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Student Record



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THE STUDENT RECORD

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No. 12

The Angel's Voice

WRAPPED in the wings of midnight
An angel to my chamber came,
And sang a song of sorrow
For a lost and deadened name.
And when its wonted sweetness
Through the stillness once had rung,
I bethought to answer,
With my own, a human tongue;
But my voice grew harsh and painful,
And my tongue refused to speak;
And my very soul did tremble,
And my heart did seem to break.
Yet to cry out in my anguish
I could not, for I knew
An angel stood before me;
And, lost soul, he spoke of you.
He stood up there before me
Till the very break of day;
When, with a gentle rustling,
He faded far away.
And as the beams of morning
Came flooding on the night,
There seemed to come a whisper,
"What meanest all this fright?
Dost thou know, O mighty sinner,
In the tempest of thy soul,
Thou art smaller than an atom
In the mighty worlds that roll!"
Once more I saw the angel
Standing by me as before,

But again I heard him whisper
 Stranger words than ever before,
 For with sweeter intonation
 He asked me why I knew
 My soul was lost forever.
 Answer, answer, now do you?
 And as Poe spoke of the raven
 That kept standing o'er his door,
 The angel stands beside me,
 Watching, guarding, evermore.

Strolling by the River

OH! To stroll by the river bank,
 All soft with velvet grass,
 And whisper words of honeyed love
 To your bonnie dark-eyed lass.

To wander in the calm moonlight,
 Bathing river, hill and tree—
 Alone with the girl of your heart's delight,
 And from all troubles free.

To hear the water's onward roll,
 To breathe night's fragrant air,
 To hold communion with your soul
 And the girl to you so fair.

To clasp her in your longing arms;
 To feel her sweet breath in your face,
 And still her heart's alarms
 With a lover's tender grace.

To press the kiss of lover bold
 On lips as fresh as morn—
 What care you then for Midas' gold?
 All earthly goods you hold in scorn.

What care you if nations fall,
 Or glory all her heroes crown?
 Your conquest stands above them all;
 Your kingdom's won.—*Zip.*

“The Darkest Hour”

AT IRED, worn little figure she was as she stood there in the dim lamp light. She had just given Ben his medicine, and when he dropped to sleep she would extinguish the light, for the oil was almost gone, and there were just two candles in the house. It would never do for Ben to find out how nearly everything in the line of groceries was used, or how his sickness had depleted their scanty savings. Drug bills were so expensive. But, thank God, Ben was better now, although very weak. Dr. Jones said he ought to go to a milder climate, and that he must have rest and quiet and nourishing food. No, Ben must not be worried, no matter how she got along. But how could she manage, or what could she do? These were the questions that confronted her. She had been thinking about it all day—and all the previous days and nights for some time past, for that matter. Mrs. Turner, who lived higher up on the hill, advised her to apply for assistance from the county. Mrs. Gurner said she had been helped by the county for many months past, for her husband had been so bad with rheumatism he could not work, and indeed he had not had much work for a long time before that, for “times were dull” in the once lively mining town, and people must live, Mrs. Turner said; besides they were entitled to help, she said. Hadn’t they always paid taxes. Mrs. Moreland was very foolish to feel the way she did about it; it was only false pride. But, oh dear, could she do it? After all those years of toil and struggle, must she become a pauper? Last night and the night before Ben had asked, “Why do you sit in the dark, mother? Why don’t you light the lamp?” and she replied “the light hurt her eyes; besides she liked to sit in the fire-light.” If Ben had known that she must economize the light, so as to have it to see to give him his medicine, or how dreary and long the nights were as she sat in the darkness, with every nerve strained to catch a sound from the sick room; and it was always so cold and dark just before daylight.

