

RASPBERRY

EDITION OF THE U. OF N. SAGEBRUSH

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA—

RENO, NEVADA, APRIL 29, 1919

No. 31

"Oh Mad Some Power the Gittie Gie Us



to See Ourselves as Others See Us"

A FEW MINUTES WITH OUR VICE-PREXY

AN INTERVIEW BY CAMPUS VISITOR WITH HEAD OF BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

"Go see Bobby, he's got more money than I have." I was startled and aroused from the comfortable nap I was taking behind a last year's almanac while awaiting the release of some poor professor in the inner room that contained the University carpet. The words had just been spoken by the sprightly young lady who presided over the outer sanctum of the president's office. One of the Kampus Kittens held a bunch of tickets with "Truth" stamped upon them in the blackest of ink. With a nod of understanding she scampered out the door and I heard her soft tread thundering up the stairs to the third deck.

"Who is Bobby?" the question naturally followed. Pensively the secretary rested her chin on her left hand bringing the full glare of a large rhinestone into my eyes. Reaching for my smoked glasses I saw her eyes become soft and dreamy and then return to the enthusiasm and energy of one who speaks in a gracious cause.

"Why, Bobby—Bobby is one of the permanent fixtures of the University. He's first in everything. He had the first bicycle, the first typewriter, the first set of law books, the first roll top desk and is the only survivor of the first faculty. He is the first bachelor that has arrived and escaped getting married within thirty years. Why don't you go up and see him. He's on the third floor."

I glanced at the clock. It was two

hours after my appointment. I decided to go. Up the stairs I wound my devious way and at the door I met the Kitten with two less tickets and some coins in her hands. Before me stood Bobby, smiling and with the best natured face I have ever seen. I explained I was a stranger in the town with little to do and that time was rather oppressive at present. We sat down and Bobby began:

"You know we have a good many interesting things about the campus. We have one of the greatest geographical freaks ever known. There are three Hills without a valley (valet) between them. I was just telling my class about a crowd of children down at the depot. I stepped up to the lady in charge of the party and asked her if she was running a family or a picnic, and she said, 'I'll have you understand this is a family and no picnic.' I have advised the young men that if they want to persuade a young lady to adopt their name they must come early, sit tight and stay late. Usually, however, when the young lady makes her decision between the rivals the one who loses out gets over his disappointment in six months while the groom takes ten years to find out what he has got."

"One of our young army officers was occupying the parlor with the daughter of the family while the remainder of the folks were in the dining room sep-

(Continued on Page 5)

FIREWATER

Motor Spirits Outdo Alcoholic Beverages

The good old days have gone forever! This comes to University eyes most keenly when on going to town Red and Mackenzie pass the new auto service station at Fourth and Virginia where two old friends dish out the gas and oil. As the pump is turned they notice Otto, long famous at the Budweiser, on the handle while Jack Steeler, of Empire fame and crime, fetches on the oil.

When Nevada's worthy citizens voted the state dry, little did they realize how they were burying forever, fond memories, dear to the hearts of University men.

Here is the old evening's program including Otto and Jack:

At four-thirty the gang would reach the Bud, with just time and suds enough to clear the throat in preparation for the five o'clock free lunch. Otto faithfully scraped off the collar and wiped off the bar to the tune of a day's undoing at the U. "Many thanks to you, Otto, for being a true confidant." Then to the Empire, where Jack met them at the door, showed them to a table and winked at a clever entertainer. Some hours later he helped them to the sidewalk. Lord bless you, Jack!

But now Jack and Otto seem satisfied with the smell of gasoline, but to the old gang, all is gone! What a rip-roaring, high faluting, shooting time the crew could have should these two pals announce the opening of a blind pig, with a five o'clock free lunch.

Do men in full dress suits when at receptions, wear gloves? Ask Redfern and Stephens. They know.

TWO SHORT MINUTES

WITH OUR PREXIE

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN THE METHOD OF STAVING OFF PIE CARD ACCOUNTS

No, Gorman will not sign that card. If you find it necessary to put on the big party and need a pie card on tick you will have to have a conference with the Big Chief who arrives in Mrs. Blaney's office at 9:30 a. m. You ought to make your stall, go in one minute and keep your date with beautiful Katy in front of the library at 9:35. No luck—little Jeff beats you to it but there is still hope as he never takes but a minute to tell all he knows. A minute, it's true, but there are others to consider in this connection and the announcer calls time at 10:35. When you step in you are motioned to a chair with as much ceremony as a munitions grafter in a real estate office. You take your seat and spring your gag and—oh joy, his smile didn't rub off. You bat a home run for here in brief is his answer:

"Yes, of course. Just get a card from my secretary and I'll sign it. To correct such matters is my idea of the duties of the president of such an institution as this University. My duties, you see, carry my interest into every activity of the institution and I find it necessary that I take notice of everything that takes place. I feel that if it were not for my soothing presence in all university activities, friction would arise and the machine would stop and there would be no further progress. Only last week I found it necessary to take part in a petty disturbance at the dining hall. The situation was something like this: The

students, finding the maintenance of life on the food that was being served to be wholly impossible, decided to walk out as a protest. You see, spring was almost with us and exams were due but they felt that they could endure the exams in view of the greater event. For those reasons they decided to walk out and live rather than remain and die from the effects of having hope driven from their starving bodies three times a day. News of the situation reached me and I immediately took action. The result you well know, there was no walkout and all now find it possible to sustain life on the improved food that is being served. I was also able to promise something along the lines of a new building as soon as I get my building plan into operation.

"This plan provides for a wonderful campus here on our hill when completed. Here in front I shall have a \$300,000 administration building which will replace the now old and decrepit Morrill Hall. This lake of ours, now only a mud puddle, will be the greatest campus gem possessed by any university in the West. The ditch will soon be flumed across the tram and there will be a horseshoe walk all around the end. In the shady nooks between the trees will be convenient benches. You know it is only twenty years, more or less, since I was a young man myself and I too can realize the de-

(Continued on Page 5)

THE U. OF N. SAGEBRUSH

(RASPBERRY EDITION)

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VOL. XXVI. RENO, NEVADA, TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1919

HOPE FOR THE BEST, PREPARE FOR THE WORST AND TAKE WHAT GOD SENDS

We who are about to die salute you. Prepare yourself for the worst as these few lines will explain to you the dire purpose of the above-named "Raspberry."

