

The Student Record

Published Weekly During the Collegiate Year by the
STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

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IN MEMORIAM.

Mildred Inez Brown.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its true and glorious setting,
 And cometh from afar.

'Tis but a score of years since heaven sent her,
 To bless a home where love's effulgent ray
 Suffused in all the fullness of its glory
 Upon her natal day.

Oh, joy divine to that dear, loving mother,
 When first she clasped her infant to her breast,
 And prayed that God would cherish and protect her,
 The child that she caressed.

And far out in the world her future planning,
 A beauty world where vistas opened to view,
 A land of promise, where pure joys were luring,
 As day by day she grew
 To womanhood in all its youth and beauty.

How fair was she, the girl we loved so well,
 Our heads are bowed with grief and hearts are breaking,
 While sadly tolls the bell.

If marks the exit of a soul immortal,
 To realms unknown—to realms beyond the sky,
 And sorrowing lips repeat in accents faltering,
 "She was so young to die."

So young, so beautiful, so bright and happy,
 Dear Mildred, with her hair of shining gold,
 No wonder that her friends and loved ones miss her,
 For truly wealth untold
 Was locked up full of sweet and tender feeling,
 In that kind heart now stilled forever more;
 Those dear, sweet lips are sealed,
 Those kind, eye glances,
 No longer on us pour.

Crowned with success wh'er her footsteps wandered,
 In college life and 'n the music hall,
 How well she knew when Death's hand was approaching,
 And she must leave them all.

She bade adieu to loved ones and to teachers,
 To schoolmates whom she loved so true and well—
 An angel came and took her while they waited,
 And awful silence fell.

Around the room, while only gentle sobbings
 Enveloped everyone and filled the place,
 The girl beloved had passed through Death's portals,
 Transfigured by God's grace.

And Mildred sings amid the choir angels,
 Where all is joy and happiness and love;
 With outstretched arms she waits to greet her loved ones,
 In the eternal Home above.
 —Christina W. Clark.

Inexcusable Extravagance.

"Is he rich?"
 "Rich? I should think he was. Why, I've known him to take a taxi cab when he had nobody but his wife with him."—Chicago Record-Herald

VANDALISM!

This morning on going to breakfast, students discovered that a portion of the recently constructed walk from Lincoln Hall to the University Dining Hall had been torn up. This vandalism was undoubtedly perpetrated by night-prowling students, who probably were in a condition that prevented them from distinguishing a joke from a criminal offense, called malicious mischief. The act was simply an outrage, and we do not like to think that we have students with such vandal instincts in our midst.

INFORMATION WANTED.

We publish the following letter, received by us through the mail, without comment:

Mr. Editor: Is it true that Sing of the Dining Hall and his yellow skinned assistants are to be awarded caps and gowns, to be worn at general assemblies, to impress some distinguished visitor, whenever one may be present.
 Very respectfully,
 A STUDENT.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS!

Now that the spring days have come, the quadrangle lawn is being put into shape. It cannot be kept in shape, however, if students persist in making short cuts across the corners, either on foot or on bicycles. We should respect Mr. Mackay's gift and do our utmost to aid the Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings in keeping the lawns in the best of shape.

Mr. Editor:

We see our daily papers filled with the doings of the invincible Teddy. Why not call the students' attention to the fact that we have had propositions on our own campus similar to those which Teddy turned down, that is, the matter of invitations to the Delta Rho ball. The Pope sent Teddy a bid with a string tied to it, which he, like a good free thinking American turned down, just as he should. Now tell me, why it is that so many of the girls who attend college were left at home while those in favor were invited, or rather, the invited male guests were told to bring them, and if they did not care to, to stay at home, implying that their room was wanted more than their company.

The students of the college have boasted that there was no social distinction in the university, but the action taken at the recent ball of dictating to certain men whom to take and then allowing fraternity men to send in their partners' names, who in turn received a bid, is open to criticism. Now this action savours of the worst kind of snobbishness, and it should be condemned by the students who are broad minded, especially those who have traveled and seen something of the world.

Of course we grant that the sorority girls have a perfect right to not invite any and all townspeople, and all non-frat men and women, but if they invite one non-frat man, there should be no restriction to any college man or woman.

It is rather amusing to see some of the freshmen bow and cater to such an action, because they themselves receive bids, indicative of "class" on their own part. They do not know that they are striking at the foundations of democracy. One would think they were in Europe or in some ancient Mediaeval court. I suppose that we must excuse them on account of the example set by some of the faculty members, who are always showing class preferences and acting in a snobbish manner. Freshmen without any brains or foresight in their own heads, follow in the foot-

steps of the CODFISH ARISTOCRACY, and are satisfied that they may shine their shoes, rewarded by subtle pats on the head.
 A BARBARIAN.

