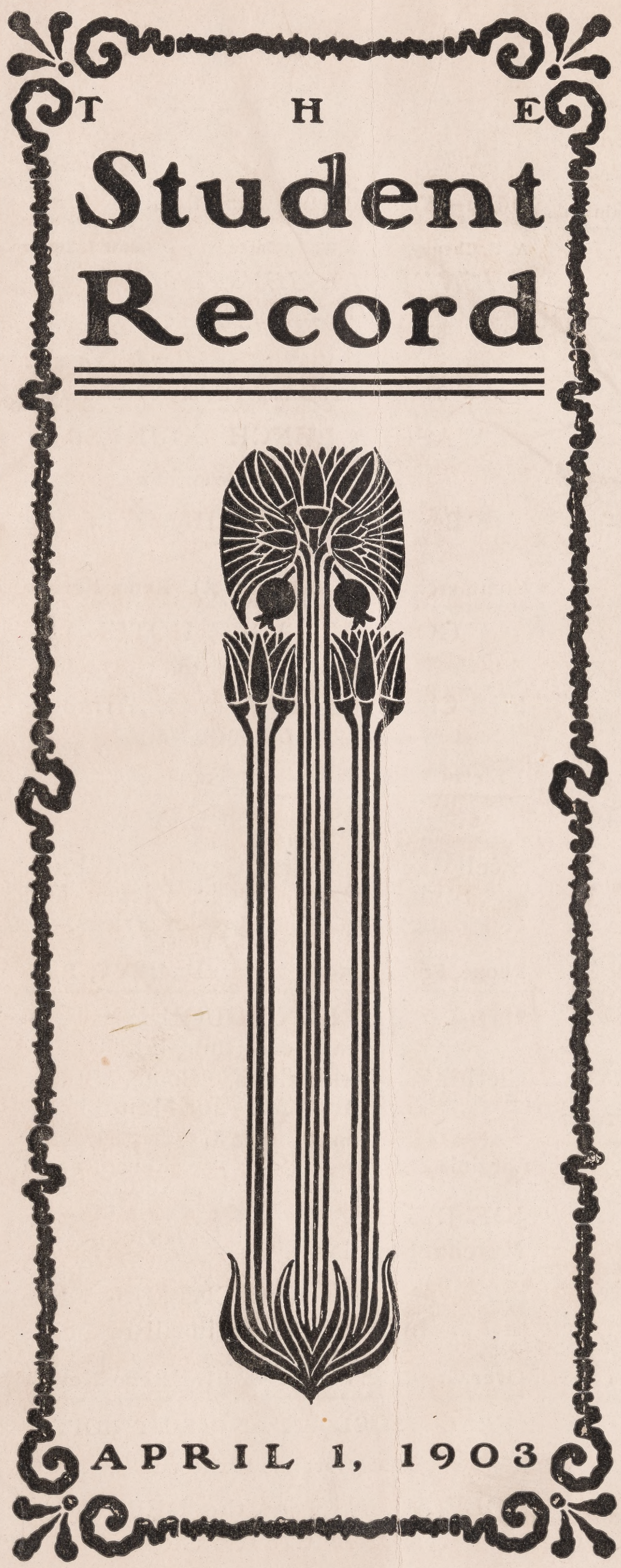


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THE STUDENT RECORD

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No. 11

“If There Be Three.”

The deep shades of even' settle,
On the distant snow-capped peaks;
The sun sinks low behind the sun-rimmed
Mountains; and above it breaks.

In the twilight filling valley,
Stand the toilers weary worn;
By the deeds and by the labors
They have done since break of dawn.

And their eyes are worn and weary,
As they look upon the light;
Now imprinted on the heavens,
By the sun ball in its flight.

So they raise their hands in prayer,
So they kneel upon the sands;
And the God who is among them
Watches o'er the faithful band.

 Zoe 

A lone traveller was struggling on the mountain slope. The banks of snow, together with the wind and drifting snow, greatly impeded his progress. The bloodhound at his heels struggled valiently after him. The traveller was one of a posse in search for a murderer and a horse thief. He had strayed from his companions and was lost. Suddenly there came a gust of wind and snow. He slipped and slid down the mountain for some distance, landing in a drift of snow. With a bound the great hound was at his heels. The hound whined pitiously. The traveller lay exhausted and despaired.

