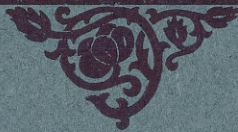


STUDENT RECORD



NEVADA STATE
UNIVERSITY



VOLUME XI

NUMBER 3

THE STUDENT RECORD.

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THE STUDENT RECORD

OCTOBER 1, 1904

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EDITORIAL



THE RECORD STAFF

It will be noticed in this edition that several changes have been made in the Record staff. It was the intention to have these changes brought about in the last issue, but through some mistake it was omitted. Some of the names were placed upon the list without the sanction of the individuals, and, in one or two cases, have been so engrossed with student affairs as to be unable to assist. The intention of the editor is to remove those who make absolutely no attempt to support the paper and install new scribes.

It requires considerable effort to edit a publication however small, and unless the scribes work hard the main part of the burden falls upon the editor. Those who have been removed seemed imbued with the idea that the paper would get along some way, even if they cut the work to attend something more pleasant. The paper did get along, but some one else had to do the work. The drones have been removed, and the present busy bees on the

THE STUDENT RECORD

staff feel much relieved. We welcome the new members, and trust they will do their share of the work.

x x

FOOTBALL

It can be safely said that the athletic team of the University of Nevada are the most widely traveled of any on the coast. We have sent representative football elevens to Salt Lake City, Stanford, University of California, Portland, Oregon, Seattle, Washington, Corvallis, Oregon, and many other smaller places throughout California. Our track teams have traveled over almost the same course, and our basketball teams have frequently visited Berkeley and Stanford. These trips in all the different branches of athletics are annual, and the Record openly claims the title of champion of the coast, so far as widely separated contests occur. This year the football squad will visit California and play games with both Stanford and University of California, and on Thanksgiving Day will meet Pomona College at Los Angeles.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Manager H. Bulmer, for he has worked hard, as the fine schedule of games indicates. Several big games will be played in Reno before the trips to the coast.

It is predicted that in the near future Will Lawrence and Menke, the guards of last year's team, will return. Every student in the University who is physically able, and is not hampered for time out of class, should give the football players their support. We have a fine schedule of games, and it is our duty to see that a strong and capable eleven represents us in each contest.

x x

AN EXPLANATION

The editor of the Record desires to offer a word of explanation and an apology to the readers for the late appearance of the last edition. The delay was caused by the publishers not being able on short notice to secure a proper chase in which to set up the type. The much-needed article was ordered in time, but was sidetracked somewhere between here and Sacramento, and it was only after considerable effort on the part of the printers it was found and arrived here a week late. In the future the readers have assurance that it will be out promptly on the day.



SHOW YOUR SPIRIT

ATENTION is called to an article in another part of this issue in which our correspondent on athletics states the condition under which the football squad is laboring this season. Such a deplorable state of affairs is something which we should look upon with abhorrence.

When we have men in college who are fully capable of playing, and who are too selfish of their own interests or too cowardly to get out and help along those who are trying to bring fame to our college and our State, it is time we should make them forget their childish ways and remember that they are college men who are to look after the interests of their college.

We have a good coach and captain who are trying hard to turn out a team that will be a credit to our college and ourselves. And there is no excuse whatever for those who are not physically unqualified not turning out to help. Manager Bulmer has an excellent schedule of games this year, and why should we not win every one of those games? There are plenty of vacancies to be filled in the team. You may be one of those who will fill them if you try..

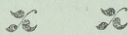
But we will not stop at those who are able to play and do not. Let us look at those who are not able, but who show too little interest in their team to get out and give them an encouraging cheer occasionally. There may be some who are not qualified to stand the roughness and hard knocks of the game, but there are none who are not able to use their voice and lungs in a good cause.

The yell leader has been trying incessantly to form a rooter's club. He has succeeded thus far in arousing enough noise to startle a jack rabbit. Not that we would detract one bit from the admirable interest displayed by him, and by those who have spirit enough to show themselves and their appreciation of our team. All praise be to them. But it is to those who are too dead or disinterested to walk to the field, that this article applies. If the students as a whole do not liven things up, how can we expect to see anything but defeat. Whenever the team has gained a victory each student has shared that victory, and was always ready to say "We have won." Then if We win, why should We not help to win? This stagnancy of college spirit must be cleared, and it's up to us all to do it.



TO OUR ALUMNI AND FRIENDS

We are sending a copy of this issue of the Student Record to all of our Alumni and friends whose addresses we can obtain. If you are not already a subscriber, we would very much like to have you send one dollar to the business manager with your address. If you can give us the addresses of any possible subscriber we will be very glad to get them. We want to make this a banner year for the Record, and can only do it with your co-operation. So help us out and keep up with the doings at your Alma Mater.



A SPECIAL GENERAL ASSEMBLY

On September 26th a special General Assembly was addressed by the Hon. William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska. While the assemblage of students and Faculty did not take place until 11 o'clock, it gave the townspeople an opportunity to arrive and when the distinguished orator entered the gymnasium there was hardly standing room. Mr. Bryan was accompanied by the President of the University, Joseph Edward Stubbs, United States Senator Francis G. Newlands and Governor John Sparks, all of whom occupied seats of honor during the exercises.