How glad she felt when daylight came. Then she would lie down and sleep a little while, for Ben generally fell into a quiet sleep about daybreak. The wood was nearly gone, too; she would break it into little pieces and make a fire on one side of the stove and open the stove doors. Then Ben could see the reflection of the flame on the wall and think there was a fine fire. It kept the water hot, anyway, and she filled bottles with hot water and put them in Ben’s bed, so he did not notice that the house was cold.

A sound of horns tooting and the jingle of sleigh bells came to her ears. She frowned. The noise would disturb Ben. She crossed the little kitchen and into the front room of the tiny dwelling, and drawing the curtain aside looked out into the night. And how beautiful it was. The snow glittered like diamonds in the bright moonlight. But, poor little woman, she saw no beauty in the scene. To her eyes it looked cold and heartless, like all the people nowadays. Her old-time neighbors and friends were dead and gone, with but few exceptions. Mrs. Turner was one, but like herself, she was old, too, and very poor. The big sleigh was coming back now. It had stopped a short distance up the street to take on a

few more young people, and it flew past, drawn by four great horses, and the merry crowd of young folks were laughing merrily and blowing horns. They were going for a "straw ride," and when they returned they would have a fine supper, and a dance at Superintendent R——. Mrs. Turner had told her Mrs. T. was going down to help wash dishes and assist in any way she could. There were some people from California visiting at Superintendent R——s, Mrs. Turner said, and they had never before seen snow. Although it was well into March, there had been a heavy snowfall, and then a "cold snap," and the sleighing was fine. So they had gotten up a sleighing party for the California guests. Mrs. Moreland's face grew hard, as the sleigh-bells died away in the distance. Why should some people have every comfort in this world, without any exertion on their part, while others, no matter how hard they toil and strive, have only poverty and care. The belated storm which had made such inroads on her scanty supply of fuel only contributed to their pleasure, and the cost of that fine supper would get warm flannels for Ben and procure him so many needed comforts.

That afternoon Mrs. Turner had brought in a bundle of old newspapers. Mrs. R——, the superintendent's wife, had given her a great quantity of old newspapers, she said, to kindle the fire and put on the shelves, so she thought she would bring some to Mrs. Moreland. In one of the papers she had read of a grand New Year's entertainment given in New York, of the beautiful floral decorations (hot house flowers, of course), the myriads of electric lights, the music, the grand "menu" and the elegant costumes of the guests. She shivered as she turned from the window, and her face grew sterner. The Comstock mines furnished the money that paid for all that, she knew; but, alas, those mines had only crushed out the lives of those near and dear to her, and after her long life of toil she would have to apply for county help, or they would starve. She was too feeble to work any more, and it would be a long time before Ben would be well enough to look for employment. She had always tried to live a Christian life, but sometimes she doubted God's goodness.

Just then she heard the merry voices of the children, who were drawing their sleds up the steep street and the warning ki-yi ki-yi and track-track of the merry coasters, who were flying down on their sleds, and the warm tears welled into her eyes. How many times she had tied on her little Nellie's hood and fastened the warm mittens on her hands, when she was going coasting with brother Ben. But now Nellie was dead, and there was only her and Ben, for her grand-children seemed to have forgotten her. She turned toward the kitchen, took the lamp and stepped into Ben's room. He was sleeping quietly. Then she went back into the sitting room, brought Nellie's rocking chair (and always her dearest treasure) into the kitchen. She closed the door leading into the sitting room, but left the one to Ben's room open. Placing a few more bits of wood on the fire, she extinguished the lamp and seated herself by the stove, with Nellie's chair beside her own, just as Nellie used to bring it and seat herself beside mother, sometimes for a long talk; sometimes just hand in hand, with never a word spoken, or she would lay her head in mother's lap and the soft curls would

make a golden frame around her happy face. The firelight flickered on the empty chair, and the bunch of grapes which in painted glory on the head-rest lost their faded tone and looked golden in its gleam. The tears were rolling down Mrs. Moreland's cheeks now and splashed on the toil-worn, withered hands as they tremblingly drew a faded ribbon from around her neck, to which was attached a thin, worn golden band. Her wedding ring, too thin to keep on her finger any more, and her golden wedding anniversary would soon be at hand. Ah me, it promised to be a sad one for her. She had spent many a lonely one since her dear husband lost his life in the mine trying to save his imprisoned mates. Memory took her back to fifty years ago—how happy she was then, a girl of eighteen. Fifty years ago this time she was stitching away at her wedding trousseau. And how happy their lives were in their pleasant southern home. First Ben came (his father's namesake); then George, but George was taken from her again. But her golden-haired, blue-eyed baby Ellinor came and comforted her.

