of tongue or pen,
The boldest are these: "They'll do it
again." "G."



The Student Record



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

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.

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Editorial Staff: Goodwin Doten '03, Seymour Case '02, Elizabeth McCormack '02, H. C. Southworth '02, Blaine Grey '02, Catherine Hand '05, Geo. E. Anderson '02,

Bernard O'Hara '03, Carrie Allen '03, Ott F. Heizer '04, Florence Hall '02, E. Weddle '04, Agnes Gibson '04, James Comerford '04, J. S. Case '04, Leigh Worthing '05.

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

The Reasons: By reason of the "semi-quarantine" and the two weeks' forced retirement from active participation in University work of eighty students, no STUDENT RECORD was issued on Feb. 15. The copy was all prepared and ready for the printer, but being that there was too much concerning the yellow flag, and that there was too much truth in most of the articles, it was decided to let the issue go over. However, we shall endeavor to make up for the loss by better work in the future, trusting nothing further will arise to mar the serenity of our peaceful life and disturb us in the performance of our duties and the enjoyment of our pleasures.



The New Policy The monthly examinations now on are noteworthy for the way in which they are being heaped into one week, instead of being distributed, as has formerly been the custom, over two or three. Such a course works an evident hardship on the students, some of whom have as many as five examinations. The effects of the plan must have been evident to the faculty, and their course savors rather of revenge than of any serious desire for the welfare of the University.



Resolutions of Respect

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has called from this earthly life the beloved father of our Brother, Brainard Smith, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Sigma Alpha, extend to our Brother our heartfelt sympathy in his loss; and further be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to him, and also be published in the STUDENT RECORD.

(Signed:) JNO. O. MCELROY,
F. A. NATHAN,
F. T. SMITH,

Committee.

In the Shadow of Minerva

The Cadet Band has been dissolved and its members assigned to the companies.

There is a slight variation in the tune of the large bell, due to a change of clappers.

Just before the deluge, the "semi-quarantine" guard sent the following message to the Hill: "Hall boys all over town, town boys all over hell."

The Hastings debate has been postponed to March 14. Too much quarantine and closely allied matters rendered the change necessary. Work on the Utah debate has commenced on a small scale.

The many friends of C. E. Southworth '02 will regret to hear of his departure from the University. Besides taking an active part in all University affairs, he was imbued with the true college spirit. We wish "Cherry" success in all his undertakings.

On account of the inclemency of the weather and of the general University atmosphere, practically no work in track or baseball has been done. A. C. Steckle, who so ably coached the 1901 football team, will coach our track team. He will arrive in a few days, when a revival of interest is expected.

The new method instituted to compel attendance at drill and obedience to all University rules, in its first application, resulted in the suspension, for a day, of thirty-five of our coming Napoleons. But before the order took effect it miscarried and was revoked. Students excused from military duty on surgeon's certificate of disability are prohibited from taking part in athletics.

Most of the recently suspended students, numbering about eighty, have returned, but some left, never to return. Athletics has been crippled so that it will not recover for years. In view of our past success, great hopes had been entertained for the success of our next football team. Track and baseball prospects have received the same blow, and in these sports not a great deal will be done this year. The best known football men who have left the University are Riordan '04, Tackle and Captain-elect, and Lawrence '05, Guard.

"SHYLOCK DREAMING."

I'll have my bond! I'll have my bond! Though the noble towers of this institution fall to rise no more. Avaunt! ye spirits of justice! I say I'll have my bond. After all these long days of suspension, schemes and sleepless nights, to lose the sweet revenge, the sight of student tears, the savor of human flesh! Justice be hanged! They worsted me and all my hopes, long cherished, of a senatorial chair now lie dying in the dust. My twenty-dollar bond! I'll have my bond.

The basket-ball practice continues steadily. Some good new material has been developed, and these, with the remnant of last year's players, will result in a good team. The only game definitely arranged will be played in Chico April 19.



From the Heights

FACULTY BULLETIN NO. I.

THE recent faculty bulletin regarding suspensions having excited considerable comment, favorable and otherwise, but principally the latter, we take this opportunity of expounding its advantages as viewed by our ductile faculty. While doing so, we shall endeavor to use the strictest logic and to so regulate our spelling as not to excite any hostile criticism.

The advantages of suspension as a "practical method of University discipline" may be considered under the following heads:

First. In every University there are sure to be students who, in the course of time, have become obnoxious to the President and Faculty. Such a condition may be easily brought about, either by infractions of ordinary discipline or by a too strenuous defense of what the deluded student regards as his rights. For such a condition the new bulletin affords a facile remedy. Suspensions may be heaped upon the transgressor until the repeated extraction of two dollars forces him to abandon "seven-year old veal," or, better, until these accumulated suspensions have warranted his complete and final expulsion from the University.

