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STUDENT RECORD

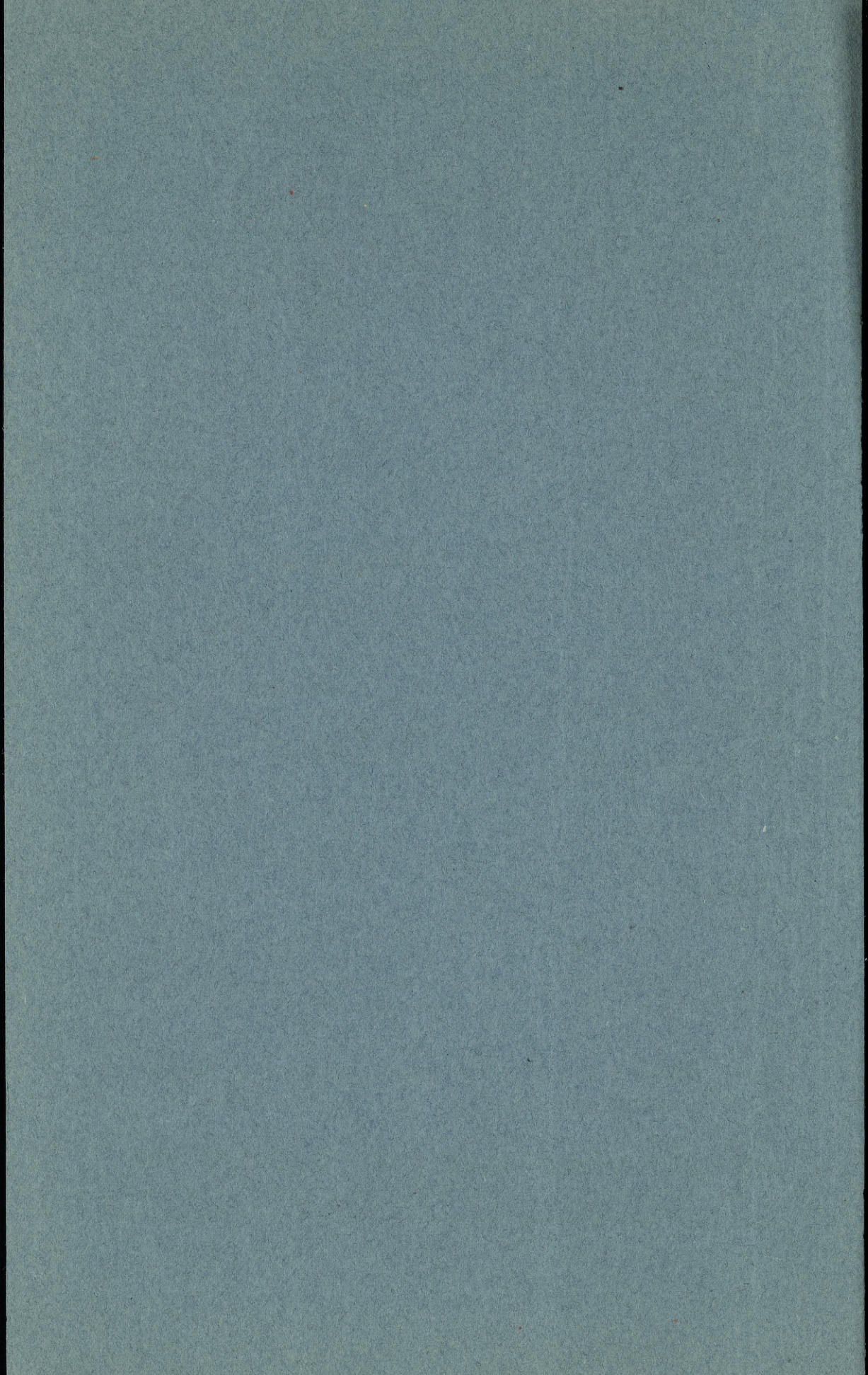


NEVADA STATE
UNIVERSITY



VOLUME XI

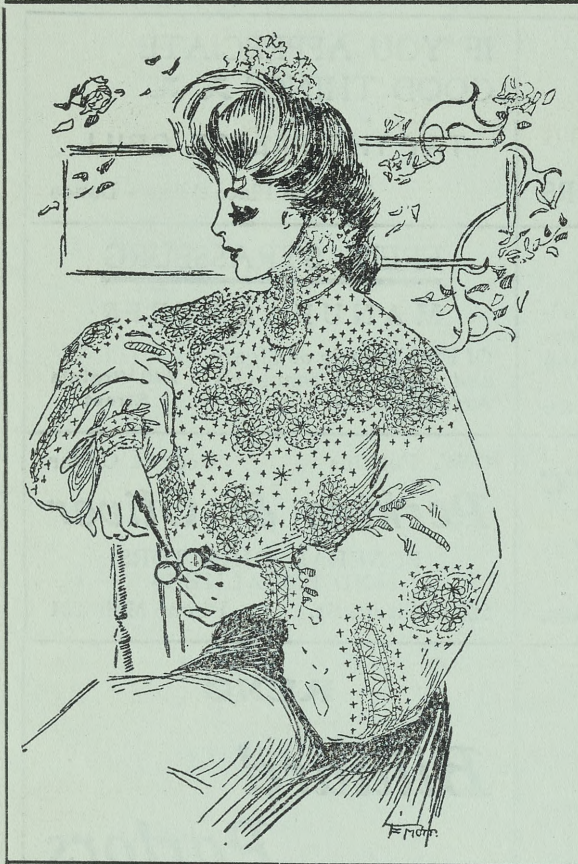
NUMBER 2



THE STUDENT RECORD.

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THE STUDENT RECORD



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THE STUDENT RECORD

SEPTEMBER 15th, 1904

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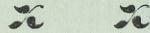
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EDITORIAL

PRACTICAL RESEARCH

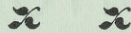
ONE of the most prominent and useful organizations, from a practical educational standpoint, in the University of Nevada is the Crucible Club. The purpose of the society is to listen to lectures of practical men in all walks of engineering life and afterwards to enter into a discussion with the speaker on the subject of the evening. Words are impotent to convey any idea of the value of these meetings. The greatest barrier to the success of college graduates when first thrown into the turmoil of the busy world is lack of confidence in their ability to put into practice the theory they have acquired in the class room. They fail to measure the extent of their knowledge. They are haunted with the fact that the theory may not prove successful in practice, that is, in their application of it. Courses in engineering are apt to leave the student much perplexed after an attempt to take his bearings. The Crucible Club alleviates these difficulties, because the student comes in close contact with engineers who have seen the world and have been in the harness for years.

The club could be improved in one respect, and that is to visit points where engineering projects of note have been, and are, being executed and studying them in detail. Such practical observation and study, coupled with the work of the class room, would no doubt give excellent results and overcome to a great extent the lack of confidence experienced by graduates when first brought face to face with the practical problems of their professional field.



SELF IMPROVEMENT

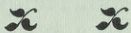
BY a close observation of the report of the battalion inspector last spring it is plainly evident that along certain lines in the Military Department there is room for improvement. While in the main the report was good, in fact, much better than has ever been sent in before, Captain Winn pointed out the defects, with the object in view that they would be corrected, and not in a spirit of fault finding. An extract from his report reads: "While I will offer some suggestions in which the work might be improved, I do not wish it understood that I am detracting from the high order of drill because it is excellent." In the extended order drill the deployment was, as the inspector stated, not made in a practical way with reference to the objective designated by him. In many cases the sights were not properly adjusted, and the commands were not always properly given. The uniforms showed hard, daily use, and many of the cadets did not come to the attention and salute upon the approach of the commanding officer. The lack of office room in which to carry out the clerical work was also mentioned. In nearly all other respects his report spoke volumes of praise, which was gratifying to the cadet corps.