Mr. Editor:

I find that I have been criticised in my official capacity as yell leader of the Associated Students of the University of Nevada. A recent criticism was that I did not show up at the basketball game with the University of the Pacific to lead the rooting section. Kindly allow me to state that I delegated the assistant yell leader to act as yell leader for the evening.

During the game the only ones to comprise a rooting section were the preps and a few college men. The other college men about the "gym," on being requested by the few who had enough spirit to yell, to join them, made no movements to do so, showing plainly that they were unwilling to leave the sides of the fair "co-eds" whom they had brought to the game. They preferred to "queen" instead of joining the rooting section. In such a situation a yell leader is powerless. When upperclassmen themselves refuse to yell, he cannot call on them to force underclassmen to do so. It rests with the students themselves to decide whether they want a rooting section or not.

A yell leader cannot comprise one. Let me state in addition that I showed up at the White Sox game to lead the yelling. I found there the same situation that prevented a rooting section at the above mentioned basketball game. The men would not come down in a body to comprise a rooting section. Many of them were by the sides of fair "co-eds" and would not leave. It is not for a yell leader to go and beg university men to yell. Real university men do it of their own accord. The "co-eds" too are subject to criticism for allowing university men to talk to them during some university athletic contest. It is the duty of all "co-eds" to do

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WIT AND HUMOR.

"Your act," stated the lawyer, "is stated to be deliberate, intentional, wifful, obstinate, evil, anarchistic, wanton, malicious, autovratic and menacing."

"Golly!" faltered the teamster, who had blocke traffic for a few moments. "Eetter let me go to jail, boss. You can't clear me of all that."—Central Law Journal.

Small Harold—Papa, won't you please give me 5 cents?

Papa—Not now. Run along. I am very busy.

Harold (holding his hands joined together)—Well, pap, just drop a nickel in the slot and see me go.

Frank, did you hit Pete in the eye with that lump of coal?

Yes, father, teacher forbade us to throw stones.

"Dear teacher," wrote a parent who evidently disapproved of corporal punishment, "don't hit our Sammy; we don't do it except for self-defense."—Ex.

"Now, children, what is this?" said a teacher, holding up a picture of a zebra. "It looks to me like a horse in a bathing suit," said a small boy.—Ex.

At Mosquitoville.

The suburbanite smothered his wrath and descended into the cellar.

"Rich?" I should think he was.

"Are you the plumber?" he asked of a grimy-looking Italian who was tinkering with the pipes in the cellar.

"Sure, boss," answered the man.

"Been long in the trade?"

"One-a da year, boss."

"Ever make mistakes?"

"Ma-a da mistake? No, boss, never."

"Oh, then, I suppose it's all right! I imagined you had connected up the wrong pipes, for the chandelier in the parlor is spraying like a fountain and the bathroom tap's on fire!"—Selected.

First Aid.

The Erie local was toiling lumberingly along through the country. In the car were just eight people. Seven of the number were quietly reading when the eighth suddenly broke out into deep and blood-curdling groans.

Horror-stricken, the rest gazed at him for a moment, and then one of them, with great presence of mind, produced a brandy flask, and, pouring out a copious draught, forced it on the sufferer.

It was quickly disposed of.

"How do you feel now?" inquired one of the travelers.

"Fine!" was the reply.

"What was the matter with you?" was the next query.

"Matter with me? Nothing," was the indignant retort.

"What in the name of thunder did you groan like that for, then?" cried the owner of the brandy.

"Groan, sir, groan?" said the astonished man. "Why, I was singing."—Selected.

Near Spheres.

Two traveling salesman, detained in a little village hotel, were introduced to a crazy little billiard table and a set of balls which were of a uniform, dirty gray color.

"But how do you tell the red from the white?" asked one of the guests.

"Oh," replied the landlord, "you soon get to know them by their shape."—Success.

EMMA GOLDMAN, UNINVITED, SPEAKS AT UNIVERSITIES

Authorities at Wisconsin and Michigan Try to Find Out Who Invited Anarchist Woman.

Who invited Emma Goldman to address the students at Wisconsin? This is a question of much moot among the friends of the Badger institution, where the board of visitors is conducting an investigation to inquire into the appearance of an anarchist as a guest of the University of Wisconsin. Considerable excitement and no little criticism was caused by the visit of Miss Goldman to Madison when it became known that she had lectured to an audience of students, speaking her well-known anarchistic ideas. A rigid inquiry is being carried on in secret in order to ascertain who is responsible for the visit of the anarchist.

