

# RASP BERRY

Vol. XXVIII

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA—RENO, NEVADA, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1921

No. 31

## "Kick 'em Out"—Dean Hall



### Story of Ruth Told on Hill

Mention of the name Ruth invariably brings to my mind a vision; a vision of a hayfield and a haystack. For was it not Ruth of Babylonian times who went forth into the fields, gathered straw, and made bricks thereof? No? Well, no matter; my ecclesiastical—

(Continued on Page 8.)

### WALDORF MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST

The business of the Waldorf Bar is reported to have grown to such an extent that it is now necessary to put on three extra bartenders and provide extra space to accommodate the crowds. The University people who have braved the scanty accommodations of the small hall in the Clay Peters building next door will, according to rumor, be provided with an up-to-date bar and foot rail and henceforth will be able to swallow the world famous milk shake with the greatest sense of propriety. Proprietor Charley Meyers probably first formulated his plans when one evening about eleven bells he was surprised to see Joe Wittmer, Wallace McBain and Tom Grant coming into the place in the above order, line up at the bar and order two milk shakes apiece. Puzzled, he looked around the place, but could see no one else in the room but the three who had ordered. When the milk shakes were ready they paid the bill and without a word departed out the side door leading into the Clay Peters building.

This procedure was something new  
(Continued on Page 8.)

### Secret Order Pledges Men

February the twenty-second will be remembered at the University as Washington's birthday and the Gobbler's initiation. At one o'clock there assembled at Lincoln Hall the Gobblers and their pledges. The pledges were Swede Larsen, Enald Pyzel, Nathaniel Patrickson Greene and several other men.

The men to be initiated into the mysteries of the fraternal order of Gobblers were put into military formation under the leadership of Greene who carried a bucket of rocks and a mop. Handsome Horn came next, followed by the remainder of the Battalion of Ignorance.

With solemn tread and slow the procession made its way past Manzanita, across the tram and down to the S. A. E. House, where a very touching scene ensued, the older men congratulating the pledges.

At the S. A. E. House the natives of the Golden Bear were introduced to a Sagebrush badger, much pleasure of the badger and the bulldog and the discomfiture of the follow-

(Continued on Page 8.)

### M. E. PROF CAUSES WORRY TO CLASS

Talking about gas engines calls to mind that there is a gas engine expert on our campus. He is known as Prof. Kent and to the upper classmen as Kent.

Professor Kent, as he shall be called, is a young man, and being thus in the morning of his life, he is well versed in the pitfalls and snares that constantly loom up in the paths of college men. As he himself has so recently escaped these pitfalls he is making every possible effort to save his students from temptation.

The system he uses is simple, yet very effective; it consists in assigning so much home work that it is even impossible for the unfortunate student to even get down to gow.

It has been customary in the years past for the mechanical engineer to repair his own machinery, but in this age of efficiency one of Preston's bull-gangs does the work. Grease is so greasy, you know.

Prof. Kent has considerable trouble in commandeering tools. Occasionally he makes a raid on Prof. Preston's

(Continued on Page 8.)

### College Prof Visits Court

It happened one day in a courtroom while Prof. Peemster was absorbing the intricate and fascinating workings of our judicial system.

The room was warm and being unable to secure a chair Prof. was standing. That is, he was attempting to

(Continued on Page 8.)

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**FAMOUS SLOGANS**

Prof. Hartman—That is sufficient for my purpose.  
 Prof. Kent—Er-r-r-ah-ah—I did-er-r-h.  
 Prof. Thompson—I can write a better book myself.  
 Prof. Hardman—Up to a certain point.  
 Dean Stewart—It is interesting to note.  
 Prof. Lincoln—Now according to Peele.  
 Prof. A. E. Hill—I'll have that window put in tomorrow.  
 Dean Adams—He don't.  
 Miss Mack—No.  
 Librarian Layman—Sh-h. This looks bad.  
 Jack Frost—Now Marj.  
 Harry Bogart—Sorry, I got to go to Sparks.  
 Greene—I got a mean kick.  
 Fraser—Gad! It was terrible.  
 Waite—A little co-operation.  
 Slim Ahlers—Got any tobacco?  
 Thres Haughney—I have the worries of a mother of forty (?)  
 Rowene Thompson—Oh, Doctor, you do me so much god. (Meaning Doc Whalman.)  
 Tom Grant—Why go back to Kansas.  
 Doc Whalman—Psychic love.  
 U. of N.

