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APR 1, '02

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Student Record



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The Student Record

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NO. 11

"Teddy."



It was the next to the last practice before the great intercollegiate field-day. Every man was doing his best—trying to please the fellows on the bleachers and the trainer. The trial hammer-throw, the dashes, the hurdles, all had been practiced, and now was the time for the pole-vault. Edward Graham, one of the most popular men of the college, was considered the best pole-vaulter. He came out gayly, nodded and smiled to the cheers from the bleachers and then prepared to vault. Once he tried and did well. Enthusiasm was great, but neither he nor the trainer were quite satisfied. The next time was better. The trainer congratulated him and told him to use the new pole. The old one was not considered as good as the new. Graham consented, although he said he thought the pole looked rather weak. The bleachers rang out with:

"Here's to you, Teddy Graham,
Here's to you, our jovial friend—"

He nodded and smiled again, placed his pole and started to vault. A creak—a crash. No one seemed to know what had happened. The boys on the bleachers had not finished the last line of the song they were singing, but the leader saw that something had happened. "Teddy has broken the pole," he shouted, and every man jumped up to see what had happened. They could see the trainer and the others bending over him. The bleachers were soon deserted and all the boys were down on the cinder track.

"Clear the crowd and tell them it is nothing serious," the trainer said to the yell leader. "We will have him all right in a few moments."

The crowd was cleared, only the leader of the orchestra and several of Teddy's fraternity brothers remaining with him. Teddy had not yet lost consciousness, but was unable to rise.

"Phone to old Caddy for a hack, Fred, and take me up to the house," he said to one of the boys, but the trainer whispered in an awe-stricken tone, "The ambulance."

* * * * *

"This must be a hospital—well, I be roasted if it isn't," said a weak voice to no one in particular, of the boys standing around his bedside. "By jove, Caddy, where have you taken me? Was it as bad as all that?"

"Never mind, Teddy, old man, you'll be alright in a few days. You know our fellows are a bit noisy up at the house, so we thought we'd better take you here. John and Bud are down stairs and mother thought it was worse than it was, so she came, but she's gone home again, you were so much better yesterday."

"Say, old Caddy, where are they all, the fellows? Tell 'em to come up—feeling awfully blue. Tell 'em to come up and we'll sing."

"Alright, Teddy." Caddy walked to the end of the hall, leaped gayly down the stairs and called the fellows. Told them to sing, every man of them, whether God ever gave them a voice or not, and to sing whatever Teddy wanted. All agreed.

"Hello, fellows; by Jove, you're all bricks to come to stay with a patched man in a hole like this. Let's have a song to cheer up—you choose, Caddy."

"Alright. 'Where the Silver Truckee Flows, etc.'"

They all joined in, and although Teddy's voice was not as strong as formerly, the swaying chorus came out in melodious baritone notes—and then Teddy lay back gasping for breath. The boys rushed to him, the doctor came and leaned over him and Caddy held up his head. Teddy turned and smiled, saying, "I broke my back when the pole broke. Never mind—let's sing—let's sing—'Here's to you, our Alma Mater.'"

ELLABELLE ROSS.



ONCE there was a Youth of Nevada, who by Parental Love and Shortsightedness, had been Christened Soloman. He had been told that he Entered this Life with a Silver Spoon in his mouth with the Name in Monogram upon it; but as his Papa's neighbor also bore this unfortunate Appellation, the above-mentioned Fact was (with the Spoon) wisely laid away.

Soloman failed to Realize until his Sixteenth Year that his Name had been a Handicap from the Start. He knew, however, that his Facial Proboscis was a Marvel, equaled in Weight only by his massive Intellect. He could tell with Accuracy the Condition of a man's Purse at the Distance of Half a Mile and bore the envied Rep of selling more Shoddy than any Youth in the State of his Age.

Just about the Time that he began to Sport low-cut steamboat Shoes with the strings laced the Wrong Way, together with a pink and yellow Tie, he concluded that he was a Destined Leader of the People.

The size of his Head Gear increased Daily and all he needed was a Polish to make him an Idol in the Eyes of the People.

