

May 1

1902

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Student Record



May. 1, '02



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The Student Record

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No. 13

A Pilgrimage to Delphi and Mt. Parnassus

(Concluded.)

BY making the ascent of Mt. Parnassus, I had missed the opportunity of going with the others to visit the ruins of ancient Delphi and therefore decided to remain an extra day to study them with the aid of Pausanias

This day was delightful. Our landlord removed me from the hall to his own house and gave me the choice of a cot or a clothes chest to sleep on. I chose the former, the latter becoming my table. Lunch was elaborate, consisting of rice pudding, stewed chicken and rice, salad, cold meat, bread and milk. Coffee and wine also formed part of the menu.

I made several views of the valley and gorge, then climbed up the dry bed of the latter to take a view looking out. Here I sat and gazed long at the bushes clinging to the rocky wall and enjoyed the delicate tracery of their branches against the blue sky. In the cool of the day I visited the ruins. Here in ancient times had been a fissure in the hillside, from which vapors issued, and he who breathed them was possessed at once with the inspiration of the god Apollo and received power to prophesy while under their influence. Finally, a priestess was appointed as permanent prophetess and a three-legged chair, known technically as a tripod, was placed over the fissure so that she might receive the direct influence of the vapors without falling in. The spot was also associated with deity on account of the play of the winds in the gorge near by. Such is tradition. A temple arose, then a sacred inclosure and an adjoining town. The land, too, in the adjacent valley was consecrated to the god's service and was held sacred.

I devoted my time to the sacred inclosure and, entering through the main gate, ascended the winding street, past pedestals stripped of their statues and little treasuries erected by individuals or states, often as memorials of victories gained in war. Only the foundations are now standing, but a portion of the sculptured decorations remain. Thus I went from terrace to terrace up the Z-shaped street to the temple itself and walked over the old floor now stripped of all superstructure. Even the enormous columns were lying in sections on the ground. All was gone. Only the site, as beautiful as ever, helped convey to the mind the former beauty of the place.

Then I climbed up a flight of stairs to the stone theater (always roofless) whence the spectators from their elevated seats could look down upon the temple

and beyond it far up and down the valley below or, by a turn of the head, gaze up at the towering cliffs behind them. From the theater, I walked along the hillside to the clubhouse and picture gallery, given by the people of Cnidos. Only the dismantled walls remained. The sun had long since set behind the hills and all was hushed in the late twilight preceding darkness. But the new moon rode overhead and a bright star encouraged me to go on to the athletic inclosure on the last terrace at the foot of the cliffs. I walked along the rows of stone seats to the other end and then back along the six-hundred-foot race track, where the Greek youth once won immortal honors.

I tried to imagine the past as I retraced my steps down through theater and temple, past the pedestals and treasure houses, and endeavored to feel as the ancient Greek felt; but I was modern and Christian. As I felt the cool breeze from out the gorge above the Castalian spring and lifted my eyes to the eternal crags and Great Dipper above, I felt an inspiration, not from Apollo as did the ancients, but toward God, my Creator, and walked home slowly contemplating the mystery of it all.

J. E. CHURCH, JR.



A Story with a Moral

By B. F. G. H.

AN old bachelor, whose residence was in close proximity to one of the higher Institutions of Learning, was the fortunate possessor of a pet monkey. The old man was a professor in the college, and when away from his classes, seemed to take pleasure in the monkey's company. The animal was treated with great kindness, the Prof keeping him in the house, feeding him on choice viands, and teaching him tricks for the amusement of visitors. But this kindred feeling for the lone member of the animal family from which mankind descended died away. One day when the monkey became playful and appropriated about half of the old man's beard, he was removed from his sumptuous quarters and chained to an out house. Here he was fed by the servants whenever it struck them that such an operation was necessary, otherwise he was left to his own devices. Small boys teased his palate with tobacco, and vexed him until he was prepared for any calamity. The latter was not long in coming, for he was kidnapped by some of the students. When the old bachelor noticed the dangling chain he rejoiced. The pestiferous beast was gone.