Then, looking around he saw the mouth of a cave. The desire for life again rose strongly within him. He arose and staggered towards it. Here was shelter, perhaps life. Suddenly before him the outline of a cabin loomed up. Maddened with the desire for life, he turned towards it. A piercing whine from the hound at his heels caused him to turn. There was the beast, its tail curled between its legs, its hair bristling, its eyes glaring, its teeth bare. In all its actions it showed signs of poison or great fear. He leaned over it and patted its head when, by degrees it calmed. But, when he started again for the cabin the same thing happened. Not being superstitious and fearing men far less than the terrors of the night, he took the hound by the collar and dragged him toward the cabin. Upon reaching the door he knocked; no answer. He knocked again; no answer. Then with a shove of his shoulder he broke the lock. The door swung noiselessly back and slammed on the inside wall with a deadened sound. He entered pulling the beast after him. Once inside the beast uttered a low growl and seemed to reassure itself that everything was all right. He reached into his inner coat pocket and drew out his dry match box and a stump of a candle. He always carried these when in the mountains. He lit the candle and looked around the room. Strange was the sight that met his gaze. The roof and sides of the room were covered with the richest of oriental hangings. He went to the door and closed it. Even the inner side of this had been covered with the richest velvet. On one side of the room was a great ebony shelf, covered and heaped with ('twas a strange sight) piles and piles of gold, in nuggets and stringers and in richest quartz. But the rich hangings, covering the sides and roof of the cabin, had become mouldy. The piles and stringers of gold and rich quartz were covered with cobwebs and he thought that it must have been the home of some demented prospector. He forgot his weariness in his great exultation at his new found wealth. Suddenly his eyes lighted upon a small tin box on which were written the letters "To the Finder." He picked it up and opened the lid. Inside were a few rolls of parchment upon which were written these strange words "For seventeen long and weary years we three brothers toiled in the hole, we have bored into the side of the windswept mountain. We had found scarcely enough gold to keep us in food and clothing. Yet year after year we toiled. Each day without intermission we continued our untiring search. Each eve we discussed our future prospects.

To all who struggle valiently, there comes a day of reward. At least it was so with us ranging brothers. On the thirteenth day of the month of January in the

year 18— we ran into a quartz bed rich with gold. As we went deeper and deeper into it, we were dazzled. Great stringers of gold, pockets of gold, nuggets and richest quartz was our reward.

Late in the night of the same day we sat by our log fire and gazed upon the masses of gold which lay before us. It was long before any of us spoke. At last the tallest and lankiest of the three leaned towards us, his brothers, and said: "The time has come when we can leave this desolate abode and live in magnificence in that beautiful place where we spent our childhood days." My long cherished dream can be realized, said the youngest of the three. I will travel in many lands and see many peoples." I, the third brother sat and silently pondered. For some strange reason my brothers spoke not to me of my plans. I had for years been the most silent of the three.

At last came the portioning of the gold. Our three men's piles grew and six eyes glistened. Then we quarreled. Then we fought and I, the silent one, in a great rage, slew my brothers. I spilt their blood on the floor that had long been their home. Having slain them my anger was not abated and I hacked them terribly. Before the dull gray morn arose, for it was a stormy night, the hacked bodies of my brothers had disappeared. Single handed I had carried each one of them far into the tunnel and walled each in.

Men never molested the rangling and hence there was little or no danger of me, the fatricide, being even suspected of so foul a deed. Relentless and remorse however began to eat into my soul. To appease it I endeavored to change the appearance of the cabin. For the inside I bought immence, elegant and sombre drapings. I took each wall seperately. First I took the west wall then the south, then the east, then the north. I hung them with rich oriental hangings. On the south wall I built a shelf and put thereon all my piles of gold. But remorse, like a gadfly, is driving me mad, is forcing me to throw myself from a high crag to death and as years pass silently away leaving us three gold seekers alone in our graves, I do bring down the curse of God upon the man who touches this gold! Hear my words and heed; for we are coming again to reclaim it. Tarry not here, for this is our home and we do not have strangers. Go then before the curse of God comes upon you."

