

RASPBERRY

VOL. I.

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA—RENO, NEVADA, TUESDAY, OCT. 10, 1916

No. 6 (Sagebrush)

NO. 1

"Be Ye Prepared For Ye Know Not Whatsoever Cometh"—Willis

NATIVE SONS PAY VISIT TO RENO

"Mysterious Sleigh Bells" is Hallucination Caused by High "Altitude"

At eight o'clock on one balmy summer morning many Native Sons of the Golden West were delighted with the first sight of the beautiful city of Reno. The train came to a stop and the unsuspecting, virtuous, clear eyed, natives proceeded to plant their number nines on the terra firma of Reno.

"O, listen! Listen! brother sponges, I hear the drowsy tinkling of distant sleigh bells." This poetic line was spoken by one youth who stood spell-bound by the enchanting music. Again he opened his face and exclaimed, "How wonderfully the pleasing sounds re-echo through this clear mountain air." The group of Native Sons changed from a calm, collected band into a panic-stricken rioting mass. Many opinions were cast out upon the public square.

"He's hopped up again."
"The Demon Rum."
"What a beautiful hang-over."
"ALTITUDE."

As this last word re-echoed against the poorly-painted saloons that inhabit the main drag of Reno, a calm fell upon the gang as if a keg of beer had struck in their midst. One thought ran through their minds. Yes, it was the altitude that had crazed the brain of one of their brother knights of alcohol. The expressions of wonder changed to that of terror on the faces of the group when others too heard "sleighbells." One brave lad spoke up, "While a few of us are still sound of mind let us seek out the bells and stuff them with cotton. Its the only cure for our stricken brothers."

"Its Jake with me," upheld another brave lad, and with that the few sound-minded men lead the charge. With a merry hot-foot they tin-canned it down the main drag. The brave leader guided by his ears suddenly turned on his heel (the hind part of his foot) and ran toward an entrance blocked by swinging doors. Through these doors rushed the fearless band. Once again the sleighbells rang out. The noble force squared off to a man and turned to meet the devilish enemy when beheld by the "Nine Gods of Rome" they beheld an upright piece of furniture not unlike an ice box. It had a big bay window in it and through the glass they saw a beautiful little wheel. This wheel was decorated with many colors and pretty numbers. A lone man was standing before the wheel and putting half dollars into little holes above the windows. He would then turn the crank and the little wheel would dance merrily around and its colors showed forth not unlike a rainbow in all its glory. It stopped and the dollar's little half sisters dropped into a cute little cup under the bay window. So this was the mystery of the sleighbells. The leader with his haughty head high in the air approached the little ice-box. Into a hole he also put a half buck. Around its orbit spun the wheel. Clang! It stopped. Much filthy lucre dropped into the kindly cup. The jackpot had payed. The battle was on. The Native Sons rushed and by means of strategy captured the ice-box. For hours a steady stream of silver flowed into the little holes at the top of the ice-box. But something seemed to be wrong with the mechanism as the many little halves did not slide, slip, and glide into the welcoming empty cup. Soon the bank books were in evidence and you could see

(Continued on Page Two.)



BLOCK "N" MEN MAKE BIG ROAR

Brow Gooding Has Wild Hunch but Snores Too Loud

Last week some of us received the shock of our lives when some benevolent joker suggested that we grant the Yell Leader a nice block N for his self-sacrificing act of leading the rooting section. His supporters laid great stress upon the fact that the Yell Leader devotes perhaps two hours per week, about six times a semester, and wears himself out physically and mentally by his exertions. He is even more important than the captain of the football team and even the coach has to take a back seat when the Yell Leader does his contortionist act. It is up to him to win the game and if he hasn't the necessary bribe or inducement of course the team hasn't a chance. In other words they felt that he deserved an "N". Possibly we have underrated the talents and importance of the Yell Leader but we are still unconvinced.