A class was hard at work on an examination, their Prof, the old bachelor himself, deep in thought. Suddenly something leaped from the balustrade to the window sill. The Prof looked. It was his former pet, the monkey; and not wishing to create a disturbance, he let the animal remain. During the time that the examination was in progress, the monkey was an attentive spectator. When it came to an end he made his departure without any unnecessary comments.

Our dumb friend was now an inmate of a student boarding-house. The boarders had made a mascot out of him. He seemed filled with the importance of his position. Seated in state on a table, he was listening to an argument going on between a few students. One of them, The-Man-Who Always-Bragged, was boast-

ing about his standing in a recent examination. "Oh, come off!" said one, "the Prof had his pipe going when he came to your paper." This remark precipitated a Rough House on the spot. The monkey scratched his shin and watched the proceedings eagerly.

When the Angel of Peace had once more descended in that room, it was time to retire. The-Man-Who-Always-Bragged, yawned. His visitors ignored the hint. So, slipping out of his coat and hanging it up, he took his cuff-box from the wardrobe. Placing his cuffs away, he returned the box to the shelf.

"Look at that monkey's eyes glisten," said a student as he was preparing to leave.

"It's the reflection from the light," said The-Man-Who-Always-Bragged.

The monkey slunk from his position to a more secluded corner.

The old bachelor gave some pretty hard lessons. "Damned hard," the students said. One day his lesson in math. was exceptionally so. As several were unprepared, they determined to cut him. Among the number was The-Student-Who-Always-Bragged. When he opened the door to his room he was startled by seeing the monkey shoot by him with a cuff on each arm. Entering, he saw that his wardrobe had been rifled. He swore at the monkey, straightened things up a little and dismissed the matter from his mind.

The last smile of the setting sun beamed on the gray hairs of the old Prof. He was in his garden breathing the fresh air. Seeing a commotion in the shrubbery, he went over to investigate. It was his monkey. With a soiled cuff on each arm he was performing some curious maneuvers. He would scrutinize one of his cuffs carefully, then look around as if fearing detection. The Prof's face lit up. "Come here! you little baboon." The penitent monkey rolled over on his back, and the Prof obtained possession of the cuffs. They were covered with microscopic writing. Looking on the inside, he saw a laundry mark.

That same evening the Prof paid a visit to the Chinese Laundry where most of the boys sent their washing, and learned the name of the person whose clothes bore the mark on the cuff. Walking home that night, he pondered.

Shortly after, The-Man-Who-Always-Bragged journeyed to a far off country to bury a dead relative.



Generally the Case

Well, yes, it does jar a fellow's nerves. Methought she was mine, but I had another thought coming. I was a pretty good friend of her's once. I could talk, josh, and raise a rough house with her. Slowly and surely she has changed. I am almost afraid to come within the length of a vaulting pole of her now. I simply answer her with "yes" and "no," because I am not a fluent talker to strangers. Some philosophers say it is all in a lifetime. I believe it is.



The best remembrance of your school life is the College Annual. Only sixty copies remain to be signed for.



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.

On Behalf of the Cadets

The intense dissatisfaction among the students, caused by the iron ribbed rule about wearing uniforms, should be a sufficient reason for some modification. When we did have a well drilled battalion in the school the cadets kept their uniforms in good condition; if they did otherwise, penalties such as became a military organization were inflicted. At the present time no interest is taken in the Military Department. The old uniform which was once worn by men who tried to appear as soldiers, is now worn in any old fashion. Students go around with their blouses open and flapping in the wind. They use their uniforms for roustabouts, not having the old incentive to keep them looking like military clothes. But if they were allowed certain days on which to lay them aside, this tale might be done away with. They are forced, however, to wear them on every school day in the week, unless when at Lab work or in the Shop. This works a hardship on town students. Consequently they come to Lab and Shop decked in their military garb.

