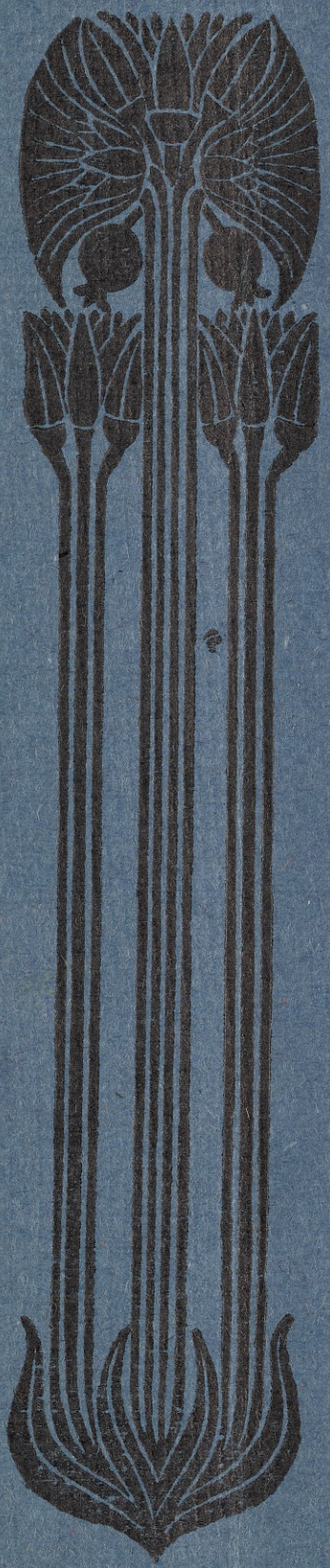


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Student Record



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THE STUDENT RECORD

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

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UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, MAY 1, 1903.

No. 13

Life

IN this world of joys and sorrows,
While each fleeting day glides past,
We think not of the morrows,
Though to-day may be our last.



Our happiness and our troubles
Move together hand in hand,
And steal our days like an Arab thief
Of the desert's silent sand.

Our childhood's happy days are spent
Round home-hearth bright with cheer;
And to our lives a halo's lent
By parents' care so dear.

In our youth we wander far from home;
Far from the haunts of our early life,
Out in the world of care we roam,
The world of sorrows, joys and strife.



A gray old man in the twilight dreams,
As he lists to the child in happy play.
Can life be over? For to him it seems
As if he were a child but yesterday.

 Nevada 

NEVADA, O home of my childhood,
I take up my pen to sing;
For I know of things on thy acres,
Whereof to thee homage I bring.
Tho' only the wild rose and daisy
The bee sips on thy mountain breast;
The wildcat, the horn toad, the rattler,
On thy deserts and wild crags nest.
Yet, the sweet scented flowers and grasses,
The wanderer sees as he roams,
Are naught to the odor of sagebrush,
When he comes back again to his home.
O, oft as the storm broods o'er us,
We gaze through a rift as it breaks.
From what do we seek inspiration?
Thy snow-capped and pine-covered peaks,
Wherein our fathers and brothers
Are toiling to bring out the gold
That will build and has builded cities—
The far-famed bonanzas of old!
The traveler bound eastward or westward
Sees only thy wild desert tracks.
He knows not thy stretches of meadows
Nor the load the rough farmer boy "packs."
He sees not thy fruit trees and flowers;
He hears not thy meadow lark's call;
The robin, the linnet, the gold-finch,
Of these things he knows not at all.
Why does the hot flush of anger—
Why do the features blanche,
When those who know naught of thy treasures
Call thee desert and wild avalanche?
'Tis like when the cruel voice of slander
Defileth a once fair name,
And brings it to dust and to ashes,
Though it was deserving of fame.