Dear Raspberry:—

There is a large fund of information floating about the Hill that never gets into print, but is passed down by word of mouth from senior to freshman, to which I think some attention should be given. It is a campus course known as "How to get by."  
 I will but cite a single example and you will readily see the necessity of crystalizing this in bold, black type so that all may enjoy the experience of the post generations.  
 A certain student whose breast was already covered with decorations awarded by the Scholarship Committee, took the final quiz in a language course. Now the amount he had absorbed had crowded out all other thoughts from his brain, or he was thinking of some more enjoyable subject, or something, and when he handed in his examination paper it was blank.  
 In due season the student received a notice from Ma Sissa stating that his grade in Spanish was five minus and he would not be permitted to register the next semester. Result a large alibi or rather petition stating that in his haste said student passed in a blank book instead of his examination paper, and he did not discover the mistake until he received the notice. After this very plausible plea he took a re-examination, squeezed thru and is still with us.  
 Some class, I say.  
 —Alexander Cotter, The Great.  
 U. of N.

**"THE PROF."**

(Dedicated with the deepest of feelings to all Nevada Profs.)  
 Rave on, oh worthy Prof of mine,  
 I love to hear your voice,  
 Your words of wisdom—and of guff—  
 Make all our hearts rejoice.  
 But when you say "We'll have a quiz,"  
 It is your turn to grin,  
 For though we burn the midnight oil,  
 Our knowledge's rather thin.  
 For you have had so many years,  
 To gather in your lore,  
 Which we, alas, must strive to learn,  
 And add unto our store  
 Of facts, and means, and theories,  
 In one semester fleeting.  
 And if our words oft seem at odds,  
 Think of the task we're meeting.  
 So sober down somewhat your wit,  
 And do not wax sarcastic,  
 Whene'er you read a bunch of stuff  
 That seems a bit fantastic.  
 Grow young again, think of the time,  
 When you were but a youngster,  
 And dozed before an earnest Prof.  
 Wrestling with his lecture.  
 For in those days you stalled and bluffed,  
 And cut whene'er you could;  
 And danced and loved and schemed  
 and planned,  
 More pleasures than you should.  
 Be merciful—and yet be just,  
 Set goals that we can reach,  
 Then we will truly be well taught,  
 And you have learned to teach.  
 —Whoda Thunkit.  
 CIRCUMSTNTIAL EVIDENCE  
 I asked her if she rolled them,  
 She said she'd never tried.  
 Just them a mouse ran swiftly by  
 And now I know she lied.

**Aggies Out-Aggied**

Dean Stewart—steward of aggie pot pie—that is, legitimate regularly registered aggies, has sounded the Aggie Cow Bell and all aggies from the Hunyak to the newest pet pig are unshathing the bloody grid. Investigation in advance of this tumultuous aggie army has disclosed the discomfitting information that a chapter of A A—(Amateur Aggies) has recently been formed. Its charter membership is composed of fraternity "short course" men who are becoming cultural agriculturalists. Pin planters are plentiful and since seed sowing season has arrived the fraternity jewelers have been swamped with orders for sister pins whilst the moonful moon makes strolling—and pinning under the new moon" seems to be the slogan of the new organization whilst the charter membership has been prolific in its activities.  
 Among some of the recently initiated are: Tom Buckman, Emil Ott, Homer Johnson, Al Reed, Fat Harker, Frankie Hartung, Harry Bogart, John La Rieu, Ralph Twaddle, "Dizzy" Griswold, "Horse Hobbs" (disputed), M. T. Smith, (disputed).  
 U. of N.

The following was pinched by a Razzberry reporter, and is a verbatim copy of a letter received at Lincoln Hall. Read it and weep:  
 Howard Westervelt,  
 Lincoln Hall,  
 My Dearest, Darling Boy:—

Since receiving your most wonderful and glowing epistle I have thought of nothing else but you. I, too, have felt this consuming fire which has been gnawing away at the tender films of my heart until this heart is no longer mine, but lies trembling within your grasp. I have waited, oh, so long, for the first sweet word from your dear lips. And, oh, how I pine for the delicious kiss, if only I might have just one. To press your lips to mine, sweetheart, would be joy which words fail to express. I am so sorry that you did not reveal your love to me sooner, instead of suffering such pain. I return your affection with interest, dear heart, as I could never love another like I do your own sweet self. With all the love that is within my power to bestow upon any human being, I am  
 Forever yours,  
 LOIS.



Merely a "close-up" to illustrate the above letter from Lois.  
 U. of N.

**THE WAY IT IS**

Ralph—"After all, a fellow's better off if he stays home at night and reads a good book or magazine."  
 Joe—"That's right; I couldn't get a date tonight, either."  
 When a fellow is allowed to muss a girl's hair he considers it a net gain. She considers it a net loss.  
 U. of N.  
 The wave of economy in women's dress which today is sweeping over the country has had its effect upon University women.  
 They roll their own—  
 U. of N.  
 A. T. Harrison recommends the bloomers of the Orient as a panacea for all eye trouble on the campus.

**Bluffs and Bluffs**

A. E. Hill was reading a theme, some five hundred words of description. It began, "I stood before a stupendous bluff."  
 A. E. stopped, shined his glasses and began his comment. "Now that very first sentence is poor. I don't know whether it was a mountain I was standing before or the average college student."  
 U. of N.