As long as we are starting the wave of reform let's not be accused of favoritism. We think of the trainer, the hashers, the assistant athletic manager, the referee and the water boy all of whom we know as deserving young men. All, judging from the services of the Yell Leader, would be in line for "N's". Let's sprinkle them liberally around the campus. What do we care for traditions or the inner significance of the wearing of an "N"? But have no fear athletes; an "N" will never adorn the manly bosom of a Yell Leader. If it should such sports as football, basketball and track would fall into disrepute and we would all turn to the more exciting one of training for Yell Leader.

MAJOR HARRY CHASES THE SHINING SHEKELS

Earns a Bright One Following Isadore Preston in His Official Capacity

A dollar saved is a dollar earned—sweetly strained the strains. Proudly strutted our hero. Why? Because he was Moore in the lead and besides he had to do it. Obediently followed the tails of his coat as he led the hosts of "Isadore" Preston around the "gym" to receive their terpsichorean menus. The lamination of his wedding shirt reflected with splendor the light of a thousand candles power and the squeak of his pumps was such that the blind might follow unerringly.

As he passed in review before "Izzie" a flush of shame was seen to discolor his normally beautiful complexion, his eyes fell to the floor, his step was uncertain, and a shiver wriggled up his spine, as the sound of "Isadore's" hands rubbing together came to his ears. He shuffled on and past the waiters who grudgingly dealt themenus. The ordeal was over, he had earned his pass in and saved a "hick"—E. Pluribus Unum.

RESURRECTION OCCURS OF DIVINE RIGHT OF QUEENS

HEAVENLY DISPENSATION FROM ABOVE CAUSES RECURRENCE OF ANGELIC RULE LIKE THE LAWS OF THE REGIONS ABOVE THE STARS

TEN P. M. EMBLAZONED ON HIGH

THE LADIES OF MANZANITA HAREM ARE WARNED THAT A COAT SLEEVE AROUND A WAIST IS A SIN LIKE THAT OF APPOLYON

Once upon a time there was a lady of letters who thought she was possessed of the divine right to rule. After years of travel, she settled in the land of divorces, sagebrush and crooked politics.

Rule is her middle name and as a legislator and a maker of rules the immortal Hoyle and the Marquis of Queensberry are both bush leaguers. Her rule book is like Lydia Pinkham's pink pills—they cure all ills and 10 o'clock is the "rule G" of this seventh daughter of the seventh daughter.

Little does it matter if the sun was a few minutes late in coming up by her watch. Ten o'clock is ten o'clock and the great doors of her bastille swing shut when the hands stand one up and two to go.

It is as easy for one of the inmates to get out as it is for a life term to get a parole because the spotters stand within and the guards stand without. If a lonesome Sophomore strolls over to her abode some rainy afternoon to explore his sorrows on a

(Continued on Page Two.)

MAJOR OF HORSE-MARINES IS HUNTER OF BIG GAME

LITTLE COLONEL OF OYSTER BAY AND STEWART EDWARD WHITE HAVE NOTHING ON NEVADA PROTEGE

SHOULDERS TRUSTY RIFLE

JITNEY JOE AND ST. PAUL OF CARSON CITY ARE SAVED FROM HORRIBLE ENDING BY OUR BRAVE MAJOR SNELL

(A tragedy-comedy in two acts)
Author Unknown.
CAST OF CHARACTERS
Jitney Joe Lowery.....A Student
St. Paul Hornaday..The School Divine
Major Snell—Hero of Raspberry Hill
Two Horses
Innocent Victims and Center of Plot

SCENE
Rear of Lincoln Hall
(Here spoken of as the barracks)

TIME
12 p. m., Wednesday, October 27th

Scene I
(Shows Jitney Joe Lowery sitting at his study table dreaming of his girl in Centerville. A snort is heard near the barracks and Joe's hair raises—then he raises and tiptoes to St. Paul Hornaday's room and knocks).
Jitney Joe—St. Paul, awake! Yonder rages a horrible bear. Help me! Help me!
St. Paul—(Awakened from a dense sleep where he has been dreaming of crusades and other christian activities
(Continued on Page Two.)

IN MEMORIAM

DEMON RUM

SEPTEMBER 28, 1916

He Was a Good Fellow and We Hated to See Him Die

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EDNA GOODRICH in "The House of Lies"

Tomorrow and Thurs. Marguerite Clark in "The Goose Girl"

RASPBERRY

(Not a Student Publication.)