AN UNCALLED FOR STATEMENT

ARCHIE RICE in his late description of "Football in the West," which appears in the late Football Guide, seems inclined to bestow little praise on the Nevada eleven that last year outplayed the Stanford team and a week later walked all over the University of California, winning by a score of 6 to 2. In this article he states that "California is twenty-five points better than Nevada." This, he says, is so because Stanford and California tied in the big game, and, as a result, furnish a good standard of comparison by their 6 to 6 score, which makes them equals. Any sane man would say that the sporting editor of the San Francisco Chronicle was not in his right mind when he made the above statement, or else was misquoted. Nevada outplays Stanford and defeats Berkeley. A week later Berkeley and Stanford play a 6 to 6 tie and Mr. Rice turns around and says "you are not as good as California by twenty-five points." How any man who has such a wide reputation as authority on athletics as Archie Rice could make such an unfounded statement for publication is a mystery to U. of N. students. We like human wind generators, but he suits us too well. Every student in the

college is now prepared to show Mr. Rice that last year we not only beat the greatest University in the West, in numbers, but that we will do it again, and he will no doubt, when this is done, become aware that he has been dreaming.



AN APOLOGY

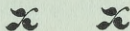
IN this issue of the Record a description of several of the closing features of last Commencement week are given space. It was impossible to run them in the last issue, consequently their late appearance. The present members of the staff find the college publication too small to publish all that should appear, but we feel that we have done our best, and no further apology is necessary.



A VALUABLE ACQUISITION

THE Ingersoll-Sargeant Drill Company of Phillipsburg, N. J., has presented to the University, through Professor G. J. Young, head of the Mining Department, one of their powerful drills. It is the type known as the "Baby," and is designed especially for use in stopes and narrow drifts. The power is steam and with the drill comes fifty feet of steam hose and all necessary couplings. There are eight pieces of two-inch steel of varying lengths. The drill is very light and compact and can be easily moved and manipulate by one man. It will be set up in the shop and all details of its mechanism and government explained to the Senior class in Mines.

Much credit is due to Professor Young for obtaining this gift for the University, and the thanks of the whole University go out to the Ingersoll-Sargeant Company for their generosity.



HER FIRST KISS

AGUSHING young woman once said that her first kiss made her feel like a tub of butter swimming in honey, cologne, nutmeg and cranberries, and as though something was running down her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded with lilacs and honeysuckle, and the whole spread with melted rainbow and blue sky.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET

THE great hall of the University gymnasium was, on June last, the scene of the most brilliant Alumni banquet in the history of the institution. One great table curved as a horseshoe, covered with snowy damask and lit with hundreds of candles in candelabra, besides the electric lights, made a beautiful picture. There were ropes of smilax winding in and out among the silver and china and hundreds of streamers of the college colors decorating the great gothic ceiling. Around the board were seated nearly two hundred members of the Alumni and their guests. The place of honor beside the toastmaster was accorded by right of affectionate reverence to Miss Hannah Clapp, the beloved instructor of the early years of the University, and many a glance of tenderness rested upon the dear old lady as she sat at the head of the table, her kindly and benevolent face framed in its wreath of silver hair, looking with scarcely perceptible change the same as when she presided in her class room in the infancy of the great institution.

During the evening music was discoursed by Professor Keil's orchestra. The members of the class of 1905, following the custom, waited upon the tables, and performed their duties so charmingly and skillfully that there were no hitches or delays in the service.

Frank H. Norcross, of the pioneer graduating class of the University, was toastmaster, and inaugurated the feast of wit and flow of the soul with a brief and happy reference to the occasion which had brought together the Alumni and their friends on this the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the institution. He alluded to the process of absorption by which the graduates of the Normal college had at first been admitted into the sacred perlious of the Alumni to participate as active members of the council until finally, owing to the fact that these graduates were mostly ladies, they had under the opportunities of matrimony secured practically the control of it. Dean Thurtell and himself, he pointed out as examples of Normal subjugation and warned the class about to graduate and those who still retained their independence to beware of the conspiracy which was in progress.

Thomas J. Lawrence, '99, who had made a flying trip from his work as a mining engineer in Old Mexico to be present, responded to the toast, "The Absent Ones." He told of the graduates in distant lands and stated that though absent in body they were all present in spirit.

The toastmaster then said that there was present one whom the tenderest memories of the old graduates would ever hold in tenderest reverence and love, namely Miss Clapp, and called upon her to respond to the toast, "The University—The Infant."

A great wave of applause swept over the room as she arose to reply. The toast was prepared by Hon. D. R. Sessions, the first president of the University. She repeated it from memory, a few stanzas of an original poem upon the aspirations of life, telling those who were about to start out on the commencement of life the true armor which the modern knight should wear as his protection and battlesheild in his search for the Holy Grail.

The toastmaster stated that there were present two members of the first class that ever matriculated in the University thirty years ago, namely Mrs.

H. H. Howe and Mrs. Kaiser, and asked Mrs. Howe to sing the old song, which was new in those days, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," which she did, accompanied by Mrs. Layton, in a voice that was as sweet and mellow as the exquisite old song.

On account of the absence of Otto T. Williams, of the class of '96, who was to have responded to the toast, "The World of Action," the toastmaster called upon Professor Charles Lewers of the class of '93, now professor of law in Stanford University. Professor Lewers stated that owing to the unexpectedness of the call he would address himself to the topic of "What Can a Poor Man Do," and for ten minutes kept those present convulsed at his spontaneous wit and humor.

Allen Ede, of the graduating class, responded to the toast "Outward Bound." He pictured the great ocean of life stretching out illimitably before the young mariners who were about to sail and told of the hopes and aspirations which freighted these outgoing life ships.

Owing to the absence of Miss Emma Regil, of the Normal class of '04, the toastmaster said that he did not propose that the toast should be omitted, and called upon Senator Newlands to respond to the toast, "Our Common Uncle." Senator Newlands prefaced his reply with a happy allusion to the industry with which he had attacked the menu and that as a result he was not in a state where intellectual effort was possible. He said that owing to unfortunate circumstances he was not an alumni of any college except the school of life, as he had graduated prematurely successively from the high school, Yale and a law school, and consequently he was not possessed of a diploma.

Regent John Edwards Bray was to have responded to the toast of "Banquets." As he was not present, the observing eye of the toastmaster caught sight of the stanza immediately below the toast on the menu, namely, "Across the chestnuts and the wine," and suggested as neither Professor Bray, the chestnuts nor the wine was present, possibly he had started with them and fallen by the wayside.

Mrs. Mate Snow-Thurtell, '90, delighted everyone with her sparkling response to the toast, "Domestic Arts and Applied Science." She cautioned all the young lady graduates to study the science of domestic discipline in the training of a husband and presented the Dean of the University as an exhibit of what perseverance and firmness can accomplish by a wife in the way of developing from the crude material a finished product.

Rev. Samuel Unsworth responded to the toast, "The Golden Age." He said that he had noted how closely the other speakers had stuck to their texts and hoped that he would not waver from his. That owing to a recent trip to Tonopah he was able to clothe his thoughts with all the terms used in the search for gold, but that there was a more important thought crowding his mind for utterance and that was whether those present were alumni, alumnae or aluminum. Mr. Unsworth kept the table in a roar at his dry sallies.

Professor De La Guna of the Faculty was called upon to respond to the toast, "The President of the University," and paid a feeling and glowing tribute to the ten years' work of Dr. Stubbs. At its close the guests rose and drank to the health and long life of Dr. Stubbs.

The toastmaster then called upon Dr. Stubbs to respond to the toast, "The University—The Work That Is to Be Done; the Man That Is to Be." The President took occasion to reply to the sentiments expressed in the previous response, and then briefly told of the future work of the University and of certain plans that were in contemplation for its broadening and betterment.

The banquet closed with the guests singing the Nevada ode.




The Ability to Shoot as Affecting the Morale of an Army

IT is a very weak force, indeed, that lacks confidence in its ability to cope with its opponents under equal conditions. Self reliance is a quality without which a military unit—be it a company, a battalion, a brigade or a division—cannot amount to anything as an effective force.


Let us imagine two bodies of troops of equal size opposed to each other, the one knowing that it possesses the ability to shoot as accurately and to do as much damage to its opponents as the other can possibly inflict upon it. That body of troops never will become panic stricken; it can be wielded at the will of its commander, and made to perform feats that would be utterly impossible to a body of troops without confidence in itself and its ability to take care of itself.