If there were drill every day it would be different, but we have had no drill in an age. We did have a little target practice. Nevertheless the firing squad were not the only ones who had to wear uniforms. Since the target was stolen, everything military has come to a halt. Still the old rule is enforced with greater zeal than before; on these hot days, too, when the uncomfortable and tight-fitting cloth of perdition acts on a person's body like the ball and chain on a criminal's foot.

B. F. O'H

Track

The prospects for having a good track team seem brighter than ever before. The men themselves take great interest in their work, but the student body lies dormant, as usual. Coach Steckle's system of training has already brought forth good results. The time for the half-mile has been lowered ten seconds: the sprinters are improving rapidly, and a new man has appeared who covers 440 yards in a remarkably short while. Captain Smith is doing the best work so far. If the rest of the squad follow his example, the old records will be smashed. A try-out is to be held the first week of May, and those who survive the ordeal will constitute the college team. They will probably meet Stanford before contesting with Salt Lake's aggregation.

B. F. O'H

Debate The Debating Team to contest with Utah has been chosen. Its members are Miss Sheehy '05, J. S. Case '04 and Harry Lamb '05. Miss Sheehy is the second girl to make the 'Varsity Debating Team, and consequently deserves a lot of credit. Debating has never received any support in this University. The students store up their enthusiasm for the football season. This is all right, in one sense, but a football team with a string of victories will never accomplish half as much for a college as a successful Debating Team. The contest with Utah should be interesting. They have beaten us on their stamping ground, and we showed our superior attainments in the Gym. last year.

The question to be debated is as follows: "*Resolved*, That the whites of the South are justified in using every peaceable means to maintain their supremacy over the negro."

* * *

B.F.U.H

Cecil Rhodes Most successful men are hated by their opponents in whatever field they have succeeded, envied by the energy-lacking majority, and loved only by that little inner circle, family and personal friends. A remarkable example of this is the late Cecil Rhodes, the Empire Builder. By persons who opposed him he was anathematized because he gave way to no one. When he undertook anything he would accomplish it, and would take radical measures to remove any obstacle from his path.

The only man who ever thwarted him was Oom Paul Kruger. They were the extremes of two different types of men. The death of Rhodes put an end to the struggle which was on between them. Kruger's feelings toward Rhodes were bitter, and the latter gave as he received; but was silent. Those who only knew of Rhodes and his achievements through the newspapers admired him for his indomitable will and dogged perseverance, whatever else they might have thought of his policies. His earnestness was his characteristic trait. People thought that he lived to make money. Such was not the case. Money he used as a means to obtain an end. The end he had in view was to make the Anglo-Saxon supreme on earth. His will is a duplicate of himself—the Colossus, a man who was originality personified.

B.F.U.H

A Drunkard's Paradise

"What will we do with this?" asked Satan's tried assistant as he entered the awful Presence leading a red-nosed wretch whose knees smote each other violently.

"Place him in the slow fire until he becomes anhydrated," said Satan malevolently. Soon curses, groans and other supernumeraries issued through the cracks in the Chamber of Horrors. Again the assistant made his appearance with the tortured victim. "What next, your Majestic Lowness?" he asked.

"Feed him some rye and repeat the operation," answered Satan. Whereupon the drunkard's face expanded into a broad smile, and his knees assumed their earthly rigidity.

B.F.U.H

How Appearances Deceive

Page B, 7 GH.