Why do we cry to the nation,
 To eve from the breaking of morn?
We would have her remember, Nevada,
 That thou art a State battle-born;
That when in her deepest trouble
 You rose like a star in the night,
And lighted her way with thy silver,
 And helped her to win the fight.
And, now, will she leave thee neglected—
 Permit you to struggle alone?
Nay, O Nevada, she cannot;
 She will help to lessen thy groan.
O, we long to bring out thy resources;
 We long to check thy streams;
To show that our valleys are fertile,
 And our boastings are not made of dreams.
For we would go into thy mountains
 And check thy wild waters flow;
And then in the springtime and summer,
 Let it down to the valleys below.
O, then the lands that are covered
 With sagebrush, with pine tree and rock,
Would turn to a vast waving garden
 Wherein would the humming birds flock.
Then would the Indian pony,
 That runs on thy mountains wild,
Be harnessed to plough and to ploughshare;
 Its wild spirit broken and mild.
No longer at sunset returning,
 From his daily deeds with a sigh,
Would the toiler sit down by his fire,
 And hark to the coyote's cry.
No more in the stillness of midnight
 Would the shriek of the wildcat thrill
And echo on snow-tipped pine trees,
 Then die away and be still.
We are waiting the day of thy coming;
 We are waiting to prove thy worth,
When no more are sagebrush and pine trees,
 But green fields surrounding thy hearth.
And still we could go on a-singing,
 And even in wild measures flow,
For we know, O so well, thy resources;
 We know, O Nevada, we know!

The Heart of Woman

FRANK THORNTON was deep in thought. As he sat on the couch of his luxuriously furnished room in the college dormitory, alternately smoothing his troubled brow and casting fierce glances at the pieces of luckless furniture that were picturesquely distributed about the room, one could see he was sorely vexed about something. Frank was a handsome young fellow, twenty-three years of age. He had just entered upon his senior year at college. Being a good student and quite an athlete, he was liked by the professors and respected by his fellow students. He was serious in everything he undertook, and disliked above all things to be foiled in anything he set out to accomplish. His dark eyes flashed ominously whenever things went wrong, as he expressed it himself. Things had certainly gone wrong with him lately, if one were to judge from his appearance, for he seemed utterly dejected and like a lion driven to bay.

The door of his room burst open. In bounded his room-mate, Hal Morton—"Sunny Hal" he was called by his chums. Genial, curly-haired, bubbling over with good will, happy-go-lucky in disposition, not having a care in the world—such was Hal. There was ever a smile on his lips, ever a welcome for his friends, and—ever a hole in his pocket. He was attempting to whistle an opera, but rhythm was sadly lacking and melody farthest from his thoughts. When he saw the dark look on Frank's face he brought his warbling to a hasty finish, checked his Comanche rush, and with a look of deep concern slowly sank into a seat and sat looking for some minutes at his chum.

"Well, old man," since Frank volunteered no information, "what ails you? Don't see what's the use of looking like a funeral and making everyone else feel like one. Can't you cheer up a little and tell a fellow about it?"

"I don't mind telling you, Hal," began Thornton. "I have been greatly disappointed, and while I shall undoubtedly get over it, it will take some time." He spoke with the air of a man deeply moved and but half conscious that he was talking. "It is all about a girl, of course," he continued. "You know who it is as well as I—Madge Mayfield—for you know I have been going with her for the last three months; but you don't know all the facts of the case."

"She is beautiful"—he spoke wistfully now—"but—" The pause was more expressive than words. "She came from the south and, although unknown to the Bolchens, who are high up in society here, she was admitted to their household on the strength of a personal letter from an old friend of theirs. She came west for her health, the letter explained. I met her at a whist party at their house, and her lustrous black eyes and queenly bearing won me at once. I sought excuses to see her often, which, by the way, were not hard to find, for she met me more than half way. Things went on like this for two months. I was head over heels in love with her by that time, and although I disliked to bind myself by an engagement before graduating, I at last threw caution to the winds and proposed to her. She accepted me and said she would wait for me

until I finished my course and had gone into business with father. I was overjoyed at my good luck, and the next day bought her an expensive diamond ring. For a month I was happy as mortal could be. Yesterday when I went to see her I found her crying. She told me her father had died in Kentucky, and she had not enough money to take her back to his funeral or to see him fittingly buried. Well, I was moved by her story, for it was cleverly told, and I raised one thousand dollars from some of father's friends and gave her the sum to carry out her wish. That paper there will tell you the rest, although it says nothing about *my* money nor the diamond ring."