Therefore we can but assume that unless our troops possess the self-reliance that is brought about by their confidence in their ability to do at least as well, and perhaps better than their opponent, disaster must ensue. If our troops of the future possess every qualification excepting one, and that one be known inability to shoot effectively, we can but expect disaster. What may we expect from an army put in the field, say in 1904, in case of war, aggregating 300,000 men? We have at present only 36,000 enlisted men in our infantry and cavalry; presumably a half or a third will be on duty in the Philippines, Porto Rico, or at distant stations from which they could not be withdrawn, so that only 25,000 or thereabouts would be trained soldiers to be depended upon. Our National Guard can only be ordered into service for nine months, so that as we could not calculate upon holding them during the war, we should at once have to organize troops made up to the extent of about 90 per cent by civilians, so that practically 80 per cent of our 300,000 men would be civilians who will not have been able to obtain the national arm they are called upon to use, and who to-day have not a place to use it if they could get it.

It would therefore seem that if we are going to present a better defensive force than those who in the near past have failed ignominiously, we must take steps to supply the most necessary qualification of ability to shoot in our recruits who will be mustered in for service when war comes. Congress should afford whatever financial assistance is necessary to provide ranges, ammunition and guns, so that our civilians, as well as our National Guardsmen, may have an opportunity to learn to shoot.



MILITARY DEPARTMENT



BY the time this appears in print between 20,000 and 30,000 troops will have been assembled at Manassas, Virginia, for the army maneuvers. The regular army will be represented by cavalry, infantry, signal, engineer and hospital branches, and the militia by detachments from Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Texas and Tennessee. Scarcely more than fifty years ago the troops from these same States were arrayed in opposing armies, valiantly contending for the possession of this ground. To-day the warfare will be but mimic, and although there will be even more cannonading and musketry than before, and quite as much maneuvering for position, skirmishing, charging and retreating, the volleys will be hamless and the warfare bloodless.

Maneuvers of this character serve several important purposes; they familiarize the commanding officers with the manipulation of large bodies of troops in the field; they enable company and regiment commanders to handle their companies and regiments in conjunction with others as part of a whole; they give the regular and the militiaman experience in actual marching, skirmishing and breaking camp, etc., on a large scale that could be obtained by no other means. One of the greatest benefits is the bringing together in one army of the militia and the regulars and the opportunity thus afforded the militia to profit by the more thorough training of the regulars. The officers are also thus given practice in handling bodies of raw and trained troops in the same corps, a condition that would confront them in time of war.

In the maneuvers Major General Corbin will be in supreme command with headquarters at Gainesville, seven miles from Manassas. Camp No. 1 will be under command of Brigadier General Fred D. Grant, United States Army, with headquarters at Manassas. Camp No. 2 will be commanded by Brigadier General Franklin Bell, United States Army, and the headquarters will be at Thoroughfare, about three miles west of Gainesville. The two divisions will represent the opposing armies composed of regulars and militia and the field of maneuver is a strip of land in Prince William county of about fifty square miles.

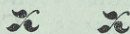
The chief umpire will be Colonel Arthur L. Wagner, United States Army, who acted in the same capacity at the maneuvers at West Point, Kentucky, and at Fort Riley, Kansas. He is regarded as one of the ablest officers of the army and will be assisted by a staff of capable officers.

The difficult part of solving the problems prepared is in gauging the effect of rifle fire when blank cartridges are used. As no one is hit it is very hard to determine just what effect certain fire will have. By a system of tables, however, those in charge of the maneuvers have arrived at a fairly accurate system by which the umpires are required to rule during the exercises. By these tables infantry, cavalry and artillery, at various distances, are given markings as near as possible what it is supposed they would be in

actual warfare. A standard is set for each arm of the service. Following is the infantry standard which may give an idea what the word means in connection with the maneuvers: Soldier lying prone, or advancing by rushes; average marksman; firing at five hundred yards over an open plain at the rate of six shots per minute from the magazine rifle; losses two per cent per minute.

That is, the losses in such a case as stated for a company of infantry would be two per cent per minute. The losses inflicted by artillery at 1,000 yards are three per cent per minute in the standard. Special situations, of course, make differences in calculating the losses. With these tables and a thorough knowledge of how a special movement should be worked out, the umpires accompany the forces and mark them accordingly. When a command has been under fire for a certain time the umpire computes its loss and orders the proper percentage of men to retire from ranks and make their way back to camp. The command that executes its movements best and receives the least damage from the opponent's fire is the side that wins, and it can be seen that something like the same conditions would prevail in war time. The officers in charge do not pretend to believe that situations in the maneuvers and in actual warfare would be the same, but they do believe that they are as near the same as it is possible to make them, and that they give the troops an opportunity to learn valuable lessons.

There is one thing missing from the maneuvers that detracts greatly from their value—there will be no actual rifle practice. It is very regrettable that 25,000 troops should be gathered together without the opportunity of testing their ability to hit what they shoot at. This condition of affairs cannot, however, be remedied until Congress appropriates for the purchase of suitable sites for such maneuvers, which will probably be done next session. Tracts are to be selected in the North, South, East and West and annual maneuvers will be held at each camp. The sites will include ample facilities for pistol, rifle and artillery practice.



TWO new target butts have been installed at the University and Krag Jorgensen rifles have been ordered, to be used exclusively for practice. During the college year every cadet in the battalion will be compelled to devote a certain amount of time and attention to this branch of army life, and some good scores are looked for.

Hundreds of millions are being spent each year in the acquisition of ships, armament and the training of men afloat; also for providing the most up-to-date equipment for our land forces. The one vital measure of defense that is being ignored here, as it has been in other countries, is the training of our future armies in the use of the rifle. The men who are to-day in our regular army and National Guard organizations are not those who are likely to make up the vast majority of the troops to be put in the field in time of war. Fully 80 per cent of a volunteer army (and an American army of any size must be a volunteer army) will be made up of men drawn from civil life or taken out of schools and colleges, and yet absolutely nothing is being done to-day to teach such men how to effectively use the piece that they will have

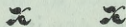
to use in time of war.

Of our regular army only 36,000 men carry rifles to-day and are trained in their use. Any additional men enlisted in time of war must of necessity, under present conditions, be entirely without training with the piece with which they will be armed.

Turning to our National Guard: While it is true that they can be ordered into service for nine months, as their continued use could not be counted upon, we should be obliged immediately to start the organization of such a volunteer force as might, under the circumstances, be thought to be necessary. Therefore, as above stated, we must depend upon raw recruits to the extent of upwards of 80 per cent, and as volunteers in our armies heretofore have averaged less than 23 years of age, it is plain that young men and boys must be taught to shoot when it is possible if we are to have an efficient defensive force.

What is being done to-day to remedy this most serious defect? Practically nothing. The army officers detailed at the various schools and colleges have taken little or no interest in the rifle practice, in most instances, and where they have sought to better the conditions they have met with either faint help or positive opposition, because rifle practice entails expense upon the institution where it is held. Ninety-nine out of a hundred American youths as they grow up look forward to serving their country in time of need. Let every such boy definitely understand that he will simply be an incubus unless he can either command effectively his fellow soldiers or use his piece with effect.

The National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice has adopted a definite program which, if carried out (and it entails some expense which, of course, should be borne largely by the United States), will render it possible for those who are willing to devote the time, be they school boys or others, to achieve some success in supplying a positive need that has long been demonstrated beyond a peradventure to other nations. To carry out the plan ranges and ammunition must be provided as well as time taken to practice, and it is to be hoped that every influence will be brought to bear so that our Senators and Representatives may provide the necessary ranges to enable our youth to practice. What use is it to spend hundreds of millions for defense if we do not teach our soldiers how to shoot? Let the American nation beware, its peril will be great if war comes and nothing is done to better this condition.



"I just know he will propose to-night," said a charming dove-eyed damsel of Manzanita Hall as she awaited the coming of her loved one. The young man approached the cottage with careful step and rapped gently on the door. "Why don't you ring the bell?" said his companion. "Well, you see," replied his friend, after considerable hesitation, "I am afraid she would take it for an engagement ring."