Here the door suddenly swung open and blew out the light. He crossed the room and quickly shut it. He relighted the candle. As the slender beams of light again filled the room he was attracted by the strange appearance of the dog. It was on the cot in the cornor of the room. It was half covered with the clothing and was in an agony of fear. Cold drops of froth were dripping from its mouth and nostrils and its eyes bulged with its agonizing terror.

He moved away from the beast and sat down. It seemed a long time that he sat and pondered. He listened to the roarings of the storming elements. Suddenly he heard or thought he heard a cry mingled with the winds. Yes, surely he heard a cry, whether of man or bird. Yet it might have been only the moaning of the winds in the eaves. No longer did it seem like a lonely hut far off on a lonely mountain. He seemed to be in some rich chamber of some ancient Spanish monarch. And these were his piles of gold. Then something brought him with

a start to his feet. He listened again. It was a human cry, of such an anguish and sorrow that touched his heart; it was a low wailing sound as of a soul that is lost. He started toward the door, but the hound gave such an agonizing whelp that he stopped and backed away. Again the same thing was repeated with the same results.

Unsuperstitious as he was the great beads of perspiration now stood on his brow and bathed his body. His thoughts came thick and fast. He would have cursed his cowardice but he feared. He had forgotten the dog. The desire to save whosoever might be without again possessed him. He started for the door but drew back. The cry had changed. It was human, or worse than human. No longer did it ring pitiously but began to call in a fiendish voice, "Zoe, Zoe, Zoe." The very air about him seemed agitated. The candle flickered. Then the door rattled on its hinges. He slunk back almost exhausted to the wall. Then the door opened slowly, slowly, and a human face of such awful corruption, eyes filled with such awful terror that his heart seemed to stand still. It appeared not to see him at first but opened its mouth and hissed and then cried that awful cry, "Zoe, Zoe, Zoe." It saw him then, gazed a second and lowered its eyes. Then it gazed at the piles of gold, then at him and laughed a hideous laugh ending in a piercing shriek and a sob. It disappeared. The door shut with a quiet thud. The light went out. Again the wind howled as before. Again the door blew open. The scene changed. Past the door filed a stalwart miner bearing in his arms another hacked and bleeding miner whose blood dripped on the white snow. It filed past the door and was lost in the darkness. Human endurance could stand no more in this abode of Satan. With a scream and a bound he rushed out the door into the night away anywhere only away from that hut. A terrific clap of thunder caused him to turn. There was the hut enveloped in lightning; in the center three men in terrific combat. His mind reeled at the sight and he knew no more.

Day followed day, week followed week. The morning sun rose after the dawn in the east and closely followed by the twilight set in the west. He was not frozen. He had not been lost long enough to have gone mad with hunger. He was a brave man. Yet he was now as a man who is mad and he raved. Yet he talked and raved and moaned and shivered. At times in his agonies he sweat a cold sweat and films covered his unseeing wild eyes. At last had come a moment of respite. His mind cleared. He spoke sensibly. Eager were the questions asked him. Where was the cabin of which he raved? Who were those he had begged to keep their gold only to grant him a moment of respite? His story was plainly told, the story of the cabin on the mount, the gold, the strange parchment, the awful sight and sounds. He was not believed. Surley he had gotten his dreams mingled with realities until the two had become inseparable. Then again he spoke. Had they found the hound? Yes, the hound was with him. They were asked to bring it in. Soon the rattling chains bespoke its entrance. The great beast licked its master's hand, for it loved him. He leaned down to the beast's ear and whispered "Zoe!" The beast shivered and crouched to the floor in fright. Again he cried "Zoe, Zoe, Zoe!" The beast cried almost with human

terror, and with a bound broke from its captors and escaped. Yet still he cried "Zoe, Zoe, Zoe!" and again he raved of a cabin on a mount. There was one ending only for his torments, and that was death. It came and seized him in his ravings. For he had seen the soul's torment and had perceived the punishments of God.