He ceased speaking and began to pace up and down the room. Hal picked up the paper and found the article, which, as his chum had said, explained all.

"Madge Mayfield, for the last three months a guest at the Bolders, has mysteriously disappeared, and with her large sums obtained from several of our leading business men. She deceived many and succeeded in obtaining large amounts of money from them by skillfully concocted stories of death in her family and of her inability, through lack of funds, to meet the conditions thus imposed upon her. Advices reached here to-day from the Chicago police, giving her description and proclaiming her as one of the most clever confidence women of the day. She probably suspected she was found out, for she is wanted in the east for innumerable crimes, and has fled before she could be captured."

Hal sat thinking for some time after reading the piece, while Thornton paced back and forth. At last he ejaculated, more to himself than to Frank, "I wonder where the deuce she's gone now for her health?"

✻ A Shure Cure ✻

Tell me not that you were sleeping,
All the night in that haystack;
And as the morning came a creeping,
You felt a pain within your back.
'Tis true! My friend, I say you're lying,
Or else, poor fool, you are a-dying.
You have lumbago, gout or 'tis
An awful dose of rheumatiz.
An' you are bound to keep a-sinking,
Unless you somehow take to drinking;
You will but lose you reputation,
Which isn't worth the disputation.



THE STUDENT RECORD



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The Honor System

Many times when we are unguarded or careless we say and do things which our better natures condemn. Yet, these are usually minor faults, and hence are deserving of little or no censure. Examinations which have been menacing for months are now steadily on the march; they are almost upon us. Fear not, however, and "don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes," as said that fellow on Bunker Hill. In this kind of warfare to burn those familiar camp-fires at the twelfth hour may be a crime. But it is the best and the most honest way of doing a dishonest thing. And yet we are in doubt whether it is not better to "cram" far than to fail at examinations. At least what is written on the examination blanks on those fatal days will come from the brain, even though it be there only temporarily.

Yet another method, a variation of Marconi's wireless telegraphy, is now and has been in vogue in colleges and universities for many years. We refer to the simple fox-like method of carrying the wherewith to pass examinations into the vicinity of the questions. The methods are various. They may be ingenious, yet they are despicable.

Thoughts of these methods of success in college life keep ever before the minds of professors and students the practicability of the Honor System. Introduce the Honor System and you will improve scholarship. No more, then, will the careless student have only two eyes to evade, but those of all his classmates and his own conscience, quickened by the system itself.

The explanation of this system is simple. Get the consent of a college class to permit the removal of the examiner. In other words, lay all responsibility and trust on the members of the class. It makes not a great deal of difference which one starts it. Yet, it makes some. It has been tried in high schools, and with success. Why not in colleges? This would do more to make a student realize how dishonorable it is to cheat at examinations than all the lectures of a generation. He would prepare for the oncoming examinations, not as a game of chance, but as a certain and dread reality.

Debating News has reached us from the far east of the victory of Virginia over Pennsylvania in their annual debate. Irwin Ayers, U. N. '01, had the honor of opening and closing the arguments for the victorious Virginians. Mr. Ayers won first place on the team over sixty other competitors. For years the University of Pennsylvania had beaten every team with which it has debated, and considered its team this year the strongest of all. At the close of the debate a noted professor of the latter college hunted Mr. Ayers out from amidst the cheering throng, and said: "Young man, when you have finished in Virginia, come to Pennsylvania; we need you."

It is thus that we love to see our students reflect on the University of Nevada. It is well remembered how Mr. Ayers, with his colleagues, Messrs. Springmeyer and Bonham, in 1901 taught Utah that she must awaken from her lethargy if she intended to beat Nevada in debating. The University of Nevada is proud of you, Mr. Ayers, and we shall not be surprised to hear of other deeds from your hand and pen in the near future.