LITERARY DEPARTMENT



JOE, THE CABIN BOY

Being the Summer Vacation Experience of a U. N. Student

JOE wanted to go to Honolulu. He lacked the necessary funds to pay passage so, with the practical turn of the American youth, he engaged himself as a cabin boy on one of the wind jammers bound for the island port. The manner in which Joe secured his position is interesting, in that it had a direct bearing on the trip. His experience at waiting on table had been gained at a senior banquet and what he knew about the sea had been learned in several short cruises on a yacht around San Francisco bay, one of these, however, extending outside the bay and north as far as Point Reyes and south to a point opposite the Cliff house. Now, Joe, knew that the all important thing was to get on the vessel, for, with it once outside the Golden Gate, there would be no turning back, and he would be surely on his way. So, in answer to the captain's inquiry of whether he had ever done that kind of work, he replied: "Oh, yes, captain, I have waited on table at the University dining hall." And of whether he had ever been to sea, "Oh, yes, captain, I have been up and down the coast." This expression, in Western shipping language, means up to Puget Sound and down as far as Los Angeles. The captain of the "Andrew Welch" rubbed his chin, and, in a gruff, harsh voice, said: "Be on deck to-morrow morning at seven."

The next morning at seven, when the tugboat threw a line to the "Andrew Welch" and proceeded to haul her out into the stream, Joe was in the cabin making frantic efforts to get breakfast under way. Everything was bustle and hurry; the long drawn out "heave-a-hoi" of the sailors at the rigging was deafening. The captain, from his station on the poop deck alternately cursed and shouted commands. With the newness and strangeness of everything, Joe was very much bewildered. He rushed around trying to locate the cook, the kitchen, the tablecloth, the dishes; all was a mystery. The bustle attendant upon the departure had given the captain little time to think of his cabin boy, and it was lucky, or perhaps unfortunate, for the latter that such was the case, for one glance at the deplorable dilemma he was in would have neded his seafaring career ere it had begun. Soon the ship struck the heavy swells which converge at the outside entrance of Golden Gate channel. This rendered the preparing of the breakfast doubly difficult. Joe's antics as, with his basket of food, he went from the galley, the ship's kitchen, situated at the forward end of the ship, to the cabin at the aft, resembled very much those of the ordinary sailor after he had been on land a few hours. But at last, despite the circumstances, the table was set and Joe stood eyeing the accomplishment with something of a feeling of pride. But, alas, as the proverb states, "pride before a fall," this feeling gave way to a peculiar one

situated in his midships. Joe wondered if he was going to have maldemer. He wondered, he wondered—he knew he was sick, oh, so sick! So, so, sick!

The sails being set in a fair wind, the tug cast off and returned to the harbor. In a minute the captain bawled down the companionway: "Get the coffee," and soon his steps were heard following the order. He went to his place at the table and waited for coffee. He waited. No coffee. Still he waited. Time and tide, and it should be also sea captains, wait for no man. With a curse, the captain rose from his chair and, crossing to the pantry door, peeped inside. There, in a dejected attitude, bending over a garbage tin, seemingly looking for something lost, sat poor Joe, pale and wild eyed. There was a moment of tense silence. Then heat waves, red hot heat waves of anger undulated across that pantry. They grew thicker and faster, until suddenly they were shattered by a mighty sound wave. The captain swore; yes, he s-w-o-r-e. "Your an old sea dog, ain't you, huh? Yes, you've been to sea before; you know your business, eh! Come on my boat and get sick. I've a notion to throw you overboard; a notion to put you in irons. Get my coffee, and get it quick."

If the first day had ended Joe's sickness things might not have gone so hard with him, but as it was for three long days he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep. He continued, however, in his work, while the captain alternately cursed, threatened and heaped sarcasm upon him. A vision of shark's feeding upon his water-saked corpse, a sight of the irons in the hold, and the belaying pin always handy on the deck railing, was sufficient incentive to Joe to be up and going. Though often too weak and sick to stand up, he forced himself to keep moving. In consequence of a severe windstorm, the bark rolled and tossed frightfully, and Joe, being unable from shere weakness to regain his balance, often fell as he traveled back and forth from the galley to the cabin. Once he sprawled out flat, dropping a basket of dishes to their destruction and a pot of hot coffee over the deck. Another great sound wave tore through the air. After the third day, Joe took a little food and water and hence began to revive. Not a decent word was spoken to him. Besides the regular malediction, he received a fresh supply on occasions when he would break something, which happened every day. Owing to the rolling of the ship, if a dish were set in a place not guarded by a rack it would roll off and break. Then there would be a crash. No matter on what part of the ship the captain was he always heard that crash. He would come, jumping like a kangaroo, to the door of the cabin and say, not what could be called complimentary to Joe's ability as a cabin boy.

Thus the long days of the voyage succeeded each other. A spirit of resentment against his tyrannical captain, but a determination to keep silent lips and do his work as well or better than it had ever been done before, held Joe. An event took place, however, which destroyed this quiet forebearance to anger. Ordinary malediction, cursing, sarcasm, were expected and endured, but there came a time when the captain started off on another mode of abuse. It hit the center and Joe, forgetting or disregarding the power of the master of his vessel on the high seas, forgetting the risk he was running in upbraiding this man, his whole being filled with a terrible insult, stopped

short in his work as words derogatory to his raising smote his ear. He turned and facing this scoundrel of a captain, said: "Sir, I have had as good raising as you or any other man." Joe's attitude, his pale, determined face, his utter disregard of the consequences of this act of open defiance, must have aroused a feeling of admiration in the captain. After all, the latter probably reasoned, a mere sapling of a youth who could calmly face the master of the vessel and show a spirit of resistance must be either ignorant of the ways of the sea or possessed of great courage. Sea captains are rough, harsh men. Their profession demands a nature capable of dealing with, of ruling sailors, the scum of immoral, unprincipled manhood. Courage and bravery appeal to them in stronger terms than any other trait. This spark of admiration for Joe undoubtedly saved him from suffering some dire punishment, and not only that, but he had to put up with less blasphemy afterwards.

Another of the many events which came into the list of Joe's sea experiences is interesting enough to relate. Sailors are very superstitious. The kind of life they live tends to develop weird and unnatural imaginations. The long nights of silence, unbroken except by the clanging of the ship's bell and the following cry of the sailor on watch, "All's well, sir"; the many days of absolute sameness, the many days when only a little chip, as it were, separates him from eternity, all tend to make him sober and thoughtful. It is natural to be silent and sober when danger and death hover nigh, just as it is natural to change one's feelings when life presents a rosy hue. When a sailor is on land, possessed of the wages he has earned, for a few short days he laughs the laugh of the gay and reckless. But when, with his empty purse, the wages of a year sometimes being spent in a night, he is back again on the blue waters, back again to solitude and nature, where all that shows the presence of man on the earth is a tiny speck on the wide expanse of boundless main, he is a changed man. His mind many times is distorted and he becomes imaginative, superstitious.

The event in which Joe played a part in this superstition of the sailors on the "Andrew Welch" happened this way: One moonlight night Joe, clad in white night garment, went from his room to the forward end. The sailor on watch started at the sight of a white figure walking calmly up the deck. The bright moonlight added a weirdness to the scene. The sailor stood for a minute transfixed with fear. Then, as the white figure drew nearer, he dodged down behind a capstan. When unperceived by the white figure he ran aft to tell the mate. When Joe started back to his room two sailors were watching his movements. Behind a corner of the fo'castle two white scared faces appeared. A spirit of fun seized Joe. He extended his hands upward and brought them down again, pointing to the sailors in an accusing gesture. They slunk back. Joe then ran to his bunk. Next morning there was a peculiar air about the sailors' movements. Soon the captain heard of the occurrence of the past night. "Say, Joe, my men are ready for anything desperate this morning. They say they saw a ghost last night. Did you go out in a night shirt." Upon Joe's reply in the affirmative, the captain continued, "Well, besides coming on my boat and getting sick and breaking all my dishes, you are going to scare my men so they won't work. I'll tell the mate

to throw you overboard if you come out of your hole that way again."

The "Andrew Welch" had now been out two weeks and she was only 300 miles from Honolulu. Land would be reached in three more days at most. How eagerly Joe watched for the first sight of land, the first indication pointing to his sojourn on the "Andrew Welch." At last it showed up in the horizon, the summit of Mauna Loa on the island of Molokai. Only a dim line of blue, but land, precious, welcomed land. The next day at nine the bark hove to in the harbor of Honolulu. Joe with great joy packed his knapsack and descended the gangplank. When he stepped on terra firma again a great exhilaration surged within him. A feeling which resembled very much that of the negroes when the great Abraham Lincoln said to them, "You are slaves no more; liberty is yours." No one can enjoy being free until he has been a slave. Joe had virtually been a slave; now he was free. Patrick Henry, venerable man, you were right. Liberty or death.