The defeated Presidential candidate was, in a few well chosen words, introduced by Dr. Stubbs and his hearers received him with cheers and applause. His speech was a masterly effort, and will long be remembered by Nevada people. Mr. Bryan said he never missed an opportunity to speak to students, and again, to use his words, "I want to give you something to take away with you," and this he certainly did, for every man, woman and child who were fortunate enough to be present said it was the most elevating and inspiring address they ever had the pleasure to listen to. He pointed out the ideal of life and illustrated how it always rests above and beyond, and, while we may approach we never reach it. To use his words, "Life is a continual unfolding—a progress toward a better end. We are here to serve, to accomplish good, and when we depart this life we should leave something behind that will benefit mankind." One of the most beautiful pictures ever presented to the mind's eye was brought out by Mr. Bryan when he compared the lives of some people to stagnant pools, and that of others to beautiful springs, pouring out blessings upon all. The picture needs no further description. Much more could be said concerning the richness of the remarks of the great and good man, but lack of space prevents it.

The Record takes this occasion to thank William Jennings Bryan for his kindness in so willingly unfolding to us the rich gems of knowledge that lie within his magnificent frame. The University of Nevada will to William Jennings Bryan always be a fountain of friendship, and out of which flows our most tender feelings for the great statesman.

**LITERARY DEPARTMENT****DARKNESS AND LIGHT**

RUSSELL, LOWREY, instructor in psychology in an Eastern college, was suffering from two complaints—love and appendicitis, and against both was making a brave fight. For over a year he had suffered with the latter. Driven to despair by the frequent occurrences of the disease he gradually settled down into an almost suicidal melancholia. With his mind in such a state he began the study of theosophy, and it was not long until he began to believe in things that he had once said no sane mind could countenance. Slowly, slowly, this strange belief became rooted in his brain, until he firmly believed that he had lived another life—he knew not when. But with all this depression of mind, one name seemed to be burned across his brain—the name of the girl he loved—Evon Ardelle. And yet he had never spoken of love to her—he dared not—something held him back, a strange, mysterious something that he could not explain. But whenever he thought of betraying his feelings to Evon an indescribable feeling of being held back by a woman seemed to seize him. Who or what she was he knew not, for no woman save Evon had ever entered his life. Thus matters stood when one morning he awoke writhing under the pain of his old complaint. His roommate, Clinton Arnold, realized his condition and at once telephoned for a doctor. Upon his arrival, he carefully examined him and then shaking his head said, "You must be removed to the hospital at once." A carriage was ordered and within twenty minutes he was lying on a table in one of the large rooms of the hospital with two doctors bending over him.

"What is your verdict, doctor?" he said at last.

"Two alternatives," was the answer. "An operation within twenty-four hours or—death."

"A hard sentence," he said. "Will you send for Clinton Arnold?"

"Well, old boy, you've decided to change quarters, have you? How do you feel now? Better, I hope, Clinton smilingly inquired."

"Clinton, I guess my day has come, but all is for the best. Just sit down. I've got some writing for you to do. Get a piece of that paper over there on the stand."

"All right, Russel, what is it?"

"My will."

"No, never. Don't ask me to write that, because you're not going to die. You are more scared than hurt. Cheer up; I can't write your will, Rus-

sel."

"Yes you can. Won't you do this much for me?"

"Well, go ahead, then."

"There are only two whom I care anything for—you and Evon. You do not need money, so here is my fraternity ring, the dearest thing to me that I possess, and the money goes to her."

"Why did you will this to the girl?" Clinton asked.

"Because I love her."

"Then why is she not here to-night?"

"Because I have never told her of my love. I cannot. There's another; I am not free."

"You are not free?" Clinton echoed in amazement.

"Yes, but not as you think. Don't ask me to explain; you can't understand. The fact is, I don't understand very well myself."

At that moment a nurse appeared and Clinton rose to go, but Russel put out his hand to detain him, and, slipping the beautiful emblematic ring from his finger, handed it to him.

When he awoke next morning it was with the feeling of relief that the day of execution brings to a condemned man. A few more hours and he would know his fate.

At 10:30 he was to be operated upon. What would it mean—health or death? He cared not; one was as acceptable as the other. Impatiently he waited for the clock to reach the hour. At 10:30 everything was in readiness for the operation. After his removal to the operating room, he curiously watched the physicians as they administered the anaesthetic.

"Now, breathe deep," said the doctor. He inhaled the sickening sweet vapor, there rang in his ears an expression that he had once heard a hypnotist use, "Go deeper and deeper into sleep—deeper, deeper asleep." Over and over it repeated itself, and then a weakness seized him. A strange white mist spread around him and his thoughts ebbed off into a vast emptiness, and all was quiet.

