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# The U. of N.



# Sagebrush

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## JUNIOR PROMENADE NEXT SOCIAL EVENT

ANNUAL "PROM" NEXT FRIDAY  
IN GYM. PROMISES MERRY  
TIME TO ALL

Next Friday, the twenty-eighth, the big event of the Junior class is to be staged in the gym. Despite the recent inclement weather, the Juniors feel sure of a large attendance to partake of their hospitality.

Programs of delightful originality and a list of dances suited to the talents of the most recent terpsichorean expert, are two features sure to please those attending. A good sized orchestra is to dispense the music for the occasion.

Judging by early indications, the Junior Prom will measure up well with the other annual dances and provide a merry good time for all.

Class President "Bill" Melarkey is to lead the grand march, and promises some new features in semi-military evolutions.

## ARTEMISIA EDITOR RESIGNS POSITION

MOORMAN PARKS, '17, LEAVES  
SCHOOL BECAUSE OF ILLNESS  
OF FATHER

Owing to the serious illness of his father Moorman Parks, '17, editor of the Artemisia, last Friday dropped his University work and left for Louisville, Kentucky, where his parents reside. The loss of Parks, as student and editor of the Junior year book, will be felt by many.

A meeting of the Junior class resulted in the selection of Harry Moore, '17, as editor to replace Parks. Moore has taken charge of the work, and is planning various original stunts to enliven the 1916 issue.

## PROTEINS SUBJECT CHEMICAL LECTURE

FATE OF PROTEIDS IN ANIMAL  
ORGANISMS DISCUSSED BY  
PROF. MOSHER

At the meeting of the Chemical Club last Thursday evening, Professor Mosher gave a lecture on the "Fate of Protein in Animal Organisms." This subject is receiving considerable attention at this time and the lecture was a timely discussion of a phase of the chemistry of living organisms. The theory is that the proteins are split into amino acids and bases which are in turn absorbed thru the intestinal wall to circulate in the blood. The cells and tissues of the body are provided with enzymes capable of taking up their characteristic proteins from these acids and bases in the blood and constructing from these so-called structural units the proteins of the body. Professor Mosher went into the subject in some detail and his discussion was thoroughly instructive to the members of the club.

## Have You Paid Your A. S. U. N. Dues?

You are not a member of the student body, if you haven't.

Cards admit holders to all games and athletic contests.

Do your share toward the maintenance of athletics. See Treasurer Quigley and

**BUY ONE NOW**

## STATE WELFARE CONFERENCE IN FEBRUARY

CONFERENCE IN FEB. LECTURES  
AND SESSIONS TO BE HELD  
DURING FARMER'S WEEK

The State Welfare and Development Conference will hold its third annual meeting on February 25 and 26 at the end of Farmer's Week. Definite plans have not yet been formed but speakers of prominence, whose names will be announced later, will be present. The convention will partake of the same general nature as those of previous years and subjects of great importance to Nevada will be discussed by various experts. On Friday evening, February 25, a big smoker will be held at the Commercial Club in honor of the visitors and on the following Saturday the business sessions will be held. The conference is in line with the development work now being carried on over the entire state.

## PRIZES OFFERED BY '16 ARTEMISIA

EDITOR MOORE SEEKS AID OF  
CAMPUS FOLK TO LIVEN  
YEAR BOOK

Why crab about being broke at the end of the month? Here is the chance of your lifetime to gather in a little filthy lucre.

The Artemisia has started a worth while contest. The first prize is five dollars, the second, one pe: good Artemisia. Now here are the terms of the contest. To the one who makes the best collection of joshes, cartoons, witty write-ups or any material that can be used in the Josh Department, whatsoever, this grand prize will be awarded. As stated, the second best collection will win an Artemisia.

If you hang around with the boys a lot, you surely hear some good ones. Just jot them down. Or if you have it in for a Prof., get something on him. All material must pass the National Board of Censorship, so be a little merciful. There is no time like the present. The contest begins now and closes February 9. Get to work and show a little pep on this. You never can tell what a witty streak you have in you until you get started.

Mail your contributions to the University, Box 7.

### Oh, You Big Noise!

Columbia State: T. R. calls for "sound Americanism," and it must be said that his brand is sound.

### Willing to Back Bryan on That.

Detroit Free Press: The progressives and the republicans want to make sure that the one-term plank is enforced.

### Old Whiskers Must Be Deaf!

Baltimore American: Talking about opportunity knocking at every man's door, it is positively thundering at Carranza's to make good.

## DAVIS FARMERS LOSE TO NEVADA

NEW RULES SLOW GAME DESPITE  
GOOD TEAM WORK ON  
BOTH SIDES

Nevada won its first basketball game from the Davis Farm by the narrow margin of 27 to 24.

The game was fast, considering the early season, and there were spurts of really clever ball. There were numerous faults which always tend to slow up the game but these were due mostly to the change of many old rules. Both centers found it hard to keep the hand behind the back on the jump as the rules demand. Henningsen, for Nevada, found this rule most confusing and made it necessary for Referee Henderson to allow three successive fouls. Other confusing regulations were the allowing to try for a basket after a "dribble" and the one hand "dribble." In view of the fact that this was the first game after only a week's practice, it was exceptionally good and strikingly free from rough playing and unsportsmanlike conduct.

Captain Slater was the star for the visitors, alone making eleven of their points, and at all times playing a hard game. Emerson was also responsible for a good portion of the score and Balch at times showed up well. The teamwork was good and hard-played throughout the whole forty minutes of play.

McCubbin carried stellar honors for the home team with 21 points to his credit. "Mac's" work at forward was easily the feature of the game; his first basket was one from practically the center of the floor and "registered" nearly every opportunity he had at the "ring." He still favors the ankle which was broken in football last fall to a marked degree, but did not tend to lessen his speed but slightly. "Hungry" gave his man a bad time and broke up many well designed plays for the "farmers." Trabert was the same old reliable and seemed the most at ease under the new conditions. Buckman seemed to have a case of stage-fright but this will wear off with experience. Aside from this little uneasiness his game was a good one. "Dick" Ballas showed "old head" form and McKensie, who replaced Buckman in the second half, played a good fast game.

Coach Wentworth was pleased with the showing Saturday night and says the prospects for a championship team are very bright.

They lined up as follows:

Davis:—  
Balch and Emerson, forwards; Neistrath and Hensacker, guards; Captain Slater, center.

Free goals—Bach 2, Emerson 3, Slater 1; field goals—Bach 2, Slater 5, and Neistrath 2.

Nevada:—  
Buckman, McCubbin, McKenzie, forwards; Henningsen, center; Trabert, Balch, guards.

Free goals—McCubbin 5; field goals—McCubbin 8, Buckman 1, and Henningson 2.

Time: 20 minute halves.

Referee: Henderson, Y. M. C. A.

Umpire: Max Charles.

## BLOCK N. MEETING

There will be a meeting of the Block N. Society Wednesday, January 26, at the training quarters. Matters pertaining to the inter-scholastic track meet will be discussed and the various committees will be appointed. The picture of the Society for the Artemisia will be arranged for and every member is urged to be present.

## PERSONALS

Miss Adele Norcross spent the week end with her parents in Carson City. Miss Edith Taylor was on the sick list last week.

The Home of Orange Pudding. D. C. & W. Co.

## SANTA CLARA vs. NEVADA SATURDAY IN FIRST LEAGUE GAME OF SEASON

STRONG TEAM FROM MISSION TOWN TO CONTEST NEVADA VARSITY; GAME MEANS MUCH IN FINAL RECKONING

Next Saturday the first game of the Nevada-California Basketball League will be played in the Nevada gym. From all reports the Santa Clara huskies are playing a strong game this year, and figure as strong contenders in the final reckoning. Milholland, Roffis and Diaz, of the Saint team, play an exceptionally strong game, and take advantage of the new rule allowing the dribbling shot to the limit. During the Xmas vacation the Santa Clarans played a series of games in Los Angeles and vicinity and succeeded in trimming only the high school teams they opposed. L. A. A. C. walloped them unmercifully. At that time they were short of condition and knowledge of the new rules, which handicapped them considerably. With the three weeks' practice since that time, a great deal of improvement may reasonably be expected.

For Nevada, the chances for victory

ABILITY OF PLAYERS TO ADOPT THEMSELVES TO CHANGED REGULATIONS WILL PROBABLY INFLUENCE OUTCOME OF GAME

in Saturday's game are exceedingly bright. Captain Henningsen is rounding into form, and getting back his eye for the iron cirlet. McCubbin played a wonderful game last Saturday and should repeat his performance against Santa Clara. Stewart is handling the casaba with his old-time case and registers the points in practice with regularity. Buckman, Ballis and Trabert are playing a good brand of basketball, especially Trabert in his position at guard. McKenzie, another Freshman contestant for varsity honors, is also showing exceptional class, and should make a position somewhere in the lineup.