"Andrew Welch" incident closed the next day, when he called at the United States Shipping Commissioner's office and signed a receipt for his wages. These, however, were better consigned to profit and loss, for when the charges for broken dishes had been deducted, not enough to buy a Honolulu dinner remained. The balance returned to Joe made him smile. They took him back to the U. N. Perhaps he was lucky to have any balance, for in the chemical laboratory he had established a record by the rapid manner in which he parted with his breakage fee. Joe met the captain at the commissioner's office and the latter, first to Joe's surprise and then to his great pleasure, asked him to return on the "Andrew Welch." It was surprise that this man, who talked to him (Joe) like he was the meanest, oneriest, most ignorant man living, actually wanted him to return. It was pleasure, that he had made a success in a new and the most difficult work he had ever attempted. It was great pleasure that he could politely say, "Excuse me, captain, but a dog were better suited for that job."

Joe was forced now to prepare a composition something after the following style:

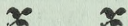
The fare from Honolulu to San Francisco is \$75. I long again to see my own United States. I love every inch of her prairie land, etc., etc. University of Nevada opens September 1st.

It was sent to the critic, and while he was awaiting the criticism, he had many and varied experiences in the land of the Kanaka. Some of these were so very pleasant he mentally resolved they made up for the rigors of the down trip. Space prohibits a detailed account. However, his impressions of Hawaii are as follows: A land of beautiful scenery, high mountains, grand and imposing old craters and rolling serf. A land of luxuriant vegetation, abundant tropical fruits, bananas, papia, pine apple and aligator pears. A land of few clothes, wooded shoes and perspiration. A land where get-rich-quick methods of doing business predominate, where ordinary meals cost 75 cents, and where everything, in fact, is more expensive than in San Francisco. A land of courteous, principally dark skinned, people, rich in legend ary yore. A land good to visit, but not to dwell therein.

I will, as the old sailors express it, strike a calm, by relating that Joe re-

ceived a favorable criticism and a few days later, saying, "Aloha oi Kanaka," he embarked for the United States, sailing by the fastest of the Pacific liners.

BY JOE.



THE THING NECESSARY

THERE is no use talking, Jack, I don't know the state of my feelings toward you."

"Well, but, Amy, you have had time enough to know them."

"I know, but one is never sure of one's feelings unless something out of the ordinary should happen."

"Do you suppose it would help you any if I should commit suicide?"

"Oh, quit your joshing; I'm serious now."

"Well, I was talking with a lady the other day that owned a dog. He was not a well bred dog, but just a common cur. She didn't seem to think a great deal of him until one day he was kicked by a horse. The sight of him in distress taught her that she really did like him a great deal and she would be greatly pained if he should die."

"That is as much as to say that in order to gain your regard I must get kicked by the first horse that passes by."

"If you placed yourself in the way of a kick, instead of gaining my regard you would set yourself down in my opinion as a fool."

The speakers were Jack Richards and Amy Livingston. They were seated in a shady corner of the piazza which adorned the country home where Amy usually spent her summers. Jack had come down from the city the day before and, in order to celebrate the occasion of his first visit, had proposed for the fifth time. As a result, the above conversation ensued. Amy's final remark had been such a squelcher that the rather dejected looking hero remained silent for several moments. Finally, however, with an odd twinkle in his eye, he spoke up.

"Well, Amy, it is plain to me that we can't be any more than friends; let us be good friends, at least."

"All right, but for goodness sake, Jack, don't pester me with proposals all summer."

"Don't worry, I wont. By the way, Amy, are there any watermelon patches around these parts?"

"Sure. Nearly all the farmers have patches of them. Why?"

"That's a funny question. Didn't you ever go on a watermelon raid?"

"Of course I have, but not here."

"That's what I propose we do to afford a little amusement and excitement."

"It's not much amusement to get shot at."

That's the exciting part of it. Come now, Amy, don't spoil it all by refusing to go, because George Wallace and I have got things all arranged. He asked Lucy Wilson and I was to ask you."

"Well, I'll go if it isn't too far."

"We are only going out about a mile and have rented a two-horse rig

from one of the farmers."

"When are you going?"

"To-morrow night; so be ready at nine, sharp."

With these parting words, Jack crossed the intervening space of lawn, leaped the low front fence, and soon disappeared beyond a curve in the lane. However, beyond the curve he met a farmer boy on his way to town. Recognizing him as a son of one of the well known farmers of the community, he hailed him as follows:

"Say, Hiram, has your father any watermelons this year?"

"Has he any watermelons?" answered Hiram, apparently surprised at such a display of ignorance. "Well, you'd orter see 'em; better'n them he won the prize with at the Green Country Fair last year."

"I am glad to hear it. But isn't he afraid of having them stolen?"

"Not much. Just as soon as they are ripe paw has me sleep out in the patch nights with Tige and the old musket."

"That's a very good plan, Hiram, and shows good judgment on the part of your sire."

The remainder of the conversation was never recorded, but a close observer would have remarked at the expressive grin on Hiram's face as he pocketed the crisp five dollar bill Jack gave him on parting.

The next evening he took up his watch in the patch with rather a peculiar air of expectancy, which changed to a happy grin when he heard the sound of an approaching vehicle. The occupants of said vehicle were found to be two young men and two young women. They drove into a neighboring thicket, where the two young men alighted and stole forward with great caution toward the melon patch.

But what of the two young ladies left in the wagon? Were they frightened? Not exactly; but still they felt a trifle uneasy. And no wonder, inasmuch as their escorts had repeatedly informed them that great danger attended the raiding of this particular patch. Hardly could the daring marauders have gained the patch, when boom! a sound as though preceding from a small cannon roared its mighty intonation. This was followed by such a scattering and scramble as might be heard at a great cattle stampede. Boom! Again that awful roar broke the stillness of the silent night. This time it was followed by a most awful groan. The girls could stand it no longer. They leaped from the wagon and ran toward the two manly forms now looming upon the horizon. Lo! On nearer approach they perceived that one of the returning heroes was in dire distress. With every step he gave vent to a subdued moan and was only able to walk with the assistance of his companion's supporting arm.

"Jack, are you killed?" came in tearful tones.

"Have courage, Amy, was the reply in the deep voice of George Wallace. "It may not be as bad as it seems. But Jack wants to speak to you a moment alone."

At this he drew off to one side, leaving Jack supporting himself against the fence. Amy approached and, throwing her arms around his neck, listened to the following:

"Amy, dear, I may be fatally wounded, but I couldn't die happy knowing

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that you didn't love me and that you were not my promised wife. Oh, please, darling, won't you marry me?"

"Of course, I will, Jack. I knew I loved you all the time, but I just wanted to be mean."

At these words the sorrowfully wounded hero began dancing a hornpipe, much to the amazement of the feminine portion of the audience.

Back in the watermelon patch Hiram silently contemplates the damage those two charges from paw's musket did to the planet Mars.

x x

AVOIDING THE QUESTION

AHAPPY family were seated by the fireside in a cozy little home. The father, resting after his day's toil, was perusing the contents of the daily paper, while the mother sat near with her needlework in hand. Suddenly their bright-eyed little daughter looked up from her work and said in troubled tones: "Say, papa, we're in fractions now and somehow or other I can't understand them. Will you please help me?"

"Certainly, certainly, my child. What is the trouble," answered her father.

"I have solved this thing over and over and cannot get the answer. Here is the example: If a man walks 1975 3-4 miles in 22 2-3 days, how many miles will he walk in one day?"

"That is very simple, my pet. Say, Jane, doesn't that remind you of olden times? It calls back to mind the old log school in the forest, and—"

"But, papa," interrupted the child, what's the answer? I'm in a hurry."

"Yes, yes! Well, let me see. Have I the example now? If a man walks 1975 3-4 miles in 22 2-3 days, how far will he walk in one day? And, Jane, do you remember that red-haired boy, who sat directly back of you, and was ever vexing you by tying your hair to his ink well?"

"But, papa, what's the answer?"

The father sat for a moment scratching his head as though studying out a very perplexing problem.

