

RASPBERRY

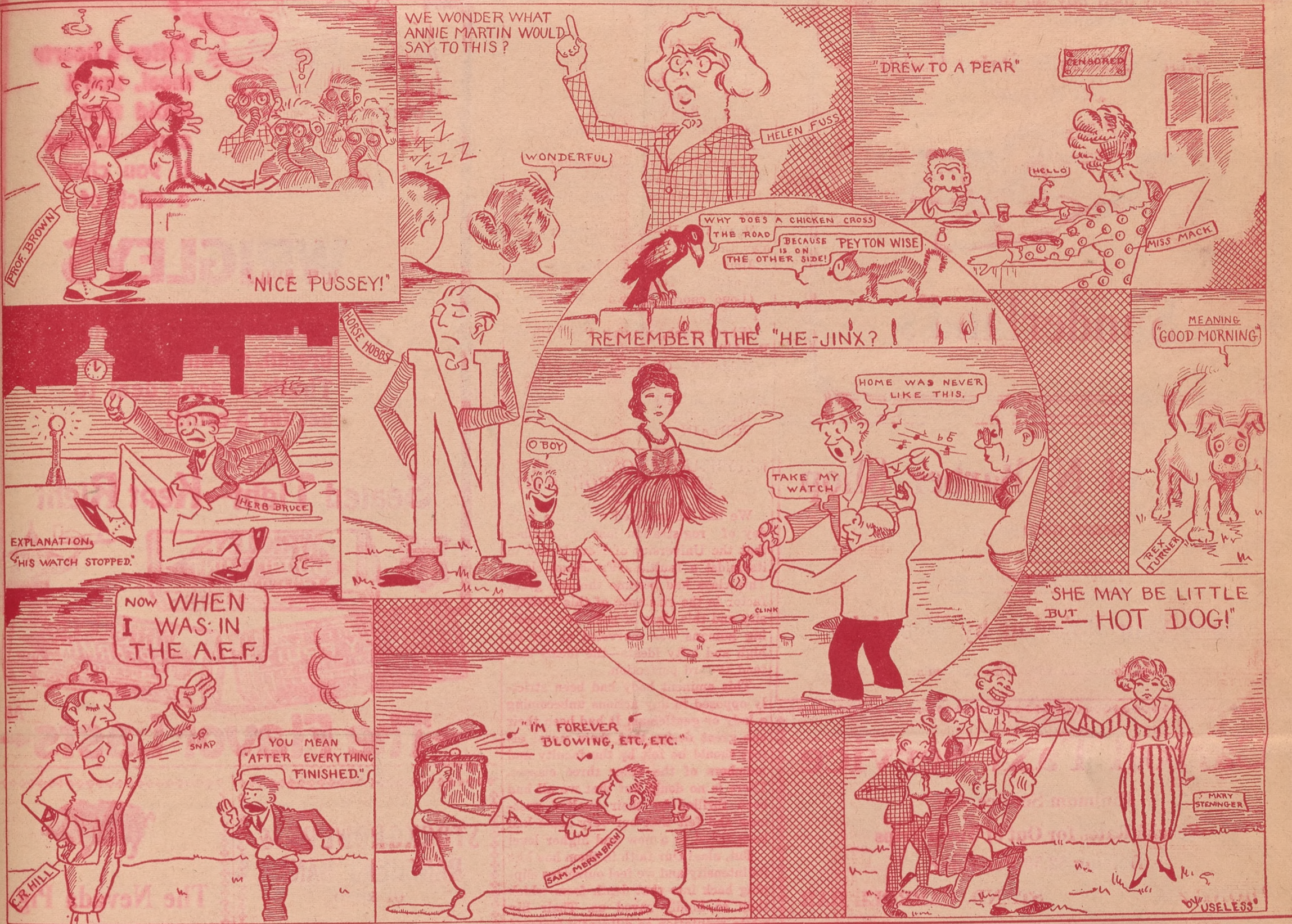
EDITION OF THE U. OF N. SAGEBRUSH

VOL. XXVII.

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA—RENO NEVADA, THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1920

No. 31

"On Ne Passe Pas"—Faculty Slogan



NOTED EDUCATOR MAKES ANNUAL VISIT TO NEVADA

TRAVELING SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY S. O. L. HERE TO INVESTIGATE POSSIBILITIES AT UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

Dean J. Fuller Jinn, of the University of Quamquat, and traveling secretary of the national honor society S. O. L., recently visited the University of Nevada to investigate the possibilities of establishing a chapter here. In

an interview given just before leaving for the coast, Dean Jinn said: "I regard the life of a University as being best exhibited in the character of its organizations. Consequently I have visited all of the fraternities on the Hill and have found them all active along one line or another. Each has its characteristic major activity and the sum make a very well balanced ration.

For instance, our great rival, Phi Kappa Phi, has a chapter here and I observed that while they had some difficulty in securing a quorum at their meetings yet when they did get together there were occasional sounds that reminded me of a boiler factory. The requirements for membership are quite rigid and determined with mathematical accuracy. While the exact formula used is a deep secret yet my experience in similar organizations leads me to believe it is, X equals $\cos y$ (abc-cab) (mtan z plus noty)

n coty-yz (ab?bc)
As you will observe the first bracket in the numerator is zero and everyone is aware that zero divided by a concrete number is infinity. Consequently but few members are elected. Their motto is "He Must Be a Scholar" which is equivalent to the French war cry at Verdun.

The Taus have adopted the same motto although using it principally in jacking up their erring brothers. At one of their meetings that I was fortunate enough to attend the greater part of the evening was spent in lis-

(Continued on page eight)

GEOLOGY VAMP IS EXPOSED

WILD WOMAN ENSNARES TAU FROSH IN BLACKMAIL PLOT

When the Geology 4 class was assigned the task of outling the text as they proceeded, most of the class settled down to the grind and accepted it as inevitable after the first roar of disapproval. But it is said that there is always a way out to the person with brains. At least one member of the class found a way, and we believe it our duty to present the startling details of the plot to the gaping public, for the instigator of this ingenious system of blackmail is still at large, and no one knows who her next victim will be. Yes, it is a woman, for only a woman is equipped to plan and carry out the details in such a fiendishly clever way.

On a certain day not long ago, Prof. Jones, in going over the outlines handed in by the class, discovered that two of them were exactly alike. He noted that the two outlines were written on the same kind of paper, with the same kind of ink, and in the same handwriting, but to one a man's name was signed, and to the other the name of the woman in the case. The woman is well known in campus circles, being famous for the cunning with which she entraps unsuspecting males. This time she selected a handsome young resident of Elko Avenue, and seemingly had him eating from her hand. Many a fellow will cheerfully die for a woman, but few are so ardent as to toil through the night watches in outlining page after page of Geology. The devotion displayed is wonderful, but the judgment he used is poor. Why did not the young gallant use discretion and either type the outlines or at least

(Continued on Page Eight)

THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY OF THE MINING STUDE

BEING THE CHRONICLE OF AN AVERAGE HARD-ROCK MINER OR THE ANSWER TO THE CELEBRATED QUESTION, "WHY IS AN AGGIE?"