Coach Wentworth is enthused over the prospects and says he has never seen better material on the hill for a winning team. "Went" has introduced new plays and combinations which should make many points for the blue and white.

## MILITARY BALL PLANNED FOR FEBRUARY 18

BIG SOCIAL EVENT IN ARMY  
CIRCLES IS CLAIMING  
ATTENTION

According to Captain H. L. Apple-while, commandant of cadets, the annual Military Ball is scheduled for February the eighteenth. This is the big social event in military circles, and is one of the most popular functions in the list of University events. All cadets and officers of the battalion are to wear the full-dress uniform, and the music is to be supplied by the cadet band under the Band Captain Darcy.

As yet no set plans have been formulated, but the different committees will probably be appointed within the next week, and active work will be inaugurated.

## MEMORIAL SERVICES HELD LAST SUNDAY

FRIENDS AND CLASSMATES OF  
LATE HAROLD GRINSTEAD  
PAY LAST RESPECTS

Last Sunday afternoon, solemn memorial services were held in memory of the late Harold Grimstead, '18, who perished while on a Sierra skiing trip, during the Xmas vacation. The gymnasium was well filled with friends and fellow students of the well-liked former student, and the words of sympathy and old memories made a deep impression on those present. Vice-President Robt. Lewers presided over the services and announced the various speakers.

Rev. W. E. Lowther opened the services, with appropriate readings from the Bible. During the services representatives of the various organizations on the hill spoke feelingly of their former relations with the deceased, followed by the memorial sermon, delivered by Rev. E. J. Lokens, pastor of the First Christian Church in Berkeley. Rev. Lokens was pastor for Grinstead for many years, and told of many characteristic traits which made him beloved by all.

President Hovey, for the A. S. U. N.; Claude Wheeler, for Grinsteads fraternity, Sigma Nu; Henry Wolfson and Prof. A. E. Turner for Lincoln Hall,

all spoke feelingly in memory of the deceased.

A quartet composed of the Misses Markhelm and Nan Coon, and Messrs. Caffrey and Frazee, rendered appropriate selections.

## IRRIGATION HEAD TO VISIT NEVADA

NEW DIRECTOR OF RECLAMATION SERVICE DESIRES CONFERENCE WITH AUTHORITIES

Dean Scrugham has received an announcement to the effect that Mr. Arthur P. Davis, new director of the United States Reclamation Service will visit the University early next month. Mr. Davis is an expert in matters of irrigation and reclamation and he desires a conference with the University authorities regarding the phases of these problems which present themselves in Nevada. Legislation of importance to the states included under the Reclamation Service is now pending in Congress and it is expected that the conference will be productive of new information on the question.

### A Pleasant Time for All.

Pittsburg Dispatch: Former Ambassador Herrick announces his candidacy for the senate seat now held by Senator Pomerene. Politics will now begin to warm up in Ohio.

WED. AND THURSDAY

"The House of a Thousand Candles"

Friday and Saturday

Mary Pickford in  
"The Foundling"

COMING

"The Tongues of Men"



## WOMEN AWARDED SHARE OF FUNDS

FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS TO BE GIVEN TO WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

At the meeting of the executive committee last Friday the matter of assigning the women's share of the athletic dues was taken up. After some discussion it was decided that the sum of four hundred dollars should be transferred to the women's athletic manager as soon as that amount had accumulated in the treasury from this semester's dues. The athletic fees have been somewhat slow in coming in this year and the fund must accumulate before it can be transferred. The sum of seventy-five dollars was voted to pay the expenses of the Davis game and the guarantee for the Santa Clara game was also granted. A report of the business manager of the Sagebrush was read and accepted.

## BIG EARTHQUAKE SUBJECT OF TALK

PROF. JONES PUBLISHES REPORT CONCERNING EARTHQUAKE OF LAST FALL

The origin of the big earthquake of last October was the subject of discussion at the meeting of the Faculty Science Club last Thursday. Professor Jones, who has made a study of the causes of the big shakeup, was the principal speaker and several slides were thrown on the screen indicating the extent of the earth's movement and showing the damage done. The cause of the earthquake was a movement along a fault on the eastern border of Pleasant Valley. The severeness of the shock may be understood when it is realized that if the earthquake had occurred in a more thickly settled district damage equal to that of the San Francisco quake of 1906 would have resulted.

The last bulletin of the Seismological Society of America contains an extensive article on the earthquake written by Professor Jones. Photographs and maps accompany the report and indicate the size and extent of the fault plane. The article contains an excerpt from the Winnetucca "Silver State" which indicates the sensations felt by the inhabitants of that vicinity:

"From this disturbance (second foreshock) on, it was an incessant continued trembling, the earth never appearing quiet. About nine o'clock we retired for the night, and as nearly as I can describe the situation, one could shut his eyes and imagine he was occupying a berth in a moving Pullman car, accompanied with creakings and rattling of windows, to be abruptly awakened by outbreaks at intervals of twenty to thirty minutes, lasting from five to ten seconds. At 10:54 things had quieted, or perhaps we were unconscious in sleep, when without the slightest warning a great roar and rumbling was heard and we were thrown violently out of bed and buffeted in all directions continuously for not less than fifteen minutes. During this disturbance the earth would appear to tire itself, and would hesitate for an instant, as if it were changing hands and fumbling to get a good grip, and would then shake violently with the other hand until tired; then it would change hands again and repeat the operation.

"The sensation of being shaken and buffeted about the room almost knocks the reason from one's head, and he acts mechanically in an endeavor to get outside. When outside, an opposite impulse seizes you, and your one thought is to get inside again. During this state of mind one appears to lose all reason, and flounders about like a ship without a rudder, and with only one desire—for the commotion to stop."

Another indication of the severity of the earthquake was given when word was received from the seismological observatory at Eskdalemuir, Scotland, that a record had been made on the seismograph at that point of the shock in Nevada.

### TELLING HER.

"My man, where did you become such an expert swimmer?"  
"Why, lady," responded our hero, modestly, "I used to be a traffic cop in Venice."—Buffalo Express.

## AGGIE EXTENSION CLUBS ORGANIZED

BULLETIN PREPARED FOR USE OF BOYS' AND GIRLS' AGGIE CLUBS

The Agricultural Extension Division has been busy the past two months preparing the text of the bulletins to be used in boys' and girls' club work in Nevada for the present year.

Three state-wide clubs are being organized, namely, Girls' Home Economic Club, Boys' and Girls' Animal Husbandry Club, and Boys' and Girls' Gardening Club. Any boy and girl in the state between the ages of 10 and 18 years on January 1st, may enroll. These three are general clubs, involving the study of the subjects mentioned. In connection therewith are a number of subsidiary clubs, or divisions, which each club member has the choice of joining. These provide for practical work in actual gardening, canning, or raising pigs, sheep, poultry, etc., for profit and in competition with other club members.

The Extension Division are quite enthusiastic over the results which they believe will be achieved by the boys' and girls' clubs in Nevada this year.

### HOW POKER ORIGINATED?

There's a harmless and an innocent game

Whereof the description is poker,  
But mighty uncertain the same  
When a monkey sits in as the joker.

1. Now the sons of men dwelt in tents, and Jared dwelt over against Enos, and over against Enos dwelt Jared.

2. And Enos sat in his door upon a keg, which anon he smote, and the sound was hollow, and the wind made music in the bung-hole.

3. And Enos lifted up his voice and wept because the keg was empty.

4. Then Jared journeyed across the plain bearing a flagon: the same was the apple-jack of Lebanon.

5. He brought also tokens which were called cards, and the colors thereof were as the colors of the rainbow.

6. And he gave to Enos to drink, and he taught him the use of the tokens, for he was learned in all the wisdom of the Pharaohs. And the stakes whereof they played were shekels of gold and pieces of silver.

7. And it came to pass that Enos parted the tokens and privily unto himself a spade, the king thereof; a club, the king thereof; a heart, the king thereof, and a diamond, likewise the king thereof.

8. And he said: "Behold he that is diligent in business shall stand by four inks," and he stood.

9. Now Jared held three aces. But he put forth his hand and secretly took yet another ace from the hand of his servant.

10. Then did Enos say: "Behold my hand is worth to seven shekels." And Jared said: "I will go you seven better."

11. And Enos said: "And yet seven more," and Jared said: "Again, and yet seven more."

13. Then Enos said: "Show me, I pray thee, what thou holdest in thy hand." And Jared showed him.

So all the possessions which were the possessions of Enos became the possessions of Jared and he possessed them.—From Old Testament Stories (Heston).