Silent member of Raspberry Press Association. Published whenever we get a chance.

Entered as second class matter at the Reno postoffice according to Act of Congress as the U. of N. Sagebrush.

This is a revolutionary and not a reform sheet. We have no respect for the respectable. We always look for the true cause of evil existing in our Alma Mater. We are always frank, arrogant, impertinent—and endeavor to please nobody—not even our poor readers.

A. Heluva Guy.....Editor-in-Cheese
A. Dam Phool.....Manager

RENO, NEVADA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1916

To Nobody in Particular

The Raspberry Edition of this paper was started by somebody—nobody knows who. Some editors were elected—nobody knows who they are—and nobody knows who elected them. If they were self-elected they were elected by nobody. Somebody got out tickets and sold them to everybody—nobody knows who did it. If you were fortunate enough to get a copy of the paper "NOBODY" hopes that you will enjoy the issue.

Nobody got out the paper and nobody knows anything about it,—however, somebody is to be the "goat" and it is the intention of the mysterious "NOBODIES" comprising the editors, to ask the butt of humor or satire in this issue to be a good sport. No harm is meant,—it is, rather, the idea of the staff to give things about the campus a good airing—to criticize and yet be rather genteel in our criticism. Our purpose is to do good—although we may take a bad way to accomplish it. If the joke is on you—smile, damn you, smile. If it is on your neighbor, laugh long and loud.

Some things in this issue may seem harsh—rather bold, in fact, and if so, we are sorry. It is, however, our fervent hope that after the Raspberry has come and gone that a better spirit will reign throughout the school and that some little good will have resulted from the effort expended.
(Signed) A. HELUVA GUY.

NOT CRABBIN'—WE JUST WANT TO KNOW

"The grub is going to be better this year than ever before." Such a slogan greeted the hungry horde as they tasted the first meal of the new semester at Ye Olde Gow House. Now that first meal wasn't half bad, might almost have been called good, but that was only until the newness wore off. In comparison to some of the stuff a fellow gets in a mining camp it tasted fine but when one eats beans not oftener than twice a day one begins to feel a vast longing under the belt for something different, most anything would do. It is one of the oddities of human nature that a man must have variety for said article is accused of being the spice of life, and according to some of our esteemed contemporaries, (refer to Dutch Masters or Jaz Rice) is by no means to be disregarded. But to get back to beans again it is all very nice to have lima beans on Tuesday and Thursday of each and every week during the college year but to add insult to injury by having Spanish beans on Wednesdays and Fridays and white beans the other two week days is going a wee bit too far. Now beans in themselves contain much healthy protein having nearly as much of that mysterious substance as a nice tenderloin steak, but no man, who holds out a reasonable respect for his hide would dare try and prove to any member of that motley crew, who fight madly for that "one good (?) steak," that beans were as edible as meat. At that they are preferable to some of that mixture which Prof. Chas. refers to as the "XX", an unknown, and others know as hash. Hash is not meat, it is more in the nature of a poor excuse for the same.

Beans may come and beans may go but there is one old-timer in the joint which is an old, old settler, dating from the regime of Prof. Brown; I mean the old codfish barrel. For Fridays without number good church-goers of U. of N. have been forced to pass aft er contemplating the old familiar codfish ball.

Now we don't mean to seem insistent but we would like to ask that those in power add a little something to the menu to top off those beans, to offset that hash and maybe a little regular something to eat to give the great feeling of value received for the board money.

MAJOR OF HORSE MARINES IS HUNTER OF BIG GAME

(Continued From Page One.)
such as cruising thru the gin-mills of Reno): What the h— do you want?
Jitney Joe—Corporal Hornaday! Assemble yourself, sir, there is a big black bear outside.

St. Paul—O, my gracious; take the horrible thing away Joseph.

Jitney Joe—(Not getting a rise out of St. Paul, Jitney sprints to the arsenal of Major Snell. He knocks and with a clang of bolts—as ye knight of old—the door swings open. In the center of the room is the bed, turret-

like, and fortified with guns and other heavy artillery. Joe informs Snell—Captain, if you please. With military alacrity Snell dresses in his military regalia, buckles on his saber and belts on forty-five rounds of ammunition (for one bear) and with his gun on shoulder, they start off.)