At Ann Arbor last Saturday the same notorious woman lectured twice to a large audience of students. It is not known whether the Michigan school authorities will attempt to probe the matter or not. It is understood that her reception at the latter

institution was not very enthusiastic. Hooting and laughter greeted her attacks upon government and law, which were characterized by the speaker as "thievery and robbery."

A Sad Tale.

He gazed at her in rapture, So playful and so soft; He watched her while she roamed around,

Her head held high aloft; He kept his eye so fondly On her he held so dear; When suddenly she saw him, And her heart stood still with fear.

Their meeting it was touching, And it would make you weep; And her eyes were like the brightest stars

That e'er from sky did peep; He made one plunge to grasp her, She was smothered where she sat— There's always something doing When a maitese meets a rat.

—H. R. F., in Collegian.

The Return.

When Johnnie went to school He rigidly conformed to rule. At first he joined a college frat, And lost an arm and leg in that.

And then he made the Delta Phis., Who gouged out one of Johnnie's eyes. A "rush" that launched the college year

Deprived him of a useful ear. He was so good and kind to please, That Johnnie made the team with ease.

He left a hand at Cleveland, O., A knee-cap at St. Louis Mo., His sternum cracked at Baltimore— Interred his nose at Portland, Ore.

At every contest, win or yield, He left a portion on the field. Thus gradually he was bereft, Till little of the boy was left.

We got his baggage home by rail The rest of Johnnie came by mail.

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**FINE LECTURE BY
DR. A. C. HERRE**

(Continued From Last Issue.)

Emerging from the schlucht we come to a pleasant valley, which soon forks into the upper and lower valleys, both narrow gorges with almost perpendicular walls and with farm-houses scattered thickly along for the first few miles. We go up the Unterthal, and about nine miles out pass the Weissen wand or white wall, so called because of the innumerable foaming cataracts which whiten its sides. From here on there are no more houses. The gorge directly ahead leads to the Hoch Golling, a mountain 12,000 feet in height, and of very dangerous ascent, but we turn up a little ravine to the left and after an hour's hard climbing, come into lake itself is a clear unruffled sheet of water perhaps three eighths of a mile or more in breadth and a couple of miles long. The walls of the valley rise perpendicularly or nearly so, 500 to 1,000 feet, there being at the left barely enough room for a wagon to pass between the water and the rock, while on the right the mountain rises directly from the lake. Down the left wall leap headlong two roaring, foaming cataracts, coming from such a height that most of the water disappears in mist before it reaches the bottom, while on the right side on a jutting promontory, another waterfall leaps down many hundreds of feet into the lake.

It was such a typical scene of Alpine beauty that it was difficult to tear ourselves away.

These upper valleys are only occupied in the summer time, the peasants going up there with their flocks in the spring and returning at the approach of winter.

The lake is drained by a little stream as placid as the lake itself, but on our way back we turn aside at a certain point where we hear a loud roaring and soon come to a bridge formed by felling a tree across the gorge. Clinging to the hand rail I gaze upon the still calm and unruffled stream and watch it make a downward leap of ninety feet into the boiling, foaming cauldron below. This is the Risach fall and is a beautiful sight.

On our way back we stop at the house at Weissen wand, where a peasant woman has a sort of Gasthaus for the accommodation of tourist and mountain climbers. While she is preparing our meal, my friend, who is an expert antiquarian, conducts me over the house, which he assures me is of a style that has not been erected for more than 250 years. Like all the houses of the mountains it is built of logs. The plan is that of two separate log houses, each of a single room, connected by an opening into a hall set at right angles to the two rooms.

The room at the right is used for living purposes, cooking, eating and sleeping. The room at the left is a harness and tool room, or might even be used for a cow or two. There is no chimney arising from the roof. The stove in the living room has a pipe running into a great stone fireplace and on going back into the hallway we find that the fireplace chimney rises but five or six feet and the smoke then rolls out into the hall escaping through the open gables. The great old timbers are coated with creosote and soot to the depth of several inches.

These log houses are not painted but have the richest brown tones imaginable, stained by the hand of time. When first built the peeled logs look like glaring blots on the landscape, but after a generation or two the time-worn and weather-stained hues of the houses blend beautifully with the landscape.

Another trip on the same side of the valley is that to Krabergzinken. At the edge of the village the forest of pine, larch and fir begins and through it we climb for several hours. Here and there we come out upon open Alpine meadows, either natural or as a rule, artificial, where we find beautiful old farm houses and see the farmers, men, women and children, working with feverish haste in the hay fields.

