



SOPHOMORES 8

FRESHMEN 0

Sophs Win From Freshies

In a Very Spirited Game the Second Year Men Supreme

It's all over. In one of the greatest eye-opening games of the season the Sophs demonstrated their superiority over the Freshmen to a decisive score. All know that the score was decisive and also excessive as to what should have been the real score. The only person who can guess is the referee, and it is rumored that he was exceptionally interested in the Sophomores for various reasons.

The time before the game was characterized by an undue amount of kicking on the part of the freshmen. This is not entirely the freshmen's fault, but is largely due to the inertness of the upperclassmen to settle the disputes among the underclassmen. The upperclassmen should take more interest in these things and try to keep harmony among the lower classes. The trouble was finally settled by the Sophs allowing the freshmen to play two preps on their team, and then the game was on.

Sheehy kicked off for the freshmen and then ensued the most barbarous, half-civilized and mixed up scrap that has been seen on the turf for some time. The mix-up finally ended by Randall making a most beautiful attempt at marking, but the referee did not see it, so Joe Wilson took the spheroid over for a try. Delahide's toe "evangelized" the goal.

The whole game was characterized by offside plays on both sides, but the Sophs had some stars at this game, namely, H. E.

Ward and Grayson. But the referee saw never a time although the wing forward was offside so often that he felt at home on both sides of the scrum. There is a certain reason why the freshmen were so seldom offside and this is known to freshmen only. The battle went up and down the field for a long time. During the last few minutes of the first time Grayson made the prettiest and most spectacular try of the game. The ball started from the 40-yard line out of the scrum, and by a series of fine passes Grayson took the ball from an offside position and hurled three consecutive men fell over the line for the last try of the game. Delahide failed to convert. Score—Sophs 8, Freshmen 0.

The second half was characterized by wild playing on both sides and no scoring. During the last part of the half, the freshmen were playing 18 men.

The game brought forth many players who would have been fine material for the first team if they had been developed at the opening of the season.

Freshmen — Cazier, Harriman (Capt.), Manion, Elder, Bradner, Evans, Coe, Sheehy, McPhail, Randall, Harbaugh, Webster, Wilkins, Smyth, Pennell, Dessar, Cowgill.

Sophomores — Settlemeyer (Capt.), Dorn, Layman, Patrick, Grayson, Rowe, Reynolds, Tyler, Goldsworthy, Heward, Menardi, Gruett, Wilson, Delahide, Collins, Milentz, Hamilton, Carville.

Sophomore Hop a Success

One of the Most Successful Parties Given in Recent Years

"Wasn't it great?" Everyone was saying that Saturday morning in praise of the first real "classy" dance on the hill this year. No one had any fault to find except that they could not dance until late and that the punch was so fine that they had to stop drinking because —. No one must get the idea that the W. C. T. U. is not in full force on the hill, so any one not thinking that the people stopped involuntarily is wrong but it was because the punch gave out.

Nearly everyone was there on time except "Pat." He being a very inconsiderate young gentleman, kept the "show" from beginning on time, by staying away for a half hour or so longer than scheduled. All understood the reason. Upon his arrival the grand march formed and the "show" was on. Those dances were great and plenty of them. The orchestra lived up to the Sophomore prophecy in that the music was to be the "dreamiest" the waltzes the "mooniest" and the punch the finest that ever happened on the hill.

The orchestra was eight pieces, including piano, violins, clarinets, cornet and drums, all played by artists. It was the most accommodating set of musicians that have been around for some time as they favored the crowds not only with one encore but several. This last was most highly effective in making the crowd have that "joy" feeling.

The punch was of the "pink

lemonade variety" flavored with strawberries at one table and oranges at the other. Everybody took at least two "asmples" at a time, thus showing how they appreciated the thirst end of the refreshments. The sandwich part of the refreshments was Nabisco wafers, the old stand-bys.

The decorations consisted of green and white crepe streamers over the east end of the hall and blue and gold streams over the west. In the center was the large American flag, while the musicians played behind bars of green and white crepe.

The floor was crowded with about one hundred and fifty couples. The crowd contained not only the present students, but members of the faculty, alumni and townspeople, thus making it as one might say, cosmopolitan. The faculty members were: Lieut. L. A. McClure and President J. E. Stubbs. The alumni were represented by Mr. Frolich, Mr. Paul Arentz and others, while the town was represented by numbers of the Reno High school students and some of the old stand-bys.

The patronesses were: Mrs. Stubbs, Mrs. Patrick, Mrs. Linton, Mrs. Pruett and Mrs. Layman. The class could not have chosen a more popular group of ladies than these to act in this capacity.

All present enjoyed themselves to the utmost, and it is said that those who were voluntarily absent are kicking themselves because —. There is a reason.

Preps vs. Elko High School

U. N. High School Boys Show Unexpected Team Work

In the first clash between the Preps and an outside team, the Preps showed far superior team work and knowledge of the game. The entire evening showed that Mr. Silas Ross has had the proper system in coaching the team and that under his supervision will come out the champs of the season.