Snell—You must come out with me, Jitney.

Jitney—No, Major, no. I couldn't go out there without a gun.

Snell—Take my saber.

Jitney—No, nothing but a gun will do.

Snell—Well, then, get the heliograph.

Jitney—It will not work in the dark

Major—(so he gets a Mazda lamp in-

stead).
(At this time St. Paul Hornaday is seen coming down the hall with a Bible in his hand. He advances to where the two are talking).

St. Paul—(In his usual pussy-foot voice): Here, brave Major, is the Bible; carry it with you on your hazardous journey.

(Snell then steps outside while Jitney Joe flashes the light about and St. Paul—in pajamas—trembles nearby. Snell does sentry duty for awhile and seeing nothing speaks over to the graveyard near Lincoln Hall. He hears a noise and forgetting his trusty musket hurls a rock. A scream is heard and he stumbles frightened into the barracks. Soon his courage returns and once more he ventures out only to charge back in a minute saying that a huge monster is coming up the road—for he saw its two big eyes. (Soon an automobile passes).

Jitney Joe—Process again Major for this time luck will be with you.

(The Major salutes and starts off toward Manzanita Hall—presumably in search of bear or deer. Mayhap he tho't another watermelon was rampant. In the meantime Joe hears a sound, and looking out the window sees the two culprits—two horses.

(The Major returns).
Snell—I have frightened them away—to sleep men.

Jitney—Not frighten them away Major. They were two of your pets—two horses—two of the Nevada Calalry—two members of your Horse-Marines.

(Curtain)
Afterward—The above is a true story. We know it is true for Jitney Joe Lowery was once found studying last semester and everyone knows that St. Paul tours the Gin-Mills and that Major Snell made his reputation as organizer of the Nevada Cavalry and his famous siege of Raspberry Hill.—Author.

NATIVE SONS PAY VISIT TO RENO

(Continued From Page One.)
many of the dauntless gang writing out checks on their maternal ancestor's account. Soon night overtook them and the gang was financially embarrassed but still they played the game. Pikers were not known to the royal knights of alcohol, but one by one were pulled away by the grip of thirst. One man from the southern part of California was heard to say that he was so dry his feet were cracked. Soon all the gang were lapping up the amber suds. "I crave music" yelped one of the boozehounds, and the good word was passed along the board. The leader of the pack growled his consent and once again the crew was on the trail. Soon one sponge with fire in his eyes was seen to enter a long passage way. In a moment he was out again and with a voice full of emotion, beer, and love, he called his comrades in. Ah, the fight was wonderful and such entertainers. There was one blonde that had the world beat (Frankie by name) and when it came to making love there were members of this crew that would make Romeo and Juliet look like carbon copies.

After a few hours, the clock which was out of order, struck one four times (it must have been out of order.) The Native Sons then went forth to a hotel and prepared to rest their weary bones on their downey,

RESURRECTION OCCURS OF DIVINE RIGHT OF QUEENS

(Continued From Page One.)
lady Freshman, he is unmercifully bawled out as an old offender and told of the awful crime that he has committed. If the half-starved captives crave nourishment and one of the regular fellows seek favor in their eyes by smuggling in a choice morsel of cake or a basket of fruit 'down comes his meat house and her name is mud.'

The days of Sir Walter Raleigh have went because she says that her girls are strong enuf to walk unassisted, even over a muddy road, and that the assistance of a gentleman should not be tolerated let alone solicited. And for a man to take a lady's lace handkerchief out of his pocket is food for scandal. (Just what would happen if she should witness a Senior extracting a pair of patent slippers from his overcoat pocket? If one of the boys slaps one of the proteges of this dictator playfully on the shoulder, she is ruined because her trusties are just like Fords—everywhere.

For anyone of them to enter a cafe after six p. m. they are subjected for being "campused," which is the higher educational means of saying, "solitary confinement."