M. G. B.



**Seniors'
Annual Trip**

People inclined to believe that Southerners are the only hospitable people in the world should have accompanied the Seniors on their trip, which lasted for a week and took in Virginia City, Dayton, Carson and the adjacent hills. In Virginia every mine and mill was open for the inspection of the prospective engineers. Mr. McKinty, foreman of the C. and C. mine, detailed a man to pilot the party through the surface workings. Because of some repairs being made on the hoisting engine, they were not able to go underground. The party then repaired to the Union mine, where Mr. Jones, the foreman, took the party underground and conducted them over 2000 feet to the lateral in the Sutro tunnel, where it divides into two branches.

At the Brunswick No. 2 Mr. Comerford, who is in charge, gave the party a ride on the giraffes—the shaft is an incline—and showed them the prettiest little mine that they will ever see. They also inspected the Kinkead mill and Woodbury cyanide plant.

Three geology trips were indulged in, and the party walked to Dayton, where Captain Davis received them with open arms. After personally conducting them through his plant and mill and explaining all the different methods of cyaniding and milling, he invited the whole party to dine with him. Next day when the Seniors started out on a geology trip, the Captain had a four-horse team ready to take them up El Dorado Canyon, a distance of eight miles, to study the formation of the country. When the party attempted to settle their accounts at the hotel, they found that the Captain had already attended to it, paying the expenses of the party's stay in Dayton. If Captain Davis accepts the Senior Class' invitation to attend the commencement exercises, their only wish is that they can play the part of hosts as ably as himself.

A stop-over of one day was made at Carson, where Doctor Louderback led

the party a merry chase over the hills. The party reached Reno, sun-burned and tired, but still ready and willing to take a trip to Mount Rose—if necessary (?). Professor Young attended to the mining work of the party, while Doctor Louderback led them in their geological investigations.

B. F. O'H.



Knockers and Knocking

In the long history of crime there is one which is running a race with Father Time. It dates from the time when the first man made his appearance on this earth. Woman probably had her share in starting the criminal record, but knocking is essentially the attribute of a man. It is found in all phases of criminal life. The thug knocks his victim on the head to obtain the latter's money; the corrupt politician knocks the good one in order to obtain a position of trust, where he can rob to his heart's content; the poor swain tremblingly knocks at his sweetheart's door, whose hand he probably wins, and is himself led into a life of abject slavery.

There are two different classes of knockers—sympathetic and chronic. Sympathetic knocking is caused from environment. Take, for example, this University. There are many knockers here who would be willing to let another man live, were it not for their acquaintanceship with chronic knockers. A chronic knocker would knock in the gilt-edged streets of far-off Paradise, said place being far off to many of us because we will never reach there.

In all cases knockers knock behind their victim's back. They generally knock a man who is already down—they believe in keeping him down. A man can knock another without saying a word; a sneer or shrug will do the business. In most cases it is a good sign for a man to have knockers. They knock because he is a good man, and they are jealous of him.

A knocker's life is generally short. Everybody gets on to him. His fabrications, tears and sneers are received with disgust. The men who wander around with little hammers drive nails into their own coffin. When they die they consequently are unable to get into their coffin, so they are exposed.

At the "Pearly Gates" Saint Peter will meet the knocker with one big knock, equal to all the knockers' little knocks. Let us suppose the man who has suffered from the knockers comes along. Saint Peter's face wrinkles up into a benign smile; the good man smiles also, and the two wander in together.

B. F. O'H.

There was a young lady named Psyche,
Who loved a young man named Eyche;
But one thing about Eyche,
The girl didn't Lyche,
Was his beard, which was wonderfully Spyche.—*Ex.*

Do We Excel the Ancients?