Once upon a time, (as all good stories should begin, whether in the past or present does not matter, so long as it was some time), there was a professor of mining, long of limb and suave of mien and with a subtlety that beguiled many an innocent and unsuspecting freshman into his course. Cheerfully and full of radiant hopes and plans for a wonderful career in Mining they entered his course and in due time learned the ropes, and did as the others. For months he studied over this Prof.'s accent and pronunciation of many words, looking them up diligently in the huge and ever present Webster, until finally he discovered that this new language was not one which pertained to mining but one used in a far easteran city (the home of the baked bean) and one which only the elite, well educated and quality folks used. Thereupon since he expected to travel in Spanish speaking lands and handle a muckstick, drill or transit, he learned Spanish and neglected to improve his mind by learning this Prof.'s language. Nevahder to him, became plain Nevada; Utah became plain Utah; Mahntahner became plain Montana, and dawnee and shawft and similar words were used by him always in the plain old fashioned hard-rock United States. Later, this one fine Frosh learned to sleep in class behind a green eye-shade, until the day before the weekly examinations or tests came, when he would learn his book by heart, omitting not a single comma or quotation mark. Thus did he pass his ex's, for the exam. was always in the book, and he soon found

that what the book said was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and that what was not in the book—wasn't. One exception to this truth he also learned; certain notes which this lean and hungry Prof. had

(Continued on page eight)

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Time: 7 p. m. (Game half over and beginning of new hand.)

Noble Waite—One thing certain. It don't make a d—n bit of difference what's trumps with this hand. I've got some of 'em.

John W.—We'll have to get busy, or they'll go out next hand.

Noble W.—H—I we can't get busy, if we don't hold a hand.

Jimmie B.—I'll be d—d. That's the dope, Baily, step on it.

(New hand, Baily dealing)

Noble W.—Is that a good eard? (looking at it) Hell's fire I didn't want that.

Jimmie B.—I bid 120.

Noble W.—130.

John W.—140.

Baily—200.

Noble W.—250.

Chorus—Pass.

Jimmie B.—What luck!

Noble W.—That ain't luck, that's science.

Jimmie B.—You guys do less talking, and the game will be even.

John W.—D—n I played the wrong card.

Noble W.—H—I fire, why didn't you play the Jack. They're out now.

Jimmie B.—Quit crabbin, we were out anyhow. Youze guys went set.

(Loud chorus of two voices—Haw-Haw-Haw.)

(Phonograph, playing the "Village Band.")

Noble W.—Oh take that off. No wonder we can't play pinochle. Here Jimmie you deal

THISLUBO

CURTAIN

WAYWARD FROSH STRAYS FROM NARROW PATH

We had all realized since the first day of registration last September that the University of Nevada had in its midst a faultless Freshman class. This class had become the one great factor in the existence of this University and this class of such awe inspiring humans was marveled at for its high and lofty ideals—the ideals that tend toward perfection.

This eminent body had been strictly opposed to any actions unbecoming a lady or gentleman. It had been their one great desire that their moral effect should be felt by the faculty and members of the other three classes. There is no doubt but that we all had been thrilled by their exalted presence and felt that our very souls had been lifted to a new and higher level.

But, alas! Our faith in them has lost its intensity and we feel ourselves slipping back into that depth from which they so kindly saved us. Their lily white reputation so diligently fostered was rent asunder by the appearance of one of their high disciples at their annual function, accompanied by a MEMBER OF THE COLONY.

We feel that this insult is beyond forgiveness and our code of honor calls for a severe reprimanding of the wayward son, who is no other than Ted Fairchild, alias "The Rat."

"THE PROF"

Who calmly sits you in a chair,
And then begins to rave and tear,
As if he never had a care;—
The Prof.

Who asks you things you never know,
And gets sarcastic when you're low,
Then tell you how through life you'll go;—
The Prof.

Who fills your hours with fear and dread,
And hangs a flunk out o'er your head,
If you don't get all that he's said;—
The Prof.

Who in long lessons takes delight,
And keeps you working most the night
With problems, outlines, all you write;—
The Prof.

Revenge is sweet; There'll come a day,
(It may not now be far away)
When we will get just thrice your pay,
Oh, Prof. —CASH

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH ELEANOR?
I have heard more lies than a jury,
All his fraternity secrets I know,
I've witnessed a dozen girl's wardrobes
I was there when they turned the lights low.

I've clung to serge, silk and satin,
And that thin crepe de chine and Georgette thin,
My life is a round of mad action,
For I'm a fraternity pin.
But lonely I'm never with fair Eleanor,
For I'm right at home among my brothers,
And we are one, two, three and four.

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NOTABLE FILMS OF CAMPUS NOTABLES

Tom Jones and Joe Hill—"Let's Get Married."
 Malone and Cahlan—"Mary's Ankle."
 Herb Bruce—"The Street Called Straight."
 Ott—"The Virtuous Vamp."
 Renick—"The Tong Man."
 Havens—"The Squaw Man."
 Helena Shade—"Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands?"
 Miss Mack and her absentee husband—"Where Are My Children?"
 Ted Fairchild—"All of a Sudden."
 Jimmy Bradshaw—"Under the Willow Tree."
 A. Jock Aikens—"Up in Mable's Room."
 Eleanor Turley—"Should a Woman Tell?"
 Ed Reed—"Twilight Sleep."
 Helen Fuss—"The Copperhead."
 Wild Bill Martin—"Why Girls Leave Home."
 Verna Wise—"Neptune's Daughter."
 Borchert—"The Man Who Came Back."

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

Each year has 365 days.
 We have three months summer vacation and that equals 90 days.
 This leaves 275 days.
 If you sleep eight hours a day it equals 91 days.
 This leaves 184 days.
 If you rest four hours daily it equals 46 days.
 This leaves 138 days.
 There are 52 Sundays, 52 days.
 This leaves 86 days.
 We have a half holiday on Saturdays, 20 days.
 This leaves 66 days.
 We have an hour off for lunch and that equals 20 days.
 This leaves 46 days.
 Registration and holidays takes 15 days.
 This leaves 31 days.
 Your cuts amount to 4 days.
 This leaves 27 days.
 Queening takes up time equal to 7 days.
 That leaves 20 days.
 We have vacation Christmas amounting to 19 days.
 This leaves one day.
 This being Labor Day no one goes to school.
 So you don't go to school at all.

Tin Can Alley has nothing on the humble apartments of Manzanita since the following sign appeared on the Bulletin Board:

LOST OR MISLAID

The garbage shute keys. If found please return to me 4-14-20.
 MARGARET E. MACK.

This bird Hornaday is a fine bird. He figures that while athletics are probably necessary to college life, after all it debating that really determines college superiority.

Evelyn Pedrol (at phone)—"Is Joe Pedrol there?"

"No, you have the wrong number."

Evelyn (calling the same number)—"May I speak to Joe Pedrol please?"

Masculine voice at the other end of the wire—"When did they bring him in? This is the undertakers."

First Flea—What are you doing here? I thought you were over on Martha.

Second Flea—Nope. I got sore last night and walked off. She shimmied so much it made me seasick.

If you believe that distance makes the heart grow fonder, forget that there is such a thing as a shimmy.