## MATH CLUB IS NEW SOCIETY

ORGANIZATION FOR MATHEMATICS MAJORS BEGUN IN PROF. HASEMON'S DEPARTMENT

During the past semester there was considerable discussion among the students and professors of the mathematics department as to the prospects of organizing a mathematics club in this University. At the beginning of this semester the plan received further attention, and materialized Wednesday, January 19, when a meeting was called to order. Those present consisted of the major math students and the mathematics staff of the faculty.

Miss Dorothy Morrison was elected president, Miss Bertschy secretary and treasurer, and Chester Brennan chairman of the program committee. At the opening of the meeting Dr. Hasemon expressed his view on the purpose and advantages in such an organization. He also stated that the major math students of this institution were increasing rapidly in number and that the chances for a successful club were very favorable. The name of the organization was left open for discussion at the next meeting. It was decided that mathematic majors and minors would be admitted to active membership in the club, and that others who were interested in mathematics could be elected to associate membership.

A meeting will be held every second Wednesday at the home of one of the members or in the math room. The purpose of these meetings will be to familiarize the students with current topics of interest in their line, rather than the solution of long tedious mathematical problems. Every member, active or associate, will be expected to give a half hour report on some subject during the school year. Those present were: Dr. Hasemon and Professor Nyswander, Messrs. Morrison, Rainer, Higgins, Cameron and Bertschy, Messrs. Brown, Brenner, Wyle, Morgan and McCleary.

### COLLEGE

A college is a factory for turning raw material into case-hardened athletes, kid-finished society leaders, and future members of "Who's Who." Its work is marvelous. It can take an eighteen-year-old youth with premature trousers, haystack hair, and an Adam's apple like a plum, and in four years can work him over into a calm-eyed football champion who looks as if he had just stepped out of a ready-made clothing advertisement. It can transform a bashful boy, who turns his toes in so that they will not be too prominent, into a loud noise in a flat hat and a sore throat necktie, who is only happy when he is stealing the wheels from under a trolley car. It makes statesmen out of cowherders, society leaders out of plowboys, halfbacks out of mother's darlings, and wise men out of high school seniors. And it accomplished all of this without taking the material apart or using an axe on it!

Colleges were invented a great many centuries ago, but have only become virulent during the last fifty years. Formerly, a college was only a place in which to learn things in books, and was as dull as a monastery. Now it is a place in which to learn all about Science, Politics, Lawn-tennis, History, Art, Blocking Off With the Elbow, Evidence on Christianity, How to Keep a Dance Program Straight, Historionics, Frat House Construction, Trigonometry, Sign Stealing, French, Advanced United States, Physiology, Eating in

All Its Branches, Baseball, Gymnastics, How to Live on Credit, Matrimony, the Science of Making the Hair Stand Up Straight, Political Economy, Noises—Mechanical and Vocal—Greek, Human Nature, Girls and Policemen. The college student of today learns all there is to learn about all these things in four years, whereas one hundred years ago a graduate was lucky if he could read Latin and Greek at sight, and could dodge hearses on the streets. Investors boast of the great strides made by science in the last century. But science is a canal boat compared with education.—George Fitch, Vest Pocket Essays.

During the Christmas vacation Professor Jones made a trip to Arden, which is located about fifteen miles south of Las Vegas. The town is the

site of a big gypsum mill, capable of producing 200 tons of plaster material per day. The gypsum is found in strata of the carboniferous age and has been formed by hydration. This plant produced 79 per cent of the plaster cement used at the Panama-Pacific Exposition and ships its product as far as Austria.

A university moustache race is under way at the University of Chicago. Only seniors are eligible, and about fifty have entered so far. The race is governed by a committee selected from the seniors.

### \$25,000 IS THE LIMIT.

The fraternities on the campus at the University of California will be prohibited from building new houses costing over \$25,000, according to a resolution passed by the board of trustees of the University at a recent meeting.

## BILLIARDS

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ARTEMESIA PHOTOGRAPHER

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS



## FROM THE TRENCHES

HARLAN HEWARD WRITES INTERESTINGLY OF CONDITIONS AT THE FRONT

Leith, Scotland, Dec. 9, 1915.

Dear Bourke: If I were to attempt a title for this letter, I think I would call it "Innocents Abroad," for to any but the actors themselves, the incidents must appear rather humorous.

On or about the 10th day of October, 1915, Bert Hope, who had been one of my fellow conspirators at college, and myself started out to see a bit of the cold countries. We left Reno one dark evening, traveling as it were, "sub rosa." Although railroad police on two occasions invited us to buy tickets out of town, we landed in Cheyenne, Wyo., two and one-half days later, not very much the worse for wear. After paying express on our suit cases, we had less than \$30 each with which to make a continental tour.

After remaining in Cheyenne for three days we purchased tickets for Denver, which city held us for a week while we did our best to negotiate transportation east. At length we made the raffle and rode in the caboose of a freight train clear to New York. Our train carried 15 cars o horses consigned to French army agents and we were merely with the horses, receiving no pay and paying no fare. At Fremont, Neb., Hammond, Ind., and Salamanca, N. Y., we laid over a day or so to rest and feed. The going was so slow that we finally landed in New York City with less than some of the future presidents had when they started climbing the ladder of success. As Hope put it "A couple of dollars in our pockets would make a noise like a kicking jackass in a tin stable."

For a week we existed in New York, really on the ragged edge of nothing. If it had not been for a room donated by the lads of our fraternity in their quarters, I doubt if we could have made it at all. However, on November 6 we sailed on the British ship Bankdale for Bordeaux, France, with a cargo of automobiles, gun-cotton and 402 horses. (From now on let me copy from notes which I took from time to time).

November 21 aboard the Bankdale—Well, folks, I've got a spare moment, so I'll write you a few lines which may be mailed anywhere from Cape Horn to the Kiel Canal. We are 15 days out from New York, sailing along at about 6 knots per hour, only two or three horses dead out of 402, and outside of an overwhelming disgust with our position, ship and companions, should be at peace with the world. 'Twas Friday morn and the 13th of our sailing, when an agonized cry of fire! rang out and thru our quarters. We dressed and hurried out to find the hold next to us ablaze. Never did fire look so hot nor the sea so cold. After fighting till long after daylight with fire-hose and bucket lines, we finally got it under control, but it is still burning dangerously and the hatches are battened down tightly. We have weathered fire at sea and have survived the foulest "eats" that ever were fed in a construction camp, so the fates must be saving up something real good for us. It isn't all tragedy though, for we have some genuine comedy now and again.

Three nights ago one of the horsemen dropped the ship's cat down a ventilator into the stoke-hold. As luck would have it, poor Puss landed on all fours squarely on the naked back of one of the Arab firemen. With shrieks that were heard all over the boat, Arabs started pouring out of portholes, smokestacks and ladder ways.

A rather weird incident occurred last evening. Bert and I got away from the maddening throng for a smoke upon deck. It was some time after six bells and the sea was calm and dark, when up a ladder-way came a dark and skinny form. Turning toward Mecca and waving long, slender arms, he began praying with numerous "Allahs" and a "Mahammed" or two thrown in. Almost ghostly what?

A choice lot of horsemen we have with us. There is a "bully" who was once a soldier, and is something of a veterinarian. After the first encounter, Hope and I are about the only two who didn't have to toast his bread or wash up his dishes. Among

others in the menagerie are two ex-soldiers, four or five lads who have done time in most of the New England county jails, and a disgraced doctor who talks Spanish nicely. The rest are mere Bowery toughs, trained in the art of petty thievery and the science of vulgar language. All things come to an end, they tell us, so mayhap we may see Bordeaux eventually.

November 26, Bordeaux—After a long trip up the Gironde river, we are in La Belle, France. Lots of fog and cold weather but it is mighty enjoyable to see land once more. This evening we go ashore, but since we are broke as usual, I don't suppose our welcome will be any too warm.

December 2, aboard S. S. Devonia, in English Channel. (I didn't write anything in Bordeaux. Things were happening too rapidly)—Bert has gone aft to play cards with some French Canadians, so while waiting for him to go to bed, I've been looking thru my suit case and have found a pencil. We are aboard the British steamer "Devonia" of Glasgow en route from Bordeaux to Leith, Scotland, which latter town is just one mile from historic Edinburg.