We, the long suffering parents of this sheet, feeling that we have been balled out time and again as a result of our peculiar personalities, our aversion to, or membership in the Bachelor's Club, our characteristic speeches, our ridiculous lines, our facial topographies and almost anything else that is totally beyond our power to correct, have concluded that there is more good than harm in the notoriety. Further, we have decided that our dear University is sinking steadily into the mire of slavish conventions and cobwebbed notions and that there is but one way to save this noble institution from a dishonorable death in this blackest quagmire of human apathy. The spring tonic indicated is the "Raspberry," the only implement of modern times that can stir the University to its very depths, that can make the sedentary get up and move, and that can even make the dead roll over and groan. Without such a stimulant disaster and oblivion are before us for hook worm spreading like wildfire throughout the institution and its effects are enhanced by spring fever. The low dreamy tones of the fair maidens or the boastful cooing of the stalwart suitors in front of the library can never accomplish the desired effect. The sharp cutting speech of the "Raspberry" is the only means of driving out the superabundance of lethargy that has seized us all. We, the above named self appointed staff, therefore, do marshal our wits and step forth into the arena, as martyrs of public opinion and scandal mongers supreme, to fight these dread diseases and raise once more our loved University to the auspicious plane that it held in the past. Let none question or follow for our purpose is good and our Ford is fleet.

THE FACULTY CORNER

Miss Sears is offering a special course in basketry under course 95, special problems in clothing. Many are wondering whether or not this is preparatory to caring for the future paopose traffic. However, this promises to be a very popular course, as the biggest problems of the day are in clothing, i. e. they wear clothing whether baskets or silks, and the less the clothing the bigger the problem.

Jimmie Nyswander is experiencing new demands for pin money.

Here is the only surviving antiquated chestnut Bobbie has not yet pulled on his classes:

Frosh—Why is a class room like a Ford?

Soph—It is a bunch of nuts with a crank in front.

Has Thompson struck you for the smokes yet?

Miss Sameth experienced a decided set-back in her medical career the other day after having attended an operation at the Reno Hospital. Cheer up, Sammie, any profession is likely to have its Ups and Downs.

The question of the day is this: What faith does Ma Sears beauty specialist follow and do her methods conform strictly to her faith?

This young damsel, Maude Denny, needs raspberrying but owing to the fact that she doesn't amalgamate herself with the common herd on the Hill enough for anyone to become acquainted no one has any dope on her.

This guy Lauck in the Vet. outfit is not so bad. When presented with Si Ross' petition he signed it but averred that Si was the last man in the world that he wanted to do business with.

Miss Mack has just recovered from a slight attack of the flu, contracted

while tucking the little ones of Manzanita snugly into their beds every evening. It is hoped she will soon be well enough to again enforce the ten o'clock rule.

Dean Knight is getting weaker and weaker every day. He talks so much that he gets no time to eat and is involuntarily starving himself to death. Bull is all right, but you can't live forever on it.

When Prof. Lincoln stands before you with his finger in the text, Then you settle down to slumber. Till it's time to take an ex.

YE CAMPUS GOSSIP

(With apologies to K. C. B.)

DEARLY BELOVED:
YOU WERE the joy
AND PLEASURE of my
LIFE,
THE APPLE of my
EYE.

SWEET THOUGHT of you
MY HEART did fill
TO overflowing.

AT YOUR feet, myself
I FAIN would throw
IN ECSTASY
SUBLIME.

BUT NOW you've
LEFT ME
FOR ANOTHER.
NEVER MORE my heart
WILL pine
FOR THEE, my fairy
QUEEN.

WITH THEE, I'm done
I'VE FOUND
ANOTHER.

A. E. C., '20.

The following article was found in Deacon Hansen's diary:

I have been thinking lately of what I shall do with my fortune, when I have patented my new invention—my automatic wart remover. First, I intend to buy the University, and, of course, I will have all the Faculty to keep. As nearly as I can figure the expenses will be about as follows:

Pension—Pres./Clark	\$ 25.00
Jack rabbits and pipes and tobacco—Peter Bugs	10.00
Bicycle tires—Katie Lewers	10.00
"Females and their Fancies"—60 vols.—H. W. Hill	30.00
10 bottles Anti-Fat—Bobby Lewers	5.00
Matrimonial advertisement—Miss Sissa	1.00
3 bottles hair restorer—Prof. Jones	.75
2 jars freckle cream—Feemster	.50
6 pairs silk hose—J. Wier	12.00
2 bottles "eye-opener"—J. D. Layman	1.00
Excursion rates—Margaret Mack	.49
Malted milk—Charles Goggio	1.50
Athletic garters—Elsie Sameth	.66
Megaphone—A. E. Turner	2.00
1 pair corsets—Chas. Haseman	5.00
Sloan's Linament—Maxie Adams	.50
Speedometer—Prof. Traner	2.50
Sum total	\$107.90

BEFORE THE FORTY-NINE DANCE

Phil Frank had just gotten a fool hunch that he was more or less known around this here College, when one of the freshman girls remarked to him: "How do you do, Mr. Harmaza." Thereupon he confessed his real name and sank back into oblivion.

Edna has been nursing quite a sore spot on the right cheek. She claims that it was done in the dark. Better turn on the light next time, Edna, so he can see what he is doing.

DEAR RAZZBERRY:

THIS YEAR I was a student IN PROF Jones class in GEOLOGY 4 until Prof TOLD ME he needed MY CHAIR more than HE DID ME and so I LEFT and because I AM GONE Prof CAN'T BLAME me for TELLING WHAT happened in ONE CLASS of his. PROF. JONES was lecturing AND THE room was HOT AND Metscher went TO SLEEP and Prof asked MISS DERBY what the CARBONIFEROUS AGE was and MARION SAID it had something TO DO with a MEAT-EATING animal AND PROF Jones SIMPLY SMILED and asked HOPPY WHAT an OOLITIC LIMESTONE was and HOPPY SAID it was made by LITTLE FOSSILS called OOLS AND as far as I KNOW there never was A LITTLE OOL and HOPPY WAS only BLUFFING, THEN Prof. Jones ASKED HIS old standby LES BRUCE what the CHARACTERISTICS of the ARCHEAN ROCKS are and LES SAID they were UNIFORMLY, HOMOGENIOUS and PROF. DIDN'T get him and ASKED HIM again and LES WANTED to make himself CLEAR, SO he said that THE ROCKS were UNIVERSALLY HOMOGENIOUS in their UNIFORM HETEROGENITY and PROF GASEPED and said VERY GOOD and I know HE DIDN'T get Leslie's MEANING FOR it was way OVER ME. But PRETTY SOON I laid my HEAD ON Miss Ryan's SHOULDER AND it felt NICE AND they tell me I WENT to sleep and MISS RYAN left my head there AND METSCHER snored and PROF. JONES got interested IN A PENNY matching GAME IN the back row that RAY BRYAN and BUCKINGHAM were having and FORGOT WHERE he was and GOT INTO the game AND WON all the PENNIES AND remembered he WAS IN CLASS and dismissed US AND I know JIM DONOVAN was glad FOR HE HAD taken a BIG CHEW of CLIMAX OR STAR before CLASS AND forgot to take IT OUT and he WAS SUFFERING but had TO HOLD it for AN HOUR AND IT must have been AWFUL FOR I've tried it AND IF I didn't need my CREDITS IN Mineralogy I'D TELL you more so I THANK YOU.