They cannot attend a dance because Dr. Mellensfood said that they are infants in mentality and this member of the warden's staff is afraid that they might bring home a varied assortment of infantile paralysis organisms. The world knows that the female of the species is more deadly than the male, but "Mein gott vas fur ein mischmasch."

virtuous beds. During the night the bell-hops on duty heard many strange mutterings. They did heard many people talk in their sleep, but none so queer and strang as the motley gang gave forth.

"I have it," floated through the keyhole. Play the third from the third from the hand." But strange to say the same common thought did not prevail. Others moaned.

"Eleven from the hand—its as certain as death itself."

"The two-fifty repeats."

One low brow declared that red and black were slow but steady winners.

In the small hours Old Sol struck his fuzzy-nut over the horizon and smiled down on the sleeping crew. As he smiled he shot his rays of light into their faces. Up they rose and soon you could see each one playing his hunch. One lad burst forth in song as he placed his last half dollar on his hunch. "God be with you till we meet again," etc. These men, like the miners, are men of fortune. The miners believe that there is more gold in the earth than has ever been gotten out. The slot-machine fans believe there is more silver in the ice-box than was ever gotten out.

RAINY DAY HELPS OUR OLD FRIEND RASPBERRY CHISM

As a prologue, we must say that Raspberry Chism had that nick-name before this yellow sheet was ever thought of; and we must also say he has a nice Buhick auter, too. Proceed, Belasco.

The rain was that oozy woozy kind that permeates and penetrates everything, and it oozed and woozed its way into the marrow of all the bones on the campus. The hour of noon was at hand and nearly all the boys, girls, men and women, of our little old U. of N. were forgetting their hunger to shiver, contemplating their venture forth into that awful wet. Among those who stood in the lobby of the library thus engaged was our old friend and school-mate, A. Constable. Her little form shook with cold, while she thought of that awful tramp across muddy lots for many blocks to her humble abode. Enter hero, impersonated by aforesaid Raspberry Chism!

You have a rather damp walk before you, may I take you home in my car?" All thoughts of anger and enmity vanished in a sweet smile of relief as she answered, "Oh, you bet!"

Thus was another devil of distress routed, and to all present appearances they will both get along nicely for another week or so.

Get "pep" drinking our milk shakes. Dalton, Clifford & Wilson Co.



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MARS VISITOR SEES CAMPUS UNDER STUDENT GUIDANCE

AVERAGE STUDENT EXPLAINS DETAILS OF CAMPUS TO LUKE Mc-GLOOK '98, VISITOR FROM THE CELESTIAL PLANETS

A visitor from Mars was gracing and viewing our college escorted proudly and loudly by one of our average students. The small bird which is so much in evidence but never in view relates the following as a stenographic record of the visit:

Average Student—This is the last building and of great importance. It is called the "Gym," from "Gymus" to dance. The girls cluster here for individual practice on school days and we have team work on Friday and Saturday nights. We usually have two hundred couples which shows the popularity of athletics at our institution. Let us now walk to the hills.

Visitor (as they come to Mackay Field)—Pray, what is that beautiful spot, with the many seats overlooking it and the pretty building opposite?

Average Student—Really, I couldn't say, but it must be a ranch and a place of the chickens at set. (Spies "Mackay Field" sign.) Oh, yes, this is the Mackay Field. I believe it is connected with the University in some way. Let's leave this place.

Visitor—Nay. Tarry a moment. There seems to be something of interest at hand. See you not the men, some in blue and some in gray, dashing madly about. Is your civil war not yet over, or is it, perhaps, a political gathering?

Average Student—As near as I can tell, be darned if I know, but if you insist we will draw closer and investigate. (As they approach football squad) "Well, well, if there isn't Root and Martin and Tam and Prof. Charlie too. What on earth are they doing in those queer clothes, first squatting like toads and then charging away like crazy men?"

Visitor (pointing to Coach Glasscock)—Who may the man be who seems to be directing these antics and uses such queer language?

Average Student—You have me again. It must be some fanatical spectator to this affair. Let's beat it. It looks dangerous around here. Those fellows are the ones who are always mixing into college affairs and never contented to let things go. If we are uselessly called together, they are always the ones to do the talking and cannot sit still like a respectable student should and let things take their natural course.