We have certainly seen some sights and led some life. Here we are stowaways aboard a ship. You've heard entertaining stories of such things, but experience is by far the most realistic instructor. If ever you should be tempted to try the "stunt," take my advice and don't. Our horse-boat refused to pay us off in Bordeaux and it looked much like a return to New York for us, but the spirit of the "Old Guard" said, "No surrender," and thus it came about that we walked aboard this craft and stowed ourselves away in the hold. That night will long live in our minds as one of freezing cold, scampering rats, visions of the captain's wrath on the morrow and of Scottish jails in the near future. It was absolutely dark and our sense of touch was very little to lean upon. We were afraid to emerge, lest we be sent back with the pilot and so did not show ourselves for 24 hours.

Now for four long days we have been shoveling manure, cleaning ship and otherwise earning our passage. But the hand of man is everywhere against the stowaway and we know not what the morrow has in store for us. Leith is a naval depot and on all sides we hear stories of the strictest military regulations.

Just now Bert and I sleep in a little room 3x6 feet with an extremely hard floor, so tight a fit that when one turns in bed the other must do likewise. No hay, no mattress; just a few horse blankets for our weary bones. Draw all the pictures you want and laugh if you must, but remember that we shiver meanwhile. We looked upon wooden shoes and dainty French heels, upon the same house where Napoleon was wont to sound the knocker; upon sidewalks so narrow that two fat women could not pass, scores of wine buffets with women serving drinks; men tipping their hats to each other; kissing indulged in upon a scale at once magnificent and indiscriminate; saw soldiers garbed in all the colors of a college queen, with bayonets two feet long and a ware thereupon.

December 6, Leith, Scotland—This is Sunday, very cold with a little snow. You may be interested in reading an account of how we came out when passing from one end of the English Channel to the other, but no submarines interfered and we are now steaming up the Firth of Forth with the pilot on deck. No change in the attitude of the powers that be toward the stowaways! We were white-washing a pile of boards this morning but the "basin" seems to have forgotten us for the moment we have shared in our "budwah," namely, the "spud layout." All the "Canucks" are rigged out in their finest, but a collection taken from the lot wouldn't outfit a white man. Just now everyone went up and leaned over the rail to watch a British submarine going out to sea. Interesting sight! Two days ago we viewed a fleet of 18 British warships steaming down the English Channel. Talk about shipping, the whole channel and North Sea are simply alive with steamers and sailing craft, the neutrals all having their national colors painted on bow and stern.

Bert just entered with a suggestion that we "doll up" so as to make a favorable an impression as possible on immigration men and military inspectors, so I'll stow the writing weapons.

December 7, more of Leith—We have met the enemy and we are their'n. To the "inquisition" we announced that we were born in British Columbia and told an entertaining tale, in which French wine and cognac befogged our usually clear vision. The Scotch officers in "kilties" and "gengaries" smiled with us, but when they asked for proof of our Canadian birth we could offer none, so the final verdict was that we must stay aboard ship. Hence we are interned, as it were, for a short time in the historic land of Bobbie Burns and Robert the Bruce.

But, as has been rather pointedly suggested by officers of the ship, work is plentiful, so we are to start on the morrow as stevadores, receiving therefor the princely recompense of 8 "bob" per day. However, we are pleased to announce that Scotch working hours are in accordance with our idea of a proper day's toil. Beginning at 8 a. m. we knock off an hour at noon and quit at 4:30 with no toil Saturday afternoon or Sunday.

We have been told that by proper manipulation of a stevadore's pass, we shall be able to slip out some evening and spend the night in Edinburg. We shall probably see where Mary, Queen of Scots, was accustomed to roost, that it, if our eyesight holds out. You know, they tell us goggles are an absolute necessity, lest one be blinded by oatmeal storms. We must needs down a glass of ale at a "public house," attend a "cinema" where "Three Weeks" is being shown, purchase some "sweets" and otherwise do the town.

Its strange indeed, but both of us are mighty interested in enlisting with the Canadians. We have been promised early promotion and the military spirit somehow gets in' one's blood. If I didn't hope to see the home folks once more and could get rid of my eternal aversion to being a target, Kitchener would soon have a recruit. Hope would join in a moment but claims that he is an only son and is in duty bound to perpetuate the family name.

'Tis getting cold and time for all stevadores to be "hitting the gunny sacks," so aurevoir.

December 8, again from Leith—Lads and lassies, we've seen Edinburg and have sauntered down Princess street. What though a military guard followed close behind, what though it was merely to get a bath! We needed a bath! No British officer could resist such an appeal, so we were given three hours of shore leave under guard. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, so we are feeling a bit religious this night. More anon.

Merry Christmas,

HARLAN L. HEWARD.

Y. W. C. A.

"Choose Ye" was the title of the Y. W. C. A. meeting last week. It was a retrospective meeting based on the following quotation from Kipling: "I wish myself could talk to myself as I left 'im a year ago; I could tell 'im a lot that would save 'im a lot of the things 'e ought to know."

The leaders were a freshman, sophomore, junior, senior and alumnii, they spoke on what they considered worth doing and what could be left undone in a college year.

Eugenia Lanquith, representing the freshman, said that the light and frivolous things counted just as much as the serious things and if she had last semester to live over again she would study harder and play more and harder.

Myrtle Cameron spoke in behalf of the sophomores. She recited a very clever and original poem concerning the things a girl should do and should not do in college.

The juniors were very well represented by Gladys Davis. She advised girls to enjoy socially mixed company but most of all to strive to be girls among girls, for that would eventually lead to making them women among women. As examples of this last time she mentioned Jane Addams and Francis Willard. Her parting thought was an agreeable acquaintance to everybody and a friend to just a few.

As the senior representative Mary Raitt said, "We may look back with seriousness but if we could only look ahead with the same seriousness when we are freshmen how much better off we would be. But no one ever does." No girl, Miss Raitt maintained,

should be content in an obscure place just because it required less work. But she should make her presence felt not by having an exaggerated idea of her own importance, and trying to convert everybody else to the same opinion, but by going in for everything and getting the most out of it for yourself. That is, do the things which make you happy, these are the things which will accomplish most for you and the people around you.

Miss Weygal, speaking as an alumnus, began her reflections with a quotation from the Koran: "If I had two loaves of bread, I would sell one and buy hyacinths, for they would feed my soul." She said she was afraid that many of us had forgotten the hyacinths during 1915. Everybody is prone to greedily grasp the bread and eat around a board without hyacinths. Work, play, love and worship are the four great things which men live by and all are especially valuable during college life, but the worship is the most important. We have no hyacinths in our souls because we have no worship in our lives. Worship, we think, has no connection with life and the great things in life when in reality it is the greatest thing in the scale of values. We are Christians because we live in a Christian country, but we turn our backs on the formal forms of worship of the church and think we can worship God just as well sitting in a hammock reading Virgil, but we don't get as much out of it, because we get out of touch with our fellow worshippers. Phyliss Brooks has said something which we well adopt. "Do not let religion satisfy you with anything less than God."

An announcement of importance has been received. A number of appointments to the government engineering department at large will be made in the near future. Examinations for junior mechanical, electrical, mining and civil engineers are to be held on March 15 and 16. Senior students in the College of Engineering are eligible for these appointments and Dean Scrugham will be glad to furnish information regarding the examinations. The probable reason for these appointments is the expansion of the government engineering depart-

ment as a preparedness for defense measure. Mechanics and engineering play a most important part in modern warfare and the government is doubtless seeking to strengthen the war department in this department in line with the national defense program.



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(A Student Publication)

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## EDITORIAL

### LAND GRANT

If the student body of the University at large realized the importance of the Pittman land grant measure, which was published recently in the Sagebrush, there would surely be more interest aroused than at present. If this bill is approved by the national legislators, and Nevada receives her just share of the public lands, the future income of this University and all the public schools of the state will be increased tremendously, and nothing but quick expansion and development will be possible. If you have influential friends, political or otherwise, interest them in this bill, for in doing so you may help Nevada gain a source of income that will help immeasurably.

### DUES

A problem which, unless handled carefully, may cause a serious setback to the A. S. U. N. has arisen with the decision of the women students not to play intercollegiate basketball. The feminine portion of the student body pays a goodly share of the athletic expenses of the various teams. When they played intercollegiate basketball, they were cheerfully given their share in the financial budget and given complete control over its expenditure. Now that no game is to be played, no athletic expenditures are incurred.

According to the constitution of the A. S. U. N., support can be given only to women's basketball. Some of the ladies, less conservative and, rumor has it, backed up by influential advisers on the hill, have declared they will not pay their A. S. U. N. dues unless their full share is assured them.