Centuries passed and slowly the mist lifted, and when his eyes grew accustomed to the light he found himself in a temple court. Large marble pillars beautifully embellished, with the stories of the Gods, encircled the temple and supported the roof. Through the court ran a deep and madly rushing river. He went to its bank, his head bowed in thought. A step aroused him and, turning, he beheld the woman who had held him through the ages. She came straight towards him and, holding out her hands, said in a voice that betrayed weariness and despair, "Beloved, we must say a last farewell. We shall never meet in this life again. To-morrow the king will call thee to fight

against the enemies of our country. But thou wilt not return—'tis foretold by the Gods—not for many years—htousands of years—three thousand, they say, and then we will meet again. Then will I find thee. Then will I kiss thee on the brow, as I do now, and I shall say unto thee, "The dawn is breaking. You have returned to me out of darkness into light. And this shall be a sign unto thee that thou shalt know me." Again the mist settled down, the temple, the woman, the river, faded away and all was again quiet.

Late in the afternoon Russel came back to this world and found himself in a hospital bed with a sweet faced nurse by his side. But, with returning consciousness, he also realized the severe pain that was torturing him with every breath. The nurse rose quickly, realizing for the first time that he had regained consciousness. Restlessly he turned on his pillow, and all night he tried to sleep, but tried in vain. When morning came he was tired and restless, but as the day crept slowly by he seemed to revive, and the pain gradually died away. Next day he was able to have a few moments' talk with Clinton.

"Russel, what did I tell you? I said you'd get well, and now the doctor says you are entirely out of danger."

"Yes, I am much better, but then I wish that the doctor had to suffer what I have to even to-day."

"Well, you'll be alright; just keep up courage. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, there is," he seriously replied. "Tell Evon to come to see me tomorrow."

"Oh, you really want her, do you?"

"Yes, I want her. I am not afraid of telling her more than I should, now that I've found the other woman."

"Well, if you've found that precious other woman, I am not going to send Evon here for you to make a fool of her."

"See here, Russel, don't you know me yet? I'll tell you all some day, but not now. Trust me and send her here."

The following day arrived, and at last the door opened noiselessly and before him she stood gazing at him with her soft blue eyes. A mist spread around him, and again he stood in the temple court. He heard the splashing of the waters as they rushed heedlessly on, and before him was the woman he had loved through the ages. She came to his side and unhesitatingly bent down and, kissing him on the brow, said, "Beloved, you have come back to me out of the darkness into light."

The Awakening of Michael Sunlocks

TITH a look of despair upon his face Michael Sunlocks threw himself beneath a shade-giving tree. "What is there in the world for me," he sighed, "everything goes against me." He did not see the sunshine and beauty about him; he neither heard the birds singing gayly or the gently murmuring brook. To him the world outside seemed like his heart within—a picture of gloom. Thus he lay and pondered over his unhappy condition till finally, lulled by the softly rippling water and the gentle summer breeze, he fell asleep.

A dark figure, looking upon him with reproachful glances, stepped before him. "Shame, shame, young man, that you with a happy home and every advantage in life should turn wretchedly aside and exclaim, 'What is there in life for me?' Come with me; I will let you look into other men's lives and will give you the privilege of exchanging with any one you choose." With these words he grasped the hand of Sunlocks and led him down, down the mountain side over a dangerous, rocky pathway. Presently the two reached a huge stone structure which proved to be a prison. Michael looking into the heart of the murderer, who occupied the first cell, saw there the most bitter anguish. Day after day there came to this man a picture of his crime and his wrecked life; there was no hope of release, no hope for an improved condition. With a heart full of pity, Sunlocks turned away and the dark figure led him on. They next came to a great pit where the men, with perspiration flowing from them in streams, were toiling in the hot vapor. Some completely exhausted even had to be carried out by their companions. Thus with only the object before them of earning enough bread to sustain life, without ambition to advance, they spent their time in this unprogressive employment. Michael Sunlocks was astonished and asked his guide to quickly leave.

They passed on and at length came to a cave wherein dwelt a hermit. As much animal like as human, he sat in his dwelling and led his solitary life. There was no friend to cheer him, no companion in whom he could confide. A bitter enmity toward all mankind reigned in his heart because of some early disappointment. The dark figure suggested to Sunlocks that such a life might be pleasing to him, since he felt that everything in the world was against him; but the youth, sick at heart, begged to leave the place.

Just beyond the hill before them lay a pretty village. As they approached it a funeral procession moved towards them. In the sombre hearse lay two caskets. In the carriage just behind sat a youth of Sunlock's age. His head was bowed low and his heart was crushed. His dear mother and sister—all that he had in the world—had both been snatched from him by a

dread plague. Now he was following them to their last resting place and must return to face the world alone. Michael Sunlocks thought of his own dear mother, and tears of sympathy gushed into his eyes. The procession passed on, and, sad at heart, the youth followed his guide.

In a few moments they stood at the door of a large brick structure. A woman of middle age, with a kind, motherly face, bade them enter. They were taken into a spacious room well filled with snow-white beds. In these beds lay the sufferers—some with incurable diseases of various kinds, others deprived of limbs, and still others blind and infirm. The groan and suffering permeated the very soul of the observer and an indescribable dread filled his being. He seemed as if fixed to the spot by some hypnotic power, and, though eager to escape, could not move or speak. The dark figure had vanished; he looked about in vain for the kind, motherly woman who had greeted them at the door. He felt as if every glaring eye in the room was fixed upon him, holding him to the spot.