So Soloman staggered onto the Reno Platform one morning with a Couple of Corpulent Grips. He scorned to ask Anyone about the Location of the University, so he made an Extra Effort, tilted his beautiful Proboscis up to the Extreme Limit, and with a Hypnotic Smile on his Face he Lumbered down to the River

Bridge. He finally got Next and asked an Innocent looking Boy where he was going.


The first Night at the University he was Surprised by a Com. of Students who very Courteously announced that it was an Old and Sacred College Custom to give each new Arrival a Banquet, but as Funds were low this would have to be Postponed till some Future time.

Soloman was called upon for a Speech. He thought of his Old Father and his Shekels—he talked of the Gallant Acts of the Students and made a Melodramatic Finish by flipping a Couple of Eagles to the Chairman.

And so Soloman became a Good Fellow and played the Benevolent so often that his Pa began to receive his letters with Nervous Trepidation. When his Bank Account got so low that he was Living on Frankfurters and Limburger, he telegraphed his Ambitious son to leave his Pleasant Companions and return under the Judicious vision of his Pater.

Soloman was Surprised at the Telegram, but his Surprise was Doubled when he found there was not a Crowd at the Depot to see him off and Weep bitter tears at his Departure. However, when the Train began to Move he thought he Caught the last words of a very Familiar Song—"Are there any More at Home like You."

MORAL: When you enter the University beware the of Good Fellows.



George W. Springmeyer.

BY the time this article has reached the readers of the STUDENT RECORD, George W. Springmeyer will have taken up his student-work in another institution. He will have commenced once more the struggle for supremacy among his fellows, and we who know him best, know that he will succeed.

He fell in the discharge of his duty, in expressing the sentiment of students who, by virtue of his position, he represented. For this reason, we who have been his daily companions through a college life, deem it most fitting that we should, through the journal he so ably guided, show to the State our high appreciation of his worth. Few, if any, of those who have been cut off from their student work in this University have left with so much sympathy from the student-body. No duty ever asked of him was too insignificant or too arduous. When he was or believed he was right, fear of results was to him a thing unknown.

In Senior Class work he stood without a peer. For this reason he has many friends among the professors, who, with the students, regret his untimely departure.

He has left us and gone elsewhere, but having known, we remember him as thousands of others will yet know and remember.



The Student Record



BERNARD O'HARA '03, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

E. P. ARNOT '02, BUSINESS MANAGER

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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 RECORD is obliged to come out under a new management, and we hope to bring it up to its old standard, the standard which our predecessor had reached prior to the lamentable misfortune which overtook him.

This number was not issued to antagonize anybody. On the contrary, we simply wish to show our appreciation for a man whose character, from a moral standpoint, was the admiration of all who knew him. Scholastically, we find him one of the best students in the University, and were he allowed to graduate, would have done the school credit in any walk of life.

In behalf of the students, we wish him success in his new undertaking, and with Sophocles may say:

So fare thee well,—and may th' indulgent gods
 grant thee every wish
 Thy soul can form! Once more, farewell!



Hastings vs. Nevada

In our second intercollegiate debate with Hastings, we met with the same fate as before. It seems that the Hastings debaters took a more general view of the question than did our boys. They maintained that "All Combinations of Capital" took in everything, from a peanut stand to a trust.

Our debaters, however, took the question of trusts as being paramount, and consequently were at a considerable disadvantage. Though handicapped in this manner, the home debaters made a creditable showing. The points were about equal; but the oratorical abilities of the Hastings representatives won the day.

This defeat should serve as an incentive for harder work. It is only by the most persistent effort that we can hope to accomplish anything.

We understand that the Alumni Association have donated prizes, to be given to the most successful debaters. This is very commendable.



Track

Coach Steckle has the candidates for track out every night for practice. As yet, there have been no visible signs of support from the students at large. We hope that this state of affairs will be short lived. We should endeavor to send out one of the best track teams on the coast this year.

There is material in abundance, and we have a good coach. The candidates are as follows: C. Smith, F. Smith, Barker, Hart, Hofmann, Luke, Mayer, Case, Roberts, Mack, Caton, Kearney, McElroy, Frohlich and Arnot.



Disillusion.

The day is wearied,
The light is fading,
And my heart lies buried
In its sombre shading.

The clouds that at dawn
Were glorious, golden,
From their glory have gone
Like a monarch, olden.