When the whistle first blew it took the Preps about five minutes to get their machine working but after being warmed up it worked with mechanical precision. The chief criticism of the game was the inability of throwing baskets by certain members of both teams. The Preps have a number of new players this year who are weak in this art, but after a little more practice no one will be able to tell the difference between the old and new players. Also it might be stated that there is a little tendency on the part of some members of the Prep team to loaf. After this habit is overcome the basket-throwing machine will most likely work a 100 per cent efficiency. The hill should boost the Preps to the utmost, so as to perfect the working of the team, and this boosting will certainly come after a few more exhibits like that of Saturday night.

Elko threw two baskets and the rest of her points were made from penalty throws. The team put up a good fight but had no chance against the Preps.

The end of the game was brilliant and roused the enthusiasm

of the crowd to the highest pitch, when in the last few minutes of play the Preps threw four baskets in the record time of three-quarters of a minute.

The line-ups were as follows: Preps—Cottrell, center; Randall, forward; Maclean, forward; Curtin, guard; Painter, (Capt.), guard.

Elko—Hylton (Capt.) guard; Angel, guard; Bryant, center; Cazier, forward; Reinhart, forward.

NEVADA REPRESENTED.

Prof. Jennie E. Wier of the department of history left Thursday for Berkeley, where she is to attend the seventh annual meeting of the Pacific coast branch of the American Historical Association. At this meeting there will be representatives from each of the State universities on the Pacific coast, each of whom is required to present and read a paper.

Prof. Wier will present a paper on the subject, "The Work of the Western State Historical Society as Illustrated by Nevada." The branch will be in session Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. C. S. Knight, who has been ill for the past few days was obliged to go to the Sisters' Hospital last Friday. It is hoped that she will soon recover sufficiently to be out again.

Surveying instruments and supplies at Porteous Decorative Co.

FACULTY vs. SENIORS NEXT WEDNESDAY

RENO HIGH 9 NEVADA CITY 0

In a Rather Ragged Game Visitors Are Defeated

The Reno High School "trimmed their fleece" once more. The visitors are a bunch of good players though they lack team work and training. The local boys showed up well in the second half although they played offside a great deal, as did their opponents.

The line-ups were:

Reno High School — Harvey and McCubbin, front rank; Rockwood, lock; McCubbin and Francovich, side rank; Barton and Patterson, rear rank; Golden, wing forward; Burke, half; Saviers, 5-8; Bringham (Capt.), 3-4; Laveaga and McKinley, wings; Hern, full.

Nevada City — Flenning and Colley, front rank; Organ, lock; Howard and Scarfe, side rank; Hampton and Carrol Waite, rear rank; Clark Waite, wing forward; H. Young, half; Quigley and Treadwell, 5-8; Schrader, 3-4; J. Young and Simmons (Capt.), wings; Carr, full.

The first half was very slow and was characterized by ragged and very slow Rugby. The ball seldom got into a dangerous place for either team the first half. The Reno High was shown up well several times when either Burke kicked from his suspended position in air or on some one's arms. "Swede" Patterson dribbled on defense, offense and everywhere he saw the "pig."

Reno High was particularly weak in tackling and in dribbling, but the visitors were ahead in

tackling and individual dribbling.

In the second half the Reno boys rallied to the occasion and played their back field more and made more gains. Bringham, in a good passing rush, got over for the first try. Score 3-0.

McKinley in a few minutes made a long run for a try. Score 6-0.

"Swede" Patterson got away shortly for a long run and the visitors let him for a free try between the posts. Score 9-0.

Hern failed to convert this goal.

In the second half the visitors got the ball in Reno's territory only twice, although they fought every try that was made. After Patterson's score the ball went over seven different times, but always into a Nevada City man's arms, so that the score could not be rolled up.

The visiting team will in another year put up an excellent exhibition of Rugby and with coaching and more training they will put up a much better game.

FACULTY SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

There will be a meeting of the Faculty Science Association on Monday, November 21, 1910, at 4:40 p. m., in the lecture room on the first floor of the Mackay Mining building. The following address will be presented by Mr. A. A. Heller, "The Evolution of Botany."

Visitors are welcome.

Thirty-five men have responded to the track call at the University of Kansas.

FACULTY VS. SENIORS

The most spectacular, scientific and scrappy game of the whole Nevada football season is to come off on the Mackay turf Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. This will be the second exhibition of the now world-renowned soccer variety and both sides are in fine condition. Last year's Senior class was disgraced by letting the poor, untrained and awkward members of the tutorial staff "slip one over" to the extent of 1-0. But this year the instructors intend to wipe the Seniors clear off the field and over into the Orr ditch. To prevent this the Seniors are having a high board fence built so that they can lie three deep before such a good fortune could happen. They have said that an ounce of prevention saves a two-bit laundry bill, as well as a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's cough syrup.

The faculty have been training, both in diet and track for the last two days as they are determined to win. All, upon being interviewed, state that they have each lost at least two ounces in weight when they get up in the morning and they seemed proud that they could train so hard. One ought to come out and see them in their suits; they have ceased to shiver when a gentle breeze blows over the turf, so their wives have said that they might play if they would wrap up and be careful not to catch cold.