Visitor (as they come to discarded backstop)—Ah, in this do I recognize a backstop. Will I have the pleasure to see a game of baseball?

Average Student—I am sorry but but you are a little late. Several years ago it was decided best to hire out our baseball players to the S. P. Railway as we have no use for such things on the hill.

Visitor—Do the students here, by any chance, indulge in tennis?

Average Student—Well, last year

they only had two courts and the faculty of course needed them, so we didn't get to play, but during the summer two more courts were constructed and now all the faculty can play and it is really a great sight for we students.

Of course the game is terribly rough, and the balls get lost in the weeds which grow in the course. But that only makes it spicy and causes Prof. Turner to use such spick language.

Visitor—I must see to my monoplane as I have an engagement at six on Mars.

Average Student—Well, drop down again. I am glad you came, but awfully sorry the last part of your visit brought forth such an unpleasant subject as athletics. I can assure you, however, that I know nothing whateaser of the situation, and have had nothing to do with it.

Suspicious—"I can't understand why those two lawyers call it a deed of trust."

"Why not?"
"From the care with which they are drawing it up it is quite evident that they don't trust each other."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Becomes Annoying—"Imitation is the sincerest flattery."
"Maybe so, but I don't like to have too many women copying my gowns."
—Kansas City Journal.



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Election, November 7, 1916

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Deputy City Clerk

FOR

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WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA

VOTE FOR

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(Incumbent)

Regular Democratic Nominee for

COUNTY ASSESSOR

F. K. Unsworth

(Incumbent)

Regular Republican Nominee for

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(Long Term)

VOTE FOR

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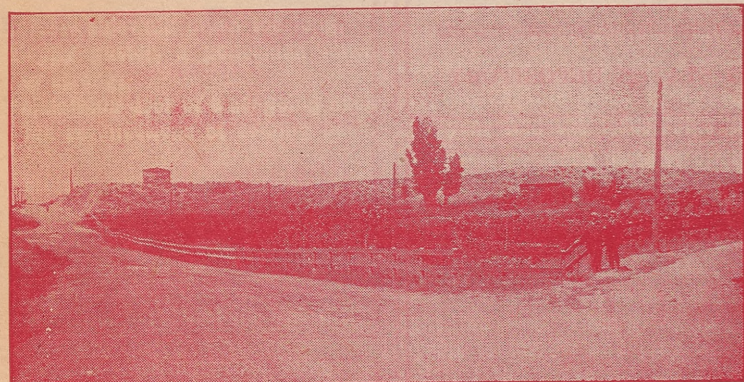
For Clerk of the Supreme Court

ELECTION TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7th

NEVADA WOMEN—YOU HAVE THE VOTE—HELP OTHER WOMEN GET IT

VOTE AGAINST President Wilson and the Democratic Candidates for Congress

THEIR PARTY OPPOSES NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE



View Near Campus

OVERHEARD AT STATION
BY THE DEAN OF WOMEN

WOMEN TAKING DIFFICULT COURSES—WHAT!

(Freshman girl meets an aged relative going through Reno on 23.)
Aged Relative—Well, how do you like college life?

Freshman Girl—Oh, it's simply wonderful!!!!!!

A. R.—And what studies are you pursuing?

F. G.—Queening, riding and arithmetic.

A. R.—Aren't those elementary subjects?

F. G.—They are of fundamental importance, if that is what you mean. Arithmetic is my minor. It's mostly counting. Counting the hours between on dance and another, you know, and how many more dates you have than the other girls, and how many different people's clothes you can be seen in on the campus in a week; and working out problems, too, like this, "If there are eight dances in one month, how many dances can you go to and still live in Manzanita Hall?" That's a humdinger.

A. R.—I beg your pardon?

F. G.—Don't mention it. Then there's riding. That's mostly auto-intoxication, you know. It's very popular. But my major is queening.

A. R.—Queening. What is that?

F. G.—Why its a science course. Its mostly of laboratory work. You get lots of credit for it, and its an unlimited number of hours. The more hours you spend, the more credit you get. Lots of girls take hardly anything else.