(Apologies to K. C. B.)

GLEANED FROM LINCOLN HALL'S WASTE BASKET

To the Honorable Flip Frank, alias Friend Husband:
A TOAST TO THE KAMPUS KAT??
HEY, FLIP—WOT YOU SAY????
? ? ? ? ?
I knew something would come up because we loitered on the way to the Tau dance.
NOW, YOU MUST CONSIDER YOURSELF A MARRIED MAN—Careful of the flirting Manzanita damsels.

MRS. PHIL FRANK,
KAMPUS KAT IS A GOODA KAT
BUT HAS THE BADA GOSSIPY WAY.

Red had many friends. The other day when he was going down Virginia street even the "Wet Wash Wigglers" hailed him.

GRAND THEATRE

Wed.-Thurs., April 30-May 1

CHARLES RAY

in
"THE GIRL DODGER"
FORD WEEKLY
PARAMOUNT PICTOGRAPH

Friday-Saturday, May 2-3

VIVIAN MARTIN

in
"LITTLE COMRADE"
Burton Holmes Travelogue
CHRISTIE COMEDY

Coming Sunday

Special Attraction. Cecil B. DeMille's Latest Production
"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
Bigger Than
"Don't Change Your Husband"

FRANK J.
BYINGTON
For
MAYOR

T. L. WITHERS

Graduate University of Nevada, 1915

For

CITY ATTORNEY

Election, Tuesday, May 6, 1919

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Majestic THEATRE

Today, Wednesday and Thursday

Here She is Again

PRISCILLA DEAN

in

"THE WICKED DARLING"

Friday and Saturday

WARREN KERRIGAN

in

"THE END OF THE GAME"

Sunday and Monday

HAROLD LOCKWOOD

in

"SHADOWS OF SUSPICION"

Coming Tuesday

"THE BETTER OLE"

Some Picture

ELECTION RETURNS

Tom Jones was a much worried man last Friday for he was afraid the election would separate he and his lady and that either he or she would lose out in the race for their respective offices. However, a kind Providence, together with numerous bribes of candy on Tom's part, and many winning smiles from Helen brought all their troubles to an end, and the Jones-Cahill faction were elected.

A telegram has just been received to the effect that Douglas has been elected to the assistant business manager's chair by the solid lady's vote. What we want to know is, who is this "Solid Lady?"

Redfern was so sure of his election as Athletic Manager that he made the remark that he would be highly insulted if he wasn't elected. "Lan' Sakes, ain't this a fickle world?"

The Bryan Brothers have all plans made for running the Sagebrush for the next five years to come. They will change each year and Dick will be editor one year and Ray editor the next, and so on "ad infinitum."

Warren and Walters had a busy time of it, campaigning for the Artemisia offices. Bolsheviki intended to run but was talked or scared out of it by Badt, who intended to run again himself. To make sure for himself and Walters, Warren bribed both Bolsheviki and Badt to stay out of the race.

It is rumored that Helen Fuss dragged up a lot of recently discharged Nevada men to swell her vote and make sure of her job for next year as Girls' Athletic Manager.

Regan, although an Irishman, evidently can't beat Carmen in talking for votes, for she out-talked him with just three girls and copped the Soph. Rep. job.

As for the office of Treasurer, Mel Sanders claims he needs the jack and since he is some boxer, no one had nerve enough to vote against him.

Enough is plenty though, and aside from the fact that some of us may be disappointed in the election results, they are all good men and women. We predict that some of them, as politicians are world beaters, and will either wind up in the White House or the Penitentiary, we can't tell just which.

SO DO WE

Captain Harold Eugene O'Brien, formerly of the Budweiser Guards, Royal Irish Legion, and late of R. O. T. C. fame, stepped into the office of Lt. Col. Ryan the other day for instructions in the day's military work.

"Good morning, Admiral," he greeted, coming up to a snappy salute, and beaming all over.

The wind outside moaned pitiously, as the room grew suddenly chilly, while the smile gradually faded from the Captain's face. For a brief moment he stood there. Then without another word, and still at the salute, he about faced and walked out.

Now Eugene wonders why he doesn't get his sixty hicks.

NOTICE

We are prepared to act as chaperons to any and all parties, at any and all times. We guarantee to cause no trouble, nor to need any entertainment. We are deaf, dumb and blind, and enjoy dancing together, having no aspirations toward matrimony.

MISS SAMETH,
MISS SOMERS.

Dear Editor:
What is the matter with me? I can not sleep at nights, I lay awake and hear Felix snore and he has such a peculiar snore since he came back from the army. Do you think there is anything serious, as I have never felt that way before?

MAYOR ENGLE.

Chemically Pure Engle.
Dear Mayor:

I was afraid when I heard that you were rooming with Felix that it would effect your health. You are suffering from love which is very contagious but not serious. There are different ways of treating the case, either marry the girl (which is the quickest way to recovery) or change roommates and move to a different climate.

There is another thing you want to remember that when you have recovered you will be more susceptible to a new attack but it will not be near as serious.

Sympathetically yours,
EDITOR OF THE DEPT.

P. S.—Do not be alarmed at the peculiar snore of Felix as that particular snore is peculiar to those men that are in love, that have given up hopes of recovery and who would rather be sick than well.

(Editor's note—We are glad to report that Mr. Engle took an absolutely new girl to the Senior picnic and that the aforesaid girl does not belong to the Math Club.)

Buck has taken to stepping lately and his choice of stepping partners is various and sundry. Just the other night he was up at Prof. Fuller's showing the Janes up there how they do it at the U. of N. August Metscher is another quiet one, doesn't exactly step—he hangs. The North End candy store is the scene of his revels. He spends much of his precious time hanging over that counter gazing into the eyes of the fair damsel opposite.

Some folks say that Orren Oden is to be nicknamed "Bubbles." Why? Do you ask? He has four or five times gone contrary to the commands of the Upper Class Committee and as a punishment "20 bubbles in the tub" have been given.

THE 1919 CLASS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

PRESENTS

"The Man Who Went"

A Melodramatic Comedy of War Interest

For benefit of Senior Class Memorial to the University in honor of the men who went to war.

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Thursday Evening Only
May 1, 1919

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ECHOES OF LAST SEMESTER

We're blasted S. A. T. C. men
We're far from shot and shell,
We think that Sherman sure was wrong,
For us there ain't no hell.