**HEARD IN PHYSICS**

Jimmy Shaver—Say, Prof., will the magnetic field pull on a flat disc?  
 Prof. L. W. H.—Have you been here all morning, Mr. Shaver?  
 Jimmy—I have, Prof.  
 Prof. L. W. H.—I just spent five minutes on that question; are you sure you were here?  
 Jimmy—Sure.  
 Prof. L. W. H.—I think, Mr. Shaver, it would be a good thing if you would go to bed at night.  
 Jimmy—Can't be done, Prof. I sat up all night working physics problems.  
 Prof. L. W. H. (turning on fan)—Mr. Steele, will you kindly wake up Mr. Romig. Mr. Romig, you had better save your energy, we will let this fan furnish the music for this class.



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## Dots Rite. Don't It?

Mentioning no names, but Villie says:

"Vot do I mean, maybe," and to make my meaning a little clearer here is a common every day class in French.

(Hartung was reciting, and having a thin time with his pronunciation.)

Villie: "Said it again please."

Hartung: "Sed it again, please."

Villie (his Germanic wrath aroused) "Donner, sed it again, please."

Hartung (muttering to himself that is queer French, but he's game), "Donner, sed it again, please."

Villie's wrath knows no bounds.

Villie: "Leaf der room."

Hartung: "Leave the room, what for?"

Villie: "Leaf der room, I tole you."

Exit Hartung. Later, exit class and enter Hartung. "Say Professor, how come you make me leave the room?"

Villie explains matters, whereupon Hartung announces that he thought Professor was speaking French and wanted him to get his accent right.

Villie: "Ah, Oui, Oui, je comprende. Ve vas bote right Mr Hartung, ve bote did not understand de odder. Pardon, Mr. Hartung."

(And den der students vonder der Prof. speaks de French or der Deutch.)

U. of N.

Prof. J. C. (in faculty meeting)—Mr. Chairman, it seems to me everybody is talking beside the question. I, therefore, take this opportunity to explain the issue and set you right in this matter. Now, when I was a student at Illinois it was generally understood that the students should play a lot, and spend not over an hour in preparation of each study. Now I leave it to the faculty, in my instance, the results of such a system.

Prof. Lowther (in faculty meeting)—There has been such a demand for the various modern languages that I request the permission of this body to offer, in addition to French, Italian, Spanish, and Oolong, a beginning course in Portuguese.

Prof. X. (name censored)—I move you, Mr. Chairman, that the Professor's request be granted with the substitution of Piute for Portuguese.

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## Students Enjoy Big Carson Day

It was University Day at Carson and the campus populace had translated itself to the Capitol city where merrymaking reigned supreme. From all porches, stores and housetops, banners were hung, university pennants draped, and brilliant colored decorations announced the arrival of the Varsity crowd from Reno. The day was spent in touring the little city, visiting the halls of the legislature, capital building, library, mint and other places of historic and famous import, including the state prison.

In the afternoon, a delightful reception at the Governor's mansion held sway. University students swarmed the portico and filled the spacious halls, making the air ring with their laughter and jollity. Inside a dance was in progress. Jazz music moved even the most sedate to action and put springs into the feet of the footsore. For several hours the merrymaking continued, until after dark, when refreshments were served and the guests took their leave after giving several hearty cheers for the Governor and his wife.

Affairs at the Mansion again assumed their normal shape. As before, the house was in darkness, all was quiet, save in one far-removed room, from which issued forth mysterious sounds, the clinking of coins and a sinister rattle, like the echoes of a departed spirit. Voices could be heard conversing in low tones and now and then, one louder than the rest would rent the air with harsh words. Something awful was going on, something terrible which no one dared investigate.

At last a maid, gaining courage and strengthened by the thought that she was harbored in the mansion of the state's chief executive, ventured near the door and listened. The same strange sounds could be heard, only in much greater volume. Something awful was going on. At first her courage failed her and she was unable to go further. For several minutes she pondered, watchful, silent but by a desperate effort she brought herself to the door, and seizing the knob, entered. "I'm sorry," she said, "to interrupt the game, but really it's time to lock up."

A moment's silence within the room, and then a disconsolate voice exclaimed, "You faded me." From the room three pitiful wretches dragged themselves forth, Slim Aine in the lead, grasping a pair of dice, Fritz Stenzel close at his heels and Kid Downey bringing up the rear, with nothing left but a sickly smile. Out the door and down the steps they walked, slowly, deliberately and repentantly, and were finally lost to sight.

The famous crap game had become history.