The following comprise the faculty team:

M. Kennedy "Doc" who intends to "do it again" this year.

He is a professional marble player so all keep your eyes on him.

J. C. Jones, "Kid," with the everlasting smile, when you see it you know that there is going to be a balloon ascension.

H. Heller, "the Bashful One." When he get mad he is going to be sore. Watch him.

H. P. Boardman, "Little Jeff," who believes in latitudes and departures. He has the departures of the Seniors already plotted with their velocities of exit.

Lieut. L. A. McClure, "Com," who is now learning to play "tiddly winks." He intends to "flip" one in. Watch him do it.

J. G. Serugham, "Seruggy," who is now taking a course of the greatest effort to cover the least ground. He will give a "practical demonstration of the efficiency" of his system Wednesday.

C. A. Jacobson, "Jakey," who intends to demonstrate the efficiency of a diet of all-day suckers and chewing gum as a diet for athletics.

C. S. Knight, "Farmer," the ping-pong expert who swears "by heck" that he is going to put up a very "agg"—ressive tussle.

G. Powers, "Georgie." He says "watch me."

Prof. Thompson, "Guardian of the Nursey." Watch papa.

C. Haseman, "Trig," who says that all will have to learn their binoculars at home as he is not playing "de Swirsky" out on the field.

W. Anderson, "Pop," who has been playing pinochle all season, training for this occasion.

Dr. Stubbs, "Joe Butts," who

is to be the star sub. It now gives him great pleasure of introducing the only and original "Prexy" sub.

The Seniors state that they went a twenty-two man team but as there are only twenty-one in the class, the team will be chosen "a la straw," resulting somewhat as follows:

Claude Teele, "Ornery," who is to keep the "kids" off the field and map, will keep everybody off the field after 3:30 on Wednesday afternoon. If YOU don't "sit down in front" why Teele will. "The "Kid" will sure be there some.

Right behind "that high-board fence" will be the "Poke-her Kid Al Myers, who intends to climb off "second deck" Lincoln into an insulated pair of pants so his head won't be hurt.

Sparks "Bachelor" will possibly forget his correspondence for a few hours and there will probably be a "poor Clint" on Wednesday evening.

Floss Reid's Paul will omit his Marathon race on that day, so as to be able to be in the road when the faculty put "1911" in the ditch.

Bennett, "Bennie," will put out his last light on the Mackay field this week. "Bennie" bought some "pip" yesterday. Look out "Oye Faculty."

Ray Robb will not be seen in Manzanita Wednesday at 6:30 p. m., but will visit a doctor at that time. The business manager of the Sagebrush will not "pinch any ads" that day but will rest up for "the greater game."

Mackay "the Bushwhacker" will exhibit all that he don't know about soccer. We will all admit that he knows rugby, but soccer, no.

Creel, "Politician," will not answer phone calls from the divorce colony any more after The Day. His ability will be altogether shattered this week and the "Cow Club" will no longer have a "Ladies Man." Booray for Creel.

Charles, "Chas." for short, he is in name and build will "center the ball on some one's head that day.

W. C. Harris, "Cap" they call him but why we don't know. He showed up well three years ago in the Freshman-Sophomore mix-up but since then he has gained a seat as one of the selected ones, (that means book worms.) This is Walter's last chance to "come back," and we hope he does.

"Hank" Heise will not read the Mining and Milling Journal Wednesday afternoon but will act as first substitute of the 1911 team in the battle for a "feed."

L. S. Leavitt, "Looney," will again do honors on the Mackay turf and will "dribble forwards" all over the field. "Looney" has played rugby over most of the western world and some soccer, so we expect result from "Our Looney."

N. W. McVicar, "Mac," has lately discontinued his boxing lessons in hopes of getting into condition for this game. "Mac" is a fast man and has a first-class "understanding" so he will be in the game all the time.

Vergil M. Henderson (Major).

Continued on Page Two

The U. of N. Sagebrush

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Editorial

Although the students are not clamoring for a Thanksgiving vacation, they would like to know what the idea is in cutting down the vacations each year or giving vacations when there is no need of one. As all know, Admission Day was scheduled as a vacation. This was an innovation along good lines, but the taking away of this vacation and giving the students one on election day is decidedly groundless and the reasons for taking this step are only partly understood by the students. On top of this comes the announcement that there will be only one day of vacation for Thanksgiving recess. This is also not understood by the students, as it is not only breaking a time-honored custom, but prevents many students from going home to their many happy family reunions. Thanksgiving is the one day next in importance to Christmas for bringing members of families together, for strengthening the spirit of kinship. But the present action has cast these considerations aside for reasons of very little value. In fact, the reasons are of less value than those that can be given for having a vacation on election day when very few if any really wanted one.

It might also be said that the students will feel deprived of a

holiday, as they surely are, because instead of enjoying themselves on Thanksgiving they will have to have their mind on their studies and lessons for Friday, and so will really have no let-up on their work.