We're Colonel Ryan's fighting men,
We're fighting sand and dirt,
If we stay here in this breezy spot,
We are sure we won't get hurt.

We don't expect to get across
Until the last Huns yield,
So mother hide your service flag
Your son's at Mackay field.

PINCHED FOR RUSHING THE CAN

No more cruel deed is known than that perpetrated by the Brow and Doc Reagan a short while ago, when after enjoying, uninvited, the High School dance, they went joy riding with two of the college "Vamps," and then upon getting "pinched" for rushing the can they ran away, leaving the Nevada Pig to foot the bill, while they filled up on noodles at the Mineral! Boys, how could you?

What will no doubt eventually prove to be the saddest event of the college year was staged some time ago by those two freshmen cherubs from Berkeley, Derby and Yater. This tear-raising stunt was put over at Moana where the verdants went to see some of the manly art attempted. After the boxing they wished to scud a little but as the only female obtainable was carrying her offspring what could they do? Here's how. They took turns holding the baby while the other danced with the mother. Some boys. We hand it to you.

We were glad to see Alice Kincaid back in the Library last week, after a heavenly visit from her winged champion. The change seems to have done her good, as it is noticed that she has sprouted a pair of wings, also.

On visiting Orren Oden's suite at Lincoln Hall, several nice clean white Buster Brown collars and a half a dozen red Windsor ties were noticed hanging on the tie rack all of which goes to show that Orren's sojourn in England had some beneficial results. His entire collection is considered one of the most unique and valuable in this country.

That man Walter is the bunk. For a month he had all of Reno's Scotland Yard looking for his suit case that had been stolen from his room. Sometime after the search had been given up he was notified by a local clothier that his thirty days were up and if he didn't call for his box it would be sold for storage. Still with a dome like that he gets a job that has a roadster six attached to it.

NOTICE

We wish to notify the members of the Bachelors' Club that Harold Engle has fallen from grace and deserted his brothers. He has officially stepped out!
DOROTHY HIGGINS,
EVA HALE,
MARGUERITE DRUMM.

We are wondering what Bob G. is going to tell Las Vegas Ruth when he gets home. The way he steps over to the Mayor's house, hangs on the telephone every night and the interest that he takes in the city elections, it looks as if it were more than friendship. Bobbie please be careful and do not break a heart.

We welcome Kay McKenzie back to school. Whenever any of the old-timers come back we will have a relic to show them of the old days when we used to have free lunch at the Bud and Otto sold gin instead of gas.

Helen: "Tom, dear, what makes the cats so musical in the springtime?"
Tom: "Hartman says it's because they are so full of fiddlestrings."

A SHORT ASSAY ON OUR DEAR MINING PALMER

(By the famous essayist, O. Bunk.)
Walter S. Palmer, E. M., Professor of Metallurgy; also B. S., University of Nevada, 1905; and ever since, Professor of Metallurgy, University of Nevada, 1916. A young man he is and handsome. Not so much with the ladies but O. K. with the men. His strongest points are versatility and kindness. He watches over his flock of hopefuls with the care of a mother. Finding that work is to be short during the coming summer he, prompted by his kindness, put his versatility to work for the benefit of his boys. A lecture in metallurgy now contains instructions in the art of safe opening and the choice occupation of high-grading. His future is as yet undiscernable.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gooding:
It is with the greatest sympathy and sorrow that I express my feelings over the loss of our dear Brow. For six years he has been registered in this University and for six years has he registered in Freshman chemistry and in these six years I have learned to love him. For six years he has started out with each new class and the next fall we found him coming back with undying devotion knowing that he would be left behind. But was he discouraged? No, he persistently comes back the next year. Now he is through and I shall miss him.
(Signed) MAXIE.

U. of N., April 29.
To the Woman's League:
We, the men of the University, do hereby petition your worthy body to spread a boycott on the back of one Wallace Walter. We ask that you allow no member of your august body to make dates with anyone who poses as a student with lots of dog but who in reality is a traveling salesman with the boss' car.

Poor shave-tail Johnson has a hard time at the gow house trying to watch all of the ladies and eating at the same time. We sympathize with you, Johnson, as we were in the same boat once. Take some good advice, Lieut. and do not let the girls interfere with your eating because when the right girl comes along you will lose your appetite and will not be able to eat.

AT THE SCUD

Warren (nearly there) — "Say, Bryan, can I dance with your wife?"
Ray (long a Benedict) — "Whaddye want to dance with a married woman for?"
Warren — "Something I gotta get used to."

Since Brown got into the new Aggie building he has come in contact with our Dean Knight more or less, probably more, for he is always called to mind when one runs across that old saying of Franklin's, "Too many words are often used to say nothing."

Poor George suffered on the way home from the Senior picnic because neither Edna or Eva would hold his hand. We do not blame the girls as George acted so rough that he gained the name of "Booful Butal."

AND YET!

With all due feeling we hereby dedicate this little verse to our dear friend, Bill Martin:

My man's not smart, nor cute, nor pretty.
He cannot dance or skate.
He isn't clever, gay or witty.
His line is out of date.

He never pulls this baby talk,
But by the stars above,
Could you but see him in the dark—
Oh, girls, how he can love!—Record.

Some few members of the Sophomore class got ambitious a few days ago and donned the apparel of the Upper Classmen. Also a few Freshmen followed their example and struck against doing any menial chores. Result—Cold bath in the early a. m. and a sadder but wiser bunch of Sophs and Frosh.

All University people are not as young as they appear. The manager of the Golden Grill stated that there were fourteen high school girls at a banquet in the Golden some time ago. It happens to be known that the party in question was the I. O. A. O. Sorority.

Laura Ambler: "Hal, what did you wear when you were three years old?"
Hal Engle: "I don't remember wearing anything."
Laura: "Why Harold!"

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

(With profound apologies to J. W. Riley and Prof. Turner, more especially Prof.)

When the frost is on the punkin and the corn is in the shock
And the dames doll up the Gow House like a fancy painted crock,
And the gang feels all pepped up and calls the Prof. to speak
And tell a clever story that will last them for a week.
Then he strolls out to the doorway, clears his throat and laughs "Haw, haw."
"Now I'll tell ya all a story that I've never told." Oh pshaw!
Then he always starts that same old line, that is the laughin' stock:
"When the frost is on the punkin and the corn is in the shock."
By O. G. Y.

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MaBelle Chocolates. Take a Box Home With You—N. E. Wilson

**SIXTY DOLLAR BONUS
WHERE SHE WENT**

Campus Celebrities Put on a Burst of Speed

Cahlan's idea of getting even for his term in the S. A. T. C. is nine movies, three suppers at Kane's, four dances, and only one little girl per week. Same repeated each week.