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THEY TELL me that PROF PALMER who hangs forth IN METALLURGY objects QUITE STRONGLY to the NEW ROAD up Mt. Rose AND GIVES as his reasons THE GRADE is too steep THE GAFF too hard on A CAR, but of course THERE ARE cars and cars WHICH REMINDS me of this OLD BIRD they called PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS WHO INCIDENTALLY IS SUPPOSED TO be the PROGENITOR OF the human race OLD PITHE however had SOME WEAK spots which CUT HIM down in the prime OF HIS youth

HE WALKED with a stoop HIS BRAIN was only half THE POWER of the modern MAN'S BRAIN and so HE DIED, which reminds me AGAIN OF friend Walter's OLD CROCK you see THIS WAGON should also BE NAMED old Pithe BECAUSE IT too is the PROGENITOR OF the MODERN CARS but its name INSTEAD IS better known as E. M. F. YOU know the type FIXEM you know the type FOUR CYLINDERS of course BUT HALF the power of a MODERN CAR and as it TRAVELS IT bumps along with A STOOP as it were IT'S TOUGH I know but THE FAMOUS Pithecanthropus ERECTUS COULD not make THE GRADE in human evolution AND WALTER'S vintage OF '06 perhaps is getting WEAK AND feeble too THE GRADE is too great and THE E. M. F. would fall by THE WEYSIDE and so you CAN SEE the strong reasons FOR WALTER'S objection to THE NEW Mount Rose ROAD.

—I Thank You.

U. of N.

Ronnow (in mathe)—"Say Prof. can you get the fluid pressure on a body by taking the pressure on the center of gravity and multiplying by the area?"

Prof. Chaz—"Don't think it can be done."

Ronnow—"Prove it for me will you?"

Prof. Chanz—(After spending a few minutes on proof.) "There, it can't be done."

Ronnow—"Yes it can, Prof., for little Jeff proved it could be, this morning."

U. of N.

Headlines in last Sunday's paper read: "GIRLS CAN WEAR BATHING SUITS THEY JOLLY WELL PLEASE." Judging from the different styles shown at Bowers on Senior Cut Day, the Nevada co-eds are doing their best to live up to the ruling decreed by the British minister of health in London.

Down Petaluma way they have a "FREAK CHICKEN FROM AUSTRALIA ON DISPLAY," according to the S. F. Chronicle. Petaluma has nothing on the U. of N. campus, seems to me.

U. of N.

A TYPICAL DAY IN "STEINEY'S CLASS" "Vell, der, vetter is nice dis mornin', ain'd it? De birds are playing and der liddle lambs aren't gambling on der green yet, but they will soon. Can you any of you tell me what iss der lesson about dis morning? No, vell, vhy ain't it, huh? Don't I tell you that those lessons must be looked ofer at least to find out what iss it that ve must recite.

You peobles—Pahh!

U. of N.

LOST OR STRAYED One grand little piano of the banjo-timpan variety. Was last seen at the Grand Theatre, Carson, on the night the R. C. C. Glee Club made a noise there. Will the various singers please look through their pockets for the same. Reward, 50 cents. This is more than the toy cost, but for sentimental reasons I would like the little thing back. —Manager.

U. of N.

Gene Palmer was up before the registration committee, and had answered numerous questions, personal and otherwise. Finally Dean Hall spoke up:

Dean Hall—"Where you from?"

G. P.—"California, sir."

Dean Hall—"KICK HIM OUT."



# RASPBERRY TRIANGLES

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

## RASPBERRY STAFF

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Ina Dugout '22.....	Business Manager
Im Scared '23.....	Associate Editor
Lemme Out '22.....	Associate Editor
Hittem Hire '16.....	Assistant Business Manager
Mid Night '24.....	Cartoonist

## REPORTERS

Lemme See	Wots Doin	Z-I-P	G Wiz	Zat Sall
Im Allin	Don Noe	Wereze At	G Minee	Out Side

RENO, NEVADA, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1921

## PREFACE

I have called this a preface. I really don't know whether or not a newspaper has a preface. I have not dained it sagacious to inquire of any one as to the facts for fear of revealing my identity. You know it has been the inexorable custom not to put anyone "hip" as to who the author of various articles contained herein might be. Now that is just what I propose to do, because I believe in placing credit where credit is due. Consequently I am calling this a preface.

The Raspberry is indebted to innumerable persons who have willingly given their time to those I might mention are men and women who have donated profusely and whose articles you have already read or are going to read.

To Horse Hobbs and Empty Smith we are thankful for their cooperation in making "The Eternal Triangle" possible. McNamara gives a vivid touch of verisimilitude to his "What Happened to Jones." That grasping, gripping bit of characterization found in "The Courting of Demi John" belongs to the genius of Waite Bruce. "Ungrateful Women" is ably handled by Homer McReynolds, and as one reads the golden words in this treatise one realizes that the man who wrote it knows his stuff, I'll tell the cockeyed world.

We were intending to have an article of culture and refinement by Pat Greene, entitled "My Most Embarrassing Moment." However, Pat simply couldn't find anything to write about so we'll have to dispense with it, at least in this number.