WE often hear of the vaunted progress of this enlightened age; but, after all, do we of to-day so far outstrip the ancients? Why, in those primeval days there were great speculators, traders, artisans, teachers, cattle kings and other pecuniary kings, besides great centers of trade and magnificent architecture. Now, Damascus was the Chicago and the home of bulls and bears before Abraham's time. Then we hear of Jacob, who by trickery cornered all the cattle in the country; and one Joseph, a broker, worked a corner on all the grain. Old Jubal, the harpist and organist, might have "outfiddled" any Paderewski, and possibly Tubalcian would bring blushes to the cheeks of Avery and McCormick. David snatched Goliath's belt off as Jeffries did Fitzsimmons'. Eve turned out to be a great fashion plate, and Herodias' daughter would certainly knock the shine off any modern ballet dancer. Cramps, our shipbuilder, is far behind Noah; and Brigham Roberts, once a United States Senator, has an almost empty harem beside Solomon with his seven hundred wives. Roosevelt, our emperor, would not be in it with Darius with his many dazzling crowns. Neither would our hypnotists and conjurers be in it with Pharoah's magicians and the Witch of Endar. Joshua, the great general, made Thesua halt, and surely he is shoulders above Generals Miles and Roberts, who could not have stopped a bread wagon. Then Jacob, who stole the birthright, made more out of his ill-gotten gains than any defaulting bank cashier could do. Moses, with his water-witch, did more in a minute than any artisian well borer could do in a week. The rain-makers in Missouri who fast one day in the week are small lights beside the forty-day fasters in Ninevah.

Eiffel tower may be lofty, but the tower of Babel when the unfortunate tying of tongues fell upon the builders, was a day's journey to the top. Doubtless the great Brooklyn churches would be play-houses when compared to Solomon's Temple. Kansas, with her cyclones, and Oklahoma, with her grasshoppers, are deserts when we think of Canaan flowing with milk and honey.

Who knows but that aerial navigation, wireless telegraphy, modern lighting and heating methods, electrical machinery and automobile vehicles were in a state of perfection? Verily, we say with the sage: "There is nothing new under the sun."

Though college days
 Have their delights,
 They can't compare
 With college nights.

—*Pacific Wave.*

🍀 On the Kopje 🍀

Any society, good, bad or indifferent, having some connection with the University, are hereby offered the RECORD for the next issue, April 15th. See Robert Hesson, business manager of the RECORD. First come, first served.

Basket Ball

On the evening of April 27th an interesting and snappy game of basket ball was played between the U. of N. basket ball team and a team of down-town girls. The victory was won by the U. of N. girls, the score being 15 to 3. Hard playing was one of the chief characteristics of the game, for great rivalry exists between the two teams.

The crowd came early, and was very large. Long before the first whistle blew the galleries of the old gym were too crowded to admit more, and by the time the whistle really blew there was scarcely standing room anywhere.

During the intermission between the first and second halves, a scientific fencing match was enjoyed by the spectators. The contestants were Mr. Freisell of the University and Mr. Sol Levy. Both are skilled fencers.

After the game Ivan and Abe Steckle amused the audience with a wrestling match. They are both old star wrestlers, and this lent a deeper interest to the contest. To say the least, an enjoyable time was spent by all attending.

Track

Last night the track team left for Berkeley to try to win a place in the coast team which is to go to the St. Louis exposition. The team consists of Cash Smith, Gus Hoffman, Freisell, Abe and Ivan Steckle. Gus Hoffman, our hundred-yard runner, goes at a ten-second clip. The others have improved accordingly, all the records of previous years having been broken. We have high hopes for our men, and wish them success. We wish to be represented at the St. Louis exposition, and think we will be.

In Society's Whirl

A party, including dancing and refreshments, was given by the Delta Rho Sorority on the evening of April 17th, to their friends. The gym was tastefully decorated and showed the handling of artists. A pleasant time was the result.

On the evening of April 24th, the Theta Epsilon Sorority gave an at home to to the Seniors. The good time predicted in the last issue of the RECORD came true.

Seymour Case, '01, who has been holding a position as draftsman in the Risdon Iron Works, spent a few days on the campus during the week. His departure, which occurred Wednesday evening, was the cause of much lament, for old "Sy" is and always has been a source of inspiration to his friends.

Why should we again call the attention of our frats, sororities, societies, etc., to this fact: Was it not understood when your groups were taken that each organization would take the allotted number of pictures, to repay the photographer for his work and stock? Surely we can not expect them to take pictures without any recompense whatever. As yet there have been scarcely any of these pictures taken from the galleries. We feel that it must be carelessness, and not that you do not intend to take these pictures which causes the delay.