A FIG FOR THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

(Clothing will probably be 50 per cent higher in price this fall.—Remark made by a prominent clothing manufacturer.)
 In the Garden of Eden old Adam was leadin'
 A life unexciting to chronicle;
 If he went for a walk it provoked little talk
 Even though he wore naught but a monocle.
 On the porch of his bungalow deep in the jungle, oh,
 Never a bathrobe he sported.
 He might wear a snicker but not any knicker,
 No waistcoats nor neckties assorted.
 Came a surprise to him—Eve, who made eyes to him,
 Turning his joy to unrest;
 "Why, Adam!" she'd holler, "but where is your collar?"
 "And haven't you got any vest?"
 Thus she kept nagging him, verbal sand-bagging him.
 Urging him daily toward raiment.
 With a Tuxedo coat she at last got his goat,
 And the game was all o'er—but the payment.
 Though worries took root soon as Eve picked the fruit
 And they've steadily grown sharp and big—
 They're not half of our trouble, which started when Eve
 Began fashion with leaves from the fig.
 —H. C. L.

Remember that famous saying of Adam's—"Turn over a new leaf."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PROM TRAGEDY (A Dramatization)

Presentation:
 I met a dear boy
 And fell for him quite;
 But girls cannot woo,
 It isn't thought right.
 Exasperation!!

Expectation:
 He cut in and danced,
 He asked me to walk,
 He got me some punch,
 We sat for a talk.
 Accommodation

Anticipation:
 He said I was nice,
 He said I was neat,
 He said I was cute,
 He said I was sweet.
 Confirmation!!

Location:
 He asked my address,
 He wrote it all down;
 He asked for a kiss—
 He got just a frown.
 Renunciation

Consternation:
 I said he was bad,
 I told him, "Nay, Nay"—
 For my chap'ron I saw
 Was coming our way!!!
 Damnation!!!
 L. S. U. Reveille

MYSTERIES OF MANZANITA
 Where was Marie Lamon the night she had a date with "Charlie?"
 Where was Frankie Porter "Wednesday night?" It wasn't Bill Martin.

The first time this year that Slim and Spudde stepped out, they went to the Mineral and got campused along with the rest of the Elko gang. They profess to be entirely cured of all further dissipation.

Prof. Charlie (meeting Jimmy Nyswander, wheeling his baby)—"Ah, taking your son out for an airing, eh?"
 Jimmy—"No, I'm taking my heir out for a sunning."

PRESTON AT SAN PEDRO
 Chief—"What does T. N. T. stand for, Preston?"
 Al—"That's the Jewish name for pancakes."

BOTH OF US

WE
 Smoke
 Cuss
 Used to drink
 AND WE
 Cut dates
 Overdraw bank accounts
 Hate a stiff shirt
 Borrow clothes
 YES WE
 Bullfight
 Shoot craps
 Sleep in classes
 Flunk exams.
 AND YET—
 They love us just the same.

THEY
 Powder their noses
 Scream
 Did, too!!
 WHILE THEY—
 Are late for dates
 Profit thereby
 Love an evening gown
 Do, too!!
 SURE THEY—
 Cat fight
 Play parchesi (?)
 Stay away altogether
 Flunk 'em, too!!
 BUT STILL—
 We love them just the same.

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Jock—What do records cost nowadays?

Mabel—Well, sir, for fifty cents you can have "Smiles"; for a dollar, "Kisses"; and for a dollar and a half "You'd Be Surprised."

Layman—"Don't you think Dorothy Dalton has wonderful eyes?"
Capper—"Really, I can't say. I've only seen her as 'Aphrodite.'"

Sink-a-Shawft—Give for one year the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States.
Sleepy Stud—1492. None.

Frosh Girl—Do they wear those little short track pants out in public?
M. T.—No, usually in the seat.

THISLUBO

RASPBERRY

Edition of The U. of N. Sagebrush

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

Entered at the Post Office at Reno, Nevada as Second Class Matter Union Label

"We hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may," besides being "Free as the wind, to blow whom we please."

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Reno, Nevada, Thursday, April 22, 1920

SEE YOURSELF GO BY

A bunch of nobodies who ain't done nuthin' but who've been razzed until they're sick of it, got together the other night and nominated somebody to be editor-in-charge of this, the Raspberry, so that these nobodies could open their aching hearts to everybody.

Now nobody knows who these nobodies are—not even the nobodies themselves—but these nobodies are everywhere—omnipresent—they have ears and eyes and gossiping mouths and if ye have sinned—Hear ye! Just see yourself go by.

Nobody means any harm—not even Rasperry. In fact, Razzzy gives himself to the best interests of a bigger and better University—believing as he does that honest enlightenment purges the soul of sin. Rasperry has many thorns and perchance one pricks your lily hide—smile. It's too late to cry.

Ye have sinned, brethren and citizens, who appear herein, and Rasperry, the gay old proselyter has taken up the cudgel to inform you (and the world) that as ye sow, so shall ye reap. You have sinned Brethern and Cistern—now, see yourself go by.

LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT MEN

Once upon a time there lived a man, famous throughout the world for his noted achievements in the advancement of engineering, for his remarkable structures, and brilliant design, his unique methods and the undying zeal with which he attacked his work. This man was much given to drawing the long bow, and to airing his "BIG IDEAS" before wholly sordid and unappreciative audiences, who, of course, were not sufficiently educated or experienced to fully comprehend the entire import of his subject matter. Several occasions had arisen in which it became necessary for the boss to reprimand the offending engineer for his high faluting exhortations. Finally the big chief announced that the next time he delivered such an oration, he would fire him.

If so happened that this noted engineer was present at a very important banquet, and was one of the principal speakers of the evening (naturally). It also happened that on this occasion the boss was absent. At last the long waited for opportunity came. He began:

"Now when I had my offices in New York, I built half a dozen of the most famous structures in the country. One in particular stood out as a notable feat in engineering designed and erected by a master mind. I am referring here, gentlemen to the Lillyput Cantilever Bridge. This bridge, as you know gentlemen, is the largest one in the world, being something over seven miles in length, and towering to a height of nearly a thousand feet above a raging torrent. In the design of this gigantic structure, I used methods never before thought of, never

even dreamed of, much less ever attempted by a human being. All of this illustrates, gentlemen, my statement that, as the designer and builder of this bridge, I consider the feat a most remarkable one, and one worthy of everlasting praise. But to get back to my subject. This bridge as I stated before was the largest ever built, or ever dreamed of, and was nearly fourteen miles in length, and spanned a river."

A Lamentable Condition

About 6 o'clock, Sunday evening, April 11, 1920, the Reno police force was rushed out in answer to a riot call sent in from the corner of North Virginia and Ninth Streets. The cause of the riot was a "free for all" among a number of stewgents of the University, and resulted in the arrest of Lee Scott, Earl Wooster, Al Reed, Bill Shearer and Joe Hill.

The charge placed against these men was that of "Drunk and Disorderly." The quarrel having grown out of a hated argument as to whom had the most tape and which of the various colors was the most beautiful.