Owing to this, Thanksgiving day will be a day when all the students will carry a double load; not only the social duties that they will in part be compelled to carry out, also, the regular school routine.

Also, all the students will be in a semi-lethargic state after their day of feeding and jollity. None will be in a state of mind for recitations as could hardly be expected, as Friday will be worse than the teachers' proverbial "blue" Monday.

It might be stated that in most of the other colleges throughout the country that the school does not even expect the students to travel on Sunday during the Thanksgiving holidays and allow accordingly. So they have a holiday from Wednesday night to Tuesday morning of the following week in these institutions.

It seems from this that other reasons than that Thanksgiving is so near Christmas, should be given to justify the taking away of the Friday of the Thanksgiving recess.

G. B. B. A.

At a meeting of the Girls' Basketball Association, plans were talked over of the method of entertaining the basketball teams that are to come here. Although there have been no games scheduled to date, it is to be hoped that they will be. The girls talked of having a basketball rally in the near future. The association determined to knock all knoekers, but if anyone has anything to say to come to the girls and say it. A constitution was also proposed in which all must agree to "boost" to the limit the various doing of the young ladies.

Faculty vs. Seniors

(Continued From Page One)

"Spike" we call him and loes every one so that he is known all over the "hill." "Spike" has played football, punched cows, superintended a muck stiek and intends Wednesday to kick that "little pig" all over the field. "Good night Spie."

There are innumerable other Seniors who have surpassing ability that all of us do not appreciate but they have been overlooked because space, time and life insurance will run out.

A curfew order has been passed by the student council of Wellesley requiring all undergraduates to be within the college premises by 7:30 in winter and 8 o'clock in summer.

Sorority chocolates, the college girl's candy, 60c pound. Red Cross Drug store.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The clove it is a startling thing—Exciting, anyway; It don't exactly scare you, But it takes your breath away. —Puck.

"Well, old scout, what did you do all summer?"
 "Oh, I worked on a surveying squad out West."
 "What doing?"
 "Oh, I surveyed a shovel mostly."

Burning and carving sets for Pyrographic Art Work. Porteous Decorative Co.

The man who lives upright is apt to die in a horizontal position.

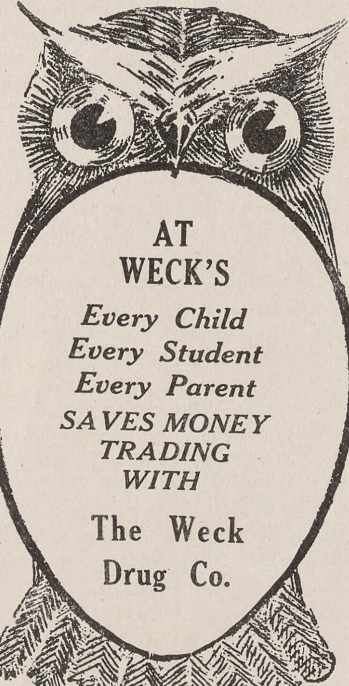
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A large new athletic field, with concrete grandstand, is being constructed at the University of Toronto.

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The University of Nebraska has organized a cadet signal corps.

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FACULTY SCIENCE MEETING

At a meeting of the Faculty Science Association held last Monday afternoon at 4:40 o'clock Professor Smith presented a paper on "Seismographs and Their Records," of which the following is a brief outline:

The oldest instrument for the recording of earthquakes is the seismoscope, a simple and often crude contrivance for detecting nearby earthquakes. In some instances they also indicate roughly the intensity of the earthquake and the chief or at least one of the important directions of earth movement. It is of interest to note that the earliest seismoscope of which we have any record was constructed in China, 136 A. D., and it was not till nearly 17 centuries later that seismoscopes were invented in Europe.

Seismographs are the more modern outgrowth of the seismoscope. They are specially devised and extremely sensitive instruments for the registration of the various vibratory movements of earthquakes, recording also their direction of motion and their time of occurrence. Indirectly they give an approximation of the distance to the point of origin of the shock.

Seismographs consist of a number of distinct parts: (1) the steady mass, or stationery mass, whose function it is to remain stationery during earth movements. The steady mass varies, with varying conditions in the other parts of the seismograph, from one or two hundred grams to seventeen thousand kilograms (about 18 1-2 tons); (2) a support connected with the earth and moving with it. The steady mass is held up by the support in such a manner that it will partake as little as possible of the movements of the support; (3) the connecting and transmitting mechanism, joining the steady mass with the adjacent ground. It is the function of this mechanism to transmit and if necessary to magnify more or less and to record the motions of the ground. The transmission of these motions is either by a series of levers or by reflection of light from a small mirror placed on the seismograph.