The gray mists swallow
The dim light dying,
Like victors who follow
The feet of the flying.

The gray day dieth
With the flowers that it cherished;
And the night wind sigheth
For hopes that have perished.

L. W. '05.



Basket-Ball.

Last Wednesday fourteen young Amazons lined up for the fray. Seven called themselves "reds," seven, the "blues."

The ball was put into play; a fierce scrimmage ensued, during which three garters, nine hair pins and five side combs were lost. The floor was slippery; several took advantage of this. In fact, this mode of locomotion became very popular as the game progressed.

After the first half, with the exceptions of distended eyeballs, protruding tongues and disheveled hair, the contestants were outwardly calm.

When they lined up to continue the fray, sparks were seen to fly from their mouths, due, probably, to the manner in which they gnashed their teeth.

After a considerable waste of energy, the game ended. The final score stood 10 to 11 in favor of the reds.



A Recent Episode.

Saturday night a valuable piece of apparatus belonging to the Department of Biology was stolen from the University. The persons in charge of it neglected to lock the door to the room containing it for a few hours, hence its loss. Last year the RECORD commented on the fact that most of the professors were very careful to keep all articles of any value under lock and key. The reason is now apparent and the RECORD stands corrected. While persons remain in the University who, either through some grave oversight in their youthful training, or a natural tendency, are not able to distinguish between "meum et tuum," all precautions are necessary and wise.

Campus

As a result of the Soph-Prep game Patsy K(e)ant walk.

Some people kill two birds with one stone; but the faculty gets three.

"The Gentleman from Missouri:" If there is anything I am afraid of, it is snakes.

When the students see the Gothic interior of the hospital, they will all become indisposed.

"The Kings' Brayguard:" Honestly, you are the first girl I ever kissed.

"The Queen's Maid:" I thought so.

The new chemistry building will soon be ready for occupancy. Students who work in the old laboratory will be glad to learn this.

A game of baseball between the Sophs and Specials, in which the Sophs were victors, took place last week. This puts the Sophs in line for the pennant.

The Mormon choir passed through Reno Sunday morning. While waiting for the train to pull out, they regaled the bystanders with some songs.

One of our Seniors, recently instructor in the High School, strenuously denies that he is from Missouri, but it is asserted on good authority that he is a Piker.

Wheeler: "Say, Prof., Saxton hasn't got on a uniform."

Saxton: "Well, you see, Prof., I went out in the wind to-day and it blew all the buttons off."

On Saturday night of last week the T. H. P. O. upheld their reputation as entertainers. Everybody had a good time, and came away with kindly feelings toward the members of the order.

SAYINGS OF THE STAFF:

Energy is the bellows that fans the flames of ambition.

With the sawbuck cometh thoughts of home.

"Frailty, thy name is woman." (— —)

"It makes a deal of difference whose ox was gored."

A Cottage girl tho't that defeat,
She at basket-ball never would meet;
But she and Jeanette
Made a dive,—they met
And they carried her off on a sheet.

The Anarchists' Club held its final meeting Sunday, March 23, 1902.

An elderly lady named ——
To the co-eds once sang a sad tune,
Of the dangers of boys,
Cream puffs and mince pies;
But the co-eds forgot it all soon.

Work on Artemisia is progressing rapidly, the work being about one-third completed. All indications point to a better edition than in any previous year, no expense being spared to make it first-class in every respect. The edition is limited to four hundred copies, the same number as last year, ninety of which have already been spoken for. In order that the students may have copies reserved for them, contracts have been issued, and can be obtained by applying to John D. Cameron, Business Manager, or any of his assistants. The work will be ready for delivery about May 10th.

The Alumni Association have offered a prize of \$15 to any student in the University who makes the best record as a debater in the tryout, including the final debate with Utah. A prize of \$10 is also offered for the second best place. Any student who has any talent in this line should avail himself of this opportunity. An effort will also be made to secure a third prize of \$5. Those who are fortunate enough to make the team will also be given a trip to San Francisco, in order that they may hear the coming debate between Stanford and the University of Washington. Those two colleges will debate the same question.