The women of the University deserve equal recognition, financial and otherwise, with the men in regard to athletics and other activities. To the spirit of loyalty and co-operation those who have the real interests of Nevada at heart must appeal. At the next A. S. U. N. meeting this matter of disposing the funds equitably will be taken up and full justice will be done to all.

Anyway, It's Bill's Honest Opinion. Philadelphia Ledger: Barnes Declares Roosevelt Unfit.—Headline. A weighty and impartial judgment.

Where Are the Boy Scouts? Pittsburg Gazette Times: Governor Ferguson of Texas says Uncle Sam is in no condition to fight Mexico. Have the Texas rangers quit ranging?

Politics Makes Strange Bed Fellows. Seattle Post-Intelligencer: Are Washington correspondents seeing things? It is reported that Speaker Clark and Mr. Bryan are making up.

### INTERCOLLEGIATE

#### Stanford Has New Head

Ray Layman Wilbur, A. M., M. D., was installed last week as president of Leland Stanford University. He succeeds Dr. John Casper Branner, who relinquished the presidency December 7, 1915. Dr. Wilbur is forty years old and was one of the first students at Stanford.

#### Debating in Utah

We see that the high schools of Utah are staging a triangular debate for the state championship. The question is, "Resolved, That the United States should abandon the Monroe Doctrine." This is the same question that we are to debate with Brigham Young University next month, so B. Y. U. debaters must be watching it with interest and with note books handy.

#### Washington Makes High Score

Washington State College, with 999 hits out of a possible 1,000, led in the first of a series of twelve rifle matches just begun by thirty-nine college and university teams throughout the country under the auspices of the National Rifle Association of America. Michigan came second with 998 hits and Cornell third with 993.

#### Washington's New Football Coach

A large number of coaches have made application to fill the boots of Gilmour Dobie, who resigned last season after producing a team which had never been defeated for eight years. It seems probable that Joseph Pipal, who has coached Occidental for the last five years, will get the vacancy.

"Montana students are carrying guns to protect themselves from the timber wolves on the campus."

#### An Idea From Kansas

The University of Kansas publication has begun a campaign which we could well adopt. The slogan is "Begin on time and stop on time," referring as one would be immediately led to suspect to the time of beginning and dismissing classes. The plan is to post a list of offending professors daily, that is, those who detain their classes after the scheduled dismissal hour.

#### Stanford and California Bury Hatchet

Intercollegiate relations between Stanford and California are resumed and the two great coast colleges will meet again on gridiron, diamond and track. The point in dispute was that Stanford allowed Freshmen to participate in athletics while California did not. On the other hand California has a lower standard of scholarship than Stanford and uses men from affiliated colleges and Davis Farm. Stanford agreed to adopt the rule barring Freshmen, while California agreed to raise the standard of scholarship and

eliminate men from Davis Farm and affiliated colleges. As to adopting the American game of football at Stanford the popular sentiment is for it and it is possible that next season Stanford and California will meet in the big game once more.

#### Interesting Facts

Scholarship returns from Stanford show that men, as usual, led in the mortalities. The total of men who have gone on probation is fifty while but one woman met this fate. Seventy-eight men failed and fifty-six were dismissed, while only seven women failed and none were dismissed. Of the entire number of men registered 8.7 per cent either failed or dismissed, while last year the percentage was 7.3. Of the women 1.4 per cent failed. Of the total number of fraternity men 13 per cent failed, while only 6.8 per cent of the non-fraternity men failed.

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### ALUMNI

The following speaks for itself: McGill, Nev., Jan. 1, 1916 A. S. N. U., Reno, Nevada.

Greetings: Whereas be it known that since at least one-half of the Associated Students of the University of Nevada are now located at McGill, and

Whereas, the undersigned are desirous of continuing their education in the University of Nevada, be it therefore

Resolved, That the balance of the Associated Students be imported to McGill and be it further

Resolved, That the location of the U. of N. be changed to McGill, Nevada. Respectfully submitted,

Signed:  
A. Brockway,  
F. B. Borzynski,  
Earl Borchert,  
Irving Van Dalsem,  
C. H. Bacon,  
Robert H. Graham,  
E. W. Swain,  
H. G. Barton,  
Henry Lintott,  
Tough Guy North,  
Judge Genty,  
Bill Watt,  
Walter Rice.

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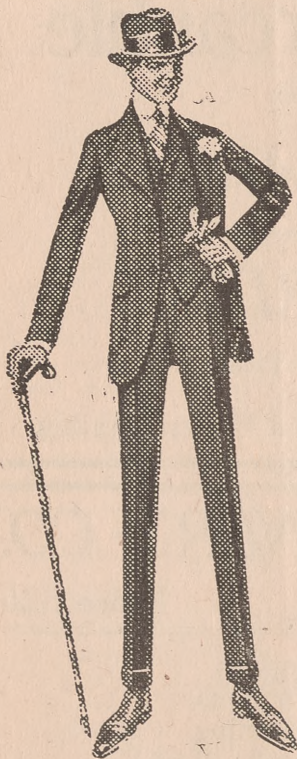
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**SOCIAL**

**PHI DELTA TAU**

Friday evening Maple Hall was the scene of an enjoyable affair when Phi Delta Tau entertained with a dancing party. It was quite informal, and because of this, it was doubly pleasant. Those present were Misses Ruth Miller, Zelma Francis, Edith Frick, Laura Ambler, Velma Markwell, Edna Brown, Alice Hobbins, Belle McMillan, Kathryn Rup, Bonnie Stephens, Ruth Wheeler, Marian Young, Grace Myers, Katherine Skinner, Mabel Nelson, Lola Hanna, Ruth McDonald, Bonnie Leon, Helen O'Neil, Mary Leon; Messrs. Robert Baker, Ernest Smith, Leslie Johnson, Carl Stener, Bould Cowles, R. Inman, Leslie Kniffen, Harry Hovey, Leon Mack, Harry Moore, Lester Jones, Chester Brennen, Earl Holtham, John Wood, James Hawley, Paul Barker, Edwin Krall, Earl Wooster, Waterfield Painter, Tom Butler, E. Baker.

**SPORT GOSSIP**

There has been considerable discussion in regards to the need of an indoor track. This is very essential for all branches of athletics. Weather conditions are such that track men, especially, are not able to get on the track until late in March, which gives them but a limited space of time to prepare themselves for the meets. It is the opinion of the coaches that this track could be installed at a comparatively small expenditure and large benefits derived.

The Junior Girls have elected Elsie Humphries as captain of their basketball team and the Freshmen chose Ysabel Rising to lead them through this season. The Sophomores have not elected their captain but have a meeting called for this week.

Practice will start Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 and Friday at the same hour has also been allotted to the girls. As it was decided last semester there will be no intercollegiate games but practice games will be arranged with the high school from time to time.

The girls have decided to "import" a basketball coach and Manager Eva Walker has been corresponding with a number of prospects on the coast. It is believed that a lady basketball coach will be an advance in co-ed athletics.

"Tiny" Lintott did not return to school this semester having accepted a position with the Nevada Consolidated Copper Co. at Ruth. It is hoped that "Tiny" will arrange to return next semester for football.

Always something new and different at the fountain. Dalton, Clifford, & Wilson Co.

"Dick" Balli of Buckhorn has registered in mining and has been showing good form on the basketball floor. He first appeared in Nevada colors last Saturday night and gave the impression of an experienced, heady player.

Andy Hardin has returned to school and is heartily welcomed by the track enthusiasts. Andy does the "century" in 10.1, the 220 in 23 flat and covers 23 feet 10 inches in the broad jump.

"Hokie" Holtham has returned to Nevada after a semester at Stanford. He should be a valuable addition to our national game aggregation.

"Jack" Hampton, former fullback on Lawrenceville, N. J., Princeton Prep., and later halfback on the Olympic Club, has registered in Agriculture. Hampton also does the low hurdles and will be seen under Nevada's colors this spring.

Always something new and different at the fountain. Dalton, Clifford, & Wilson Co.

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**MANZANITA HALL NOTES**

Last Thursday evening the girls in Manzanita held their usual house meeting at seven o'clock in the drawing room. After the business session Dr. James spoke to the girls for the remainder of the hour. His delightful talk was on "Neglected Virtues," and was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by all present. These short talks after business meetings are to be one of the attractive features of our regular house meetings this semester.

During this cold weather the Hall girls have been fortunate in always finding a big fire in the fireplace and a cup of hot chocolate waiting for them on their return home from class in the afternoon.

Never before in the history of Manzanita Hall has there been so many girls here. The Hall now is crowded to overflowing. Every available room is occupied. There have been several new additions to our happy family since Xmas and we gladly welcome them into our midst.