For this is a land of much rain, and they are indeed compelled to make hay while the sun shines. All over the fields are wooden stakes perhaps eight feet or so in height. The hay is dried by winding it about the upper part of the stake so that it will not come in contact with the saturated earth and can get dried out by the breezes. These same Alpine meadows are like one great gorgeous flower bed before the hay is cut, the altitude giving flowers far greater size and brilliance than those of lower altitudes.

There are no wheeled vehicles up

here, but the people must do as did John Redd.

At about 6,000 feet we come to the upper limit of trees, and clamber over dwarfed and half dead pines no higher than our knees, yet apparently centuries old. Here we find gorgeous "Alpine Roses" a dwarfed rhododendron of great beauty and brilliance.

The path to the summit of Krabergzinken leads beside an enormous precipice overlooking the valley by which we went to Risach Lake, and at the summit terminates in a platform of rock and earth, perhaps four feet wide and six or seven feet long. On three sides the mountain falls away more, and it takes a steady head to gaze down calmly on the valleys below.

Here at the summit I met an old gentleman and his two companions, a handsome boy and girl of 16 and 18 years, and all through the mountains one constantly meets tourists who are enjoying the mountain scenery. I was especially surprised to see the numbers of women and girls who took these long mountain tramps. One feature that makes mountain travel pleasant is the fact that wherever one goes he can always be sure of finding a gasthaus or inn in the nearest valley, and of getting a good dinner there.

The forest through which one climbs and which deck all but the most precipitous crags, are all carefully cultivated. 90 per cent. of Austria is productive land, though a very large part of it is mountainous. But forestry is carefully studied, there being 99 forestry schools in Austria, and for hundreds of years the farmers of Styria, and the government of Austria have looked upon the forests as a crop to be cultivated, gathered and tended like any other crop.

On the opposite side of the Enns, the trail leads up a very steep hill, the remains of a great terminal moraine, and emerges upon a sloping plain, the beautiful Ramsau. This is a Lutheran settlement and the prosperous farmers have in many instances very beautiful homes, of the prevailing chalet type. The first story is usually given over to stables and general farm purposes, the families living upon the erstes stock, as they call the second floor, and the zweites stock if it be a three story house. At the quaint little wooden Lutheran chapel, built about 250 years ago, is a little settlement and in one of the houses my friend took me about and showed me the old carved and decorated cabinets used for clothing and as linen chests. Many of them were 150 years old or more and very beautiful. They are highly prized and no girl is ready to marry till she has one filled with linen and fine stuffs.

Nearly all the farmers up here derive a good part of their income from summer boarders, and the houses are usually placed so as to face the mountains, while the huge plate glass windows have been placed in the old wooden log walls, so that the people may enjoy the glorious prospect in bad weather.

Of course all the houses have scattered over their roofs many old lichen-spotted boulders. This is a curious old custom which seems to have no reason for existence except that "our fathers did it."

A walk of several miles along the Ramsau, and a climb over the flank of Brandriedl, brings one to Austria Hutte. This is a house maintained by the Austrian Alpine clubs, and

lies opposite the foot of the Dachstein, which rises almost absolutely vertically for nearly 4,000 feet above. From the balcony of the Austria Hutte one could see the deep blue gleam of the immense glacier which crowns the Dachstein. One of the most dangerous stunts in Alpine climbing is to ascend the front wall of the Dachstein. The ascent from the other side takes three days from Schladming, but is not difficult, as mountain climbing goes.

I had a number of great experiences ascending the many peaks about Schladming, the most thrilling being when I was caught in a terrific thunderstorm on the summit of Sinabel, about 8,000 feet high, and could look across the summits to the south and west for fifty miles or more, far into the Tyrol and the Carinthian Alps.

Three times a week the village band led by the village mayor, dispenses music for several hours in the market place. It is astonishing what fire music these rude peasants render, and while they play the rollicking waltzes from the "Merry Widow" and other Viennese comic operas, the townspeople and tourists alike dance to their hearts' content. At the close of the program the band marches back to their headquarters while all the people unite to form a procession, singing and dancing before the musicians. It is a very pretty village custom and adds greatly to the gaiety of all.

Soon the village lights are out, the ponderous street doors are locked and all have gone to rest, hoping for many more such happy days in quaint old Schladming.

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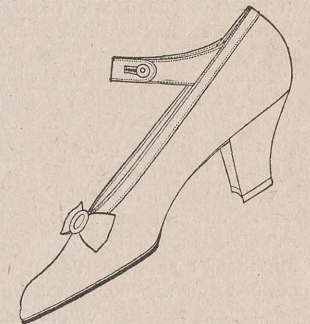
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