✿ Evening ✿

T WAS late, and the sun his mid-day fire
Had cooled, and a voiceless murmur strayed
Thro' the brown-leaved trees; and the lonely glade
Grew rich with Nature's cheery hum,
And pulsed with the life of a breeze new come
From the far-off site of ruined Tyre.
The sun had sunk beneath the wood;
An hour from the mountain's rim he stood,
O'er whose pale form thin vapors stream
With the subtle sweetness of a dream.
Rare, gorgeous, strange those frail clouds rolled—
It seemed as shreds of filmy gold
Had mingled with the virgin snow,
And, spurning limits here below,
Had sought that all pervading clear
Whose realms extend—man dreams not where.
Where a mesh in the fresh net was made
Red beams thro' leafy spacings played
With a sudden dart, and the blazing ray
Threw long slant shades thro' the forest way;
Checking the moss to a brighter hue,
Or veiling each nook where the wild flower grew—
Sharp, with a muffled clang, forlorn;
With the tidings sweet, o'er the trees up-borne,
The Angelus pealed; seemed its notes to rise
To the breadth of a thousand wierd melodies;
It brought the swift deer to sudden stand;
Brought from mute rocks a harmony grand;
And brought from the linnet a good-night trill
As the breeze died away and the forest grew still.



THE STUDENT RECORD



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Vain Hopes

The citizen of Nevada who sends his son to this University does so with the intent that after a number of years he will come forth with power. This ought to be the result, unless the son prove false or weak. To complete his course he must work. We might here utter the words of Euclid and say, "There is no royal road through the Mining School." Work must be done, and it is seen that it is done or there is a downfall.

Education is almost universally recognized as being of almost supreme importance. Millions and millions of dollars are spent yearly to promote it in the United States. Even out west it seems that considerable interest is taken in it. We find in the *Occident* of the University of California of March 13th this brief note: "The campus received good news from Sacramento last week. The legislature passed a measure providing for the erection of a new university building to cost \$250,000. The new building will be erected on the open campus between the gymnasium and North Hall. It will be made of the same material as the new mining building, according to the plans of the Greater University, and will be known as California Hall."

The voters of California have surely elected a legislature which appreciates the value of good buildings and equipment to aid in higher education. If the University of Nevada would receive as much money, what an improvement there would be. We do not expect it, however. The population of this State is not sufficient to offer such an amount. Yet we believe the voters of Nevada are in favor of giving what they can. And we wonder whether they are entirely satisfied that the bill for an appropriation of \$10,800, for the purpose of building a metallurgical department, failed to pass in the House at Carson.

The bill, in the first place, was for the sum of \$4,800 for a metallurgical building and \$6,000 for equipment. It was amended in the House and a labor clause was inserted stating that none but union labor should be employed. When it reached the Senate it was again amended. It was to have a roof of iron and was to be built below the Orr ditch, near the machine shop, an inconvenient place on a steep bank, and entirely unsuited for a building because of the seepage of

water. Back it went again to the House without the labor clause. There it met its downfall. The University will have to exist without this department, the need of which has long been felt and deplored.

From the fact that the amended bill passed at first in the House and Senate, we must conclude that it did not entirely meet with disfavor. We believe the amendments killed the bill. In fact, after being amended in the Senate it was not what was wanted. Had it passed the second time in the House, we would have had our metallurgical department, but they would have placed it in a swamp for us. And still we are wondering if those who killed this bill by their amendments and clauses think they have done justice to their party or their State. We will say no more.



Protect the Lawns

We often do not trespass on places where common sense tells us we should not go, even though there be no placard bearing the words, "Do not come here." At one time signs were erected on different parts of the University lawns, "Keep of the Grass." But with the lapse of time they have been broken down, and now no sign warns the passer-by that it is harmful (to the grass) to walk on the lawns. The students seem to forget that it is as desirable to keep the grass in good condition now as it ever was. Or else they have suddenly discovered that short cuts are beneficial. And, yet, there may be another reason for the fact that they forget the University lawns are not public highways. Perhaps the time between periods is not long enough. Still we are puzzled, for in previous years the time seemed to be sufficient. Whatever the reason, it is to be deplored that parts of the lawns are being destroyed. In front of Stewart Hall they are almost beyond repair by reason of the fact that the way is shorter over them. They are also used as places of rest for the weary ones, and of play for the light-hearted. Nor does the damage stop here. The corners of the large lawns are tending to become circular. They were once square. It is well known, of course, that a very broad walk leads from a bridge up to and past the Experiment Station. There is room enough for all to pass along it. Yet some of the weary students coming from town have made a path about two or three feet to one side and on the grass. We realize it is much softer for their weary feet. They might, however, make this sacrifice for their Alma Mater and walk on the other path.