(4) The recorder, consisting of clock movement, drums, paper, etc., on which the record is actually inscribed. The earliest earthquake records were made on smoked glass—the glass remaining stationary and the different

components of motion not being separated. There was further no means of recording time. In the modern instruments, the different components of motion (north-south, east-west and up and down) are recorded separately, though usually on the same record sheet; the records are magnified, are drawn out so as to be readily discernible and the time element is recorded as well. The two principal methods of magnifying and registering the components of earth motions are the photographic and the mechanical. The photographic method of registration may be divided into two kinds—the optical and the direct. In the optical kind, a beam of light from a stationary source is reflected from a mirror on the stationery mass and concentrated on a moving sheet of photographic paper, which is afterwards developed. In the direct method of photographic registration, light is reflected through a longitudinal slit in a diaphragm on the end of the steady mass and then through a transverse slit to the moving photographic paper.

In the mechanical method of registration, the record is usually made on an endless sheet of paper moving over revolving drums. The registration may be by pen and ink or by a wire stylus on a smoked surface. (5) The final part of the seismograph is the damping device, not entirely necessary but very desirable and found on all of the best instruments. This is intended to check and control movements which the steady mass may sometimes acquire.

The steady mass remains very nearly at rest only when the periods of the earth vibrations are short as compared with the natural vibration period of the steady mass. Earth vibrations whose periods are near those of the steady mass will set the mass vibrating and these vibrations will render imperfect the record of earth movements. It is to reduce or neutralize these vibrations that the so-called damping devices are used. The vibrations may be largely avoided, also, by the use of steady masses with large vibration periods.

The earliest type of seismograph was merely an ordinary pendulum, the pendulum-bob constituting the steady mass and the recording being done on smoked glass by a stylus projecting from the bottom of the pendulum. All



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of the more modern instruments which have proved successful are some modification of this early type.

A classification and brief description of the different types of seismographs, with some of their strong and weak points, was given, and the paper was closed with a series of lantern views illustrating some of the different types of instruments and the records of earth movements made by them.

"WILLIE BEANS" HEARD FROM

Stanley Wilton, ex-'11, the latest Oxford student from Nevada, has written a most interesting letter concerning his reception at Oxford. It is as follows:

"I arrived here safely about two weeks ago. To me it seemed as if my arrival was that of an expected guest, for I was immediately conducted to my rooms where a fire, blazing merrily in the fireplace, gave forth a pleasant greeting. Thus my advent into Oxford was most cheerful.

"On the morning after my arrival, the 18th of last month, I was cordially received by the Warden of Wadham College, Dr. P. A. Wright-Anderson, and was admitted officially by him into the college. That same afternoon I was matriculated to the University of Oxford. The ceremony was conducted by the Vice-Chancellor in the Clarendon building, in the most beautiful room in Oxford. All ceremonies are in Latin, most impressive, but highly unintelligible to every American.

Some have said Englishmen are cold and held themselves aloof from Americans who enter here. I have not found them so. Immediately after landing in Wadham I received numerous invitations to breakfast, lunch and tea with Englishmen and I have found them cordial but not effusive, dignified but not cold. In fact I have detected a spirit of curiosity, for many young Englishmen have dropped into my rooms without warning, quite to see what kind of an animal "the man from Nevada" is. They ask numerous questions, especially about Col. Roosevelt. Some questions I could hardly answer, but I felt quite at ease when one asked if Delaware was in Ohio.

"I have been fortunate in not making mistakes like some of my Wadham brothers from America. The Rhodes scholar from Alabama, upon examining the furniture in his rooms, discovered some broken chairs. Wishing them mended, and having an idea that the Bursar of this college was the head servant here, he sent a brusque note of summons telling him to come to his rooms and see to the mending of the chairs.

If there is any official in Orford who holds a most high position, and to whom the utmost respect is due, he is the Bursar. He has as little to do with chair repairing as the King of England. You can imagine the result when the Bursar received the American's note. This American is still alive, and so, I suppose, has been forgiven, but there has been and will be many a laugh at his expense.

"I am gradually becoming accustomed to Oxford life. I like the gathering together of men from all over the world at the afternoon teas, at the clubs, at the college common room, and at various other places, where one hears new opinions, which question the stability of many things I have always regarded as absolutely stable and constant. One either believes in his convictions all the stronger after living here for some time or else adopts a new philosophy altogether.

"I am just a bit homesick for America, but at the same time I am enjoying myself immensely."

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GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Miss Doten was a most entertaining and accomplished speaker, and was delightfully heard by the students at the general assembly Friday. Her address is as follows:

Before coming to my actual subject, some impressions of the N. E. A. and of the East, gained this summer, I would like, as Samantha Allen would say, to "reminisance" a little. Some years ago,—I don't wish to remember just how many, but Dr. Adams and several others of the faculty have a hideous accuracy of memory on the subject,—I was a member of the Student Body in the U. of N. In those days the sheep had not been separated from the goats, and we were permitted to sit by him, whom we most worshiped, and listen to HIM rather than to the Assembly lecturer—and I must say that then it never in my wildest dreams occurred to me that I should ever appear before an Assembly.

I remember that in those days Dr. Stubbs once frightened and distressed us all most direfully by a lecture he gave us on the subject of "Falling in Love." In most uncompromising terms he gave us to understand that if any of us committed this atrocious offense, and it came to his ears, the offenders would immediately be sent home to stay forever. Naturally we were terrified by so stern an edict, and held long and solemn discussions anent the situation. We felt that the joy had departed from life and the zest from existence; but at last Mabel Richardson and I decided that in view of the fact that before the stern mandate went forth, we were both already irrevocably and everlastingly in love, we were safe from the Presidential wrath, so we went our ways, rejoicing.