Second. Expenses of an extraordinary nature often arise and sometimes cannot be met by the ordinary revenues of the institution. For this the cure is now obvious. We would suggest that in this way "spotters" and other University police not only be made self-supporting, but a surplus accumulated for a time of need. In this connection it may or may not be significant that the first list of suspensions, which unfortunately miscarried, might have yielded pecuniary benefits which could be brought to good use.

Third. As is commonly known, the students of the University of Nevada are not overburdened with lucre. By the occasional abstraction of two dollars, they will be obliged to practice those rules of economy to which their attention has so often been called. Besides, the prospect of being liable at any time to be called upon for two dollars, and being compelled to keep that two dollars on hand will inculcate a spirit of thrift, heretofore but little known and less practiced.

Fourth. But the most important advantage will accrue to the students themselves.

If any thoughtful person will reflect for an instant, he will see how grateful to the average overworked student would be an occasional holiday. Besides releasing him from his onerous tasks; it would give him, in a wide open town like this, a glimpse into the real and strenuous life, into which he will be hurled upon graduation, or, perhaps, if the Faculty pleases, before. Places like the Tivoli, the Oberon and others of classic name, and Bacdric interior will prove more potent as educators of youth than all the assembly sermons of a generation.

We hope these few words will have their intended effect. We hope that they will prove to anyone disposed to cavil at the action taken, that such action was for the benefit of all concerned, students included.



A Quarantined Fable

ONCE upon a Time, in a Far Eastern Plant for the Diffusion of the Higher Culture, there lived a Chancellor who wished to Pose as the Father of his Flock. He Yearned to be looked upon as the Whole Banana, but he was Wise, that to Many he seemed only the Peelings. Whereupon he put his Thinker to Work and Reflected Deeply. "I have," he mused, "an Easy Riding Faculty; Guaranteed to be without Convictions, and Yielding Readily to Pressure. If I don't Cinch these Lambs, you can Mark me as a Dead One." For he bethought himself that Chinese New Year was at Hand, a season fraught with Joy to the inmates of Eastern Colleges.

"Verily," said he to himself, "I am It," and he hiked to the Office of the Board of Health. The Board was occupying two chairs and a corner of a sofa when he Landed, and on being Awakened, it inquired with a Banjo Eye, if "—hic—gotsh small bottle?"

The Chancellor Extinguished it with an Assembly Frown. "Nitzsky," he said, "I want a Semi-Quarantine."

"What's that?" asked the Board.

"A Semi-Quarantine," replied the Chancellor with a Joyous Smile, "means that when you're There, you can come Here, but when you're Here you can't go There."

"Now you are a Hot Tamale," said the Board. "Here's your Yellow Papers."

"I am indeed the Honolulu Baby," murmured the Chancellor to himself as he Loped Joyously away. "Just Watch my Dust."

And he had a Hunch, for when the Students Protested, they Got the Run Proper, and he Cinched them on the Return Bound with a Faculty Bulletin. "Verily," tho't he, "I need an Asbestos Mat to keep me from Burning Holes in the Floor." Next year, however, when he ran for Senator his Feet were so Cold that he had Chillblains.

MORAL.

Young men, come West to escape the Pressure of Paternal Government.

Exchange

"A Toast to Old Massau" in the Princeton Tiger is a beautiful and well-written story. It deals with a scene at the historic University during the Revolutionary War.

On the RECORD exchange table can be found many of the leading college journals of institutions both east and west.

BLUE AND SILVER.

(Apologies to the Occident.)

Her eyes are blue, like pools of sky and clouds;
Her hair as silvery as the sun's rays seem.
My Nevada girl by nature's grace
The animation of our color scheme.

The February number of the Buff and Blue heads its local column with the question, Had your face washed? We infer from this that other institutions than our own are mantled with snow.

"She said I might kiss her on either cheek."

"What did you do?"

"I hesitated a long time between."

Harry: "I'm very sorry, Miss Chicago, that I lost your skates; but, if you will give me the size of your shoe, I'll get you a new pair."

Miss Chicago: "No, thank you! I'd rather go without the skates."

He: "What would you say if I were to kiss your hand?"

She: "That your choice of parts was very poor."

A TOAST.

The One: "Here's to the wide world into which a fool is born every minute."

The Other: "Here's looking at you."

ANSWERED.

Willie: Pa, what are false eyes made of?

Pa: Glass.

Willie: But what kind of glass?

Pa: Oh!—er looking glass, I suppose. Now run off to bed.

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