THE Kentucky Colonel and a Missourian sat on a hill overlooking the old battlefield of Gettysburg. The day was warm, and the Colonel's frequent mixtures of mint-juleps caused the conversation to turn to deeds that were bold in the brave old days of the 60's. "By Gad! suh," said the Colonel, ah was advancing up yon slope with mah company, when we were attacked by a command about three times our number. Mah brave lads blanched when they realized at what odds they were fightin'. Everythin' depended on me, suh. Drawin' mah two-edged s'ord—one of mah ancestahs made a pass at Olivah Crom'ell with that same cuttah, sah—ah has'ened to where the foes were thickest. Givin' the wah cry of the Hamiltons, ah began to cut them down as a reepah cuts wheat, suh. Rivulets of blood ran down the hill-side. Fo' three 'ouahs ah fo't, suh. Ah was wadin to mah knees in the enemies gore. Stoppin' in mah work of death for an instant, ah saw that mah whole command was dead; and cud you believe it, suh, there were only foh men opposin' me. With three consecutive and mighty swipes ah placed three fam'lies in mornin'. The last man advanced bravely to close with me. His abs'lute gameness astonished me, suh; and not wishin' to kill him, ah merely knocked the s'ord from his hand. He stood before me, disarmed and waitin' fo' the final blow. Reachin' in mah pocket, ah pulled fo'th mah flask of 'Ole Kentucky Co'n' and offahed it to him. With a look of horrorah he reached into his br'est pocket and drew—"

"Wot?" said the Missourian anxiously.

"A Holy Bible, suh."

In the silence that followed, the flight of a fly through the air sounded like a buzz-saw tearing through a log of green wood.

"Yes, suh," said the Colonel, "when he saw me killin' those men, he tho't ah was the Devil; when ah pulled that flask, he saw his mistake and knew ah was a Christian—the sho'k killed him tho'."

"Yu will 'ave ter sho' me," said the Missourian, as he deluged a fly with tobacco juice at ten paces, prior to absorbing another mint-julep. "But," said he, "Sence it's yu thet sez it, I reckon it is so."

A few moments afterward the Missourian threw a glance from the corner of his eye at the Colonel. A gentle breeze was toying with his grey hairs, and a look of peace overspread his bronzed face. The Missourian looked more closely—the Colonel was asleep. He had at last found a man who believed him, so he thanked the Lord and died.



Prof.—Why didn't you attend my lecture on Heat.

Miscreant—Couldn't; had a heat on already.

Instructor in Mechanics—Give the equation of a safe load.

Student—One gallon.

The Artemisia is now being bound, and will be delivered about May 15th.

B. 7GH

BOTH

BOTH

California vs. Nevada

First Game The first game of basket-ball with California resulted disastrously for our girls. Miss Bradshaw threw a goal three minutes after the game began, but the California girls started in and played so diligently that the final score stood 12-9. Miss Arnot's playing was only exceeded by that of her team mate, Miss Cameron (Captain). Miss Finck also did some fine work. It is unnecessary to dwell on the game; it is far more pleasing to read the account of the second one with the same team.



Second Game The basket-ball game between the University of Nevada and the University of California was played in the Gymnasium, Saturday, April 26th. The score was 12-9 in favor of Nevada. The game was practically won on fouls committed by the California players. California was penalized thirteen times, from which thirteen possible points but six were realized. Nevada was penalized five times, California making but one point from the five possible. Nevada threw three field goals, one by Miss Hand and two by Miss Bradshaw close to the end of the game. California threw four field goals. The goal-throwing of Miss Arnot was an improvement on the efforts witnessed in the Chico Normal School game. The team was also somewhat changed, to its advantage. Miss Cameron played a splendid game at center, easily proving her claim to the captaincy. All of the team played like "veterans" and deserve great credit for their work.

The victory was especially gratifying on account of the defeat of our team the Saturday before by California at Berkeley. The defeat was probably due to the fact that our team were not accustomed to the strenuous style of basket-ball played by California.



After you have graduated and entered upon life's stern duties, nothing will bring back more vividly the good old college days than to take down your copy of the *Artemisia* and peruse its pages. You will live your happy days over again. The ones in charge of this year's *Artemisia* have strived to make it a souvenir well worth keeping, and undoubtedly have succeeded. Only 60 copies remain unsigned for, and in a few days the books will be ready for delivery. If you desire a copy you should see Mr. Cameron and sign a contract immediately. You will never regret the purchase.