**LINCOLN HALL NOTES**

Lincoln Hall regrets the loss of six men who left school before the holidays. North, Borchort, Van Dalsom, Lontott, Genty and Borzynski, went to Ely, where, according to recent reports, they are all at work and satisfied with their places.

The Hall has a number of new residents this semester. The new men are Inman, Plipipenko, Baker, Lawrie, Smith and Belmont.

Lloyd Root, '16, has just returned from a trip to Markleville where he has been employed investigating and reporting on a mining property for a San Francisco company. Root reports an eventful trip, full of hardships and dangers, caused by the recent heavy snow storms in the Sierras.

Lee Scott, '17, has been confined in the hospital for the past ten days with an attack of chickenpox. Scott expects to be released from quarantine by the end of this week.

Andrew Hardin, '18, is back at the Hall after having worked the last semester in the mines at Buckhorn.

Ted Wolford, '16, has left Lincoln Hall and is now living in the Sigma Nu fraternity house.

Allenby, '19, has left school to go to work with the Union Iron Company in San Francisco.

Robert Pierce, '17, is again at the Hall after working last semester as operator in a power plant at Goldfield.

**MANY AT FUNERAL OF LATE ROGER M'MENAMIN**

Funeral services over the remains of the late Roger McMenamin who passed away at his home in this city were held yesterday morning from the Catholic church where solemn requiem mass was celebrated at 9:39 o'clock for the repose of his soul. There was a large attendance of friends who followed the remains to their last resting place in St. Thomas cemetery.

Sheriff C. P. Ferrel made a business trip to Verdi yesterday to investigate a charge made against a saloon man accused of selling liquor without first obtaining a license.

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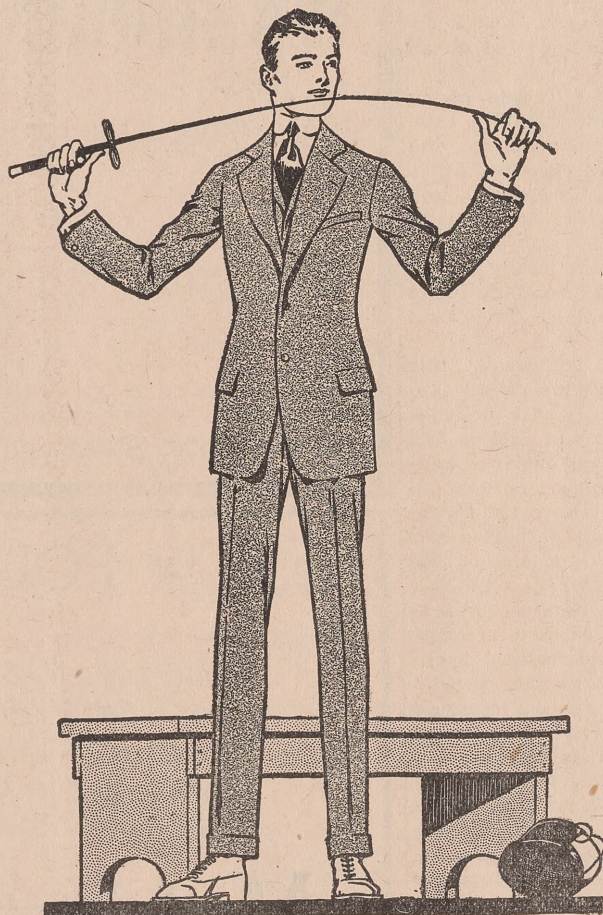
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## THE LITERARY CORNER

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### AN EXPOSITION ROMANCE

By  
E. R. P.

(Continued from last issue.)

"The devil she will," he hissed between his shut teeth, as the words the man had spied outside came back to him—"Any man has a chance to find a gold nugget."

He had to think rapidly; in fact, he performed a series of mental gymnastics during the ensuing half minute. His first impulse was to pay the money back, but he was between the devil and the deep sea. He had to work at least an hour, or his company would forfeit one hundred dollars if the lights were not turned on that night. He hated to leave her in this place, but he could not take her with him, as his work was on top of the building; neither could he think of her roaming around alone in this vast throng. He always thought of Nan as something little and helpless; something to be protected and guarded. He would threaten this fellow, he thought savagely, and he wouldn't dare—. He turned to Nan once more, who was watching him anxiously, and, assuming an expression that was an inadequate index of his feelings, he said as cheerfully as he could: "I'll have to go now, Nan, but I'll be back soon." And he added in a whisper: "Don't let that goof have anything to say to you."

"I won't, Billy," she assured him earnestly. "Didn't you see me give him the once-over when he looked at me out there?"

"You bet, I did, Nan, and once-over was right," the young man answered, nodding his head emphatically, as he turned once more to the manager, who stood with his hat at a vicious angle over one eye, waiting their decision. His fat countenance that seemed at first glance to be all face and no features, wore an anxious conciliatory expression. He didn't want to lose this prize, who looked the one pure bit of precious gold in this claim of spurious metal.

"I'm going now," Billy said to him, using almost the same words that he had used to Nan a moment before, "but I'll be back," and the look that accompanied the assertion had a challenge in it that said, "I dare you," as plainly as a poke in the eye.

The man shrugged his shoulders. He was well pleased with his victory, as he walked toward the entrance, Billy and the girl following more slowly after him.

"You'll surely be back, Billy," Nan said, anxiously, trying to feign an assurance that she did not feel. "I promised Dad I'd be home on the first car after eleven, and you know how he is if he gets his mind set on a thing."

"Yes, I know, Nan," he said, giving her hand an affectionate little squeeze. "You can count on me, and remember to look out once in a while, and when you see old Neptune and his ponies spouting fire, you'll know I'm through."

As he passed out the man was once more on the platform, and the voice followed him stridently: "Every man has a chance—"

"Curses on the contract," Billy muttered, as he made his way as rapidly as possible across the crowded zone to the Submarine. He passed around the pretentious entrance, represented by the gaping mouth of an enormous fish, until he came to the side, where he mounted a ladder that reached to the level of one of the largest groups of statuary at the fair—Neptune and his horses, brazen-hoofed and golden-maned, rearing themselves against a realistic background of glacial peaks and crevices. The scaffolding had all been removed except one narrow trestle, leading out from the painted crags to Neptune's broad shoulders. The immense size of the hollow statue made it necessary to handle it in sections, and the dismembered body had all been neatly and cunningly cemented together over a wooden framework; that is, all except the huge head and the upper part of the shoulders, which rested partly on the end of the trestle and partly on the torso, ready to be slipped over as soon as the last of the electrical wiring was connected up.

Billy hung his coat on one of the crags and climbed carefully into the statue, where he readily found a footing on the board framework, which was as substantial as a platform. He was a skilled mechanic and, working rapidly with the aid of an electric torch, he soon connected the wires which led to the trident and jeweled crown, the latter being modernities in addition to the ancient art.

He climbed out on the trestle and tried the switch which had been placed in the middle of the broad back. In an instant the group was a blaze of glory, the head setting, as it was, on one shoulder, giving it a most grotesque appearance. After satisfying himself that his part of the work was complete, he snapped off the light.

He had to wait awhile for the cement workers to come and shift the head into place, when he would light up and his company's share of the contract would be fulfilled.

Billy was tired. Dead tired. He had worked all night with hundreds of others, measuring time by inches and he had walked since early morning trying to crowd everything into this one wonderful day. He thought wearily of having to wait for the men to come and finish the work; wishing sleepily that he could light up now and be done with it. He looked around until he found what he thought would be a comfortable place to rest, and laid himself down with a sigh of relief. He was shut out from the multitude below by a curtain of sound that enveloped and soothed him, and as his tired body relaxed, he thought of Nan across the way; calculated just how long before he would be with her, then—oblivion.

The workmen came a little later and after trying the switch to see if everything was all right, and seeing nothing of Billy, they concluded that he had gotten tired waiting, or had been lured away by the joy below. They dexterously slid the head over, and carefully cemented the jointing; switched on the light once more, flooding the massive group with radiance, and departed, taking the ladder with them; while across the street at precisely the same moment the censors had swooped down on the

camp of the primitive west, ordered every one out, even the maanger, and clamped the lid on perfectly tight. The "camp" was a little too lurid for even liberal California.