Suddenly he heard a sweet, familiar voice calling, "Sunlocks, Michael Sunlocks, what are you doing here?" With a cry of joy he awoke and saw, standing before him with happy, smiling face, his "guardian angel." "Oh," he cried, "I had such a dreadful dream. I was lying here thinking of my own unhappy lot when I must have fallen asleep. Now I think that after all I am one of the fortunate, happy people of the world. Come, walk with me and I will tell you of my dream."



THE DETECTIVE'S THEORY

IT was the day on which the great Suburban was to be run. Great preparations had been made for the event, and society was out in full force, distinguished from the others by the variegated colors in the grand stand. It was an ideal day for the race. The pool sellers were already calling the odds on the different horses.

In the midst of that clamorous throng was a young man recognized from the rest of the howling mob by his clothes and actions, which betokened that he was a member of the Four Hundred, and traveled with those who take pleasure in emptying the clinking glasses in the small hours of the morning.

"Take 1500 on Yellow Jacket to win at 1 to 10," he cried excitedly to the poolseller.

It was such an unusual sight to see a person of his station in such a place, that he became the subject of much conversation among the gambling element who frequent the race track.

"Wonder who that young sport is?" said the first.

"He's a real plunger," said the second.

"Guess he's one of those society folks out for a little time."

No one volunteered any information as to who the young plunger was for some time, until somebody spoke up: "That young fellow is a cashier at some bank in the city. His name is Gregory."

The horses faced the barrier. Now there off.

"Yellow Jacket leads at the quarter," the announcer said.

At the half and three-quarter mile posts there was apparently no change in the position of the various horses.

Now they are approaching the finish. Who is the black unknown that is coming down the track at full speed? Will he overtake Yellow Jacket? The crowd began to yell for Tamberlaine, the black.

Gregory was almost certain that his money was lost, and in a few moments he heard the stentorian voice of the announcer: "Tamberlaine wins by a neck, Yellow Jacket second."

Next morning we find Earle Gregory alone in the bank, and thus he soliloquizes: "Those afternoon teas and card parties with which my wife startled New York society have consumed all my surplus cash. I have heard the people say that we are living beyond our resources. Yesterday I took \$1,500 from the bank, and made up my mind to try my luck on horse racing. I lost it all on the first race. I can fix up the books so the shortage won't be known for a while. I am all right if many people don't draw money out of the bank to-day."

Everything favored him the first day. Very little money had been distributed.

He could always be found at the race track after banking hours. Every day he lost some money. He began to consult the dope sheet, but always seemed to have the wrong hunch.

Every morning found him at his accustomed place, but he was always nervous lest his shortage should be found out.

"I have been losing money every day, and, in order to come out even, I must double my money."

He was taking desperate chances. An authority on the form sheets had given him instructions as to how he should place his money. "If you do as I tell you, you cannot lose your money."

This venture, like all the others he had engaged in, was not successful. His affairs were at a crisis now. Either he must remain in the city and be tried for his crime, or seek safety in flight.

The cashier's window was not occupied the next morning. The officials of the bank became suspicious, and inquired at his residence. His wife was there but he could not be found. An examination of the books by an expert bookkeeper disclosed the fact that he was several thousand dollars short in his accounts. The city was scoured by detectives, but it was easy to see that he had left for unknown parts.

Morris Sellers, the veteran detective, was given charge of the case. After he had learned all the particulars, he said to a few of his professional friends: "That man is as good as caught. I've sized the case up this way: Gregory is young and is married to a beautiful woman. No matter how great a crime he has committed, he will return some time to the woman he loves. By watching her actions closely I'll get him. This is a pet theory of mine, and it workes like a charm."

"Guess you're right, old man," said one of his friends.

About a year had passed since Gregory's mysterious disappearance, but the old detective had learned nothing concerning him. His wife, however, still lived in the city.

Sellers never lost hope during all this time, but always believed that the next day would furnish a clew by which he could weave a net still closer around the man for whom he had been searching for so long.

Now his first opportunity came when he learned that Mrs. Earle Gregory had left town. He determined to follow her, and all he said to his friends before his departure was: "Boys, I think there will be something doing in a short time."

When he arrived where Mrs. Gregory was, he learned that she had

opened a millinery store there. He engaged several rooms in a hotel on the opposite corner, and determined to await developments. He was always on the alert, but nothing happened during the next two months to attract his attention.

One night while he was watching the millinery parlors, as was his custom, he noticed an old man with long gray whiskers enter the building. His curiosity was aroused when the lights were blown out.

Walking across the street, he waited in a hall way for his man to appear. When the man attempted to leave the building he was seized by the detective, who instantly recognized him as Earle Gregory, the fugitive.



The New U. S. Magazine Rifle

IT is a fact, although not generally known, that the ordnance experts of the United States army, after months of work, have at last succeeded in constructing a magazine rifle which is believed to be superior to any in use in foreign armies at this time. Every Government arsenal in the United States, with the necessary facilities, is working night and day just now turning out the new arms and forty thousand of them have already been completed. None will be issued to the troops of the regular establishment, however, until 100,000—the number requisite to supply the maximum strength of the army on a war footing—have been completed. At the present rate of progress this will probably be about December 1st, and their issuance will be immediately begun. The old rifle—or rather the rifle which has been in use since the Spanish-American war—will be returned to the arsenals and later reissued to the various militia organizations now armed with the ancient Springfield rifle, which is regarded as almost as obsolete as the old flintlock or percussion cap guns.