We have received a new and startling criticism on the famous book "Forty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" in which the critic stoutly asserts that the author of the book made a deplorable blunder when he failed to include the "Woman's League" in the forty thousand. The critic, whoever he is (for the criticism was anonymous) deserves praise beyond all measure. Mere words are too mild and weak to express our gratitude for this very helpful article.

Time and space does not permit us to wander further. We have distributed our thanks as best we know how. If we have slighted anyone we will do our level best to make mention of the fact. "We strive to please." Here endeth the preface.

## THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN ONE WANTS TO BE ALONE

O, well do I remember when I smoked my first cigar,  
When I lit it, how it filled me with delight;  
My chest swelled out, I strutted, but I hadn't smoked it far,  
When things around me didn't seem so bright.  
The walls were madly spinning,  
My friends were broadly grinning,  
I hastened to the woodshed as I hummed this little tune:

There are moments when one wants to be alone,  
And this is one of them,  
Oh, this is one of them,  
Oh, my friends, although I leave you,  
Do not let my absence grieve you,  
For there are moments when I want to be alone.

At Sparks the girls played basketball, Tom Grant was referee,  
His pantaloons were very clean white duck;  
For he'd sent them to the laundry, but they'd shrunk a bit you see,  
He stooped—then blushed—for he was out—of luck.  
The maidens 'round him clustered,  
And Tom become worse flustered,  
He backwards hastened from them as he sang this little tune:

There are moments when one wants to be alone,  
And this is one of them,  
Oh, this is one of them,  
My dear girls, although I leave you  
Do not let my absence grieve you  
For there are moments when I want to be alone.

To Honolulu went our brave and valiant football team,  
Among those present was the coach Courtright,  
As the steamer travelled down the Bay, the trip was just a dream,  
But he awakened when the land withdrew from sight.  
Then his plight became pathetic,  
Though the boys were sympathetic,  
When he hastened to his stateroom as he hummed this little tune:

There are moments when one wants to be alone,  
And this is one of them,  
Oh, this is one of them,  
I trust you'll mind my wishes,  
Though I've gone to feed the fishes,  
For there are moments when I want to be alone.

A girl—her name deleted—saw a hay stack high and wide,  
And, though clad in Party costume scant and thin,  
Exclaimed, "Oh, what a lovely place to climb and have a slide,"  
Climbed to the top, sat ready to begin.  
But the awful Russian Thistle,  
Made milady whistle,  
When she landed at the bottom she sang this little tune:

There are moments when one wants to be alone,  
And this is one of them,  
Oh, this is one of them,  
For the hay was full of stickers,  
And I am full of pricklers,  
This is a moment when I want to be alone.

Moral:—  
If you a Manzanita girl accompany to a show,  
A little feed, sweet music, perfect floor;  
And on returning find—Great Guns—that you have walked too slow,  
And the Dean of Women meets you at the door.  
If she begins to flay you,  
Do not let that long delay you,  
But excuse yourself sedately as you him this little tune:

There are moments when one wants to be alone,  
And this is one of them,  
Oh, this is one of them,  
Though your words could scarce be stronger,  
Yet I can not linger longer,  
For there are moments when I want to be alone.

There are various kinds of triangles—Eternal and otherwise. Below are a few of Nevada's famous ones. Read 'em and weep.—

I  
The first is hard to deal with in that it is made of drill steel and used to summon the hungry to the gow house.

II  
First semester opened with Agnes Lowry as a maverick and with Grant and Fraser as two rough riding punchers. It was an even bet until Grant's saddle slipped, then Fraser forged ahead. The second semester found Alex on an undisputed range with Grant rustling in new territory.

III  
The army-navy games had nothing on the triangle that was enacted here in Reno. Herb represented Annapolis with Harmon at the bat for the U. of N. The purse was the Mendicino Lumber Co. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but it didn't in this instance. Harmon is now signing up lumberjacks.

IV  
Block N versus Handsome M. T. Smith, our hitherto undefeated heart breaker, loses out to Hobbs. It was neck and neck until Hobbs pulled a marvel. This was too much for M. T. who could only sport a comeback. Bertha, just like a woman, fell for the marcell. There is a probability of a comeback on M. T. Smith's part.

V  
The Y. M. C. A. triangle.

VI  
Cann-Burns-Shirley. This was an inter-fraternity feud which during the last few months has been a burning issue in the lives of these two men. As one would surmise from the opening sentence Geo. Cann has proven himself the better man. As he himself so aptly said, "I guess I'll settle down."

There ain't no nothing much no more,  
There's nothing ain't no use to me.  
In vain I tread this lonely shore,  
For I have saw the last of thee.

I seen a ship upon the deep,  
And signaled this here fond lament.  
I haven't did a thing but weep,  
Since thou has went.

Alas, for I ain't one of they  
What hasn't got no faith in love.  
And them fond words of yesterday  
Was spoken true, by heaven above.

Is it all off 'twixt I and you?  
Will you go wed some other gent?  
The things I done I'd fain undo  
Since thou has went.