Nan was overjoyed at her emancipation. Neptune and the ponies were snorting fire, to quote Billy, and he would soon be with her. The ejected ones, laughing at and enjoying what they considered a huge joke, soon mingled with the passing throng. All but Nan. She was afraid to leave the spot for fear she would miss Billy. She watched the gay crowd as they surged up and down. The shrill music of a Neapolitan love song smote her ear. Farther on a tom-tom stridently invited people to ride the camels, and close by, a group of ebony hued Somalians danced around to the music of a reed whistle and a coconut drum. It was all very new and interesting to the girl standing in front of the deserted camp.

Time passed. No Billy.

"That's queer," she thought. What could be keeping him. His work must be finished, else the lights would not be on. The crowd was beginning to thin out a little, and as Nan glanced around, her eye fell on a man who stood not ten feet away staring boldly at her. It was the manager, and as he caught her startled look he cauntered slowly toward her.

"Hadn't we better be going, little girl?" he asked ingratiatingly; "it's getting late."

The girl threw up her head and shrank back with an expression of fear that she tried to control. Her limbs trembled and she felt like a tiny bird with a rattlesnake coiled in front of her. She wet her dry lips with her tongue and managed to articulate: "I am waiting for Mr. Howard. He'll be here soon."

The man smiled cynically as he flicked the ash from his cigar: "You have been waiting here now for two hours and he hasn't come yet. I guess he's gone off with another skirt," he said insolently. "Anyhow, they'll be closing the gates soon."

Nan looked toward the zone and realized with terror that the crowd of an hour ago, was a crowd no longer. Instead of a steady stream, it was a broken line of stragglers, and before her startled eyes the lights were disappearing cluster by cluster. Merciful Heaven! Was she to be left alone in that vast enclosure with that man? No, God would never go back on her liek that. She would scream if he came a step closer, and she told him so. There were guards on the ground

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and she would appeal to them, she said.

The man evidently thought that discretion was the better part of valor—for the time being at least. "You needn't be afraid that I'm going to hurt you," he retorted, as he replaced the never absent cigar in his mouth, and then he did a thing unprecedented in bowery annals: he tipped his hat; an unconscious tribute to her pluck and beauty, before he walked away.

As soon as he had gone what she considered a safe distance, she darted across the zone to the submarine. She must find Billy. Something had happened to him. It never entered her head for a moment to doubt his willingness to come. It was inability that kept him. He might have gotten a shock or he might have fallen and was lying up there helpless. The thought turned her sick for an instant, but she must know for certain. She sped quickly around the structure, but could see no way of getting up. After a little further investigation, she noticed at one corner toward the rear, a huge dismembered statue of Uncle Sam waiting to be placed on a belated concession. She climbed up as high as she could on this, regardless of the sanctity and dignity of the personage that she was using as a tseeping stone. Higher up there were cracks and jutting pieces of scantling that gave her a precarious hand and foothold. But this was the easiest part of the laborious ascent. From across the street the canvas crags and peaks had looked as substantial as the Rock of Gibraltar. Distance had surely lent enchantment. She had literally to drag herself from one imitation cliff to another, not daring to put her weight on the sagging cloth, for fear of being precipitated into the watery depths beneath.

To make it more realistic, ponds in which were live seals, had been placed at intervals. As Nan propelled herself along, she disturbed the ungainly creatures, who could not understand this invasion of their territory. One big fellow, brown and slimy, and who looked as if he might be the father of all seals, barked dismally, wriggled himself along the ledge on which he was lying, flopped into the water and swam toward her; she thought that her doom was sealed. She shut her eyes in fear and trembling, but the monster swept by.

After what seemed ages Nan found herself on the trestle, with nothing animate around her except the splashing seals. The lights had evidently been turned off from below and the place was in darkness, except for an occasional flash of the searchlights that flared across the sky like the bars of a spectrum.

"Billy," she called cautiously several times, when suddenly her eye fell on the overcoat that had fallen into one of the rocky depressions. Her worst fears were evidently verified, and she shrieked aloud as she snatched convulsively at the mute evidence. The next minute she stood tense and motionless, straining every nerve to catch what seemed to her to be an almost inarticulate sound. What was it? Was it the echo of her own terror? Again it came, seemingly from high over her head. It was uncanny. It shot through her mind that Billy was dead, and that it was his spirit that was answering her.

"Billy," she called once more in a trembling voice, and now she could distinguish the words that came back to her. "Help, help," growing fainter and fainter with each repetition, until soon it stopped altogether. Billy was dying; perhaps now he was dead. That might have been his last expiring call. It was an unendurable idea. She drove it out of her mind, and stood looking at the night-enveloped buildings, undecided between hope and fear. She must do something. She tried to concentrate her scattered wits into some semblance of efficiency. "Help," Billy had said. Of course, that was what she must do. She must get help and get it quickly.

Everything was still now. The grounds were deserted. Only the faint rapping of a hammer in one of the State buildings on the Marina broke the silence.

A heavy fog rolled in through the Golden Gate, obliterating the twinkling lights of the city, and leaving in its wake a cold, drizzling mist.

Nan shivered miserably, but every vestige of fear of the irate father at home and of the skulking man below had fled. Her only thought now was to save Billy. She lowered herself as cautiously as she could, until she reached the ridge that formed the base of the gigantic group of statuary, where she was able to peer over the side. It was a straight drop, the

level surface of the wall broken only by the heavily insulated electric wires, which were held in place by a temporary wooden cleat almost at her feet. Like a flash came the solution to the distracted girl. She would slide down the wires. At any other time the thought of doing such a thing would have terrified her beyond words, but the timid girl of a few hours ago was no more. She dropped down on the ledge and crouched there for a moment on her knees. There was a heart-sick pause and a muttered prayer as she grasped the wires and let her knees slip over. The cleat came loose with a sudden jerk as she swung by her hands, and her arms, which felt as if they would be dragged from the sockets, grazed the ledge as she was flung in against the wall by the now slack wires; but she held gamely on until she was able to brace herself against the cement finish of the wall. The rest of the descent was comparatively easy. When she thought she was near the ground, she let go and landed in a heap. She had a bruised feeling, but she arose to her feet and braced herself for one last effort. She slipped quickly around the building and glanced up and down the deserted zone. In the distance she saw a stray figure; a workman, she thought and hoped. "Anyhow," she said to herself, "I can run if he molests me." She sped away down the desolated street in the direction from which she had heard the sound of the hammer, keeping in the shadow of buildings as closely as possible, until she saw a brightly lighted edifice directly on the water front. A sea gull dipped and screamed, startled by this wild thing darting through the bleakness and blackness of the night. She dashed into the building like something distraught, and the workmen seeing her and sensing that something was wrong, dropped their tools and rushed to meet her.

"Well, for gosh sake," the foremost one muttered as he reached her; "what's the matter?" Nan grasped his arm frantically. "Billy," she gasped; "he's dying. Come quick," and she turned once more to rush out.

"Here, here, hold on a minute," the man commanded. "Who's Billy and where's he at?"

"The submarine," she panted, pleadingly. "Don't wait. Every second counts." And the two men, to whom her eagerness seemed to have communicated itself, hurried out with her. It was but the work of a moment to lift her into the foreman's auto, throw in the clutch and dash for the zone. All previous records were broken on that wild short ride, and as they drew nearer and nearer, the girl's whole body strained forward, as if by the very force of her being, she could accelerate their speed. Her clasped hands rested on the back of the seat in front of her, every muscle tense with readiness to spring out, the moment the auto stopped. The mist had settled into a steady gentle rain, when a moment later, the car drew up with a jerk in front of the building.

"Where—where is he?" the men asked excitedly with one impulse, as they helped her out.

"Up there," Nan whispered, pointing to the massive group of statuary high over their heads.

One of the men, who happened to be one of the cement workers, struck a match to find the switch that they knew must be by the entrance, and in another instant the door had given way before his husky shoulder. They hurried Nan up the inside staircase, past the historic Aegean Sea, with Neptune's mermaids grouped artistically around; past the more substantial but less artistic pirates in Davy Jones' locker, until in what seemed an incredibly short time, they were on the trestle. The men looked eagerly around, but before they had time to say a word Nan rushed to the statue of Neptune himself. "Billy's here," she asserted excitedly. "He's in the statue."

The consternation on the men's faces would be an interesting study for a school of expression. They thought they had been led on a fool's errand in the wake of a crazy girl. Nan seeing their looks of incredulity, was terror-stricken. Would they fail her now after going this far?

"Please, please open the statue," she begged. "He's in there. I heard him. His voice came out through that—she hesitated a moment "through that pitchfork," she said, pointing to the blazing trident.

A sudden thought seemed to strike one of the men. He struck the palm of one hand a resounding slap with the back of the other. "By gosh," he said emphatically, "maybe the girl's

right. We did close up this thing about three hours ago and there was a young fellow supposed to be waiting for us."