Afterwards they sold the pretty home and followed the tide of fortune-seekers out to Nevada, attracted by the fabulous tales of Aladdin-like wealth to be obtained from the mines of the Comstock, and the wealth was there, too. Right loyally had the mines sent forth their tribute, quickening the pulse of commerce and building stately blocks in distant cities for those who had control of them. But not for the miners. Oh, no! Brave men and true have yielded up their lives—victims of the gnomes who gained the Comstock's treasures.

How well she remembered the day "papa" brought home the little rocking chair to Nellie and a lovely table-cloth to her. It was her "linen" wedding day and Nellie's birthday, and how happy Nellie was. She insisted that the new cloth should grace the supper table, and sat in the rocking chair, although it made her too low at the table; and how she sat in the little chair all the evening and sang to her doll. But the next day the fire broke out in the mine, and when evening came the child sat motionless in the little rocking chair beside her father's dead body, and she was widowed, and with her helpless children to provide for. Still she took up her cross bravely, uncomplainingly, and worked for the children, nursing, washing, sewing; and people were kind, too. No more generous natures breathed than the Comstock miners.

Ben grew up a quiet, good boy, and Nell a winsome, bright-faced maiden, idolized by mother and brother. She had many advantages educationally, and was a pupil of the good sisters of charity. But love entered one day, and she left mother and Ben for her young husband. But scarcely three years had elapsed when "the mines" claimed another victim, and the bruised and battered body of Nellie's husband was brought to the surface by his comrades, and Nellie was a widow and the baby boy fatherless. So she came home to the tiny house, and rocked her baby boy in the little rocking chair. Her health, never good since little Ben's birth, seemed to give way completely from the shock. Ben had been working for some time in the mines then, and the little mother was not allowed to work outside of her own home. But then she insisted on helping once more. If they could save enough, her and Ben, they would go south again, to the place

where Ben and Nell were born; so they toiled and toiled, and bought stocks, and paid assessments, for "stocks would surely go up soon," and then they would be rich (for of such is the kingdom of mines). So the days passed on, and Nellie's boy grew to be a sturdy little fellow and his grandma's pet and pride and her avowed admirer withal. He was "doin' to marry Dranma when he was a man," he vowed. Nellie came slowly back to health and strength, and she did not mind work so long as Nellie and "little" Ben were well cared for.

By and by Nellie went away to San Francisco, where she had obtained a position as bookkeeper in a large wholesale house. But little Ben still stayed with grandma. Then Nellie married again, a retired sea captain, a very wealthy man, many years her senior. She came for little Ben, and wanted them all to come with her to her new home in Seattle. But Uncle Ben said "no." They would wait until "stocks went up." So she could not leave Ben. He had only her, while Nellie had her husband and the boy. It was lonely without her and "little" Ben, but Nellie wrote often, and always she remembered her mother's wedding anniversary, and later came photos of the little daughter, and "little" Ben wrote often, too. Then one day came a black-bordered letter from Nellie's husband. Nellie was dead. She had died suddenly with heart trouble. He would send Ben away to school, he wrote, and his sister would care for little Ellinor. Then the letters were less frequent. In fact, the last two letters were not answered for a long time, for she had been very ill with rheumatism. When she grew better she wrote, but the letter came back marked "not found."