During the Spanish-American war, as is well known, many of the regular and all of the militia, were still armed with the old Springfield, firing black powder and carrying a .45 caliber ball that made a great deal of noise, did little damage, and was absolutely ineffective at long range. The disadvantages under which the United States troops labored as a result of their obsolete small arms are too well known to the public to bear repetition, but it is

interesting to note that the Spanish-American war, if it did nothing else, awoke the army authorities to the necessity for keeping abreast of the times in ordnance construction. The United States magazine rifle which was being introduced in the army when the war began, was considered a good weapon, but the advance made in the last few years as a result of careful study and exhaustive experiments may be understood when it is known that the rifle now in use and that which is to be introduced in December next, have two points in common. The most noticeable difference between the old and the new arm apparent at first glance, is the fact that the barrel of the latter arm is entirely covered with wood. This innovation was the result of practical suggestions made to the ordnance officers by officers in the field, who said that after a period of rapid discharges the rifle barrels become so hot that it was sometimes necessary to cease firing for a time to permit them to cool. In many cases, men in the heat of battle had the skin burned from their hands by the hot barrels. The wood-covered barrel is the result of these suggestions, the steel being entirely covered within two inches of the muzzle of the gun. In almost every other particular, from stock to forward sight, there is an important difference between the old and the new gun, and in other features, which are not apparent to the ordinary observer, but which have the greatest weight with ordnance experts, the new arm is far superior to the old. The bore of the new rifle is smaller, the caliber being about .30 inches, while the initial velocity and penetrating power are both greater. The new gun is also several inches shorter than the old arm—about the length in fact of the old Springfield carbine, with which the United States cavalry were armed after the Civil War. Indeed, if it were not for the wooden-covered barrel and the peculiar loading and ejecting mechanism, the gun would be almost a counterpart of the famous cavalry weapon.

The "United States Magazine Rifle, Model of 1903," as the new arm is technically known, will, it is believed, prove exceptionally popular with the enlisted force of the regular establishment. In addition to the covered barrel feature, the ejection lever, which on the rifle now in use projects at right angles from the piece, and has been the cause of more profanity on the part of enlisted men than any other portion of his entire equipment, projects downward in the new arm and is somewhat shorter. The magazine has a capacity of five cartridges and can be filled with ease and quickness. The gun, fully assembled, weighs a trifle over eight pounds, and, according to the experts, is exceptionally well balanced, making ease of discharge and accuracy of aim a feature of importance.

Some idea of the efficiency of the new arm can be gained when it is known that twenty-three aimed shots have been fired in one minute with the

complete satisfaction. Mr. Stewart was one of the most energetic members of his class, and his many friends will be pleased to hear of his success.

Harry Price, '04, is operating with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company at Derby, and is considered a valuable man. He is at present estimating the volume of earthworks. Mr. Price expects to depart for South America in the near future.

W. H. Kearney, '04, came in from Olinghouse a few days ago. Mr. Kearney is in the employ of the Springfield-Nevada Mining Company of that place, and his presence here was purely of a business nature. He holds the position of cashier with the company.

It is said that the "Freshies" recently invited the Juniors to a theater party with them at the Grand. When the evening came the "babies," accompanied by the upper classmen, arrived at the playhouse and the "little ones" walked right in, leaving the Juniors to purchase their own tickets. The Juniors say they will have the infants trained for the next occasion.

James Nesbitt, '05, arrived on the 23d of September from his home at Delamar, Nevada, and has taken up his graduating work in the University. He is First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Cadet Corps, and his presence and military ability on the drill ground adds greatly to the appearance of the battalion.

James Giles, well known at the University of Nevada, and a recent graduate of the Leland Stanford University, was a visitor on the campus a few days ago.

Thomas W. Mack, '99, was seen on the campus last week. Mr. Mack since being graduated has ascended high in the mining world. At present he holds a responsible position with a large mining company of El Oro, Mexico, and for the past month has been visiting his people, who reside at Dayton. Mr. Mack is now on his way to the mines in Old Mexico, where he will continue as one of the chief engineers in the employ of the company.

H. Bulmer, Nevada's efficient football manager, has returned. He says that the Nevada schedule is complete, and, while a number of teams are still eager to meet Nevada, he has arranged games with only the best on the coast.

A football rally has been arranged for the near future and many prominent men will speak. The band will be out, and everybody is urgently requested to be present. Al W. Pape, a noted athlete of the Pacific Coast, who is at present here, will say a few words along the lines of training. Mr. Pape was at one time the champion long distance swimmer of the coast, and is at

present champion oarsman of the West.

A mandolin club has been organized in the University and in the future will hold weekly meetings. Professor J. Read is director, and has taken a live interest and worked hard to get the organization started. All students who play stringed instruments are requested to join.

The latest reports concerning Will Hunter are that he has passed the crisis and will recover. His many friends will be pleased to hear the welcome news.

Owing to the recent storm the geology trip to Lake Tahoe was declared off and will, in all probability, be held next week.