O Love, I done what I have did  
Without no thought of no offense.  
Return, return, I sadly bid,  
Before my feelings get intense.

I have gave up all wealth and show,  
I have gave up all hope of fame.  
But oh, what joy 'twould be to know  
That thou hadst came.

—"HERB."  
U. of N.

There'll be quite a bunch of Aggies  
graduating this year. Same old story.  
"All right, Henery, drive on to the  
next pile."  
U. of N.

## "PROGRAMS"

A burlesque in one act—  
Scene—Morril Hall steps.  
Time—Night before Pi Delt dance.  
Ed and Dick Bryan trading dances.  
Enter—Bill Martin.—  
Bill—"Say, you birds, cut that out.  
No dances to be engaged ahead."  
Ed—"Can't you give me just one  
dance, Bill?"  
Bill—"Sorry, but my program's  
full."  
Exit, Bryan and Reed.  
Curtain.  
U. of N.

For the consideration of one pair of  
high topped boots, our lusty football  
player Waite, of Bunkerville loaned  
his girl to his frosh friend while he  
took a vacation in Hawaii. Even at  
the present price of shoe leather it is  
said that the Frosh got a good bargain.

## Russian Embassy at Military Ball

The portals swung agape and the multitude cheered as the Russian Embassy was ushered into the ballroom escorted by Colonel Ryan's own Hus-sars.

Diplomacy reigned supreme in the grave countenances of Baron Havalloff, Baron Pullatuski, Count Ivanawvulitch, and Count Caskawiswi, for theirs was a serious mission. However the expressions and even the movements of the accompanying Baronesses and Countesses showed that in their minds the occasion did not call for a requiem. The spirit of American idealism had penetrated even more deeply than the vicious vodka which they had brought from the Petrograd.

Countess Caskawiski hummed softly to the multitude, "I'll shake my shoulders and I'll shake my knees; I'm a free born American, I'll shake what I please."

"Bring on the vodka," shouted Colonel Ryan, "the drinks are on me." Martial music swelled the breeze and the milling commenced.

Baron Hairaloff comes from the ancient family of Hairallogonski of Herpicide.

Baron Pulastuski, discoverer of the reknowned Russian Pills, is to Russia what Lydia Pinkam and her Vegetable Compound are to America.

Count Ivanawvulitch is known as the busiest man in all Russia.

Count Caskowiski, half brother to Anhauser Busch, distilled the first gallon of vodka, contemporaneous to the discovery of the Russian Pills.

Their mission in this university is of a secret nature, but there is strong suspicion that a radical, bolshevik reform is about to take place in the diplomatic regime of Manzanita Hall.



1st Postal Clerk—"Aha! back from your vacation, eh?"

Mel Sanders—"Yep, back to the old stamping ground."  
U. of N.

## Only a Flivver

It was a dismal wintry day—the little newsboys shivered and shook with the cold. A flivver coupe drew up to the curb and Katie Lewers stepped out. Carefully she covered up the radiator with a robe—then thinking better, she extracted a blanket from the depths of the buss and carefully tucked it over the hood. The little newsboy could stand it no longer. "You don't need to try and hide that thing, lady," he snorted. "I seen it was a Liz."  
U. of N.

Doc: "Young lady I'll vaccinate you on the arm."

Co-ed: "Aw doctor, I won't be able to wear a party dress."

Doc: "Allright; I'll give you a shot in the leg."

Co-ed: "No, I won't have it in the leg. I wouldn't be able to dance."

Doc (in despartaion): "Young lady, do you ever ride horseback?"  
U. of N.

Prof.—"Bisect the line."  
Stude.—"Into how many parts?"

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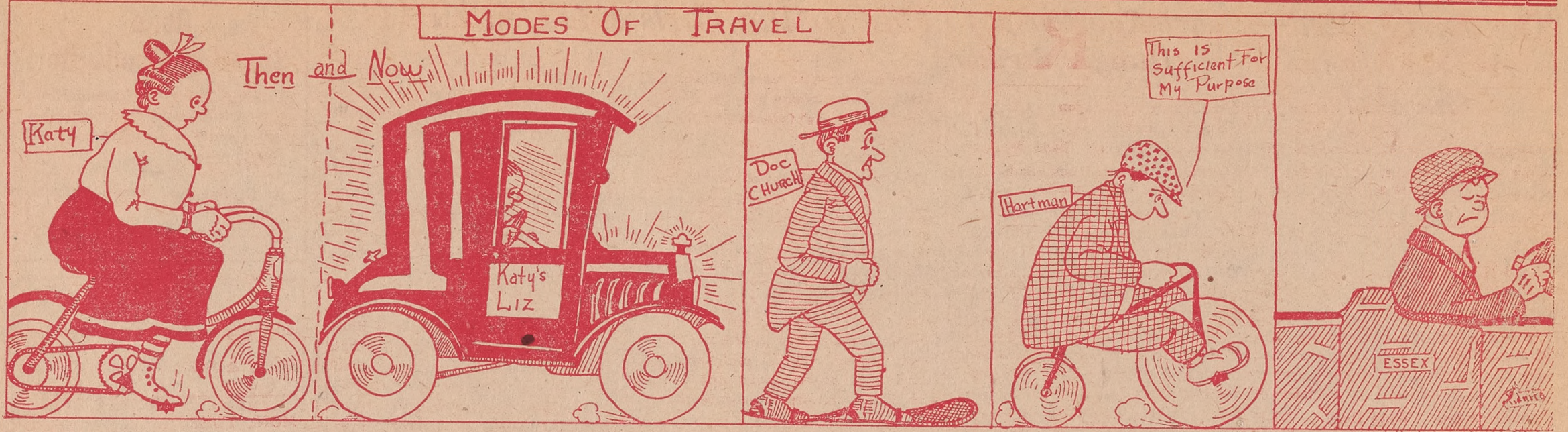
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**Major Harrison Pulls a Brodie**