The men were finally released when it developed that the only place they had visited during the afternoon was the Faculty Tea Party, and the decision was reached by the authorities that they could not have possibly been "teed up."

We wonder who the Manzanita Hall girl was, that left her shade up long enough the other night to be barely noticed?

PROF. PALMER AND THE PRESS

Professor Walter Stanley Palmer, E. M., is angry with the local press. He says it has almost ignored him. He gave nearly his entire hour in his lecture on Fuels to a discussion of alcohol as a beverage, and not a line has appeared either in the Pickings or a K. C. B. Although he has dropped hints nearly every day that he could be razz-berried there has been nary a razz.

In my lecture, he says, I treated my class to a demonstration of how necessary alcohol is to civilization but as I inadvertently omitted concrete samples of the products the class was disappointed. I insisted that if they had the welfare of humanity at heart they should become members of the Camels of which I have seriously considered becoming a charter member.

Alcohol engines as it is a misuse of a noble instrument. The only engine capable of high efficiency in the combustion of alcohol is man. The best you can get from a gas engine is about 35 per cent of the energy while a quart of Old Crow will enlist a gathering and work the accomplishment of the impossible.

Two bottles of champagne will make a man a millionaire and what will become of the ceremonial of the Shrine in the absence of the necessary fuel.

If it could be known that I am a firm advocate of the use of alcohol as a fuel in the human engine I will secure a position in the headlines of all the great newspapers and a place in Who's Who. And then I could no longer be safely ignored by the local press.

EX-PREXZY JONES CLEANS UP LOUVRE

"Say, Jones! Who hit you? From the looks of that lip, anybody would think you had been calling on Salome. Lemme in on that, Tom."

"Aw, lay off of me for once. I've had my name in the Sagebrush and the Raspberry ever since I've been in school."

"Yes, but I wanta know. There's lots of rumors floating around about that. One fellow said you got it climbing that telegraph pole Saturday night, but of course you don't remember that. Another bird said you had mistaken a colored lady of quality for a Spanish girl the other day, while under the influence of a milk shake and tried to kiss her, and she bit you."

Tom: "Aw, Rasperry on that. I'll tell you what really happened. You see, Bruce and I had eaten at the Gow House and felt the need of a little chaser, so we went down to the Louvre and had a celery phosphate. There was a big crowd of colored gentlemen playing poker there and after watching the game a few minutes, Bruce and I decided to sit in. Well, everything was getting along all right, and I was only about 38 cents behind, when I saw one of the brown dudes slip a card out of his shoe, and I proceeded to call him on it. We had a few words, in which we both got pretty familiar, and I was just getting ready to twist on his nose when the whole gang of shiners started in to fight. Everything was moving around, dark clouds flying by, bottles sailing through the air, windows crashing, yells, groans and all of that stuff, you know. Well first thing you know, I heard Bruce holler, "LOOK OUT!" and I yelled "ALL RIGHT" and ducked just in time to see a demijohn miss my head. As I ducked I saw a foot come up from underneath the table where some bird was, darn coward, and it hit me right in the face. At that I wouldn't have cared only he had a hole in his shoe and his big toe stuck out and cut a big gash on my lip before I could get away. Well, after that we were pretty sore, and started to clean up the gang. It wasn't more than two or three minutes before we had the whole slew of them, laying around on the floor like a last year's movie. After that, it got sort of tame so we went on home. There you have the truth, so now lay offa me until I get out of school."

And here the inquisitive student, having his curiosity satisfied, slunk silently off, as T. B. Jones strutted into his Thermo class.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE YOUR GIRL IN THIS? (Show card next to a silk dress.) And a clerk got fired for putting the sign too near a bathtub.

"Do you like her stationery?"
 "No, she's much better in action."

"The Kitty Is Dead Long Live the Pup"

In the days of yore not long before, The Kampus Kat held sway, No matter what we said or did, She always had her say; We always had her say.

Some cussed her up and down, Most, laughed to see them frown, But when she died, all gently sighed, "Thank God! now she is gone."

But in her place, now is a face, A scandal loving pup; Who smells about, and scratches art, We read what he digs up, To see what he digs up.

For we've gone to the demonium how-wows, With scent thrice as keen as the Kat Some day we will learn, if for quiet we yearn,

To be certain just what we are at, For those who are modest, and careful to walk, In the pathway both narrow and straight,

May trust they may be undisturbed in their dreams, By the yelp of our canine of late. —T. N. T.

SMOLAK ENTERS CLOTHING GAME

"Doctor" Smolak, the gentleman from New York, has lately entered a new field of business, aside from his chosen profession, and from all reports is meeting with gratifying success. "Doc" has been taking his meals regularly at the Gow House, and has eaten so much grease there that everybody now considers him a very polished gentleman. But he says the main kick he has about the grease is that he's slipping up on all his courses ever since. To overbalance his deficiency in this respect he has gone into the second-hand clothing business. His specialty is dealing in partly worn trousers (with and without seats) and he offers unusual inducements for those of extra large waist measure. This it seems, is due to the fact that he has put on 40 lbs. weight (concentrated) since eating at the Gow House and is now having a hard time to make both ends meet.

Prof.—If anything should go wrong with this experiment, we and the laboratory might be blown skyhigh. Come closer, class, so that you may be better able to follow me."

NELS CARLSEN PULLS BRODIE

Nels Carlsen was on his way to the Bay when he noticed in the opposite section of the Pullman, a sweet-faced, tired-looking woman traveling with four small children. Feeling sorry for the mother he soon made friends with the little ones. Early the next morning he heard their eager questions behind the curtains of the berths and the patient "yes, dear," of the mother as she tried to dress them; and looking out he saw a small white foot protruding beyond the opposite curtain. Reaching across the aisle he took hold of the large toe and began to recite: "This little pig went to market, This little pig staid at home, This little pig had roast beef, This little pig had none, This little pig cried 'we-wee-wee, all the way home.'"

"How was that," he enquired eagerly. The foot was suddenly withdrawn, and a cold, quiet voice said: "I should think it was quite sufficient."

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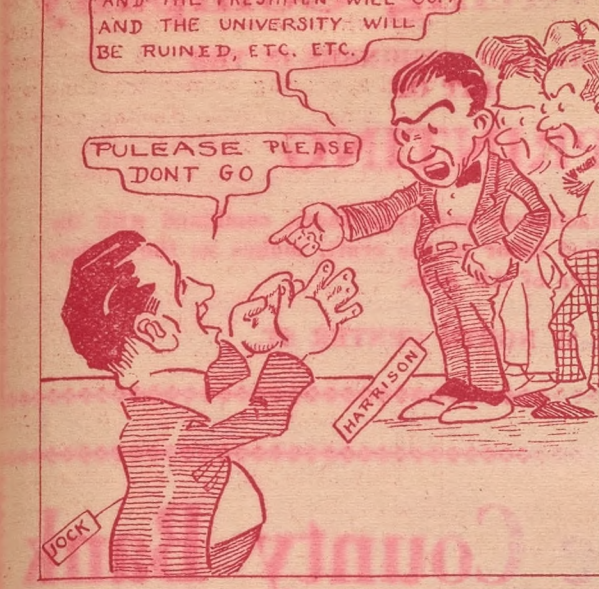
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In Old Kentucky