Major Hilton addressed the students and Faculty on the 23d instant at General Assembly. Too much praise cannot be given Mr. Hilton, for he spoke not only in an entertaining manner, but straight to the point. It is to be hoped that we will again have the pleasure of listening to such an able speaker.

All members of the staff are requested to hand in their copy at least eight days before the issue goes to press. The printers will receive copy from no one except the editor.

The Junior classes in mining and mechanical engineering are doing field surveying under Professor Etcheberry.



THE ALUMNI

John McElroy, '03, returned to Santa Clara College last week, after paying a welcomed visit to the University and his host of friends in Reno.

The '04 class has already furnished the Faculty with two new members. They are Al Caton, secretary of the office, and W. B. Thompson, who is instructor of freehand drawing and the wood department of the shop.

James Olding, ex '06, now a cadet at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, left Sunday evening for the East to resume his studies after spending his furlough visiting friends and relatives in Carson and vicinity.

A few days ago a young lady of the Senior class was deeply engrossed in fathoming the mysteries of her French reader when a passerby overheard this remark, which she supposedly made to herself: "D-a-m-o-i-se-a-u-x. What is that? Now, o-i-s-e-a-u-x means birds. What can d-a-m mean?"

Can anyone explain to us why the Willies Pearson and Pope look so sheepish of late?

We are sorry to hear that Dick Taylor has decided to quit school, although we congratulate him upon his new enterprise. Chester has turned philanthropist and is now giving his gold to the cause of the church. Any of the local religious organizations desiring a lift would do well to call on him.


At the recent lawn social given by the Y. W. C. A. one of our dignified Seniors had been talking to a young lady of the new arrivals. When he turned to leave she was heard to remark, "Isn't he a funny boy?"

Not long ago some of our wise philosophers of the college were startled by the statement that springtime came in the Fall. Seeking out Fat Chism, they were finally convinced by the explanation that a young lady recently stumbled into his arms. "May came to him in "fall." He now wears a happy, smiling face.


The following advertisement appears in the window of a Matrimonial Bureau of Reno: "Senior girls for Senior boys."

Becky is now happy. Tumble Tom is back once more.

We are glad to know we have such a lot of economical young ladies in the Senior class. Whenever you can get a song book for 35 cents don't pay



ATHLETICS



By F. M. FRISSELL

WANAGER H. B. Bulmer of the football team has come down from Virginia and announces the following schedule of games to be played this season: Alumni on October 11th, Fort Baker on October 8th, Reliance on October 15th, Utah Agricultural College on November 9th. All these games are to be played on our campus. Then on the 22d of October we will play Stanford at Palo Alto, coming home and taking two weeks off from any games so that our boys can be in good condition for the Berkeley game, which will be played at the University of California's campus on the 5th of November. Then the team will return and keep in training for the game at Los Angeles on Thanksgiving Day so that they will not be in the poor condition physically as they were last year when they went up north and were defeated by teams that would have stood little chance a few weeks previous. Manager Bulmer is going to have the field put into shape at once so that the boys will be able to have some scrimmages before they run up against the Alumni.

In the last edition of the Record the reasons were mentioned why it is more encouraging for the men who practice if the student body, or as many of that body who have the time, would come out on the side lines and cheer the boys along in their work. Playing football is not play, but on the other hand the hardest kind of grinding that a fellow runs up against in his college work, and then to get out there on the field and see three or four students, and about as many more of the co-eds, it makes the boys think that if we are to defeat Stanford and Berkeley we must do all the work, as the student body, as a whole, does not give a rap whether they win or get beaten, and it takes the vim out of the practice and is very discouraging all around. Possibly the students have not looked at the matter in this light, and I hope it is taking bumps and bruises that Nevada may develop a team that will defeat every University that we meet on the gridiron this year now that they have the student body with them.

Now, one thing that disgusts the old players is to see big huskies who walk around the campus in the afternoons but still have not the time or the nerve to get out on the field in a suit and see if they can help us to put out a winning team. This is not only unpleasant for the old players but it is very disheartening to our coach, who has shown us that he is able to put out a winning team if he is given the material. It is a well known fact that a foot-

ball team can not be made out of nothing. It seems to me that some of these men who do not turn out would feel cheap whenever they happen to meet the little fellows, who are not big enough to make a good sub for the first eleven, and who know it, but they still turn out every night and do all they can to make the first team work hard. This is the spirit that makes the winning football team, and it is one reason why the other Universities on this coast defeat the majority of teams that they play every year. It is the simple reason that when they call on men to come out and learn to play football that they hardly have enough suits for the men who appear on the field. If that were the case here we would send a team to Stanford and Berkeley every year that would make them think that football players must grow wild in this State, like our native sagebrush.

Now fellow college men, and women, I hope you will take what has been said to heart, and turn out and show the team that you are with them, and if you do so, you will at once see the difference it will make in the manner in which the fellows will turn out and what a difference it will make in their somewhat listless playing."