Finally, his wife, realizing his situation, said in the way of suggestion: "Why, you find the greatest common divisor, do you not? And—"

"Well, that reminds me of an incident. One day a stranger visited our school, and on the blackboard were the very same words, 'find the greatest common divisor,' and he said I didn't know he was lost. Strange how—"

"But, papa, what's the answer?"

"Oh, yes! Why, just divide 1975 3-4 miles by 22 2-3 days and you will have it. Dividend! Where did I hear that word? That makes me wish I were a schoolboy again, playing marbles and truant."

"What is the answer, papa?"

"The result is the answer," replied the father, kindly.

"But what is the result?" said the little girl. "I cannot get the answer."

"Well, John, haven't you solved that example yet for that child? Do hurry up. What are you thinking about?"

"I was just thinking, Jane, that such a thing was impossible. A man

would be a fool to attempt a thing that was impossible. A man would be a fool to attempt to walk that distance in 22 2-3 days."

"However, papa, I want an answer. What is it?"

"It has no answer. You just tell your teacher that such a feat is beyond reason; the very idea of a man undertaking such a journey. The truth is, Jane," he added, turning confidently to his wife, "I never did know anything about fractions."



Annual Meeting of Nevada State University Academy of Sciences

THE first annual meeting of the Nevada Academy of Sciences held in Morrill Hall at the University last commencement was of such a nature as to greatly encourage the men and women who have been instrumental in its establishment. The interest shown in the work of the academy by those present seems prophetic of the important part which this new society is to play in the upbuilding of the broader interests of the State.

President George J. Young, in an address, spoke of the organization of the academy and scope of its work. Dr. P. B. Kennedy, as chairman of the science section, reported that work had been begun by that section along the line of forestry investigation in Western Nevada. Plans have been made for the observation and study of the amount of rain and snowfall upon certain forested areas in the Truckee watershed with exact measurements of the runoff. These areas are quite certain to be deforested during the next decade and it is hoped, by making the observations planned, to determine something concerning the relation of forests to the amount and distribution of water supply.

Dr. J. E. Church, as chairman of the social science section reported that, as a result of the work of that section, the folklore of society was about to be established and that the Nevada Historical Society was already an assured fact. The event of the session was the annual address by State Engineer A. E. Chandler of Carson on the subject, "Some Irrigation Problems in Nevada." In this address Mr. Chandler reviewed briefly the history of irrigation law in the arid West, emphasizing the fundamental principles upon which such law is based; the continuous beneficial use of water determines the measure and limits the right of the land to water; water rights are vested in the land and not in the individual owning the land.

Before entering upon the work of reclamation of the arid lands of Nevada the representatives of the Federal Government made it clear to the people of the State that conflicting claims and the right to the use of waters of the streams for irrigation must first be settled. To facilitate the settle-

ment of such claims the irrigation law passed by our State Legislature was enacted. This act provided for co-operation of the State of Nevada with the Secretary of the Interior in the construction and administration of irrigation works for the reclamation of arid lands in the State of Nevada, for the measurement, appropriation and distribution of water rights, preserving and certifying records thereof, and creating offices for the enforcement of the same. The work of the newly-created office of State Engineer was explained by Mr. Chandler with the plans of the office for securing evidence concerning the adjudication of water rights.

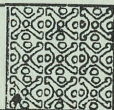
The exposition of the working of the new law was very clear and should do much toward disarming the prejudice against the law which exists in some parts of the State. Besides being published in full in the leading papers of the State, this annual address will be printed by the academy and distributed throughout the State. Senator Newlands, General Kelley, R. L. Fulton, Major Long and Hon. W. W. Booher were among those present who participated in the discussion following the address.

Following the meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Professor Elizabeth Wier, chairman of the committee on organization of the Nevada Historical Society, gave a very interesting and encouraging report of the work of that committee. Over sixty members had already pledged themselves to membership in the provisional organization.

The real history of Nevada has never been written and the material for many of its pages exists only in the memories of our pioneers. Those pioneers we cannot always have with us and it is important that this material be put in such form that it may be preserved. Many an old newspaper, many a diary, many a relic of untold value has been destroyed because its value was not known. To preserve such things will be the first aim of the society; other lines of work are waiting to be done. It is planned that the organization of the society shall be along democratic lines; that the business, including the election of officers, shall be done by correspondence. At Tuesdays's meeting nominations of officers were made that will be submitted to the members for their vote by mail.



CAMPUS NOTES



THERE has been considerable studying and thinking—mostly both—over this, or these, or or those Campus Notes. Midnight oil burning has been but an incident in the mad whirl attendant upon the strenuous life necessary to produce the same. Should the reader doubt this statement let he, she, or it, try the same, fighting tuneless mosquitoes, late-at-night flies that hang on until one wonders the Creator ever called for a patent on the same, and last, but not least, the two-legged vampires who perch on the end of one's writing desk, swinging legs, arms, body, and sometimes musty-colored breath, too much in evidence to suit the writer. Campus

notes, at the most, are no better than roasts—the better done, the more appreciated—unless, perhaps, one prefers them rare, and here goes.

William Hunter, well known to every old student of the University, is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. He was taken ill in Reno several weeks ago, and, at his request, was removed to Sacramento, where, in his judgment, better care could be received. "Snow Plow," as he has always been known by his many college friends, is in a critical condition. The latest reports are that he is sinking rapidly and cannot recover. His mother is constantly at his bedside, praying that the Supreme Ruler may spare her son. William Hunter needs no introduction to the readers of the Record. His name is fresh in the minds of the college supporters as a faithful worker for all that stood for right and honesty in the University. Mr. Hunter's many friends hope to hear that the blessings of health will again soon be his.

The Y. W. C. A. entertained the new students with a lawn social on the evening of September 10th on the University campus. It was an informal affair, and took place in front of Stewart Hall under the large maple trees. Chinese lanterns furnished the illuminations for the evening's enjoyment, and the lawn was very tastefully decorated. At a late hour the college men and women, after partaking of refreshments, repaired to their homes, with many kind wishes for the Young Women's Christian Association.

This was the first lawn social that has ever taken place at the University of Nevada and was in every respect a success and speaks volumes of praise for the young ladies as entertainers.

Wonder why it is an average up-to-date student, with mind intent on baseball, football, or, perhaps, his studies, will forsake the whole proposition when requested to by a co-ed to listen to the sorrow of her song, Claud Smith, beware!

Wonder why it is when a new uniform struts across the campus it is so painfully evident to the wearer that he imagines he's the cynosure of all eyes? Perhaps it's because the duds have been shingled in the wet weather and the sun shone too warmly all of a sudden.


Many of the recruits show remarkable aptitude for drill. In the majority of cases they are progressing rapidly in the work, and before long will be in fit shape for company drill. Those who are slow to learn, will remain in the awkward squad for some time, while the apt ones will soon be promoted.

Miss Gertrude Sheeche, a former Normal graduate, was a visitor on the campus in the 8th instant. She is one of the most popular teachers in the Virginia City High School, and her many friends were pleased to see her kind face once more.


"Hans Christain" Anderson visited his Alma Mater, on the 10th of September. Mr. Anderson is principal of the Silver City High School.

The T. H. P. O. fraternity held their first meeting of the year on September 8th. Much business for the good of the order was transacted.

John McElroy, '02, was a visitor on the campus on the 10th instant.



ATHLETICS



A NEW ASPIRANT

LOOK here, Jim," said Bob Oldboy to Jim Newman, a Freshie of one of the small Western Universities, "the new coach has arrived and he wants every man that is capable of playing, or even attempting to play, football to get into a suit and learn something about the game. He collar buttoned all of us old players and told us to see that we get all the new fellows out, and that will explain my reasons for thus opening up to an underclassman like you, and I want you to pay close attention to all I have to say."

"But, look here, Bob," put in Jim, interrupting this long address of Bob's, "you have known me for years and know that I have never seen a football game, and also know that I only weigh 145 pounds, but since you have been kind enough to take me as a roommate I'll go out and do the best I can."

"That's the kind of talk that is good to listen to, my boy," interrupts Bob. "Would there were forty more like you, then we would be sure of beating the Samford and Calimaks. You know, my boy, that it is not the Varsity team that wins the games, it's the boys like you who have the grit and college spirit to get out and take bruises that the first eleven may have the practice to prepare them to meet the other Varsity teams, and here's my hand on it," finished Bob, grasping the astonished Freshman's hand.