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"THE RIVER'S END" Directed by Marshal Neilan

DOINGS OF '23



DEAR RAZZBERRY: YOU KNOW last week I got a LETTER from a fellow WHO HAS a class under Prof. CHAS. GOGGIO who is THE HEAD of the Romantic LANGUAGE DEPT. and is quite A GAY old dog even tho HE IS rather small and I WON'T read you the WHOLE LETTER but only part OF IT this student was NATHER interested in psychology OR SOMETHING and wrote hoping I COULD help him out YOU SEE he claims that PROF. GOGGIO has the students IN HIS classes seated ACCORDING TO their names AND ALPHABETICALLY beginning USUALLY WITH A in the first row AND ENDING UP with Z in THE BACK row of the room AND THIS STUDENT noticed that CERTAIN MEMBERS of the fairer SEX WERE seated always in THE FRONT row and near PROF. GOGGIO regardless of their INITIAL letters of their NAMES AND he also noticed that NO MAN ever sat in their seats OR NEAR them but always in THE BACK of the room AND SINCE his name should HAVE PUT him in the front row HE WANTED to know why PROF. GOGGIO pulls this stunt AND PUTS every time these CERTAIN GIRLS where he does AND NOT in the back of

THE ROOM and also this stude WHO IS a very observing sort OF CHAP has further noticed that THESE GIRLS are always THE ANNETTE KELLERMAN type or THE VENUS de Milo brand or YOU KNOW what I mean the PERFECT TYPE of feminine beauty AND I have thought it over AND WILL try to give what I THINK may be his reasons YOU SEE the styles are such THAT ALL the girls mostly WEAR HIGH cut skirts and OF COURSE this calls for PRETTY SHOES and hose with PEEK-A-BOO dots and butterflies AND EVERYTHING and thin SHIMMIE SILK hose and all that AND THEY are sure beautiful AND ALSO might I add that PROF. GOGGIO is a Prof. and so OF COURSE couldn't be expected TO GO to see any of the McCABE REVIEWS where plays like YOU WIN or What Next or OH GIRLS, or any of THOSE PLAYS where you know IT WILL be a success before THE CURTAIN has gone up TWO FEET are given because HE MUST be dignified and sedate AND CARE more for staying home AND IMPROVING his mind AND LET the younger men go AND SIT in the front row of THE SHOW and use their glasses AND GET a huge kick out OF EVERYTHING you see how it is WITH PROFS. in the University

PROPRIETY DENIES them this LITTLE PLEASURE and there YOU HAVE it anyway might not PROF. GOGGIO be human AND WANT to go to these plays AND MIGHT he not feel in HIS HEART that he is still A YOUNG buck and get a HUGE KICK out of a good show EVEN THO he is a Prof. and MUST WALK the straight AND NARROW path so that DAME RUMOR would not have CAUSE to speak of him and as A PROF he could never BE ACCUSED of going to UNEDUCATIONAL STUNTS like THOSE PLAYS you know this IS A deep subject to tackle AND ONE which I hesitate TO UNDERTAKE but in justice to PROF. GOGGIO I must state that IT IS one of those H. C. L. problems or better HIGH CROSSING of but anyway SINCE SHIMMIE silk hose and TATTOOED NETHER limbs are THE VOGUE all I can say IN ANSWER to my friend's letter IS THAT there are plenty OF REASONS for Prof. acting as HE DOES, yes plenty OF REASONS and I might add THAT THEY come always IN PAIRS boys always IN PAIRS.

FAMOUS SAYINGS "Good Lord! Can't you see that?" "It is interesting to note." "Well, we won't argue the matter." "I'll only take a minute of your time."

"Check." "Yes, yes, go on." "When I was in Butte." "Now, take Copper Basin for instance." "Look sharp." "In Southern Nevada there is a deep shavft." "Lay offa me, can't you?" "Listen." "There YOU go."



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GEO. FRANKOS

CRABBITIS
 A soul stirring dramma in 1 act.
 Scene: Faculty table in the Gov House.
 Time: Any meal during college year.
 ACT I.
 Prof. to Waiter—"Would you please take your thumb out of my soup? There's no excuse for a college student not knowing better than to do that."
 Waiter—"Pardon me, my thumb was not in the soup."
 Prof.—"Let's not argue. I saw it."
 Prof. (2 minutes later)—"Would you mind getting me a clean fork? This seems to have the remains of the breakfast on it."
 Waiter (says nothing, removes fork, walks into one door in the kitchen, out the other, bearing same fork, untouched.)
 Prof. (looks at fork)—"Well that's better. I don't see why you don't see that the table service is clean."
 Prof. (table conversation)—"I see we have changed the centerpieces of napkins to one of toothpicks. I suppose next thing the Dean of Women will be using them."
 (Deep silence.)
 Prof.—"I'd like another cup of coffee. This is cold. I like mine steaming hot. There's no reason for cold coffee."
 Waiter—(Says nothing, thinks a lot, but gets a fresh cup of coffee.)
 Prof. (still at table, long after others have left)—"These students gobble their food so. It only takes them about ten minutes at the most. I really think that a few table manners should be observed, even if this IS the dining hall."
 Waiter—(Says nothing. Looks bored.)
 Prof.—"There's no reason for the poor table service we get. They might at least teach the waiters the rule of 'serve and remove from the right, pass from the left.' That's certainly simple to learn and easily observed."
 Waiter—(Hurried exit.)
 Prof. (As she leaves dining hall)—"That chef certainly doesn't know how to cook. The way he serves things is inexcusable. I think the service might at least be dainty."
 (Here the long-suffering Prof. leaves, and no more is heard.)
CURTAIN.
THIS WAY OUT.
THE EIGHT O'CLOCK
 Breakfast's such a funny meal, Daddy's in a hurry, Mamma tries to keep us still, Sister's in a flurry.
 "Teaching in a college is a wearing thing," says father, Looking at his watch, "Five-to! Heavens, what a bother."
 Then he rushes for his hat, Mamma says, "Goodbye dear; Don't forget that list of things, Now you'll have to fly, dear."
 Then he gives us each a kiss, Pats me on the shoulder, Tells us to behave ourselves, Mother says, "It's colder;
 "Wait, I'll get your overcoat!" Daddy says, "One minute More and I will lose my class, Quick—there's nothing in it;
 "But I left my spectacles, On the breakfast table."
 Then I bring them out to him, Fast as I am able.
 Daddy says, "I'll have to run," Starts off just a'scOOTIN'. Mamma waves her hand, then calls, "Telephone to Hooten—"
 But he's gone, and mamma laughs, "All this stir and bustle, So your dad won't lose his class, My, it makes us hustle."
 First one bell, and then the last, And just as we are fearing, Daddy never made his class, Faintly comes the cheering.
 Then we know that all is well, And his class has waited, The fully six second limit, To which Daddy's fated.
 —P. D. Q.
"THE LADY OR THE TIGER"
 He—It's dark.
 She—Yes.
 He—And gloomy.
 She—Well . . .
 He—Isn't it?
 She—You say it is.
 He—Yes, I do.
 She—Well . . . of course . . . it's up to you . . .
 Caffrey—"Say John, did you see the dress on Ardis at the Glee?"
 Belford—"No, I didn't. Did you?"