A. R.—Do you have a good instructor?

F. G.—Yes, indeed. In fact I have several. Some people prefer to have the same one all year, but others

would rather have a new one every few weeks, if you can only get them to elect you. Then you learn a variety of methods.

A. R.—It sounds queer.

F. G.—Oh, it isn't at all. Its the most popular course in the university.

A. R.—What do you get out of it?

F. G.—Why, a good time. Isn't that what I am here for.

A. R.—It wasn't my idea, exactly.

F. G.—That's because you're old-fashioned. You'vegot to have pep, nowadays, and do what everybody does. Ofcourse there are other things I might take, if I had time. There's a course in college spirit I thought of taking before I graduated, but I'll put it off for a while. I'm afraid its not very popular, and nobody wants to be seen in an unpopular course.

A. R.—And do these pursuits you mention take up all your time?

F. G.—Oh, of course I go to the picture show. And I had almost forgotten, you have to register for at least sixteen hours if you want to stay here. That means sixteen hours a week in a stupid, stuffy classroom, where you nearly die! Now and then, though, you can make yourself so ill thinking about it that you can get an excuse for staying away. And sometimes if you talk and giggle enough the prof. will ask you to step outside, and that helps a little. But let's talk of something else. I get sleepy at the very thought of a prof.

A. R.—There's the train whistle. I must say goodbye. I am very glad to have seen you, and I do hope your college lifewill benefit you, but I am a bit worried.

F. G.—I should worry!!!!!!

MILITARY DEPT. HAS
REAL SIGNAL CORPS

NO MORE OF THE ENJOYABLE MILITARY LIMP

Major Applewhite is very much interested in the new division of his "army" which is designated as the signal corps. No longer will the boys be able to ditch drill by acquiring a "military limp." Now it is to be the signal corps for them. Formerly the signal corps meant carrying a couple of flags out onto the athletic field and waving them agitatedly about in the air; but "them was happy days." Now the poor signal man must chase half way up Peavine and wave his flag with one hand while he holds a glass in the other trying to pick up the other weary signal man who may have a bad case of "heart trouble" on the campus. A sunny day, when it is good and warm, the boys must pack the new heliographs onto the hills and use them instead of the flags. These new heliographs are a wonderful little institution. Their range is something better than ten miles, so in order to get proper action stations at Steamboat Springs and the summit of Peavine are being established. The days of the "military" limp are gone, and in their stead have come the happy (?) days of "tramp, tramp, all the boys are marching," (even Dunkle). Another valuable piece of apparatus, which the Major has added to our splendid collection, is the new model 1917 high-speed automobile which is soon to be reconstructed into one of

those wonders of the great war, an armored car. It is expected that the car will be in shape to operate before Thanksgiving but do to the present Mexican situation, difficulty is being experienced in obtaining machine guns with which to equip the car. Operations and maneuvers pertaining to the new car are to be conducted on the Susanville road as soon as possible under the direction of Corporal Donovan who is at present connected with the signal corps. Donovan's previous acquaintance with the hills north of town, from last year, was the probable reason for his appointment.



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J. Heard—"I'm thinking of going into the poultry business."

Candy—"Then I'm the very man you want to meet. I can supply your needs. I'm thinking of going out of the poultry business."

Lawyer's Wife—So your client was acquitted of murder. On what grounds?

Lawyer—Insanity. We proved that his father once spent two years in an asylum.

Lawyer's wife—But he didn't, did he?

Lawyer—Yes. He was doctor there, but we had no time to bring that fact out.—New York Sun.

A Great Invention—"What do you think of the gas stove, Bridget?"

"Sure, mum, it's a great invention. When you and the master was away for over Sunday, mum, I burned it all the time, mum, and there seems to be plenty of gas still left."—New York Sun.

Pa's Advice—Prof: Who is making that infernal jangle on the piano?

Mater—That's Constance at her exercise.

Prof—Well, for heaven's sake, tell her to get her exercise some other way.

Freda Daoust expresses a fondness for music so she has started acquiring an Organ. Is it on the installment plan, Freda?

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