In speaking of this injustice to the University, we are not finding fault with a few, but with a large majority of the students, and of others who should know better. This, of course, lessens the culpability of the individual. It is now spring and the grass hesitates about growing. So the lawns are like unto that pate which commands its silky locks, "fall out," and takes on the shiny appearance.

✦ On the Kopje ✦

At the assembly period, March 25th, Charles Lewers, professor of law at Stanford University, and brother of Robert Lewers, professor at this University, gave the students a highly entertaining and edifying discourse on the meaning and nature of law. It will not soon be forgotten.

Among those whose interest in athletics brings them down to the cinder path "Mike" Leadbetter, or our old quarter, may be seen daily. His stoical countenance and commanding tone give greater zest to our athletes. It seems somehow that "Mike" cannot keep away from the football oval. To say the least, he is welcome.

BASEBALL

Saturday, March 21st, was a memorable day for the Seniors and Sophomores. All the expectations of those who know were not realized. The Sophs played the Freshies in the morning and their highest hopes blossomed. Although the prowess of the Freshies was known and feared, fortune did not smile on them, and they had to weep.

The afternoon came, and with it the memorable game of the series of interclass games. The Seniors were pitted against the Juniors. The Juniors' ability as handlers of the sphere has been recognized ever since their advent at the Varsity. In their Freshman year they were champions of the series of interclass games. The class of '01, which before that time had won a reputation as ball twirlers went down before them. In their Sophomore year they still wore the crown of victory. But, alas! Like Napoleon, they met their downfall. The two past years they beat the class of '03, and it is said they took their defeat cheerfully. But they persevered, and in the last game they will ever have with the Class of '04 they won laurels of which they may well feel proud.

PHILOMATHEAN.

At the last meeting of the Philomathean Literary Society, Bernard F. O'Hara gave a lecture on the "Mode of Facilitating the Conversion of the Chinese and Causes of Many Failures of Chinese Missionaries." It was interesting and inspiring, a deeper interest being lent to the discourse by reason of the fact that his brother, Karl K. O'Hara, '00, has consecrated his life to the conversion of these people and is now in a Chinese settlement near Hongkong.

John O. McElroy told in a reflective tone his meditations on a Varsity register. It ran as follows:

"This is a Varsity register. I open and peruse its pages. Here are vast fields of knowledge. In what does education consist? In broad mindedness? Here are studies for the brain and soul: Geology, the science of the earth's structure. A man should know something about the structure of the earth he lives upon. Here also is Mineralogy, the study of minerals. A man should

know something of the minerals and rocks which he must necessarily see daily. And, then, there is Chemistry. Surely a man ought to know something of the manner in which matter combines, changes and rearranges itself. Physics! A study of light, blue, yellow, red, golden; of sound, sweet, harsh; of electricity. A man ought to know something of the rules by which they are governed. Then Botany, a study of the plants of the world, of their growth, their strange histories. It would be well to know about them. But, alas, I cannot learn them all; it would be madness to try it. Then there are other things—the abstract, the philosophical. Psychology is the study of the soul, the study of the heart. Ah, yes! Would that I could read that girl's heart."

His cheerful and entertaining way of telling things gives his reflections a zest which cannot be appreciated by a mere reading.