So now there was only her and Ben, and he had been ill for a long time. The stocks were sold for delinquent assessments long ago. Ben was better now, thank God. But Dr. M——— said he was threatened with miner's consumption; that he ought to go to a milder climate, and must have rest and nourishing food, and—she was back again in the dreary "present." The firelight had died away, and the bunch of grapes on the back of the rocking chair shone no longer. Ben was awake and coughing. She lit the lamp and went to him.

"Why, mother, dear, you have been crying. You must not fret. I feel so very much better. You know the darkest hour is before the dawn. Go to bed now, little mother. I feel that I shall sleep soundly, but I will call if I need you." * * * *

Morning came. The sun rose bright and warm and the melting snow ran in rivulets down Mt. Davidson's rugged sides. Ben had rested well and was bright and cheerful. A kindly neighbor had called with a bountifully-laden basket of "goodies for Ben," she said. "I know you can not feel like cooking, Mrs. Moreland, and you are always so ready to help every one when they have sickness. You have been up so much with him." Again the tears welled to the tired eyes, but this time they were tears of thankfulness and repentance. How could she doubt God's goodness, and there were many kind people, she knew, but last night she was so tired and gloomy. She went about putting the little house "to rights."

"There is the whistle, mother. The train is on time to-day. Can't you get some one to go to the postoffice for us? I feel as if there might be a letter for us

from Nellie's children." "It is more than two years since we have had a letter from them, Ben," replied Mrs. Moreland; "still I will send if you wish, though I have given up hope of hearing from them again." "Well, prepare lunch, mother, and then send. The mail will be distributed by that time."

So Mrs. Moreland prepared an appetizing lunch, materially aided by the contents of the basket. Hardly was it ready, however, when a knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Moreland opened it. There stood a fine looking young man and a pretty, golden-haired girl. "Does Mrs. Moreland live here?" said he. Then "Don't you know me, grandma?" "Oh, it is 'little' Ben," she cried, and he clasped her in his arms, saying "This is Ellinor, my little sister." Mrs. Moreland turned to her, and sobbed "Oh, Ellinor! Ellinor! My Nellie! Have you come back to me?" And in very truth she seemed like her own Nellie, in form and feature. Then they went to Uncle Ben, and while they talked with him, Mrs. Moreland served the lunch.

That was a happy afternoon, and in the evening the lamp was filled and kept burning. Ellinor sat in the little rocking chair beside her grand-mother, while young Ben, on the other side, told of his adventures in the Klondike. After his mother's death, and leaving college, he had gone there with a party of friends from Seattle. He had been more than successful, and after disposing of his locations he had come back to Seattle, to find that his step-father was dead, and that Ellinor had gone with her Aunt Esther to Canada. He hastened thither and brought her back with him. "And now we want you and Uncle Ben, grandma. We will go to Los Angeles until Uncle Ben gets quite strong, and there we will celebrate your golden wedding anniversary."

"Oh, yes, grandma," broke in Ellinor, "brother is to be married there."

"Why, Ben," said grandma, laughingly, "I will sue you for breach of promise."

"Well, here are the damages," said Ben. "It is for your golden wedding gift," as he laid a well filled purse of gold in her lap. "And, grandma," said Ellinor, "he must have the little rocking chair for his gift. Mama told us how she loved it."

"Truly, Ben," said Mrs. Moreland, "the darkest hour is before the dawn."

CO-ED.

Quiet Reigns on the Campus

'Tis still on the campus, still as death. Not even the rustle of a little blade of grass disturb the sacred quiet. Even the frogs by the silvery lake make no outcry. A cool, noiseless wind sweeps desolately over the cottage and by the hall. No, it is not still; it makes moan. Or, is it a human cry borne along this erstwhile silent chaos?

"Ajax, Pink, Bodyguard, Bernard, Gimmy, Bobby, Mack, Whit—all of you, come back, come home—fudge!"