Probably there are some of you who think that school teachers do not have any fun in life, and are always solemn and stern and forbidding. If so I wish you could have been in Goldfield week before last, and seen us play. It was truly a joyful occasion, and we danced and sang and ate and enjoyed ourselves hugely. Not from any desire to inspire envy in the souls of the Faculty, or Student Body, I just want to tell you that Professor Hill was introduced to the Institute, as the "Handsomest man in the University of Nevada." Also I wish to say that there were four of us ladies with whom Dr. Stubbs engaged five dances each, but Dr. Adams took unto himself the duties of a chaperon and sternly forbade any such frivolity.

On the evening of June 26th we boarded the train at Reno, bound for Boston, and the N. E. A. From the very first we were fortunate for we fell in with the California delegation bound for the same place, and found them most delightful and companionable people. There were six in our party, four of us graduates of the University of Nevada, and three of us native Sagebrushers, so we felt that we represented the State fairly well.

Almost as soon as we became acquainted with the Californians they approached us with the suggestion that we combine forces with them in trying to obtain the next meeting of the N. E. A. for San Francisco in 1911. Of course we told them immediately that this was impossible, since our determination was fixed to bring the convention to Reno at that time. They were unkind enough to laugh at us, making us all the more stubborn in the matter; but alas—on leaving Chicago, over the Great Trunk, we found that we could obtain only four upper berths, for the accommodation of six women. Hereupon California magnanimously came to our rescue, in the persons of Mr. Duncan McKinnon, Superintendent of Schools in San Diego; Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Chamberlain, Treasurer of the N. E. A. These gentlemen rearranged the mem-

bers of their party in such wise that we found ourselves quite comfortably situated. Obviously the only thing for us to do was to be equally courteous to the Californians, so we gracefully withdrew Reno from the fight for the next meeting of the Association; and since Reno was her most formidable rival this assured San Francisco's success in obtaining the convention for 1911.

On leaving Chicago we soon found ourselves in a veritable Canadian fairyland. The line of the Grand Trunk lies through mile after mile of beautiful woods, thick with oaks and maples, and having a dense undergrowth of brake and fern that is indeed marvelous to eyes accustomed to the charming but not wholly luxuriant sagebrush. Again our route lay through the greenest of meadowland, dotted and starred with myriads of most lovely wild flowers. Train service was execrable, but we consoled ourselves by gazing at the beautiful scenery—and playing bridge.

When we reentered the boundary line, coming back from Canada to the States, it was nearly midnight, and a delightful, short, stout and correspondingly jolly Customs Inspector boarded our train. Mrs. Booth, our State Director and Official Chaperon, had gone to bed early, as all good chaperones do, but hearing the confusion, as the Inspector raided our suit-cases, she thrust her head out between the curtains of her berth, asking what the trouble was. The Inspector looked up from her suit-case with the sweetest of smiles, meanwhile grasping in his hand a cushiony object of suspicious appearance. Most reassuringly he said to her, "Merely a matter of form, Madam, mere-

ly a matter of form!" Recognizing at a glance the article he held, Mrs. Booth hastily agreed that it was a matter of form, and disappeared mid a roar of laughter.

We arrived in Boston on Saturday, July 2nd, and upon the instant of alighting from our train were taken in charge by a committee of the Boston Teachers' Association, who piloted us through Boston's crooked streets to the N. E. A. headquarters in the Old Art

(Continued on Page Four)

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SOL LEVY

General Assembly

(Continued from Page Three)

Museum, on Copley Square. Here we were quickly registered and recommended to rooms in an excellent hotel near by, where we established the Nevada headquarters. From this instant we began to realize that our preparations for the convention were incomplete. First we had no badges and it took us three days to get some made, with the word Nevada in gold letters on a ribbon of College Blue. Secondly, no state headquarters had been previously agreed upon and advertised; so, although we did the best that we could to make our whereabouts known, we missed seeing several good Nevadans, who were trying to find us. Thirdly, we ought to have had placards posted all over the Museum advertising the fact that Nevada was well represented in far away Boston; and lastly, I have never ceased to regret that we did not have with us the biggest college pennant that ever was created,—to suspend before the parlor door of the Copley Square Hotel. There were pennants on display that week from every State in the Union, but I saw none so lovely, none that looked as good to me, as would the blue and white of my own N. S. U.

The convention was a splendid example of careful planning and excellent management. On Monday, July 4th, while Reno was thronged by the greatest crowd ever known within her gates, watching that contest between black and white, in Cambridge at the Harvard Stadium President Taft, Governor Draper of Massachusetts, Governor Kitchin of North Carolina, and other great statesmen were addressing an audience of some thirty thousand people,—the great majority of whom were educators.