It will be well for all those who desire to have copies of Artemisia reserved for them to sign contracts without delay, as the edition is limited to four hundred copies, and orders are coming from all parts of the State every day. The work is already well under way, and will be ready for delivery about May 10th. That it will eclipse last year's work goes without saying. Contracts may be had by applying to J. D. Cameron, Business Manager. First come, first served.

Andrew Riordan and Frank P. Thompson, both members of the Class of '04, have been elected Football Captain and Football Manager, respectively. The election of these two men meets with the approval of all those interested in athletics in Nevada. The gridiron career of the Captain-elect, who, unfortunately, has left the University, but will doubtless return, speaks for itself, while Frank P. Thompson is one of the best known and most popular of our University students. Before entering a University course, he graduated from the Commercial School, and altogether has been in attendance four years. His long connection with and close observance of University life, combined with his natural shrewdness and business ability, insure his success as Football Manager. With two such men guiding our football destinies, the outlook for next season is very bright.

SENIORS VS. JUNIORS.

The baseball game between the Senior and Junior Classes, which took place Wednesday, resulted in a victory for the former. Each side had an excellent battery, and the base-sliding, from a spectator's standpoint, was superb. The two captains were not quarreling more than half the time, but the players made up for this lack of spirit.

At 4:45 P. M. the game started, and continued through varying phases of excitement until darkness. It was then called with the understanding that the belligerents would meet on the morrow.

Next morning at 9:30 the contestants stepped gingerly into the enclosure. It was noticed that several were overtrained. "Twilight" Price sent words of cheer through a megaphone to the Seniors from the watch-tower on Lincoln Hall. This encouraged the Seniors, who went in vigorously and came out joyously with a score of 17-16.



Exchange

The emerald is the recognized birthplace of the Freshman, while the grindstone is equally as appropriate for the Juniors. The Seniors, owing to some delicacy in regard to the matter of having their birthday mentioned, have not chosen one.

BEFORE.

There are meters of accent,
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters,
Is to meet her alone.

AFTER.

There are letters of accent,
And letters of tone,
But the best of all letters,
Is to let her alone.

THE DIFFERENCE.

They sat upon the garden stile,
The youthlet and the maid.
"The stars above are not so bright
As you," he softly said.

She lifted up her little hand
Toward Luna's golden light;
"The moon is not so full
As you, my dear, to-night."

HAVE YOU.

They sat on the steps at midnight,
Two fools that were better in bed;
Murmuring honeyed nothings
While the silver moon hung her head.
Two fools with joyous elations
Swapping the microbes on their lips,
And thrilling with queer sensation
From their toes to their finger tips.
Telling the same stuff over
That was nothing when it was new;
Giggling, gushing and burning
But frozen through and through.
This is the fond affection
That young folks have to bear;
They think that it is love undying
And angels in envy stare.
The bachelor says it is nothing,
The old maids say it is vice,
And mama says it is naughty,
But the youngsters know it is nice.

There are lots of new inventions out
Which horseless, wireless, footless are,
But the one that we have yet to see
Is the cabbageless cigar.

"Heav'n help the wretched Hottentots!"
The missionary said.
But the Hottentots all helped themselves
Soon after he was dead.

Snakes and fleas are not alike;
We need not analyze them far—
Snakes on their own bellies crawl,
While fleas are not particular.

QUITE TRUE.

Little lines of Latin,
Little lines to scan
Make a mighty Virgil
And a crazy man.

That women run newspapers now,
The public must confess;
But pshaw; we people know something
They always loved the press.
Did you ever?

I

"O, Mary Ann, come row with me
Upon the silent bay,
Where dancing moonbeams here and
there
Disport themselves at play."

II

"Oh, sir," said simple Mary Ann,
"I hardly think I ought'r,
For I'm afraid we'd seem to cast
Reflections on the water."

I look into
Her eyes so blue,
I loved her well,
And this she knew.
I tied her shoe
(A number two)
I didn't hurry much—
Would you?

Lovers in the hallway,
Papa on the stair;
Bull-dog on the front,
. . . Music in the air.



Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, God in his wisdom has seen fit to remove from this life the beloved brother of Ralph Julien, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Sigma Alpha, represented by this committee, extend to our Brother our heartfelt sympathy in this, his hour of bereavement; and further be it

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

Signed: F. A. NATHAN,
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