THE STUDENT RECORD



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Then and Now

At battalion parade some time in the near future—that is, within this month or next—the Governor of the State of Nevada will award the commissions to the present Seniors of the battalion of cadets whom he deems capable of holding them. Those having commissions may upon leaving the University continue to hold them as officers of the State militia or resign them. It is a matter for them to choose.

Things military are not as they were during the last semester of '01 and the first of '02. The decree of the government has affected us inasmuch as we now drill five days in the week instead of four. One day extra drilling per week must have its effect on the battalion. We admit this. But we do not admit that it has had everything to do with the evident improvement.

We mean not to talk of our drilling during previous years. It might give the impression that we boast. We do not mean to praise our battalion, for we remember a little saying about self praise. We will wait and hear what the inspector says. Last year he said little, but we believe he thought deeply.

Captain C. T. Boyd of the Fourth Cavalry is the commandant. He is the first unretired officer we have had here for a long time. His orders are obeyed cheerfully and with as much alacrity as the ordinary young sagebrusher seems capable of, bound as he is in a blue uniform. We all agree, however, that a friendly feeling, a feeling of co-operation between the drilled and the driller; between headquarters and the seat of operations will accomplish its end.



Raising the Standard

There is a problem now before those deeply interested in the University. The problem is a hard one and requires delicate handling. It is that of raising the standard. To a casual observer this may seem an easy matter. To the one attempting it the difficulty seems almost insurmountable. Yet the faculty know it can be done, and have begun to do it.

Next year when registration commences the new student will, as of yore, stand tremblingly before a set of stern, knowledge-hallowed countenances. And

he will have good need to tremble. A series of campaigns have been started. The first is internal warfare. The examinations are more thorough and more difficult, and the result of this is being felt. The student is beginning to realize that unless he does study harder he will in very truth get through his course at a snail's pace.

This method is something like building a house on a weak foundation. But the necessity that the building be started is very urgent. Even now preparations are being sent to the different schools throughout the State. They are for the purpose of showing the standard required to enter the University. It is not a low one. And both teachers and pupils in the different schools ought to heed this note of warning.

Yea, truly, the student who stands before the committees may tremble. For he will find how little his high school diploma will count for unless he has kept up to the requirements. It is pleasant enough for the pupil to omit some one course of study, thinking he will study another harder. It is pleasant enough now, but when he comes to enter as a classman at the University, he will meet with an obstacle, and a hard one.

One of the greatest difficulties to be overcome is that of supplying proper teachers for the schools. Too many high school graduates, through influence—that is, political pull—get positions as teachers in the high schools, whereas the University graduate must go to the country. If the years of extra training here counts for naught, we wonder why they have it.



Debating Peculiar circumstances are attending this branch of our college, which would remind one of the days when many gross mistakes were made. For instance, Andrew Jackson's policy, "To the victor belongs the spoils," has gone to an early grave. In the debating department no longer will the motto be "the survival of the fittest," but rather, if the committee wants you on the team, you'll make it; if not, no amount of hard toil will put you there.

Let us cite an example. In the picking of the team to represent Nevada against Utah next May, there has been no try-out whatever, but the team has been already chosen. Not upon merit exactly, nor upon perseverance—simply chosen. By this method of choice one of the most forcible debaters our college has ever had must be a spectator on the night of the debate. Why? Because he did not have a chance to earn his position.

May we ask of the parties who picked the team a few reasonable questions?

1. Do you think that by this means of selection you have rightfully treated those students who have stood by debating so faithfully during the past few years?

2. By this means of choosing the team, do you think that American students will compete?

3. After giving this matter due consideration, will you not admit that the only way to pick the debating team is by competition before unprejudiced judges?

M. G. B.

🍀 On the Kopje 🍀

"A dearth of stillness and ennui has come down upon the campus since we have left it. How can you exist without us? I fear you will fall into a sleep like unto that of Icobad Crane, unless we return soon." (This is part of a letter from an '03 on the Comstock to a lady friend on the campus.)