Eden, Donovan and Mackenzie have joined the "I Tappa Keggas" and never miss a week-end at Truckee enjoying the Winter sports.

Chet Greenwood spotted his sixty dollars on Topopah Divide Annex; he annexed numerous sheets of paper with large gold seals on them, a lot of stock wisdom, sore feet from warming the path between the mining building and the broker's office, and finally a negative sixty dollars. He still maintains the experience was worth it.

Dick Bryan says Kane's for dinner, Rialto, Kane's to dance, Riverside for a little seclusion, Kane's again after 12:30, with a taxi home for his lady, is a good way of enjoying himself at government expense.

Pat O'Brien nearly shocked Mike Asheim to death by actually paying for the 67,350 Camels he smoked the month before. Incidentally everyone else's cigarettes have lasted longer even though O'Brien is around. We hope Uncle Sam will soon send O'Brien his travel pay for the gang surely needs the money.

Oden is ready to risk his entire sixty bones on winning a girl. Any girl will do just so he has her securely hooked by the time his cash runs out. Girls, here's your chance for a real, live, easy sucker. Give him a trial.

Herb Bruce spent his roll in a lump, buying thirty round-trip tickets to Dayton and return. He showed great foresight, for summer will soon be here, and a good gob cannot get along even a week without his "Cap."

Much sorrow is felt for Jimmy Manson. His dad thought sixty hicks too much for his little "Bird" to have all at one time so he wisely invested it for Jimmy. "Marg" was sore about that, too; but then cheer up Peg, by the time Jimmy grows up he will be worth a million, from the interest alone, even at one per cent.

"Louie" Johnson immediately rushed his seventeen-uniforms, thirty-six military collars, four pairs of wings, seven pairs of puttees, and four pair of officer's shoes to the renovators, so his military outfit will last without more expense till the next war rolls around.

Curly Jones was wise. His sixty was invested in Reno Traction Co.'s preferred. That's an easy way to get a pass to Sparks and still make money on the deal.

**A DRAMMER IN THREE
SOLE-STIRRING ACTS**

A. Freshman and Her First Wild Ba(d)t

Act I. Scene: On Virginia street in front of "Crystal Pete's" confectionery.

Morris—Wait a minute, Arvella, and I'll get some candy to eat in the show. (Manifestations of pleasure on part of Frosh. Enter Morris with both hands in his pockets.)

Two minutes later. (Exit Morris, both hands still in his pockets, and no signs of candy. Expressions of wonder pass across girl's face.) They depart for the show.

Act II. Scene: In "nigger heaven" at Rialto theater.

M. B. (drawing paper bag from his vest pocket)—Have a jelly bean, Arvella.

A. (after struggling to get her fingers into the bag)—Thank you.

Act III. Scene: On the porch at Arvella's home.

Arvella—I had an awfully good time, Morris.

Morris—Don't mention it. I always like to show a girl a real time. Good night.

THE JUNIOR FROLIC

Al, you've struck a heap of trouble, Thrown in the lake, then lost your wife.

Badt don't care a cent about you And you don't care a cent for life. Hard luck has with your glasses left you,

The water was chilling, Oh, could you die?

Cheer up, you still have Eva left you And those soft, true, dreamy eyes.

Badt was keen to take you under. If your Heaven was broken through Co-ed eyes were wide with wonder,

Who was ducking, he or you? Girls a laughing, boys a cheering

At the Juniors in the lake Ducking, choking, acting peevish

At each other like two drakes. By G. O. P.

Get acquainted with the BRAVE SIX. They happen to be the six, namely, Redfern, Carlson, Stephens, Jones, Hancock and Bruce, who had the nerve to venture into the midst of some 40 girls at the Pi Phi reception the other night. They must have felt pretty much out of place among so many ladies and even the dogs must have known the six were coming, as they barked at every man as he came in the gate.

Edna Clausen lost her Jack some time ago and searched the campus diligently even to the extent of asking information of some Profs. We know of no Jack on the campus at present, but anyone wishing to call himself Jack, might apply.

THAT DAMNED KAT

When spring has come and breezes soften,
And the moonbeams gently dance;
You are slowly, slowly walking
With your sweetheart from the dance;

At her door you seem to linger,
Holding hands and all of that;
Comes a sound of velvet footsteps:
Oh, beware! it is the Kat.

In the evening off you wander,
Down Virginia towards town.
You hear the music, sparkling, jazzy,
From the windows floating down.

Up the stairs you climb, adventuring,
Upon a hook you place your hat;
Within your arms you hold a damsel:
Oh, beware! here comes the Kat.

One of the Profs goes up to Verdi,
To show his class a fossil bed.
One of the youngsters, mischief brewing,
Purloins teeth from some sheep's head;

The Prof, all innocent and trusting,
Asks one: "Tell me, what is that?"
With the answer you're familiar:
Twas reported by the Kat.

The Kampus Kat is surely feline,
In its spooky, quiet way.
Where it stays, or where it wanders,
Is a mystery to this day.

You may be certain, should you stumble,
Queen, or stage a little bat,
The tale will soon be common knowledge,
Distorted by that prowling Kat.

Kat! Kat! Kampus Kat!
What's your gender?
Where are you at?
Though we curse you,
Ever present Kampus Kat.

By R. I. P.

Bill Martin stopped off on his way from Manzanita last Friday, to renew old acquaintances at Lincoln Hall. The boys were highly pleased that Bill thought enough of them to take time away from his domestic affairs to look them up.

**THE TRAGEDY OF
THE INNOCENT
CALC STUDENT**

**PROF. CHARLEY ON A RAMPAGE
(In one act)**

Act 1. Any class in Calculus, watchfully waiting. Door slams. Students jump and look with dismay at each other. Douglas becomes very excited and upsets a pile of books. Bryan in stage whisper, "Gee, this is no place for me, Prof. Charley's had too bad a night." Exit down fire escape. Girls in front row painfully silent. Prof. Charley assigns problems freely to the class. O'Brien receives a problem and reports, "I couldn't get that one, Prof."

Prof. Charley glares. "Land's sakes, O'Brien, this is third grade work. What's the matter with you?" Grabs for a piece of chalk and makes a small dot on blackboard and demands of class: "What do you call that?" Deep silence. "Good Lord, don't you know what that is?" Deeper silence.