Coach—You have no form whatever.

Candidate—You don't expect me to pad in a running suit, do you?

A student received the following from his father a few days since: "Dear Son: No dough. Don't blow. Go slow. Dad." *Ex.*

One Way

All alone the haunter of dens sat drinking his wine. Though an old familiar haunter of dens, his thin, pale face seemed an anomaly in the low gambling dens of the Chinese. Suddenly he lifted his glistening eyes to see who had laid such a strong hand on his shoulder. "Salvation Army," he muttered. "No; you are kind, but I do not need to be saved." He was told that wine was a curse. "It is good," he answered. "Now that I am in my cups, I will tell you a tale which you may sing in the streets. I loved a girl once as I love wine now. One day in anger I left her, determined never to return. I did not return. A number of years afterwards I received word that a beautiful maid had been laid away during the storm of winter, in the village churchyard. Then I journeyed to my native town. I entered like a thief and found her grave. It lay neath the shade of some weeping willows. It was covered with grass; at her head grew a large red rose. I fixed my eyes intently on that rose—so intently that I could see nothing else.

"As the moonlight shone down that night I again sat beside that rose—with a glass and a bottle of wine. I filled the glass. I tore a few petals from the rose and dipped them in the glass. I drank. No; I do not need to be saved. Listen to the words of the Persian:"

"The wine-cup is a wistful magic glass
Wherein all day old faces smile and pass.
Dead lips press ours upon its scented brim,
Old voices whisper many a sweet, Alas!"

"G."



If I Were Omar

If I were Omar Khayyam, and could write
These scented verses, sweet as summer nights;
Sweet subtle verse, deep scented as the rose,
I would not ask for any further flights.

If I were Omar Khayyam, and could see
In pleasure aught than pain that is to be;
I would not ask for any keener sight,
Than that that knows a shore beyond the Sea.

But Omar's ruby wine no longer flows,
And Omar's loves are faded with the rose;
The Shrouded Saki, one sad summer night
Bore Omar and his joy,—where no one knows.

But echoed in his songs we hear the feet
Of dancing-girls who sing that life is sweet;
And dimly in our dreams we sometimes see
That old rose-garden, bathed in odors deep.

L. W. '05

On the Kopje

Lovers of music will be pleased to learn that "Dick" Tobin '01 has taken charge of the Band. He is here to pull the ragged minstrel together again before Commencement.

W. F. Drew, ex-'02, was the unfortunate victim of an accident. He stepped against the rear car of a moving train, and lost a foot. It was taken off at the ankle. His many friends here extend their heartfelt sympathies.

Junior—Mount Vesuvius is a menace to the rising generation of Naples.

Senior—How is that?

Junior—Sets a bad example by smoking all the time.

Students who have neglected to ask for copies of the *Artemisia* will be disappointed if they don't attend to it immediately. There are only 60 copies left, so notify the Business Manager, J. D. Cameron, or his assistant, P. J. Quinn, and have your name put down on the list of the elected; for this year's Annual is going to eclipse all its predecessors.

The towel in the Shop reminds us of Eugene Field's remarks on one of the same species: "Is this a corner lot? No; it is a towel. The horses are dragging it away. They will take it to the glue factory, where it will be boiled down for axle-grease. What is left will be cut up and sold for tripe. If you get a piece of tripe with a monogram on it, you will know that it is a towel."

All hail to the basket-ball girls! When they returned they swept everything before them, and we may surmise that the Berkeley campus is strewn with broken heads. Though the fortunes of war were against them, our girls played a conscientious and lady-like game. Defeat is taken as gracefully by them as victory. Their next game will probably be with Chico. This will be their third contest, and, since the third time is the charm and their last game with Chico was very evenly contested, their prospects for victory are very bright.