"The campus was never livelier than at the present moment. The Seniors have gone to Virginia City to study the mines. Since they left the Varsity has taken on the appearance of a college—not that of a high school, as before. The place is by no means dull, as they may suppose. Yet there is a lack of childishness and kiddishness here now." (This part of a letter was written by one who did not go away for the Easter vacation. We will pass no comments on either of them, but will leave that to assemblages in the Cottage parlor and around on the sun-kissed steps.)

Basket Ball

In the last basket ball game we were victorious. We were victorious against Berkeley, where are many girls, whereas here there are not many; but they make up in quality what they lack in quantity. The Berkeley girls came here saturated with college spirit and a determination to wrest victory from the lion in his den. But, alas! They went home clothed in sackcloth and ashes.

The game from start to finish was with vehemence, if we may use the expression. It was a hard fought battle; but Berkeley was outclassed.

The first half started as all games wherein Nevada does participate usually do start. When it ended the score stood—how? Eight to three, Nevada owning the eight. What could you expect? Yet, fire and determination were in the eyes of the fair Californians. They had played a good inning, but were outclassed.

The second half started rather fiercely. Berkeley meant to make a large score; but she didn't. Nevada made six more points this inning, leaving the score 14 to 3. This was the score at the end of the game. This is the second time Berkeley has lost against Nevada.

The Berkeley girls are good players. They played a strong, yet ladylike game, for which they cannot receive too much credit. They were outclassed, that is all. As for Nevada, it was as good a game as she ever played.

Baseball

The baseball team was defeated in a game of baseball with the Reno Wheelmen. This latter team is composed of some of the best material on the coast. What our team needs is more practice. The best of players must practice together in order to know each other in a game. Otherwise they are sure to meet defeat.

The game which was to be played with Virginia City Saturday has been postponed.

Track Team

The cinder path has been the scene of very active operations during the past two weeks. The path itself has been renewed. The athletes have been doing and still are doing very fine work. Barring all accidents, we have high hopes for all our coming meets.

Mystery Merrill was seen chasing his hat across the campus last week.

Prof. Young returned from Virginia City Tuesday evening. It is said the Juniors were working too hard in his absence.

On Saturday, April 11th, the regular monthly social was held in the Gym. It was well attended and an enjoyable evening was spent by all.

On the evening of Friday, April 24th, the Theta Epsilon Sorority will entertain the Seniors in the Gym. A pleasant evening will be spent by all present; for as entertainers the Thetas are recognized to be royal.

The Senior Class are now in Virginia City studying the geology, general topography of the Comstock and the general plan and workings of the mines. They departed the 10th of April, and will probably be gone until the 20th. Meanwhile the Juniors are reaping the advantages of successive examinations.

The track team is getting into fine trim. This is due principally to Trainers Saxton and Leavitt, who rub half the time and rubber the rest. There is great fear in the ranks of the athletes, for it is thought that some eastern athletic associations are endeavoring to secure the services of Saxton and Leavitt at an enormous salary.

We are in receipt of a letter from a dear little girl who wants to know what the boys do all day long on Saturdays and Sundays. She says she has noticed that a great many do not go down town. That's a pretty hard question to answer, but we will try. Some of them study, some read, some congregate in rendezvous for the purpose of improving themselves by conversation; some play cards for fun, some sing songs.

The best game of basket ball ever held in the Gym. took place Wednesday evening. The Reno team, composed of old Varsity players, put up a wonderful game; but could not overcome the quickness and fine trim of the Varsity team. The spectators' sympathy was with the alumni, and every good play on their part brought out continued applause. Jeanette Cameron played the best game for the Varsity. Her good head work, combined with her agility, entitles her to the rank of best center on the Pacific Coast. Arnot, as goal thrower, did good work, getting over the ground with more ease than is her wont. Kirby, Bradshaw and Becker of the opposing team deserve mention for good playing without previous training. The final score was 10-7.