There has hardly been two elevens out since the coach started putting the men through their paces, but those who have been out have done good work, especially Dad Skinner, Aleck Boyle, Tubby Jones, Parker, Hustman, Freeman, Westall and George of the new men, while the old men are doing the same as they always do at this time of year. Mike Knox has been out a couple of evenings and it did look good to see his smiling face after he had dumped a pile of players, which makes some of we old men think of our "Irish Blonde," Barney O'Hara, as he appeared when playing end on the 1902 team. With Bill Lawrence and Menke and Robison, Abe's Wadsworth friend, playing on the line, we will have a team that it will trouble some of the other Universities to make ground through. Taking it all in all, at the present time our prospects are brighter than they were at this time a week ago, and, as I have said, if the student body will do their part of the work as faithful as the men who have been playing up to this time, it is an assured fact that we will have a team that will at least keep up the pace and the reputation that so distinguished Nevada last year.

Manager Bulmer is corresponding with Chico and the Carson Indians for games for the second eleven. The team is sure of a trip to Chico and may play the Normals here at some date when the Varsity is in California.



THE RISING SUN---By MARK M. KELLEY

Starry morn with breezes blowing,
Dargness still the earth is hiding
But sweetness fills the freshened air,
And joyful birds sing everywhere ;
All indicates the coming bliss,
Of light and warmth and happiness.
Though stern and cold the night has been,
The coming dawn brings cheer to men.

The eastern sky was indigo,
But now it takes a lighter hue ;
Deep azure does the zenith stay
But eastward grades to silver gray ;
And from a point serenely bright
Fanlike extend long rays of light ;
And ling'ring clouds which crimson glow
Add splendor to the scene below.

Adorned in silver, blue and gold,
In red and pink and gems untold,
Diana comes, the queen of light,
To drive from earth the gloomy night.

And close at hand the mighty king,
His vesture bright and sparkeling,
Makes all the stars fade instantly,
And lightens earth up brilliantly.

The birds now sing a louder song,
They soar to heaven with chorus strong,
They spread their wings wide with delight ;
The day has come, gone is the night ;
The darkness, whither has it fled ?
Has it now gone to join the dead ?
As by Apollo, Python died,
As Artemis with evil vied,
So darkness flees to Pluto's night,
Defeated e'er by morning light,
For ne'er can darkness look upon
The brightness of the glowing sun.

Thus when darkness fades away,
A grander view proclaims the day,
For then the western hills grow bright,
Touched by the sun's reflected light.

The eastern mounts then seem to flare,
As flaming, streaming through the air,
That mighty sphere, the glowing sun,
Has one more day his course begun.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas, The infinite in his grace and power, the Ruler of the Universe, of which we on this earth form an infinitesimal part, has called from our midst the soul of William W. Hunter; be it resolved

First—That we his brothers in the T. H. P. O. fraternity of the University of Nevada by this committee do bow our heads in humble submission, praying that in his death we may feel more strongly our duty to our fellow man.

Second—That we extend our deepest sympathies to the bereaved family in this their hour of sorrow, thusting that they may realize that "He doeth all things well."

Third—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, that they be spread upon the minutes of our fraternity, and that they be published in the Student Record and the Reno papers.

J. S. CASE,

J. L. BRAMBILA,

J. W. WRIGHT,

Committee.

Since God in His infinite wisdom has taken from the labors of this life the beloved father of our brother Leigh Worthing; be it

Resolved, That the T. H. P. O. do offer to our brother in this, his hour of sorrow, our heartfelt sympathy; and, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our brother, and that they be published in the Student Record.

O. F. HEIZER,

J. V. COMERFORD,

J. A. SMILEY,

Committee.

Whereas, The all-wise Creator and Ruler of the Universe has seen fit to remove from this life our loyal, faithful friend and former associate William H. Hunter. Be it

Resolved, That we, the Student Body of the University of Nevada, do hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family in this, their hour of grief. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to them and published in the Student Record.

CASSIUS C. SMITH,

LUCY BRANNIN,

JAMES V. COMERFORD,

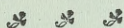
Committee.



FROM EXCHANGES

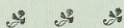


A young man being asked to lead in prayer in a meeting, said in part: "Dear Lord give us pure hearts, clean hearts and sweethearts." "Amen!" responded several young men in chorus.—Ex.

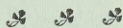


If College Bred is a four year loaf,
(The Smart Set says its so,)
Oh, tell me where the flour is found
For us who need the dough!

—The Acorn.



"I'm sorry to have to do this," said Tommy, as he smeared the jam over the cat's face, "but I can't have suspicion pointing at me."—Enter-prise.



Wise Junior—I guess I know a few things.

Proud Freshman (not to be out-done)—Well I guess I know as few things as anybody.



Sigh and the world sighs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone,

For it's mostly the rule
That each darned fool
Can't see any joke but his own.—Ex.



"What do you think of the comic opera house?"

"All a matter of form."—Prince-ton Tiger.

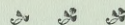


President of Literary Society (putting a question to vote): "All who are in favor of this motion, let it be known by standing on your feet; all who are opposed to it, the opposite sign."

The motion was lost.

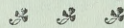
Bobo: Professor, God must have run out of hair before he got to you.

Prof. Smith: No, he had plenty of stuff like that you have, but I refused it.

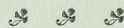


Teacher (in geography)—There are so many people in China that every time you breathe some one dies. (To small boys, puffing vigorously)—Johnny, what are you puffing so for?

Johnny—I'm killing Chinamen.