Tap! Tap! Tap! Major Harrison was groping his way down the hall. Entrenched behind two pair of glasses he looked like some speed king. A pair of gloves would have made him a Barney Oldfield and a leather coat an Art Smith.

He opened the door and felt his way into room 108 and fell with a sigh, on the bed.

"This is sure tough," groaned A. T. I ran into the shrubbery in front of the Mining building. I can't see ten feet in front of me. Why I can't even see you sitting there at the table."

"Uh—huh" grunted the one to whom the major was spinning his tale.

For awhile the Siberian soldier was silent then he moved toward the window and stood gazing out over the lake toward the tram.

Suddenly his military voice cut the silence. "There goes Doris Kane across the tram, there's two other Carson women with her."

Take your post, Major, you win.

U. of N.

Horse—"I see you like the "clinging vine" type of a girl."

Tom—"Yes, the clinger, the viner."

**'Keep Off the Grass' Prof. Blair Strong for Roll Your Own**

Speaking of cutting campus—Old Pooch beat me out last week and razed friend Agnes Lowry for making a bee line across the quad, but he overlooked Rowena Thompson. Who is Rowena Thompson? Let me go somewhat into details: The fair Rowena, sometimes known as Theda Bara 2nd, or otherwise the College Vamp, is what might be termed a hang-over of California's December exams. One of the University of California's "10 perfect women," and built on the Cleopatra or Lucretia Borgia type. She emigrated to our fair campus this January, and since her stay here has created havoc amongst the ranks of some of our most notable male students, as for instance, "Doc" Whalman and friend Naylor. To make a long story short, and also to make a long walk around the Quad shorter, she emigrates and prognosticates herself bodily and in a diagonal path across the big lawn, from the southwest to the northeast corner, on her way to the tennis courts. Be this, then, a public denouncement of her tactics and acts. Cutting campus is one of Nevada's sacred traditions—vamping, unfortunately, is not. Vamp, then, friend Rowena, anyone you can, but

PLEASE KEEP OFF THE GRASS

Our most worthy physics Professor, Blair was standing before one of the basement windows in the Physics building. The wind was blowing—Occasionally a coed or two would pass and as they passed—the professor's countenance would brighten up—. At last one fair damsel stopped before the window, and the sitting sun cast her shadow over the professor's face—He smiled and the wind still continued to blow while the class asked many pointed and urgent questions but received no answer. Serenely the professor gazed. The wind still blew and the class silently filed out. Why the intense interest on Prof. Blair's part? We knows. However, we might hazard a guess, and put it in free verse form—

Coed in the wind,  
Sun sinks in the west.  
Behind her—  
Diaphonous gowns—  
Roll their own.  
Get me?  
Anyhow—

Might not Professor Blair be human?

**"Let Me Do It" Orren Falls for Fair Nev. Co-ed**

"Let George do it" is really the American motto, but just when we are about to say that this habit of 'let the other fellow do it' is universal, we find a man who cries for work, who stays awake night after night planning schemes that he alone may consummate. This man—to call him a human dynamo, would be doing him a rank injustice—this man with his concentrated essence of energy labors unceasingly to awaken us to the fact that we are in—well—whittling a stick on the sunny side of the bojn state.

'Tis true, of course, that men like Napoleon and Willie Hohenzollern were of the same mettle, but then one can only endure an occasional Napoleon; even Willie admits the use of poor judgment. Perhaps 'Essence of Energy' is imbued with the idea of some day in being President. (This as you know is a state of adolence preceding the fireman stage.)

The idea is allright but think of the odds, one hundred million to one; and yet you've got a chance, Johnny. Hew to your task, my boy, and ever remember your motto: "Let me do it and it will be done right."