"Now, my son," says Bob, glancing at his watch, "I must dig out for drafting or Professor Blissing will jump a straddle of my neck, so I will expect to see you in the dressing rooms when I reach them at 4 o'clock."

This lecture was something entirely new to Jim Newman, who had only entered the Freshman class of '08 and had only hazy visions of what a football game looked like, and he felt kind of shaky way down in his boots, but he had heard of how other fellows, who were not any heavier than himself, had made big reputations as football players, and, as he had that kind of grit that succeeds, he determined to do his best, and if he could make the second eleven he would help insure the success of the heroic first team and thus receive part of their glory, even though it was reflected. So that afternoon he timidly entered the dressing rooms and inquired for Bob Oldboy. Being told that Bob was in the other room, he immediately started for the same, being seen by Bob as he reached the doorway.

"Come in, Jim, and see if you can pick a suit and shoes from that pile in the corner," was Bob's greeting, "and as soon as I finish lacing my shoes I'll help you to adjust your harness."

Jim was like "Alice in Wonderland" there among the crowd of big first and second eleven men, but Bob soon fixed him out and they started for the field, where several of the boys were punting the balls around.

"Hello, Bob," greeted Long, the coach, "glad to see you've brought me

a new man. Has he ever played the game?"

"No, not to my knowledge," answered Bob, "but he is anxious to learn, and I know that is the kind of fellows you like."

"You can bet on that," answered the coach, giving Jim's hand an awful squeeze, "and we'll make a football player of you, Mr. Newman, and don't you forget it for one single minute. All I ask is that you keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut, but if you don't fully understand anything don't fail to ask."

After delivering this little speech, the coach called the players to line up and put Jim in Bob's care, to be instructed in playing the quarter-backs' position.

Jim was an apt pupil, and in a week's time was handling the ball like a veteran, and was put to playing quarter-back on the third team, which he soon learned to handle in first rate style.

After Jim had been out for three weeks, and about a week and a half before the first game of the season, the quarter-back of the second eleven turned his ankle and Jim was put on in his place. Jim had now reached the height of his glory and nothing tickled him more than when Bob, who was quarter-back of the first eleven, would call out, "Fine tackle, Jim, that's the way to stop Bill when he tries to hurdle."

Jim was now the regular quarter-back of the second eleven as Downup, who had been playing and had turned his ankle, was out of the game for the rest of the season.

When it came to picking the men who were to go and play against Samford, Jim almost had hysterics when he saw his name posted as sub quarter, and Bob silently grasped his hand and gave it a good squeeze.

Then came the big game and Jim felt a little queer as he marched out on the gridiron of this large university and heard the Samford rooters singing their football song, but the whistle blew and the game was on almost before he knew it.

Samford kicked off, and everybody arose as Bob Oldboy caught the ball and darted back through the reaching, grasping hands of the Samford players, but Bob nearly reached the center of the field before he was stopped. Then the Nelida team bucked and ran Samford's line in a bewildering manner and reached Samford's five-yard line in about ten minutes' of play, but Samford held and Nelida tried a field goal, and Bob placed the ball fair and square between the posts.

A groan arose from the Samford rooters as they saw that their team was surely to meet defeat unless some accident happened, but at the close of the first half Samford had no score and Nelida had eleven points.

Nelida kicked off in the second half and Bob tackled the Samford player hard, both coming to the ground with a crash. When the Samford man got up Bob lay there like a dead man and Jim ran out with the coach to see what was the matter, but Bob was unconscious and had to be carried off the field, the coach telling Jim to take Bob's place.

Jim was standing on air when the teams again lined up and failed to get under a mass play on tackle, Samford gaining ten yards. As soon as the Samford rooters saw this they began to cheer their team on, seeing that Jim had miserably failed, but Jim was awake now and when they tried the same

play over his little 145 pounds was in the way and he tripped them up with but a half yard gain, and thus the two teams played until the last few minutes; first one team gaining and then the other team getting the ball and carrying it thirty of forty yards, only to lose it again.

Shortly before the end of the game Nelida had the ball on their own thirty-five yard line, and Jim played the new quarter-back fake, making believe to pass the ball to a half-back for a buck over tackle, while he hid it himself, and when the players were massing up, darting out around the crowd and starting for Samford's goal line, with only one man in the way to stop him. While Jim was small, still he was a very fleet runner, and soon he neared the Samford full-back, who stood calmly waiting for him, but just as the Samford man was about to dive at Jim he swerved quickly to one side and the Samford full-back only tackled the football field, and Jim crossed the Samford goal line for the last touchdown of the game, which, after kicking the goal, made the score 16 to 0 in favor of Nelida.

Shortly afterward time was called, and Jim was congratulated by the coach on his heady playing and big Jones let him wear his sweater off the field.

Thus Jim Newman had again proven that, although he was not as big as many other players, that he had just as much grit and spirit to take any little bruises and bumps that came his way in practice and thus pave his way to success by helping to defeat Samford and winning his big N. FRIZ.



HERE we are now at the football season of 1904. What does it mean to the University of Nevada? What kind of a team are we going to have? and what games are scheduled up to date? These questions must all be answered individually. In the first place it is the hope of all the students, never forgetting the Faculty also, that this season of 1904 will be the best the University of Nevada has ever had, and to make our success assured every student, male and female, must do their own little bit of work. Every student of this institution who is able to put on a suit and get out on the field wants to come around, and the manager, captain, coach, or any of the old men, will see that a newcomer is given a suit and has a chance to get in and learn how to play football. Don't think that because you are not as heavy as some other fellows who are out and doing their best that you don't stand a show, as this is a wrong idea to labor under. Some of the best football players ever seen in the United States were little men. Let me cite the Poe family of Princeton fame; Johnson, the Carlisle quarter-back, who made the All-American team last year; Mini of the University of California, and many others too numerous to mention. So don't think that because you don't tip the scales over 150 pounds that you have not as good a show as a lot of other fellows who can lay claim to 165 pounds or more of flesh and bone, but get out with the idea that while you may not be as heavy as the other fellow you will prove you are just as good a man as he is, and, if training and faithful attention to our coach stand for anything, you will prove that you are a little better, and beat him out for a position on the

Varsity eleven. It means hard, faithful work, but as President Roosevelt said, "We don't care for success that comes easily, but for that success for which we had to give almost our life's blood." This is an undeniable truth, and now is your opportunity to obtain this success in making the Varsity team and helping to beat the big Universities, Berkeley and Stanford, and, in case of defeat, to take it like gentlemen and sportsmen. Our football team has a reputation for gentlemanly and sportsmanlike conduct that must be lived up to, so that every team the University of Nevada eleven meets on the gridiron will say: "I would rather be defeated by the University of Nevada than any other team on this coast, because whether in victory or defeat they are gentlemen and sportsmen, first, last and all the time." Thus the teams of preceding years have given our University a name and reputation, and every student should make it his or her duty to see that our good name is not marred in the least by treating all visiting teams as though they were your own individual guests. It will then be said hereafter, as before, by our visiting teams, "We hope to go to Reno and meet the Nevada team next year."

This is just a part of what the football season means to our University by upholding Nevada's name for gentlemanly and sportsmanlike conduct on the gridiron, and a reputation for hospitality that no University on the Pacific Coast can excel. Now comes the question, "What kind of a team are we going to have?" This all depends upon the student body. Every student has his or her little part to do in making a successful football team. Those who can play or can put on a suit must get out on the field, while the young ladies of our institution must be on the sidelines and encourage the boys along, as, from experience, I have noticed that the men always play better and harder when the fair sex are out watching them. Then we must not forget our rooster club. "Dick" Taylor, our yell leader, will be out on the field and, with the assistance of the old students, will teach the new students the yells, and all of you want to yell like Jimmy Giles did; yell till you can't yell any longer and have to whisper for a day or so. This constitutes one of the important factors of the football field, as it shows the team that the student body are in back of them.

As to the personnel of the team, it is too early to say much at the present time, but from the turnout on the first night of practice, we may infer that our team will be as good, if not better, than the teams of preceding years, but to make this a certainty, turn out and give your help, if only by being present and watching the boys practice.