And speaking of July 4th reminds me that to the notoriety which Reno gained at that time, we owed many pleasing, amusing and a few irritating experiences. On our first day in Boston, as we emerged from the Association headquarters, after being registered, we were halted by two harmless looking young men, who inquired if we wouldn't please stand still and be photographed. Some of our party had gone a little way ahead, and I, in all innocence, called out: "Come back, Reno, and be photographed."

The word Reno acted like a galvanic current in the two. "Reno? Reno!" they exclaimed, "is it possible that you folks are from Reno? Oh, say, do you know any dope on the prize fight? How in the world could you tear yourselves away at this time? Why if we lived within 500 miles of Reno nothing on earth could have pried us away from that fight!"

We told them all we knew about the situation, but I fear they found us sadly lacking in the true sporting spirit, for they knew a great deal more about that particular phase of Nevada activity than did we. We learned that they were Harvard boys, recruiting their college funds by reporting during the summer months for the Boston Record. A day or two later on an unrecognizable group picture appeared in their paper labeled, "The Reno Sextette, who came to Boston to avoid the Prize Fight."

This was only a sample of what we constantly met with as soon as anyone learned where we were from. I must confess that I never quite realized where I live until I went East. During the convention those Nevada badges excited more attention and comment than ever we dreamed they could. One day, in the shopping district of the city, two of us were making our way along a crowded sidewalk when a man of huge proportions blocked our way. He took one look at our badges, and began to roar with laughter, shouting in our faces, "Nevada—well, what do you know about that?" And that happened in the cultural center of our great country.

Again—one afternoon I was

coming down in the hotel elevator, and a pompous sort of man, labeled with a yellow and blue Ohio badge, examined me critically. When he had decided that I wore no cartridge belt and apparently had no firearms or bowie knives about me, he said: "Nevada? You came a long distance, didn't you?" When I had admitted that such was the case, he went on: "Well, I shouldn't think you'd care to be wearing that badge just now." I felt myself growing several inches taller, and knew just how that girl in Billy Baxter's book felt, when she "rose like a human yeast-cake." I gave him just as withering a glance as I could summon on such short notice, and replied: "Sir, I should like you to understand that I am quite as proud of my Nevada badge as you possibly can be of your Ohio one,—and with every bit as good reason to be!"

One morning I attended two meetings of the convention—quite by accident. I was searching for a Latin section and blundered in upon an English Literature, just in time to hear some terribly pompous and impressive pedagogue pay his disrespects to Jack London for having so "demeaned, disgraced his skill in English composition as to write that description of that infamous struggle at Reno!" The weight of scorn and contumely that he compressed into his pronunciation of the last word made me feel that I never had cared much about English anyway, so I left and hid me to the Latin department. But even here I was not to be permitted to forget the burden of my disgrace, for one of the speakers fell to drawing a parallel between the wrestling match of Entellus and Dares described in the Fifth Book of the Aeneid, and what happened here on the 4th of July.

But of one thing I am certain—while those great educators condemned us and derided us in bitterest terms for what took place, they showed a surprising intimacy with the details of the fight that indicated interested and careful study of the sporting columns; and I believe every one of them would have been glad of an opportunity to see (without being found out) what they so loudly denounced.

We found Boston an intensely interesting city from every standpoint. I think that in variety of interests it must be richer than almost any other city in the United States. Its shops, Art Museum, library, its theatres and symphony concerts, its crooked streets, tangled subways, quaint old buildings and lovely modern homes, make it abound in countless fascinations, and of course, the historic spots, which are so numerous in and about the city, make it a place where one could spend many weeks with great profit. The suburbs of the city are extremely beautiful, and the countless miles of perfect roads make automobiling an unalloyed delight.

We spent a portion of one day most pleasantly at Harvard University under the kind and able guardianship of Professor Hill, who abandoned the pursuit of knowledge for a few hours in order to pilot us about the Harvard and Radcliffe buildings.

One of the very noticeable features of Boston is the overwhelming number of monuments in every conceivable spot. Every man who ever did any great deed, or whose relatives and friends imagine that he did, is immortalized by some kind of a monument. I heard one good old Bostonian remark on a blistering July day, that he knew of one monument that ought straightway to be erected—one far more merited than many of those already on view—and that should be in honor of the man who invented ice cream!

I must admit, and I have not a befitting sense of shame in confessing it, that after visiting the Old South Church, the Old North Church, Trinity Church, the Old Garany Burial Ground, and laboriously climbing all those steps to

the very top of Bunker Hill monument, I felt an overwhelming desire to mingle with some "live ones," and to get into and in touch with things absolutely modern and up to date.

And so in New York I encountered some disapproval from the historically inclined, by a vigorous refusal to inspect any more monuments, churches, or graveyards,—for it seemed so foolish thus to spend hours which might be spent in adoring the wonders at Tiffany's, Wanamaker's, or the glories of Fifth avenue; or even perhaps of Coney Island.

However, we did visit the cathedral of St. John the Divine, now in process of construction. This is to be the fourth largest cathedral in the world, and will not be completed for about 50 years. About the main body of the church are seven chapels of tongues, in which the gospel will be preached in seven different languages. Each chapel is an exquisite work of art, adorned with beautiful wood work, and the altars surrounded by perfect sculptures in the whitest of white marble.