Johnnie M., on his first visit to the city, thought that his experience would be incomplete without a French course dinner. He hied himself to the "Poodle Dog" and went through the bill of fare from *potage* and *salade* to *gateau* and *cafe noir*, and then they brought him in some pudding. It was the sort that comes floating in oil. They give you a match, you light the oil, cook the pudding, then eat it. He looked at the matches, ate the pudding and found it rather oily. He reasoned that they must be calculating to bring him a cigar, for had they not already given him the match to light it? The waiter came and removed the pudding dish and asked him if he wished anything else. Johnnie said "No." He would have asked for the cigar, but could not remember the French of it. After sitting there for nearly half an hour he got up and walked out, thoroughly convinced that his lack of French had cost him a good cigar.

After the basket-ball team returned from their California trip they had a melancholy refrain, which seemed to have been prophetic. Ain't that a shame! a measly shame! To have that mean score against our name? Oh, let them come and play again! They'll think they're playing our football men.

The Sigma Alpha gave a banquet on the evening of April 19th. Doctor Stubbs presided as toast-master. During the proceedings an orchestra discoursed sweet music. Toasts were given by Prof. Wilson, the Rev. Darnell, and members of the Fraternity. It was voted a success by every person present.



"A Fairy Tale"

"Johnie," said Uncle Ned, "there's one animal wich has not bin honored by a place in your collection. I refer to the animal wich has bin a servant to the wishes o' man since the mournin o' time.

"I told Uncle Ned if he meant the wale, that a wale is a fish an' can spout like a fountin' in the midst of the sea; that a animal roamed the fores in search o' pray, an that a bird could take its wings and fly to worl's unknown.

"Uncle Ned, he said: 'Johnie, your ignance is amazin. It is a Parent your yung mind harbors the darkness o' preconceived idees, thereby precludin' the clear an unprejudiced light o' thur investigation. The animal I refer to is the donkey.'

"Then Uncle Ned, he said: 'Johnie, let me tell you a good story once. Not long ago ther cum to this valley wher the western breeze blows free, a creetur fair to look upon. Immeejitely she was besieged by a young Prince who amused her immensely; but when she got tired of his tenor she whistled and Johnie Camerunin'. Next day when the Professor asked Johnie wot he cum to skull for wen he didn't have his lessens, Johnie sed he cum to get Wise, and thrilled with Joy at the thought of it.

" 'The next time I looked the fair creetur was pullin the other string, and here cum the Prince agin. He smiled sooperbly until he got up close an' then she let go the string rite quick. She sed she smelled H₂ S.' Wen Uncle Ned finished I asked what that had to do with donkeys an he said: 'Johnie don't you remember the story of the donkey wich couldn't choose between the two hay staks? Well this is the same story only different—the hay stak can't choose between the two donkeys.' "

JOHNIE CARBIDE.



Soph—Dice resemble an earthquake, don't they.

Freshman—I never noticed.

Soph—When they shake just right a full house comes down.

Don't fail to see Mr. Cameron and sign a contract for a copy of the Artemisia.

Da mihi osculum;
 Amo te puella.
 Da mihi aliud
 O pulcherrima.

Give me a kiss;
 I love thee girl.
 Give me another,
 O my pearl.

Aliae puellae
 Sunt orbe terrarum;
 Sed mi videris
 Dulciar puella.

Full many a maid
 Is in this world,
 But thou hast my
 Fond heart intwirled.

"Tu me amasne?"
 Certe, certissime,
 Magisquam aurum,
 O dulcissima.

"And do you love?"
 I do love thee;
 And more than gold
 Thou art to me.

Est mihi melius
 Quam aqua vitae,
 Hoc dulce osculum,
 Et blandita.

To me is more
 Than spirit's zest;
 This sweet kiss
 And fond caress.