FAMOUS SONGS OF HILL FOLKS
 Miss Mack: "You Can't Shake That Shimmie Here."
 Lulu Hawkins: "I'm a Jazz Baby."
 Molly Malone and Al Cahlan (duet): "Mary, Mary, You're the Girl for Me."
 Grand Chorus of All Men: "The Camels Are Coming, Hooray, Hooray."
 Charley Hardy: "Oui, Oui, Marie."
 Sam Merenbauch: "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles."
 Tom Middleton: "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."
 Noble Waite: "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?"
 Sullivan: "You Don't Need the Wine to Have a Wonderful Time."
 Hill: "My Sweetie."
 C. R. Hill—"I'm Always Building Castles in the Air."
 Red Steel—"Freckles."
 Ott: "My Irish Rose."
 Ed Reed: "You'd Be Surprised."
 Nels Carlsen: "It's a Long Way to Minneapolis."
 Thres: "The Vamp."
 Lar Rieu: "Patches."
 Gardner: "Paddle Alley."
 Belford: "You Didn't Want Me When You Had Me."
 Dunne: "The Woman Up In Room 13 (Apt. 8)."
 M. T. Smith: "Lay Your Dainty Head Upon My Noble Chest."
 Reagan: "Don't Put a Tax on the Beautiful Girls."
 Bill Martin: "Kisses."
 Prof. Charlie: "Buttercup."

RAZZBERRY WOULD
 LIKE TO KNOW:
 Why Rex Turner nods his head so politely when you meet him?
 What the war department would do without Johnny Belford's army?
 Why Prof. Brown insists on mounting polecats in the Aggie Building?
 If Sergeant Wittner will ever get any mail?
 If Ernestine will ever reduce?
 How many doughnuts Tom Grant could eat?
 How many upper classmen are on the Frosh roll call?
 If Al Reed went to Sacramento after that soil sample?
 Why Gavin Yater is called "Pigeon"?
 Why the Aggies read references?
 If Hobbs will ever forget his High School days?
 Who is the champion Mex. athlete? (See R. Hill)
 Why checker players shouldn't receive circle N's?
 Why C. R. Hill wouldn't referee the badger fight?
 Why Ott, the famous geologist, hunts the elusive polecat?
 Why Prof. Jones went to Truckee?
 Who the Old Veteran is?
 Where that Office Dog hangs out?
 If Wise will root for the Olympics again?

CAN YOU IMAGINE A GUY LIKE THIS?
 C. R.—"Who are you going to dedicate the Artemesia to this year?"
 Warren—"To the man who has done the most for the university."
 C. R.—"I certainly appreciate you dedicating the book to me, Warren."
 Result—Oh, you saw Warren with his head tied up didn't you? He hurt himself when he fainted after the shock.

A REAL TRAGEDY
 "Al met with a serious accident yesterday."
 "How's that?"
 "Why he took Molly's girl out riding and the machine got stalled about six miles from town."
 "That's not a very serious accident."
 "Yes, but Molly caught up with them before he could get the car started."

DEDICATED TO NEIL GILLIGAN
 Ain't afraid of roarin' lions,
 Ain't afraid of bats,
 Ain't afraid of elephants,
 Ain't afraid of rats,
 Ain't afraid of squarlin' dogs,
 Ain't afraid of squirrels,
 Ain't afraid of tigers,
 But I am afraid of girls.

FAMOUS SLIPS
 Banana Peel—
 A flash of hose—
 A little squeal—
 And down she goes

STUDENT CONTROL
 One fellow works the problems With determination and grim— The others hang around And copy them from him.

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MENTAL AGE?
 The Prof. was lecturing to his class on the subject of mental age came up. "Now, when I was in the A. E. F.," he began, "I conducted a little efficiency test among the officers and men of the army, to determine their mental age. I found that while the mental age of the men was around 5 years, that of the officers was slightly over 7 years, and one famous general even had a mental age of 10 years. The results were gratifying and I would tell you more, but I am afraid that it would be far too deep for you, and above your heads since, of course, you men would average about the same mental age as that of an enlisted man, while MY mental age I have found to be nearly 30 years."
 I call on Lottie because I love kitchens.
 I call on Salome because I love davenport.
 I call on Veda because I love to dance at Wilsonian.
 I call on Eleanor because I must study for debates.
 I call on Georgia because I love "them Marcelle."
 I call on Marie because she always asks me to dinner.
 BUT—
 I'm looking for the girl—she doesn't need to have a kitchen or davenport, to be a dancer or debater, have a Marcelle, or even ask me to dinner—so long as she plays papa to me, and comforts me while I'm longing for my old girl back in Parsons, Kansas.

THE CO-EDS
 THE CAMPUS RUBIYAT
 Gad! But they're pleasant to look on, superlatively supreme.
 Temper and pace they've no equal, my son, the co-ed's a dream.
 Aye, they are pleasant to look on, and what saith the young stripling Frosh?
 "Lo! She is pleasant to look on, give her to me, by gosh!
 Yea, tho' a Junior fall, to him is re-mitted the Mammou,
 If he borrowed the dough from Enola at sixty per cent per annum.
 Tamper we not with Sewell and Kenzie? So when the heart is vexed,
 The pain of the one's refusal is drowned in the pain of the next.
 A bogus dollar, the love of life, or an April night and moon
 Which of the three will you trust in the lore of Harriman June?
 Seek not for favor of women, so shall you find it, indeed.
 Does not the damsel break cover, just when you're paying no heed.
 If she play, being young and unskillful, for shekels of silver and gold,
 Take her money, my son, praising Allah, Bettina's a slicker I'm told.
 With Georgia Money, the vamp, my son, verily this is the best,
 That you treat her gently and lightly sir, but golly, give her no rest!
 Pleasant the snaffle of courtship, improving the manners and carriage,
 But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of marriage.
 As the thriftless coin of a Babul, so is the dough that we spend
 On a neophite or an ex-Co-ed, or the girl we borrow from a friend.
 The ways of a man with maid be strange, yet amazingly simple and tame,
 To the ways of a Fiat with a prospectus, when rushing and pledging the same.
 In public her face turneth to thee, and pleasant her smile when ye meet,
 It is ill. The cold waters of the ditch smile thus at the Frosh on the brink.
 If she has shaken a shimmie, remember thy lips are sealed,
 And the brand of the Dean is upon him by whom is the secret revealed.
 If there be trouble to herward and a lie of the blackest can clear,
 Lie, while thy lips can move or Fike is alive to hear.
 My son, if Mary deny thee and scuffingly bid thee give o'er,
 Yet lip meet with lip at the lastward—get out! She's been there before.
 If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoof-slide is scarred on the course,
 Though Money and Em'ly divorce him, remaineth forever our "Horse."
 —HOMER GAYENNE

RESOLUTION
 Whereas, I, Georgia Money, have too many beaux, (They say that I encourage them. It really is not so!)
 Whereas, to make life simple is what I most desire, for which just concentration is all that I require;
 Resolved, that I, instanter, before it is too late, agree hereby without reserve, strictly to concentrate—to give up splitting dances and such alluring tricks, cut down my field of labor and concentrate on six.
AN ESSAY ON PANTS
 Pants are made for men, not women. Women are made for men, not pants.
 When a man pants for a woman and a woman for a man that makes a pair of pants.
 Pants are like molasses—thick in winter and thin in summer.
 There has been much discussion as to whether pants is singular or plural. Seems to us when men wear pants it is plural, but when they don't it is singular.
THE WOMEN
 Week in, week out, they idly play, Attend class sometimes, sometimes nay,
 Unable to think beyond the present Why care for the future when now is pleasant?
 Paint, powder and ribbonary clothes, Plays, dances, good times, who knows, Who they are, who dares to speak And let the world know of this clique,
 But let this line sink slowly in,
 They reap not; neither do they spin.
 —B. V. D.