Our coach, Mr. Bruce Shorts, one of Michigan's famous '01 team, is a man who will surely whip the crowd of aspirants into two or three good elevens, for he knows the game of football from A to Z, as will be proven ere another month has passed. Of the old players, Captain Abe Steckle, Chester Hart, Harry Standerwick, Harry Chism, Fred Freeman, "Dad" Skinner, Hamlin, McLeod, Boyle, Stewart, "Farmer" Jones, "Shorty" George, Paul Arnot and Frisell were on the field, while many new students came out, some of whom will make the old men hustle for their positions. This was very promising for the first night, and if the student body will do as much as the boys on the field then our success is assured.

The schedule of games arranged by Manager Hallie Bulmer is not quite

complete, but we are certain of games on our campus with the Alumni, Fort Baker, Reliance and Utah Agricultural College, while we play Stanford at Palo Alto on the 22d of October and Berkeley at Berkeley on the 5th of November. There are negotiations for a game in Los Angeles on Thanksgiving day, and we are pretty sure of getting this trip, which gives a position on the Varsity eleven a value far above par. It is nearly an assured fact that the second eleven will have a trip this season, as Manager Bulmer has had some correspondence concerning games for the second team.

Feeling that I have answered the introductory questions to the best of my abilities, I sincerely hope that you will take this article in the spirit in which it was written and do your little part in making a successful football team this season.

Official Field and Track Records of the University of Nevada Track Events

100 yard dash. Time, 10 1-5 seconds. Record held by E. Caine, '96. Tied by Paul Moorman and Frank Frisell, '06.

Broad jump. Distance, 21 feet 9 inches. Record held by Frank Frisell, '06.

High jump. Height, 5 feet 8 inches. Record held by D. Ward, '00. Equalled by Frank Smith and Frank Frisell, '06.

220 yard dash. Time, 23 1-5 seconds. Record held by Paul Moorman.

440 yard dash. Time, 53 seconds. Record held by Paul Moorman.

880 yard run. Time, 2 minutes and 8 seconds. Record held by Seymour Case, '02.

Mile run. Time, 4 minutes and 45 seconds. Record held by Scott Jamenson, '01.

120 yard hurdles. Time, 16 1-5. Record held by F. Frisell, '06.

220 yard hurdles. Time, 26 1-5 seconds. Record held by Frank Frisell, '06.

16 pound hammer throw. Distance, 144 feet 10 inches. Record held by C. C. Smith, '05.

Pole vault. Height, 11 feet 1 inch. Record held by James Hart, '07.

Discus throw. Distance, 126 feet 8 inches. Record held by I. X. Steckle

16 pound shot put. Distance, 41 feet. Record held by C. C. Smith, '05.


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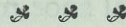


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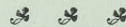


Who could have surmised it? With
 beauty galore
 And rosy-lipped cheeks so seduc-
 tive to man,
 Here's a nation of girls that call
 kissing a bore,
 In the perfume-kissed land of the
 sunrise—Japan.
 Where Hebes and Clytias and Psy-
 ches abound,
 With charms that no other known
 race can eclipse,
 The girl you can kiss is nowhere to
 be found,
 And to pitiful waste go their
 cherry-hued lips.
 Perhaps they can flirt with a fan,
 and can wink,
 And with gesture and smile hint
 of consummate bliss;
 Yet in spite of all this one is driven
 to think
 They lose a rare climax in ban-
 ning the kiss.
 No doubt there is love where the
 lips do not meet,
 And devotion without any solac-
 ing rite—
 But why should they shun a per-
 formance so sweet
 When no one is near them with
 power to affright?
 Why mock us with beauty that beck-
 ons a ban?
 Why lure us with glances that win

but to grieve?
 O desolate, doleful, dear girl of
 Japan,
 That you like this denial what
 heart can believe?
 However, if this, too, is true that I'm
 told—
 That instruction in kissing you
 sometimes allow—



The clock struck nine, I looked at
 Kate,
 Whose lips were luscious red;
 "At quarter after nine I mean
 To steal a kiss," I said.
 She cast a roguish look at me,
 And then she whispered low,
 With just the sweetest smile:
 "That clock is fifteen minutes
 slow."—Res Academicae.



"Cupids' Wiles"
 They met by chance,
 They'd never met before;
 They only met that once
 And she was smitten sore.
 They neer met again,
 Don't want to, I avow;
 They only met that once—
 —Wabash.

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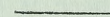


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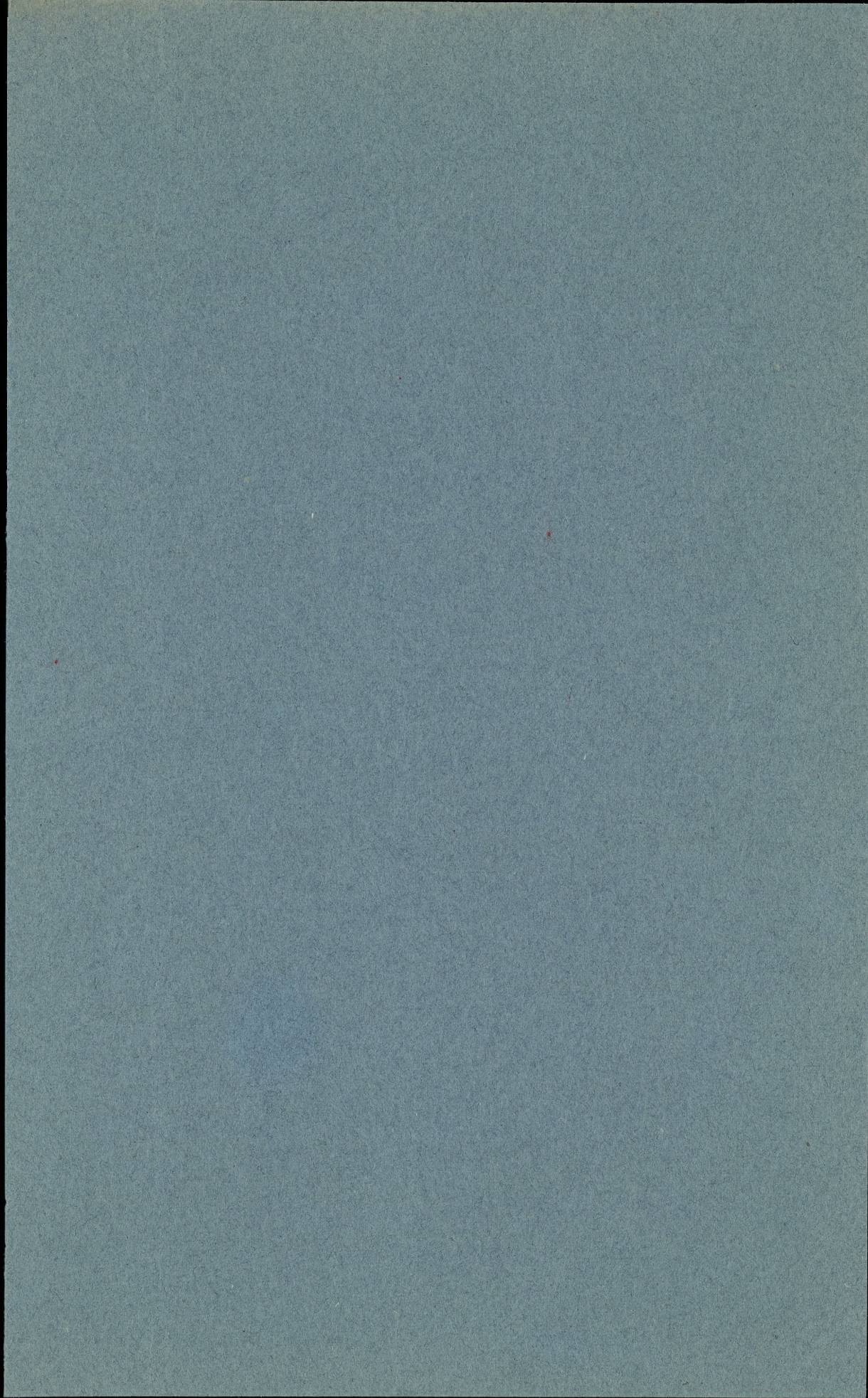
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