A few days spent in Plymouth were among the pleasantest of my trip. There I stayed in the house that my grandfather built in 1812; and was taken to view with due reverence the site of the Doten house, built in 1660; as well as the grave of Wm. Bradford, founder of the race.

Sleepy, quiet Plymouth, with its air of absolute repose, is an ideal place to visit churches, antique houses, and tombstones,—and the Old Curiosity Shop, kept by one Winslow-Brewster Standish in a house built about 200 years ago, is a place of wondrous fascinations, and exorbitantly-priced curiosities.

Here, also, I saw the home of Miss Nabby Judson, and the grave of her beloved brother Adoniram. It seems that Adoniram was very religiously inclined, and became a missionary in some obscure portion of India. Upon leaving home he departed through the front door of the paternal mansion, and Miss Nabby, in a fierce glow of enthusiasm, locked and bolted the aforesaid door, declaring that it should never again be used until the return of her beloved brother. Years passed by, but Adoniram remained in India, having married and made his home in Burmah. Finally he sent his son and daughter back to old Plymouth to spend some time with Miss Nabby. The girl taught school there for a time and Miss Nabby always referred to her as "that Burmy gal." But the boy—or rather young man—was a sore trial to his poor maiden aunt. He would insist on going to town and imbibing freely of spirituous liquors, coming home at scandalous hours, and singing and shouting hilariously as he crossed the green. On one fatal occasion he tried to enter the front door, and on finding it bolted, barred and barricaded, raised such an uproar that poor Miss Nabby flew out to remonstrate. She reminded him that the front door was sacred—consecrated to the hour when Adoniram should return and should never be opened until that time.

"Ish jat sho?" queried the young inebriate. And before poor, distracted Miss Nabby could stop him, he had made a drunken progress round the house, into the side door—overturning chairs, tables and the family cat, by the way, and had unlocked and unbolted the sacred door, howling and shouting in wicked glee as he staggered through its portals, back to town.

At Niagara Falls, we spent a week. One's impressions there are of the indescribable sort. There is something distasteful about futile human conversations, and to talk, or especially to be talked to, is irritating. An Irishman, on visiting the Falls, was asked what he thought of them. He waited for about half an hour and then remarked, "Faith and it's a juicy sight." But his questioner persisted, asking: "Well,

what do you think of all that water, falling over there?" Another half hour's hesitation brought the reply, "Well, an' what's to hinder?"

An hour spent on the staging built close to the Whirlpool Rapids, while an ancient photographer told me the stories of the deluded ones, who had braved the fury of those waters, was intensely interesting—and I have been regretting that the insane man who recently went through that gorge in a small motor-boat, did not choose for his performance the week of our sojourn at the Falls.

Chicago we found to be most interesting in various ways, but I must confess that I did not relish finding myself alone there on the day of the Grand Conclave of Knights, I felt like the San Franciscan who went to New York to live but returned home in less than a month. When asked the reason for his change of mind he said: "Well, San Francisco is some crowded at times, but when I went to New York they wouldn't even let me on the sidewalk, so I came home."

I watched the parade, over 3 miles long, until I found the place where the Nevada Commandery should have been, but saw no familiar face and turned away in disappointment.

Another place of great interest to me was Old Vincennes. There I visited the old cathedral, where I saw some ancient and priceless books in Latin and French, and some exquisite handmade lace, which had adorned the vestments of one of the earlier Bishops of Vincennes—a member of a noble family in France. The lace had been intended to deck the wedding gown of a sister of the Bishop, but her lover died, and she dedicated the priceless web to the beautifying of her brother's vestments, and herself entered a convent. I also saw the little old

house where it is claimed that Alice of Old Vincennes played as a child.

Having come back as far West as Illinois, I know that I have told all my impressions of the East—for one thing that I learned was that Chicago,—and all this side of it—is away out in the West; almost far enough for the cowboys and rattlesnakes to begin to prove troublesome.

Personal

Miss —, "I have neither a "Shutter" or a "Curtin."—Poor girl!

Mr. Morrison, the local evangelist, will address the Y. W. C. A. Tuesday.

Prof. Tuck, supervisor principal of the Nevada City schools was visiting the campus Saturday.

Don't forget, Faculty vs. Senior Soccer Wednesday (unless postponed) at 4:00 in the afternoon. Everybody else will be there.

Regent Sullivan '92, and Miss Maude Hobart ex-'05, were married last week in Virginia City. Mr. Sullivan was a very popular member of the T. H. P. O. fraternity, and Miss Hobart was a member of the Delta Rho sorority. The students are offering congratulations to the couple and wish the many happy days.

Poor Louie Leavitt, he was certainly in a bad plight last week when three young ladies of Manzanita coralled him into the recreation room for an evening. The victim says he enjoyed it, and that it feels great to be a football man when he is treated like this. Misses Marie De Flou, Margaret Langwith, and Matilda Jepson were the hostesses.

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