WOMEN
 A woman is queen, there's no doubt about that,
 She hates to be thin and she hates to be fat.
 One minute it's laughs, the next it's a cry;
 You can't understand her, however you try.
 But there's one thing about her which every one knows—
 A woman's not dressed till she powders her nose.
 You never can tell what a woman will say;
 She's a law herself every hour of the day.
 And mostly he's wrong when his guessing is true.
 But this you can bet on, wherever she goes;
 She'll find some occasion to powder her nose.
 I've studied the sex for a number of years;
 I've watched her in laughter, and seen her in tears.
 On her way's and her whims I have pondered a lot,
 To find what will please her, and just what will not.
 But all that I've learned from the start to the close,
 Is that sooner or later she'll powder her nose.
 At church or at ball game, at dance or at show;
 There is one thing about her I know that I know.
 At weddings or funerals, dinners of taste,
 You can bet that her hand will dive into her waist;
 And every few minutes she'll strike up a pose,
 And the whole world must wait till she powders her nose.—Bevo

TO "OUR GIRL"
 So here's to the girl with the high-heeled shoes,
 Who eats your supper and drinks your booze,
 Who kids you along and treats you fine,
 But hands you the mitten every time.
 She (trying to remember)—Pardon my forgetfulness, but do you spell your name with an "i" or an "e"?
 Joe (blushing very violently)—With an "i" please, H-I-L-L.

TWO-THIRDS OF PAY GOES FOR HIS FOOD
 (Special to Rasperry by Leased Wire) WECK'S DRUG STORE, April 22.—
 The University of Nevada not only claims the Pacific Coast basketball championship, but also claims they have in Tom Grant, varsity football player, the championship eater of the world. He is ready to meet any and all comers in a quantity eating contest.
 Reports says he can put away sixty-eight eggs, and five quarts of milk in one setting, with a few slices of bread in the bargain. On one occasion he managed to consume four quarts of Weck's ice cream.
 His penchant in the eating line is raw meat, and plenty of potatoes. For breakfast, it is his usual custom to eat four pork chops, six potatoes, three pieces of toast, six doughnuts, four cups of coffee, one pine and two bananas. He varies his menu some, but the quantity is always about the same.
 For lunch he has two and one half pounds of meat, one and one-half pounds of potatoes, four rolls, three cups of coffee, one pie and two bananas. His evening meal comprises four pork chops, two pounds of potatoes, five slices of toast, three cups of tea and one pie.
 During the day he smokes four or five packages of his friends' cigarettes, sometimes getting up during the night to have a smoke. Incidentally he sleeps only about four hours in twenty-four.
 Though fully two-thirds of his pay envelope goes for food he says: "I should worry about the high cost of living as long as I work at Weck's. A man has got to eat and must defend the championship for U. of N."

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THE TRAGEDY OF THE MINING CLASS

(Continued from Page One)

collected were also to be taken as gospel truth; they were never wrong, no class could be taught without them, and they must be learned verbatim. One day in class these notes of the Prof.'s were missing and half a period was taken up in a diligent search for them, but to no avail; they had gone, disappeared. The professor, red of face and somewhat perturbed announced to the eager class: "I'm sorry, but—ah-my-ah-notes have disappeared. I—ah intended to give you ah-ah-comparison of the costs-of-ah-sinking shawfts in-ah-Nevahder and in Timbuctoo."

The notes were gone, therefore the class must be dismissed, what was the use; without the voluminous notes no class could be taught. Whereupon the class howled in glee and hid themselves hither and yon and took a smoke. Other times, usually two weeks out of every month, this Prof. betook himself to a distant clime; Hawthorne, or Tohnerpahr or even Chicahgohr and there delivered lengthy exhortations on various subjects. While he was gone his class busied themselves at African Golf, or Pinochle or struggled manfully with biology, or physics, or math, or psychology or other mining subjects until his return. Yes, it was a great life, this mining engineering course, and the one time Frosh learned a lot; his college investment of \$10,000 was being well spent. In the summers he traveled to the high hills and earned the much needed kale, and learned the various methods of mining, ventilation and haulage by the sweat of his brow. In the fall he returned to college where this Prof. showed him, from his notes, where these methods were all wrong and could not possibly work.

But now let us digress a little and go thru one of the usual classes. This time in Mining 71.

It is 9:10 and Badt and Bryan have just arrived.

Prof. Lincoln: "Why are you boys late so often? I suppose some one is holding their classes overtime. This is an injustice to you and to me. Classes should be dismissed promptly when the first bell rings."

Class looks wise and smiles quietly.

Prof. L.—"As I was saying last time; the people have too much gold and silver, they do not want any more."

Gianella: "That does not include me. I will take all of it that I can get."

Prof. L.: "Yes, but I mean the people generally. When they have lots of money they are willing and anxious to pay high prices for everything and that naturally sends prices up."

Meyer: "Well most of us do not pay the high prices because we like to, but because we have to."

Prof. L.: "Yes, yes, but the people as a whole! The more money they have the more they want things to cost and so naturally the merchant has to raise his prices to please them."

Borchert: "But what has the increased quantity of gold and silver got to do with the rise in prices?"

Prof. L.: "Well as I was saying, last period when Pizarro took Peru and captured the native chief, Huyana Capac, and held him for ransom, the Incas filled the 'hoozgow' with gold so that Huayna Capac could climb up on top of it and jump out. Pizarro gathered up the gold and shipped it back to Spain. Then Cortez took Mexico and also all of the gold and silver that Montezuma and the Aztec had and sent it home. This being many times more gold and silver than there ever was in the world before; prices in Spain immediately began to soar."

Keables: "But how this exodus of gold and silver from Mexico and Peru effect the prices—"

Prof. L.: "Well we have digressed

somewhat from the subject and I wish that you would let me just get this quantity theory of money on the board, then we will go into that matter in greater detail."

Bryan: "But don't you think that inflation, profiteering, the Bolsheviki, etc., help to boost prices. Carpenters are now getting—"

Prof. L.: "No, it is the large quantity of gold that raises the prices or in other words cheapens the dollar. As I told you, back in the sixteenth century after Pizarro and Cortez pulled their little 'coup de etat', prices began to soar and rose 200 to 300 per cent."

Meyer: "What do you think, would be the best way to bring prices down?"