"Point—Point—This is a point. Great Heavens, what is the matter with this class this morning?" O'Brien, "Why I knew that was a point all the time." Prof. Charley, "Well, why in Heaven's name didn't you say so?" Prof. takes new piece of chalk and viciously attempts to draw a straight line. Chalk breaks and Prof. Charley breaks his finger nail on the blackboard. Students shiver from screech of finger nail and one girl faints. Prof fumes and throws remaining piece of chalk at stove, from which it makes a three-cushion billiard off the window pane and O'Brien's head, finally dropping down Mary Browder's neck. Mary at once leaves room. Prof. Charley starts for fresh piece of chalk but a low chair is in the way. He gives it a kick. (O'Brien claims Prof hit his pet corn.) Prof. looks wild and explodes, "—*%4 *****. Good Lord, this class is dismissed." Slams book on table and rushes out of room. Deep silence. Quietly the class sneaks out. The class in calculus is over.

The Man Who Went

They All Belong to the He-Gossips Club

It is not often that men get together and talk about their hopes for the future as they did one night at play practice. Hal Engle had just returned with sandwiches and cake and then the men seemed to open up their souls as it were.

The conversation started off something like this: Deacon, who has a record at the gow house as being the biggest eater and getting the least results from what he does eat, also as the inventor of the automatic wart remover, and the author of "Ten Nights in a Tea Room," said that if he ever married he was going to marry a cook. Red, whom everyone knows as having been disappointed in love several times and who is agin' women and as a result of these very trying circumstances, has become very cautious, said that if he ever got married he was going to marry a woman with money and then they could hire a cook.

Brow, who is a heart smasher and knows that most of the women would get him if they could, gave some good advice when he made the remark that if he ever married and could not get along with her he would quit eating.

Everyone noticed that Harry never made any prophecy as to what he was going to do, so those present concluded that Harry was so nearly married that he did not dare make an assertion for all of them might remember what was said and keep bringing it up, if his future did not turn out successful.

In a mock trial that was given as the Lincoln Hall stunt at the party the other night, can you imagine how our friend Waite (the criminal) answered the following questions:

How many cows have they got in Bunkerville?

How many chickens?

Do you believe in a Dean of Women?

Do you believe in ladies getting campused?

Judge the answer.

OWED TO NELS

Written on the eve of his recent success in the Gears Club in hope that he may some day be able to at least take a mechanical part.

You shall hear how Carlsen, Junior, He the wonderful romancer, Came to be upon the campus; With his wondrous tales of travel. He from Oakland Poly rambled, After seas had tried his stomach And his lungs somewhat expanded, His vocabulary lengthened.

When he wished to cross the mountains, Lacking means of transportation, Breathed he deep the ocean ozone, Blew himself right here amongst us. He became a noted speaker, What 'ere proposed he was "again' it,"

Thus he grew a reputation, On the big Committee put him, (Only Pat returned too quickly.) When it came to gentle queening, He annexed our little Mary.

Now no wood tick could stick closer, Such the bond that they cemented. Now, alas, his nest well feathered, No more have we his orations. No more hear we of Australia. Only when he cut the campus, Did we learn the truthful reason; Flu bugs had his wind bag ruined, Gone his heart and hot air furnace.

By A Long Fellow.

We would advise that a certain Upperclassman on the hill, be more careful of his remarks. He had been invited to a dance out at the asylum by a girl who did not step in society much, and he was feeling pretty blue over not having received a bid from another.

A bright Frosh accosted him: "Are you going to take Miss _____ out to the dance?"

Upperclassman—"Damn you, NO, unless I can take her out there and leave her."

No one knew that Buckingham owed so many people money but Bob says that every time he looks at Buck, he is reminded of \$1.50. Well, never mind Buck, maybe Bob owes \$3.00.

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A FEW MINUTES WITH OUR VICE-PREXY

(Continued from page 1)

arated by only a pair of curtains. During a sudden silence there came a sound from the parlor that sounded like a kiss. The baby of the family piped up, 'Kiss me, too, Auntie.' Aunty replied, 'You should say twice, dear, not two.' I was going by the Veterinary Station the other day and I noticed that Doctor Louck was sitting in the same position that I had seen him occupy some hours ago. I asked the doctor what he did and he said, 'Sometimes I sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits.' One of the professors was leaving for a week's trip and he charged his boy with practicing a half-hour each day on the piano while he was gone. When he returned he asked the boy how he had got along and the boy said he had practiced faithfully every day. The old man took the key from his pocket and asked the boy how he had done it without the key. Some of the students are like a sky rocket that is sent up without any power behind it.

"Mrs. Smith's husband had hung himself in the attic. A few days after Mrs. Jones came over to cheer her up and found her just finishing a washing. Mrs. Jones wished to avoid any reference to the catastrophe and after visiting a while Mrs. Smith, noticing the rain pouring down, remarked that she did not know where she would hang out the washing. Mrs. Jones suggested that that hadn't ought to trouble her as she had a fine attic to hang things in. The best way to do is to know what you are going to say, say it, and shut up. A very tall man and a very short man were having an argument as to how long a man's legs should be and President Lincoln happening to come along they referred the question to him. He told them that in his experience a man's legs should be just long enough to reach the ground.

"A lady friend of mine had just bought a new car and learned to run it all right. She took me down town one day and it sounded as if her engine was shooting on only five cylinders. I told her one of the cylinders was missing and she listened and said she'd have it attended to, so she drove into the garage and told the mechanic she had lost one of her cylinders on the way down and would he put in a new one as soon as possible.

"You don't happen to be an Elk? Well, one of the brothers had a new baby come at his house and for some reason he was very quiet about it. Came to find out the baby was a monstrosity. She had bear feet, although she was a little dear, but what could you expect when her father was an Elk?"

I ha-ha-ed. I couldn't help it. Bobby beamed on me with approval. He invited me to take a ride with him to Carson in his Willys-Knight. We went down the stairs, and as we passed the doors he stopped in the office to tell the secretary where he was going so that the records might be correct. Shortly after we climbed in the car and were off. Never will I forget the ride through the beautiful valleys. In a half hour we were skimming along the east shore of Washoe Lake when we hit some deep sand. The Willys-Knight was pulling her best first in the high, then in the second, but finally in the low. At last we stuck. We spun the wheels back, then front. No use, in other words nothing doing. We scraped out the sand from in front of the wheels and Bobby speeded up the engine and dropped in the clutch. A noisy jingle, a jump, and the engine ran beautifully but the wheels did not move. I suggested the gear case was in trouble. Bobby set his teeth and tried again. After a quarter of an hour he took off the cover of the gear case and what a mess! No use, we are done! He carefully put the cover back, screwed all the nuts in place, climbed into his seat, clutched the steering wheel and burst into action. "Heldeviltidam, heldeviltidam, heldeviltidam." He had exhausted his vocabulary.

McPHERSON ON OSCILLATIONS

(Delivered before the gear and mandrel assortment.)