If every society would refuse to take any pictures the Artemisia would find itself over \$65 in debt on this "lay-out" alone. So spruce up and buy your picture and you will greatly favor those interested in the publication which will, indeed, supersede all previous efforts.

Worth of the Small College



THE question is often discussed as to whether the greater universities are better than the small colleges for effective teaching and the building of well-rounded manhood and womanhood. The following, touching upon the subject, is taken from one of the large dailies:

"The trend of the times, as nobody can deny, is toward the great universities, such as Yale, Harvard, Ann Arbor and California, and the smaller institutions, such as Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Oberlin and Santa Clara, pale in the effulgence of the brighter luminaries. Wealth pours into the treasuries of the great universities. They put up noble buildings and employ renowned men as teachers. Students flock to their halls and a very pleasant university life, with its cultured homes of professors, its fraternity houses, its student meetings, its class hops, its farces and other theatricals and its sports gathers about the campus, which is always the center and heart of a university.

"The football team is a matter of much concern to the modern great university, faculty as well as students, for a weak and beaten eleven means a distinct loss of prestige and a falling off in attendance in the succeeding year, and a victorious team does more to make the school illustrious and to draw students than all the renowned names in the faculty. The greatest university, in the modern estimate, is the one that has the most names on its register.

"But there is one severe criticism to be made of great universities—the teacher is too far away from the members of his class. This criticism applies as well to the German as to the American universities. In a small college a class may number 10, 12 or at most 20 men. In a great university a class in any important subject may contain 50 to 150 students. In the small college the professor is close to his students and knows them intimately. He can then tell when one is shirking or falling below standard. He discovers the peculiarities of each student's mind, and the professor's personal influence and companionship often do a great deal to educate a man. This is impossible in a great university where the professor can have little close contact with his students. The small college

gets little advertising and is generally unendowed. It cannot employ celebrities in its faculty, but that is not a severe loss to the student, for the majority of celebrities make poor teachers, and the best university teachers are usually the obscure instructors who are paid poorly and whose names are printed in small type in the catalogue.—*Daily Californian.*

Good Night

"Good night,"

The dimpling face is pursed
For bed-time's kiss,
And chubby arms are clasped 'round mother's neck
In trust's embrace.

Two sleepy eyes with childish love still bright!

"Mother, good night."

"Good night,"

The voice is sweet and trembling low
With love new-born,
And o'er the cheek the blushes come and go—
Veiled are the eyes.

Ah, this blest moment when love first shines bright!

"Sweetheart, good night."

"Good night,"

The voice through tears can yet be strong.
On quivering lip
The smile of peace and trustfulness yet breaks,
And love supreme

In this dark hour sheds a holy light.

"Beloved, good night."—*Ex.*

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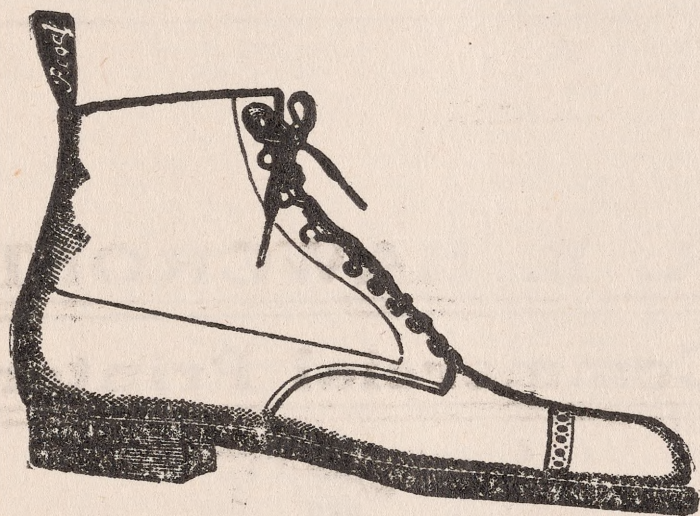
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