Prof. L.: "Why stop the use of checks. That is to put a tax on them so that the people would take their money out of the banks and carry it with them to make their purchases."

Badt (sotto voice): "That would cause the footpads to do a land office business."

Prof. L.: "Now that the hour is about over I would like to get back on the subject."

First bell rings. Class grabs hats and books and glance longingly toward the door.

Prof. L.: "Just a minute. I want to get this equation on the board. That is the quantity theory of money."

Class getting nervous but still trying to look intelligent.

Badt: "What does that mean?"

Prof. L.: "Just a minute. I want to get this other equation down."

Second bell rings and the class starts out of the room.

Prof. L.: "Well we will finish this up next time."

Class files out of the room much dejected. They will have to forego their customary 'between period' smoke.

One day however an exam. was given and with others this one time Frosh missed, a certain question, and being of a curious bent of mind, and wanting to know what really WAS the answer, asked the Prof.. There was much thumbing of notes, and rattling of paper. Finally the lean one turned to the board where he hurriedly began the sketch of a curve. "I—ah—have not my notes here. You—ah—should know that yourself." The one-time Frosh thought a while, and then with one voice the entire class spoke up: "How do you answer that question, Prof.?"

It was easy to see that the Prof. was worried, but he was game. "If—ah—you—ah men would only let me give—ah—ahh you this table of—why there is—ah no gold at the North Pole. You—ah are making me forget—ah what I want to give you. I'll look that question up—and—ah give you the answer next time." That settled it, and with a resigned expression the class went back to sleep. The closing bell rang, and still the Prof. wrote on. The second bell rang, while the students who had by this time awakened stirred uneasily. "That was the second bell, Prof." came from the back of the room. "Yes, I know. But I—ah—want to give—ah—you

NOTED EDUCATOR VISITS CAMPUS

(Continued from Page One)

tening to the various alibis offered by the members called up for a demonstration of their method. Gerry Eden took a half hour explaining how his necessary work in connection with running the finances of Clonia kept him busy studying methods of accounting and he had but little time left for the other courses in which he was registered. Moffat had so much of his time taken with his large business interests that he could use only his spare time for the satisfaction of the Professors. Ott had the most pitiful plea and threw himself on the mercy of his brothers, citing woman as the cause of his downfall. Decker blamed his troubles to his watch, saying the darned thing was six months late and in spite of all he could do it would not speed up and of course he had to stay with his watch. Marshall claimed his head was so thick it took two weeks for a thought to penetrate. All in all it was a most delightful demonstration of the value of a motto.

The Sigma Nus had the most industrious bunch on the Hill. They were ever ready to take advantage of any opportunity that offered and while laboring under the great handicap of Pat O'Brien, who is constitutionally indisposed, will in time acquire a business experience and calloused hands that will stand them to good advantage should any of them be forced to leave college and really work for a living. As nearly as I can determine their great promise lies in the fact that with one or two unimportant exceptions their membership is composed of underclassmen and we are all familiar with the old adage, "A new broom sweep clean."

Coffin and Keys are loudly advertised (by themselves) as an honor society but they do not seem to be popular enough to have a true fraternity. I would not have known of their existence had I not taken the precaution to read the catalog of the University before beginning my investigation. They claim to base their membership parly on scholarship but I think the major

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this—ahh—comparison. It will—ah—show you why the high cost of living—ah—ah—is really lower now than it—ah—was in—ah the twelfth century." The one time Frosh looked at his watch, and with a wild rush the class tore out of the building, fifteen minutes late to their next class, while the Prof. still wrote on..

Four years of this whirl of study and our one time Frosh was a sweet l'il graduate, with a B. S. in Mining and ready to battle with the cruel world. As he packed his suitcase, he thought and pondered over all that he had learned of mining while studying in college and setting his lips in grim smile of determination, packed his B. S. in Mining degree, went forth, took up a homestead and raised spuds and turnips.

—BUSHWAH.

factor is hot-airship. Sooner or later they all leave college, some by graduation and some by request "unhonored, unwept and unsung." As nearly as I could judge from the few comments I picked up about them they are a bunch of Bolsheviki who fancy they are leaders among the students but history fails to relate in what direction.

The Phi Sigs are suffering under the handicap of waiting until they hear from the body of explorers they sent to Texas in search of much coir so that they could have sugar three times a day on their table. Even Bartlett has the craze for oil and is specializing so that he will be able to tell from the surface where the gas tank is buried. But honest endeavor should be encouraged and if they can only get Patterson started in the right direction they will have something to brag about. They, as a crowd, have set out to be popular with the girls on the Hill by religiously taking out anybody not an inmate of Manzanita, but it is difficult to see at the present just how they can get away with it. It would seem to me the safest system would be to follow the lead of Carlsen and avoid the women, thereby setting a goal for the damsels to strive for.

The S. A. E.'s were fortunate in having a few mathematical sharks among their charter members. They were able to prove conclusively that the surest way of including one or two that were noted among the students was to play the law of chance. The law states that the greatest number you have in a given group the better chance of having it include someone that amounts to something. I believe something like 40 per cent of the men of the University are in their organization thereby giving them nearly equal chances of having one of the big men of the school. Their membership became so large that they had to secure a hotel to hold them all. After securing this membership they have found it necessary to use the same methods as the Phi Sig's and give over their meetings largely to the consideration of the great question of "Why is a flunk?"

The Lincoln Hall Association has several ex-navy men amongst them and a large portion of their time is given to the practice of deep sea diving. You can never tell when the ship will go down and it will be necessary to sing that good old song, "I'm For-

ever Blowing Bubbles."

As further preparation for their life after leaving the college they have instituted courses in checkers, chess, pinochle and penny ante. I would advise any one wishing to spend a few hours in their company to leave his watch and other valuables at home and to place a spare suit in a safe spot outside, otherwise he is liable to go home in a barrel. Owing to the former use of the hall as a barracks for the S. A. T. C. discipline is still strict and the bath tub and phonograph aer sufficient punishments to keep the most hardened sinner in line.

I am glad to say that I believe your University is in many respects the greatest in the state of Nevada and has many features that could be well imitated in other institutions. While there are a few like La Kamp, Merenbach, and Gardiner, that would make good charter members for my organization yet the members are too few for a chapter at present and I trust that the spirit of your institution will continue to make it difficult to establish a chapter.

### GEOLOGY VAMP IS EXPOSED

(Continued from Page One)

write them on different kinds of paper and with different ink? It doesn't take much to get by the profs., and the instances are so rare in which people are actually caught in the act, that this article is really a rare piece of scandal. It is the duty of the wise men of the school to protect the younger males from such entanglements as this, but the task is becoming increasingly difficult as the vamps on the campus become adept at their work. Such proceedings are shameful, and severe measures should be taken to prevent further recurrences which may lead to disastrous results. We cannot afford to lose any of our young men, who may be found dead on the campus some morning, poisoned. Men, beware! She is still at large. An Irish nature and an Oriental name are a wicked combination.

Frosh (to C. R. Hill)—Say Prof. Why has Little Jeff so little hair?

Prof.—Because he thinks so much.

Frosh—And why have you so much?

Prof.—Get out, I'm busy.

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