For them to think was to act, and without any more preliminaries they soon loosened the head, so that it could be slipped over, and the next minute Billy was lying on the trestle more dead than alive.

Nan threw herself on her knees, crying softly. She was beyond expression; but whether it was due to the revivifying influence of the air and the rain or to a sort of sub-conscious response to the devoted efforts of the girl by his side, the young man was soon himself; and in response to his questions of how they came to rescue him, the whole story of Nan's perilous ascent came out. Billy was thunder-struck. Nan the irresponsible! Nan the radiant little butterfly! He could hardly believe his ears.

He had raised himself to a sitting posture, and as he placed his arm about the trembling girl, he said huskily: "And you did all that for me, Nan?"

"Why, of course, Billy," she said, "you would have done it for me."

"Well, what do you know about that?" said the bewildered Billy.

## NEW BOOKS

Here follow some of the books received and catalogued in the holiday vacation:

For philosophy, Paulsen's Introduction to philosophy, Sidgwick's Philosophy, Strong's Christian Ethics, Weber's History of Philosophy, James' Will to Believe.

For political science, Dunning's British Empire and the United States, Haskin's American Government, Jastrow's Hebrew and Babylonian Tradition, McCrackan's Swiss Republic, Martin's Unrest of Women, Morgan's American Girl, Morse's Benjamin Franklin.

For English, Henderson's European Dramatists, Herrick's Poetical Works, Marlowe's Works, Knapp and French's Speech for Special Occasions, Ritchie's Records of Tennyson, Ruskin and Browning, Schipper's Grundriss der englischen Metrik.

For biology, Fordyce's Hygiene of Infancy and Childhood.

For physics, Tables' Annuelles de constantes.

For civil engineering, Fifteenth Meeting of American Society for Testing Materials, in two vols.

For mechanical engineering, Proceedings of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education for 1914.

And gifts, New York Times Current History, vol. 1, Dickens' Works in 23 volumes, Tarbell's History of Greek Art, contributions from the Jefferson physical laboratory, vol 11, Ruling Case Law, vol. 9, Iowa Municipal Accounts, 1915, Andrae's Prohibition Movement, Patton's Sources of the Synoptic Gospels, Harris' Talks on Manners.

## PREPARATIONS FOR FARMERS' WEEK

PROGRAM TO CONSIST OF LECTURES AND PRACTICAL TALKS BY EXPERIENCED MEN

Elaborate preparations are being made for Farmer's Week, which is to be held February 21 to 26, inclusive. An extensive program has been prepared and lectures and demonstrations will be held every day. Several noted agriculturists from other parts of the country will be present. Mr. Eugene H. Grubb, potato king of Colorado, will be one of the principal speakers at the special potato meeting. Mr. Grubb has made a signal success of potato growing and has been engaged by the Southern Pacific to lecture to potato growers in districts adjacent to their lines.

Another special feature of the week will be the demonstration of the symptoms and cures of the various diseases of cattle and poultry. At previous conferences it has not been possible to hold these demonstrations but during the coming meeting the diseases of hog cholera and tuberculosis and of chicken cholera will be explained to the farmers and the cures for these infections will be given. Special autopsies will be held so that it may be seen just how the animals are affected and how detrimental the existence of these diseases is to the life and sanitary conditions of a rural community.

Other outside speakers of importance will include J. D. O'Donnell, agricultural and irrigation expert for the Reclamation Service; J. E. Dorman, chief of dairy investigations in the western states; J. P. Clum, agricultural expert for the Southern Pacific and W. T. Ritch, Australian wool expert, who has visited the university several times previously.

Farmer's Week is designed to bring the farmers and their wives together at the university once a year to help solve the problems of rural life. A number of short talks have been arranged to be given by successful farmers and stock growers of the state. The lectures and demonstrations by agricultural experts, together with the practical experience of successful farmers, promise to make a thoroughly helpful and instructive conference.

## NEVADA M. E. ALUMNI

Since the publication of the Twenty-Seventh Annual Register which contained the addresses of all graduates, the following changes of address among mining graduates and past students have been received:

Bennett, Clayton A., Dome Mining Co., Porcupine, Ontario, Canada. Bradshaw, Marcus G., Crown King, Arizona.

Catlin, Wm. P., Land Office Southern Pacific Railroad, San Francisco. Delahide, John, Manhattan, Nevada. Ede, Allen S., City Engineer's Office, Los Angeles.

Feeney, Martin A., Office Commissioner of Port, San Francisco.

Flood, Albert J., Vulcan, Alberta, Canada.

Hardy, Royce A., Supt. Aurora Cons. M. Co., Aurora, Nevada.

Hayes, Wm. L., Placer Co., Bank Bldg. Auburn, Cal.

Heise, Henry C., Notre Dame des Anges, Quebec, Canada.

Helzer, Otto F., Gen. Mgr. Argo Reduction & O. P. Co., Idaho Springs, Colorado.

Henry, John M. L., Nottingham, Road, Natal, South Africa.

Homer, D. D., Asst. Mgr. Divisadero Mine, Salvador, C. A.

Linscott, Fred M., Golden Valley, Rhodesia, South Africa.

Mayer, Chas. G., Interstate Commerce Commission, San Francisco.

McVicar, James, West End Mine, Tonopah, Nevada.

Nesbit, James, Tonopah, Nevada.

Smith, Brainard, City Engineer's Office, Los Angeles.

Southworth, Harford, Federal Bldg., Los Angeles.

Taylor, C. C., Surveyor General's Office, Carson, Nevada.

Taylor, Wm. L., Kennecott Mining Co., Kennecott, Alaska.

Teel, Claude, Notre Dame des Anges, Quebec.

It is hoped that in the future alumni will notify the director of the Mackay School of Mines when they change their positions, want positions, or want men for positions.

## Replies to Circular Letter.

Although criticism of and suggestions concerning the course at the Mackay School of Mines were requested in the circular letter, most of the alumni who replied confined themselves to expressions of approval and promises of cooperation. This indicated that the course as given in the past had been very generally satisfactory. There were only three points which several of the alumni agreed should be changed. Some felt that the time spent in the shops might be more profitably spent elsewhere. The basis for this criticism no longer exists since shopwork has already been made optional. Others thought that mining subjects should be taught earlier in the course, even as early as the freshmen and sophomore years. This feeling has also been met in so far as at present practicable by beginning instruction in mining subjects in the junior, instead of the senior year. The third suggestion made in several letters was that the English of the students ought to be strengthened. An attempt to secure this result without adding to the course has been made by correcting English and spelling upon examination papers and reports. The director is pleased to find that the alumni are in agreement with him as to the generally satisfactory character of the course given in the past, and as to the parts of the course which need revision.

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Fellow Students:  
There are many ideals, hopes and aspirations that are near and dear to the heart of every student, friend and alumnus of the university. But, in my opinion, none surpasses the fond hope cherished by all of us, that some day, not for distant, we may have on the Campus a building which should house all the social activities of the University—a Social Center. A place where those who have gone—the Alumni, may meet those that are here—the students; where new students will be able to meet old ones, and where there will be ample opportunity for the faculty to mingle in social intercourse with the student body. This would undoubtedly be a great

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step in the establishment of a better understanding amongst all concerned and result in more wholesome relations. A building where your Aggies, Engineers, Debaters, Theatians and other organizations can meet, a spot where you can spend your leisure hours; a place where your functions can be held, in short, the mecca of all the activities on the hill.

Movements for the acquisition of such a center have been started but the results thus far have not been very encouraging. However, we can readily find the cause of this. For, it has been demonstrated beyond any lota of doubt that any movement affecting the student body as a whole, if it is to be successful, must come from within—and not from any outside sources. If we, the students, want something we must show the people that we are willing to sacrifice our own time and energy in order to acquire it. You cannot simply ask people to help along a good cause but you must, in addition, show them that you are willing to work indefatigably for that cause. There is no doubt in my mind that if this real college spirit could be crystallized sufficient funds could be raised to transform our present hopes into concrete facts.

At present, to be sure, we are potent factors in the development of the institution, but we are that in an abstract sense only, if you please. By that I mean, as we go thru this University we are developing and fitting ourselves to become better men and women—better citizens. When we succeed in our chosen endeavors we reflect credit on our Alma Mater. But none of us in the past have had the good fortune of presenting anything concrete to the institution—something acquired thru our own individual efforts. Here is your opportunity. Here is the chance where Nevada grit, perseverance and stick-to-it-iveness can accomplish it. Will you grasp the opportunity? With you, and you alone, rests the decisive answer.

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