During the evening Lieutenant A. W. Wolf recited the following original canto:

✦ **Morn** ✦

Night wanes; 'tis past. Now steals the dawn
 With wondrous hue upon the world.
 Slow, softly, sweetly is withdrawn
 That fairer twilight; morn is curled
 Into a thousand tinted forms,
 In living dream and mighty streak,
 About each far and waking peak
 Of Alps sublime. The sullen storms
 That rose upon the deep midnight,
 Phalanxed in elemental night,
 Lie shattered, mute, in disarray,
 Before the vanguard host of day.
 And, see o'er Adria's darkened deep,
 How soft that beauty seems to sleep;
 The winds are pillowed; grey mists pour,
 With restless rush and rapid rise,
 From yonder dim, transparent shore,
 Until they reached the tethered skies,
 Where waking morn intensifies
 The mighty grandeur. There was rolled
 A wondrous scene; a sea of gold
 In limpid depths of calm was lying,
 O'er which white fleets of mist were flying
 From unseen gales.

Athletics

Basket Ball

In the last game of basket ball played by our girls they lost. The game with Mills Seminary was not a success for us. Yet, it was a good game, though the score fails to show it. Fairness and skillful playing were marked characteristics of the game.

In the first half the playing on both sides was of the best. Not the slightest chance to criticise one of the eighteen girls appeared. Fast playing on both sides characterized its beginning. Mills scored first, throwing from the field. Almost immediately Nevada followed with three points, making the score 3-2 in favor of Nevada. Thus it stood until within five minutes of the end of the first half. At the end of the first half the score stood 5-4 in favor of Mills.

The second half started fast, like the first, but fate was evidently against our team, for within four minutes Mills made three goals. The score stood 11-5 in favor of Mills. This seemed to discourage our girls. The final score stood: Mills 17, Nevada 6.

The Mills team is decidedly the best team Nevada has ever played. We were fairly beaten, though we must say our girls did not play as well in the second half as they should have done. They labored under disadvantages. By the end of the first half they were worn out, although they played no harder than they do at practice. The game was played in open air, on a hard court, and wholly different from our Gym. Playing in the California air had a bad effect on our girls, who went into the second half partly dazed and in no condition to play. The Mills girls begin basket ball long before Christmas. The best players of the different class teams are chosen for the college team. We have difficulty in getting enough out for daily practice.

Track Team

The Varsity track meet will be held April 4th. This meet is not in the nature of a try-out. The winners, however, will be considered the champions of the N. S. U. for the year, or until such record is beaten in a meet of a similar nature.

The first intercollegiate meet will take place May 26th, at the same time as the intercollegiate debate. It will be either with Stanford or Utah. Negotiations are being had for meets with Oregon and Washington schools.

The present team promises to be the best all-around team ever sent out by the Varsity. Some of the new men are showing up remarkably well. Among the best are Freisell, Wrinkle, Brambilla and Abe Steckle.

The chief event of interest and that which will probably fill the grand stands to overflowing will be the 400-yard relay between the Faculty and Seniors.

A Fish Story

I STROLLED into a dining hall
 Not many miles from here.
 I was hungry on that morning,
 Gone by, now, many a year.
 "The order," said the waiter,
 "Is mackerel and steak."
 I thought I'd give the fish a try,
 So for mackerel I spake.
 As the fish was set before me,
 He looked up with such a grin,
 I had to put him to one side,
 For I couldn't eat him then.

Two weeks ago I happened in
 To the same old eating place.
 The waiter gave the order
 With the same old smiling face.
 I gave the fish another try;
 He looked up with the same old grin;
 But he seemed a good deal older,
 For he'd whiskers on his chin.
 I questioned him right closely;
 (For in my heart there was a fear)
 "How is it, every time I come
 I find you also here?"
 "Why," said he, "'tis plain as day;
 They hire me by the year."

The Dying Hobo

I KNOW I'm dying, comrade;
 But before I cross the bar,
 I needs must tell you something
 Ere my soul doth sail afar.

Now, don't be harsh, old comrade,
 Who hath rid the beams with me,
 From Frisco to Chicago;
 From Chicago to the sea.

Before you left your happy home
 For this nomadic life,
 I am the guy you hated so—
 The guy who stole your wife.

✦ On the Campus ✦

James Dolan, an old friend of the Varsity, was a visitor here last week.

In the final game for the inter-class baseball championship, Saturday, March 28th, the Sophomores emerged victorious. They will hold the banner for '03.