We had all sorts of men to teach, lawyers, real estate men, insurance men, and just plain crooks. I'll give you one of the lectures. You know in wireless communication from aeroplanes we use an oscillating current. If you get a picture of the wave it looks like a snake crawling through the grass. The right hand humps are positive and the left hand humps are negative. E equals I over R. I guess you know what that is for everybody has monkeyed with a door bell. An oscillation is a well an oscillation is like I take two pails and join them with a pipe, and have a valve in the pipe. If the valve is open when I raise one pail the water flows freely into the other pail and that is a free oscillation. If I partly close the valve that is a damped oscillation, and if the valve is closed by accident that is a got damped oscillation. Do you see it? Anybody want to ask questions? Maybe I can make it clearer. There used to be an old college professor that had the idea that man had two stomachs, one for solids and one for liquids. The gullet divided and had a little trap door. When you ate a slice of bread the trap door flopped to one side and the bread went into the solid stomach; when you drank a glass of water, the trap door flopped the other way and the water went into the liquid stomach. When you ate bread and milk the trap door was kept pretty busy and that was an oscillation.

TWO SHORT MINUTES WITH OUR PREXY

(Continued from page 1)

sirability of such things. The Dean of Women may object to these things but that is only an outcropping of the rising Bolsheviki tendency of modern times."

About this time if you glance out of the window you can see your date going to her eleven o'clock, which you should be doing also. No hope; Prexy is still under a full head of steam.

"This tendency is, however, with us even right here in our University. I do not mean anything that Bolsheviki Joe has taught but the condition of affairs among our faculty. Nearly every day I have to smooth out some quarrel among the members which arises because someone wants to get credit for doing something that they have had nothing to do with, or some one who wants to be relieved of his own work without losing the salary that goes with it. That is what I call Bolshevism. But to get back to the point again. I can see a pool room in the basement of Lincoln Hall with crowds of men around it. Think what a rivaling card such a room will be. It will draw the back to the farm movement of our Dean Knight. This back to the farm movement is another great thing for the university men to consider. It involves all the great things of today. Men on the farm are physical beauties along side of the city bred man. A farm boy little needs anything like mass athletics. Mass athletics are, however, almost indispensable to the modern educational institutions like our own. I intend to get a man here when the time is ripe to give our men mass athletics every day. We will then develop such men as we have never had in the university before. It will be possible then to pick any men whom we want to represent us in athletics and go forth and win victories wherever we wish. Victories, on the other hand, are not all that we work for.

"The work of the university is to build men, men strong in mind as well as in body and victories at any cost do not always do that thing. Defeat is also necessary. When I was at the College of the City of New York we never let our teams win any games. We developed such a reputation along those lines that our men will never have a chance to be anything but a success in life. They will be able to surmount any and all difficulties without any hope whatever of a successful result. You see success is not an essential part of school activity. For instance, the man whom I am trying to get for our athletic coach was simply a breeze on the athletic field while in college. His achievements were supreme and his reputation untarnished by criticism. But now—when I want to find him for this appointment—I cannot even locate anyone who knows him. Therefore I take it that success in college has a deterrent effect in after life. You yourself know the situation among the big men of our army today in respect to—"

It is now twelve bells and at this point you will faintly hear the tinkling of the gow bell. Prexie is walking the floor and when he is going the other way grab your hat and pull your freight. He will soon notice your absence and stop for lunch. Also send your card back by mail.

PAX VOBISCUM

Old Dutch Kimmel has a little French Ford,
Keep away, stay away,
When it hits a bump you yell, "Good Lord."

Bump away, that's the way,
Bump away, my popping, rattling bus,
We're off for a joy ride, see our dust,
If you should balk we'll surely cuss,
Bump, Pop; bump, pop; bump, pop,
pop.

The sun shines bright, the fields are green,
Come away, come away,
We've got the price of the gasolene,
We're away, on our way,
We coast down the hills on the wings of the wind,
But not near so fast on the level we find,
Up the hills we must push in the dust behind.
Hump, pop; hump; pop, hump; pop, pop.

When we are about ten miles from town,
Far away, far away,
The little French Ford proceeds to lay down,
Right away, right away.
You twist on the crank, you lift up the hood,
But the engine won't start as a good engine should,
And nothing you do seems to do any good,
Come, pop; come, pop; damit all, POP.

By G. A. S.

PERSONALS

George Hopkins, last year's Assistant Editor of the Sagebrush, joined us on the campus for a few hours on Mackay Day and addressed the students and faculty, his best point being, that, had he known when to sit down, his address would never have commenced.

WEEKLY STOCK EXCHANGE REPORT

Trading dances dull during the first part of the week. Some activity on Thursday. Trading brisk all day Friday, closing firm. Saturday's trading reached a low water mark.
ACHING AL.

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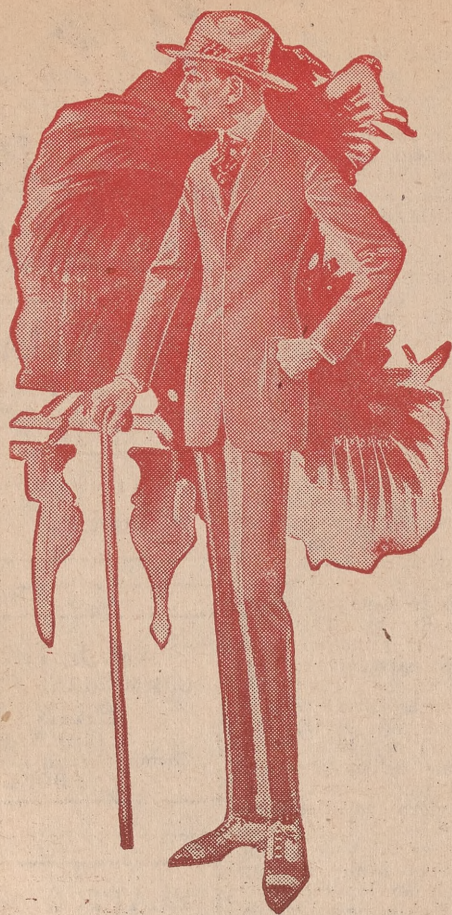
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THE LADIES

(With apologies for infringing upon the copyrights of Woodyard Kindling.)

I've taken my fun where I've found it;
I've rogued an' I've ranged in my time;
I've had my pickin' o' sweet'earths,
An' four o' the lot was prime.
One was the pride o' Pi Phi,
One an esteemed D. K. T.,
One was a tame bird from I. O. A. O.,
An' one a Tri-Delt fairy.

Now I aren't no hand with the ladies,
For takin' 'em all along,
You never can tell till you've tried 'em,
An' then you are like to be wrong.
There's times when you'll think that you mightn't,
There's times when you'll know that you might;
But the things that you learn from those here for the cure,
They'll help with the neophite.