"Te amo, puer;
 Meus es elegans.
 Non Latine dico,
 Sed Anglice,—'Kiss me.' "

"I love thee boy;
 My sweetheart be.
I don't know anything about Latin,
 But, pray, kiss me."

"G."



"Fables from Styx"

On a stone by the side of a still river's bank, I saw a Shade who seemed to be frantically stabbing at something. As I drew nearer, I found that he was trying to dig his false teeth from what appeared to be a cross between cowhide and rubber blanket. I spoke to him. "I was," he moaned, "the Main Guy of a Western University. I Had a Sago, supplying University Beef, Destined to be ground into Wisdom—"

"And these?" I queried.

"Are what they Feed me Here. They are Steaks that Missed their Destiny."



Our Hallie once did swear he would remain,
 Apart from any maid's insidious wiles;
 And that as One Dead Wise he would abstain,
 From basking in the Co-Ed's witching smile.
 But Hallie since has ridden to his fall
 And now he comes and goes at Becker's call.

Exchange

He: So you won't kiss and make up?
 "Well, I won't make up."

"Parson said we were all leaves in the book of time."
 "I know, but some of us are fly leaves."

The Artemisia will be ready for delivery about the 15th, and you will regret it if you do not sign immediately for a copy.

She—He said he'd like to kiss me.

He—Yes?

She—And I was up in arms against his cheek directly.

UNIVERSAL.

"Papa, what is an optomist?"

"Any man, my son, who has just succeeded in getting the best of his neighbor."

"What are you saying?"

"Don't know. My tongue got across my eye-tooth and I couldn't see to speak."

"I'll bet the tide thinks itself a heavy sport."

"Why?"

"Because it comes in every night with a long green roll."

"MERRY GO ROUND."

Ticket Agent—Will you have a round ticket, sir?"

Farmer Hayseed—Oh, I ain't caring nothing about the shape of the ticket. Just give me one that'll take me down'ter Pordunk and back ergin.

A nervous-looking man came into the grocery store with his baby on one arm and a coal-oil can on the other. He placed the can on the counter and said gently:

"Sit there a moment, dear."

Then holding the baby up to the dazed clerk, he added:

"A gallon of kerosene in this please."

AN APT PREMONITION.

O'Beetle: Do you know, I had a premonition that a burglar would steal my watch last night.

O'Bottle: How is that?

O'Beetle: Why, I noticed, when I went to bed, that it was going; and it was gone when I got up.

A PROVERB.

You can't keep a good man down,
'Tis truth beyond assail;
'Twas proven many years ago
By Jonah and the whale.

He has no enemies, you say;
My friend, your boast is poor;
He who hath mingled in the fray
Of duty, that the brave endure,
Must have made foes. If he has none,
Small is the work that he has done.
He has hit no traitor on the hip,
He has cast no cup from perjured lip;
He has never turned the wrong to right;
He has been a coward in the fight.

Our neighbors. Well they're hard to beat.
I hate to make complaint,
But half the people in our St.
Would aggravate a St.

Lives of poor men oft remind us
Honest men don't stand a chance
The more we work there grows behind us
Bigger patches on our pants.

On our pants, once new and glossy,
Now are stripes of different hue,
All because subscribers linger
And will not pay us what is dne.

Then let us all be up and doing,
Send your mite, however small,
Or, when the snow of winter strikes us,
We will have no pants at all.



One hundred and forty-seven different styles, and 121 different sizes. If shoes don't fit, money will be refunded. We guarantee to fit everybody who has fits. H. Price & Co., Regal Shoe Agency.

"Who is in that crowd?" asked the Freshman.

"Oh, that's Jack and Pete and Dick and—"

"But I didn't mean that crowd of miners," said the Freshman. "I meant that picture of those girls."

"Exactly, exactly," said the Senior soothingly, "and that's who I am talking about."

"But," said the Freshman, and then it suddenly dawned upon him that he was indeed a verdant fool.

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