✦ **A Toast** ✦

I remember a home where I loved to sing a song;
 Where I loved to play and laugh;
 Where I sang the whole day long.

I remember a sweet maid who came to see me there—
 Oh, she had such lovely locks!
 Oh, such lovely locks of hair!

I remember her form—yea, a form so very fine,
 That I asked her me to love,
 For, I thought she was all mine.

I remember her words—yea, I think she spoke of love;
 And I believed her true,
 Like a gentle little dove.

But, opening my eyes, man, I soon had cause to fear,
 Lest another guy was there—before!
 Stop! Say naught, but drink your beer.

Vague rumors continually come to our ears concerning the Seniors' sojourn in Virginia City. Breezy sketches in the papers of the lode show a snap and a ginger which is well known around the campus. The main object of the visit was to absorb new ideas about mining; but other things are being absorbed as well. Rumor has it that in that city certain shops closed down on account of a scarcity in that article which gives a town a crimson appearance.

Junior—I see Lusher was flattened out last night.

Senior—Yes; the bed spread all over him.

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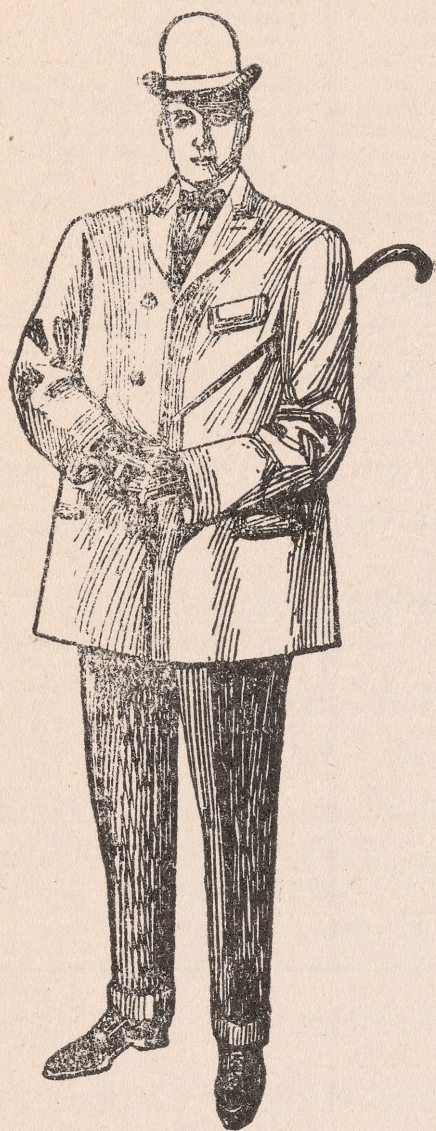
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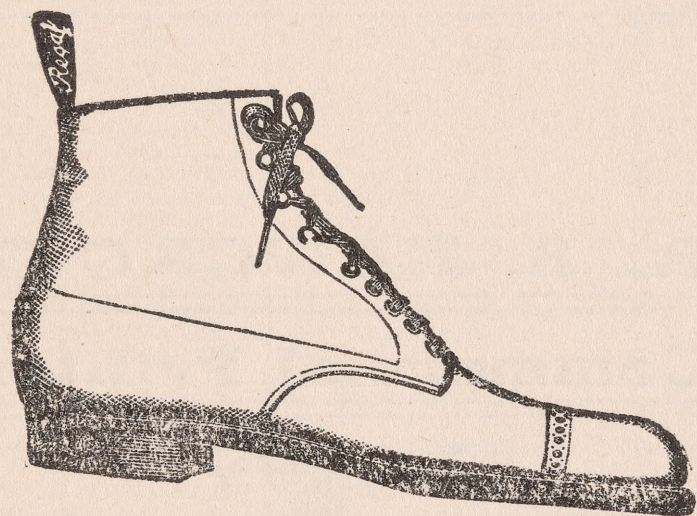


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