John S. Case, ex-'04, spent one pleasant day on the campus last week. John is now in Frisco, a climate more suited to his nature than Paradise Valley, the home of his childhood.

J. H. Price was re-elected captain of this year's Varsity baseball team. Several games are already scheduled—three with the Carson Indians, one with Chico, one with Reno Wheelmen, and one with Virginia City. Other games are being negotiated.

◊ Exchange ◊

Our exchange list for the last month was an exceedingly interesting one, and we hoped to pass some comments upon them—favorable ones. But, alas! Due to the carelessness of the exchange editor, a small blaze which broke out in the exchange office destroyed many of them. We were, however, pleased with the pretty design on the cover of the Monthly Maroon of the University of Chicago. We enjoy reading the Maroon.

The University of Oregon Monthly for March is very good, and the College Forensics of Des Moines College deserves mention. These were among the few papers saved. We would like to hear from a few more of our exchanges which do not always arrive.

A MESSAGE.

The rose that once her locks caressed
Fell not to the ground unseen.
I raised it up and gently pressed
The rose that her locks caressed.
Perhaps it bore a message blessed,
A tender summons it might mean--
The rose that once her locks caressed
Fell not to the ground unseen.—*Yale Record.*

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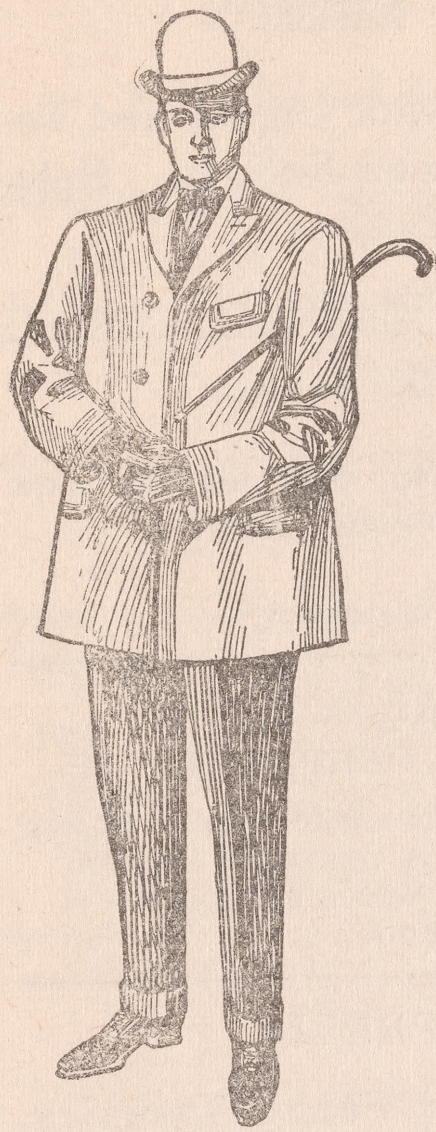
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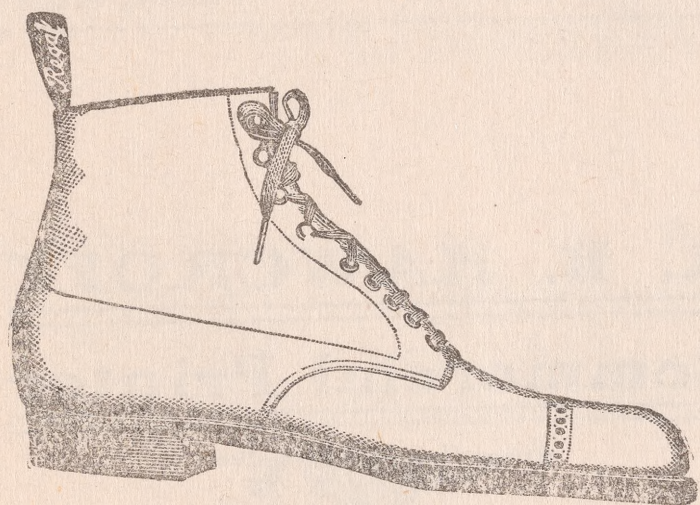


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