A young lady explaining the difference between press and publication, said: "You may press a kiss on my cheek, but musn't publish it." He went to press at once.—Ex.



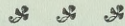
There was a crowd, there were three—

The maid, the parlor lamp and he;
Two's company, so, no doubt,

That's why the parlor lamp went out.—Ex.



Miss—Don't use both the masculine and feminine pronouns, for the masculine always embraces the feminine.—Ex.



From a bushel of corn a distiller gets four gallons of whisky, which retails at \$16. The Government gets \$3.60, the farmer who raised it gets 40 cents, the railroad gets about \$1, the manufacturer gets about \$4, the retailer gets \$7, the consumer gets six months more or less, and the policeman gets paid for running him in. Still people will say its place is in the corn.

The Way Some Do

Do not subscribe. Borrow your roommate's paper—be a sponge.

Look up the advertisers, and trade with the other fellow—be a chump.

Never hand in contributions and criticise everything in the paper—be a coxcomb.

If you are a member of the staff, play tennis or "society" in place of grinding out some copy—be a shirk.

Tell your neighbors that you can buy other papers for less money—be a squeeze.

If you can't hustle and hold up your end of the work—be a corpse.



She questions of the mirror, "Am I fair?"

Her own true image looks into her face

And with vexed eyes she seeks in vain to trace

The beauty which her flatterers say is there.

No more of beauty in her shadowy hair

Than in the pure white brow and cheeks below;

And no more beauty in their tender glow

Than in her flower-like gentleness of air.

There is no more soft beauty in those eyes

That bring the far-off tranquil heavens near,

Than music in the low voice which denies

In shy refusal what she sees so clear.

If she still doubts, why should the blushes rise

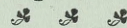
As warm and rosy as she sees them here?

L. P. Chamberlayne, U. Va. Mag.

First Student—"A funny thing happened to me in class to-day."

Second Student—"The idea!"

First Student—"Yes. The professor called me up, and then called me down."—Tiger.



Some tangled hair,

With ribbon there;

Eyes underneath half hidden,

Of lips a pair

That have an air

Of whilom fruit in Eden;

A winsome face,

A dainty grace,

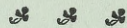
A few square yards of muslin;

A little art,

A broken heart—

By Jove, I own it's puzzlin'.

—Lampoon.



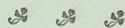
"Yes, father, when I graduate I am going to follow my literary beat and write for money."

"Humph! John, you ought to be successful. That's all you did the four years you were at the N. S. U."



"What would you think if your daughter were to elope?"

"I'd think," replied the discouraged old man, "that somebody had been stringin' the fellow concernin' the amount of money I'm worth."—Chicago Record-Herald.



The Humpt-up Monkey

Sat in a tree.

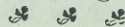
He fell by Darwinian Theory;

And all the King's asses,

And some so-called men,

Are trying to change

To the monkey again.—Record.



He (within) — "Ah, there! Pa, there?"

She (within) — "You bet! Better get."

OSCULATORY CONTESTS

Last year we were several times requested to formulate a list of rules to govern all osculatory contests, but the stress of our other duties would not permit us to undertake a work of such magnitude. However, during the summer we have given the matter our earnest attention and present the following rules and regulations. As the approach of spring seems to be the most auspicious time for the enjoyment of this popular adjunct to a liberal education, it is the intention of the Record to arrange a series of contests, somewhat after the scheme of a progressive euchre party, and to award prizes to the most proficient of its votaries. The capital prize will be a silver Cupid on a pedestal holding forth a golden cage. Professor Doten has kindly consented to donate two of the rare species "Kissibus bugabus" from his private collection for the cage. The second prize will be a handsome volume of that valuable work entitled, "Sweets to the Sweet, or Crackers to the Cracked," by A. B. Manheim. The author, who presents the book, is a past master on the subject, and promises that it will be suitably embossed with a design of to-lips. The booby prize will be a jar of cold cream, warranted to cure fever-blisters. We desire to express our thanks to Chappie Catlin, '04, Duke Thompson, '04, and Farmer Jones, '06, for their valuable and timely suggestions.

RULES.

- Time of contests will be limited to one hour.
- No strangle holds will be allowed.
- Contestants must stand on both feet.
- No witnesses are permitted.
- No slobbering in the breakaways.
- The Seminary or High School steps may be used.
- Any further suggestions will be thankfully received.

There are Tricks in all Trades

Don't be tricked, but when Students and their friends are going east write to or call on the Agent at Reno, Elko, Winnemucca or Lovelocks. They will not trick you; they cannot afford to do so. They are always with you. Or, if you wish, write to John M. Fulton, District Passenger Agent, Reno, Nev.

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<p>HELEN M. RULISON, D. D. S. D. W. RULISON, D. D. S. Dentists. Reno, Nevada. Residence phone, Brown, 451. Office, 218 Virginia street. Phone, Green 241..</p>	<p>GRAY, REID, WRIGHT CO. Now at their new store. General Outfitters for Ladies, Men and Boys.</p>
<p>S. C. GIBSON, M. D. Office in Thoma-Bigelow Bldg. Office phone, Brown 541. Residence phone, Brown 51.</p>	<p>J. COHN Tailoring, cleaning, repairing Suits to order. 246 Virginia street.</p>
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