I was a young 'un at queenin',
Green as a frosh to begin;
Isabelle Slavin she made me,
An' Izzie was clever as sin;
Older than me but my first 'un—
More like a mother she were—
Showed me the lanes from Alturas to Kane's,
An' I learned about women from 'er.

I decided to chance a D. K. T.,
Reckless indeed then I were,
So I hooked up with Laura the Ambler—
Funny I should ha' picked her.
Obedient, lovin' an' faithful—
Doll in a teacup she were,
But we spooned on the square, like a passionate pair,
An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then I shifted the scenery,
(Or I might ha' been queenin' her now),
An' I took up with vampish Salomy,
The tame bird from I. O. A. O.;
Taught me a new kind o' lovin';
Kind o' volcano she were,
For she bit me one night just out o' damned spite,
An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then came a beauty young freshman,
'Long of a kid o' sixteen—
Velma from family o' Truitt,
The straightest Tri-Delt I've seen.
Love at first sight was her trouble,
She didn't know what it were;
An' I wouldn't do such 'cause I liked her too much,
But—I learned about women from 'er.

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
The last o' my four years is done,
Say—the more you 'ave known o' the others,
The less you will settle to one;
An' the end of it's sittin' an' thinkin',
And dreamin' Hell-fires to see;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),
An' learn about women from me.
By D. E. VII.

ANCIENT HONOR ORDER REVIVED BY MEN

Society Will Run Opposition to Phi Kappa Phi

The Phi Kappa Phi has already bid new members for the present year. As usual, most of them are women, which fact keeps the fraternity from ever becoming really cosmopolitan. The men students, seeing the fallacy of such selection, have organized a counter honor society, for the benefit and relief of men students. It has been organized as "The Gobblers" and principled after the example of King Solomon. Phi Kappa Phi will fare badly in bidding men students in the future.

As a social function, the High Exalted Rulers of "The Gobblers" gave a banquet in honor of the Lay Members on the fifteenth. Supreme High Exalted Ruler Badt officiated.

The meeting closed with a debate between High Exalted Ruler Stephens and Lay Member Harriman, regarding the relative merits of being a High Exalted Ruler and the pleasures derived from being a Lay Member. Lay Member Harriman was unanimously awarded the decision.

BARBER, SPARE THAT LIP!

Barber, spare that lip!
Touch not a single hair.
For weeks I've worked with it,
And I'll protect it there.
'Twas hard, hard weeks of toil
That placed it 'neath my nose;
Let not thy razor spoil
My treasure, 'ere it grows.

A grown-up Senior boy,
I sought its dignity
And with all my pride and joy
I've nursed it faithfully.
Salome has kissed me here;
My friends have envied it—
Forgive my foolish tears,
But, barber, spare that lip.
By S. O. L.

OVERHEARD AT A PLACE OF REGISTRATION

Lady Judge—"How long have you lived at your present address, Mr. Jones?"
Mr. Jones—"About seven years."
Lady J.—"That's funny. Mrs. Jones said she lived there only three years."
Mr. J.—"That is true; she did not live with me until we were married."

THE FABLE OF THE TOOTER WHO TOOTED HIS TOOT

(We thank you, George for the Ade.)

Once there was a reformed Veterinary Surgeon known as Doc David, alias Silk Hat Harry, who proved himself to be one of the Speed Burners amongst the Steppers of the Hill. He Pulled all this Flooey Boy stuff and Got By with it Jake. First he Bounced into the Lime Light with Pete Mayerson, the great soprano, at the late music Bust. Judging from the "Waiting for a Reno Street Car" expression on the Sign Boards of the Notables as they Stampeded into Kane's, his Junk Sold about as well as a Truckee River Hi-ball would in Truckee. It Progressed about as follows:

"Say Cutie, what do you hand me? Am I not the Bohemian Billie and Beau Brummel all in one? Bohemian every time, that's me. Red's tie, Hoppie's trousers, shirt and collar from Squeek, Felix loaned me his coat and hat and here are Deacon's shoes. It's lucky Manzanita doesn't have anything that would fit my Style of architecture, or my Bohemian nature would carry me there also."

For a week the U. of N. Slum Shop reverberated with the news of the Great Adventure or rather Doc's History of it. The end of this Epoch of History came with another Festival. On this Auspicious Occasion the Great David was Trundled home to the rear door of the Smoke and Smile Club in the early hours of Tomorrow by none other than our Old College Chum Adold Harrian. The Multiplied Barking of a Coyote in the Night had nothing on our Young Hero after this. Not until our Young Buster Brown of the Villianous Moustache Frolicked off on another Bat did he forget the previous Festivity. Again Bedecked like Pall Mall (A Shilling in London and a Quarter here) going to a Circus, he Swept Forth. This time he it was who Scraped out the Soulful Sob stuff from a fiddle. A compilation of the Orgies which followed this Pop-off would not fit in Dr. Elliot's Five-foot shelf but it encompassed some Bright Sparklers.

Thus Echoed the Basso above the Gurglings in the Mystery Emporium during the next Ordeal. "The only place in town where I could find any fiddle strings that wouldn't squeak was at a millinery store and they had some peaches. My playing is too difficult for ordinary strings. I play so well that even Frandsen sits in the front row. I'll have to tell him that I get money for playing because he doesn't understand music for music's sake. I'm afraid now that they've found out what I can do they won't let me put any time on my work."

The Set-up had not been entirely Knocked-off by the time the last Victim got his Phone Call. Without Ears there can be no Sound.

Moral: He who bloweth not his own Horn, his Horn shall not be blown.

"POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC"

1. Variety is the best policy.
2. Sororities are the spice of life.
3. Frat pins hold better than safety pins.
4. A girl in time saves nine.
5. Kisses saved are not girls gained.
6. A girl in the arms is worth two in the parlor.
7. A month of precaution is worth a year as a bachelor.
8. Little damsels have big eyes.

The war has wrought a change in every phase of University life. Even the women have changed. Before the big conflict Mary was the Bashful Little Country Maid and now she steps with the gayest. Why blame the war?

At last the reason for O'Brien's absence at all college social functions is known. Pat enjoys the jitney crawl at Sparks every week and feeds his lady friend on jitney punch.

The young lady
Next door
Says
That when her
Brother
Comes home
From service
He will
Have his
Photograph taken
In uniform
Before he
Puts it away
And that

W. FRANK GOODNER'S

Photographs
Please her.
THE BEST

Election Tuesday, May 6, 1919

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For

City Clerk

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Announces His Candidacy for

Councilman

Fourth Ward

JAMES J. [Jimmy]

BURKE

Candidate for

City Clerk

Election May 6, 1919

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