At the beginning of spring Orren swore never to step out with a woman again. Spring weather however, busted his good resolution into infinitesimal pieces. He yielded, and many was the fair damsel that he accompanied to and from the Gow House. One fine large evening however, as he sat on the bench at Manzanita, his lady asked to be excused a few minutes in order that she might write a letter, and Oden might mail it. Hours he waited, patiently—and at last fell asleep with his back propping up the front door of M. Hall. The lady forgot her mission and sat in, in a game of African dominoes. Orren slept on—and on—until 3:00 A. M., when the night watchman noticing him was about to run him into the hoosegow. After many explanations and a bribe of four bits, Oden escaped. Again he has made the resolution—"Never again, I'm off these women for life."

U. of N.

**THE FINAL BLUES**

I had th swellest little girl,  
A frosh co-ed named Esther.  
She had the looks, but had no brains,  
She's not here this semester.



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CARSON

TWO STORES



## The Dirty Deed— A Tragedy in One Act

'Twas an eventful eve when "Delicate" sent his "Hi-Life" corsage to Mary as was chronicled in the Sagebrush of last week. However, there were men, more famous than "Delicate" mixed up in this rose carnival deal. Take for instance, Francis Walsh who drew six pinks out of the original batch of roses.

Arriving at the hall rather late, Francis missed out on the cigar foil, and being a resourceful Irishman, he unconcernedly chewed a package of Beech Nut and got a sufficient supply of tinfoil for all purposes. Tenderly he wrapped the flowers, stems in foil and tied with thread, and all wrapped in finest tissue and placed in a cigar box. As luck would have it the stems were amputated owing to the length of the box, but were carefully placed in the bunch of flowers, for do not long-stemmed flowers cost more than short stemmed, and isn't seeing believing? And so the stems were placed within the "Ironclad—Eight Dollars—Guaranteed" shoe box, while Walsh sauntered out to recover his borrowed overcoat.

Feverish movements filled the room during his absence—whispered words were to be heard—tissue paper crinkled, and when Walsh returned, the box still lay on the table where he had placed it.

Whistling "Paddy Dear and Did You Hear" like the gay lad he is, Francis quick-timed it across the river. Never was there such a night, and in his heart there was that "quare" feelin' that comes to wee lads in spring. The house of the "adored" was reached, and Francis entered. The lady of his heart was there, and as our hero gazed at her he gulped his heart back out of his throat three separate times. Tenderly he handed her the box, bowing the while.

"Now, its surprised you're going to be. Open the box and take a peep at the flowers I risked me soul to get you."

"Oh! Francis, why do you spend your money on flowers? I don't want you to do it any more."

"Indade Coleen, its proud you should be of me. Open the bit av a box." The coleen did as she was bid, and as the scent of rose talcum powder wafted out of the box she again uttered these words:

"Oh! Francis, you really shouldn't have. Mother get a pitcher of water." The water on the job, she tenderly unrolled the tissue, and there they lay—soiled but serviceable—a pair of Pat Green's bed slippers, two pair of soiled socks and a tiny sprig of asparagus fern.

The pitcher fell to the floor with a crash—the coleen fainted—and Francis Walsh wended his way home, trying to figure it out.

U. of N.

They tell me that several nights after the Tau installation and reception, the Tans dressed in their full D's and lacking the necessary taxi fares, commandeered poor old Wun Lung's laundry wagon and drove up in style to the house about 4:00 G. M.

U. of N.

Tweedle—"They sure did use funny instruments in early engineering." Luce—"Yeh?"

Tweedle—"Jeff says the foreman surveyed the ground with a grunt of dissatisfaction."

U. of N.



A close-up of the way Dean Sibley will look on Mackay Day.

U. of N.

Little Miss Muffett  
Sat on a tuffett  
Drinking a bowl of whey.  
A friend put a stick in it,  
Making a kick in it.  
The end of a perfect day!

## Coach Courtwright Hunger Striker

Terence McSweeney had nothing on Coach Courtwright on his trip to K. C. Not being satisfied with the reputation he has as a football coach, Corky tried to get more notoriety by being the instigator of a hunger strike in one of the most famous cafeterias in Kansas City. It happened this way. The basketball team had gotten the habit of eating at this place and on this eventful day lined up, with Corky bringing up the rear with his tray. Directly in front of him was Eddie Reed, who when the line arrived at the hot biscuit counter grabbed his customary dozen. Corky's ever watchful eye spied the act, and with a quick glance he noted hot biscuits on every tray, from li'l Eddie to "Six O'clock" Egan who was just getting his check.

"Halt, Men," he shouted, "don't you know better than to eat hot biscuits?" The line faltered—Egan had already consumed five of the morsels.

"We've eaten 'em every day so far, Coach, why stop now?"

"These are hot, put them back. Put them back."

The biscuits weer slowly replaced upon the counter, much to the dismay of the waitress who announced that there was no bread, whereupon Corky waxed very indignant, ordered all the trays dropped on the counter, and the squad filed out, slowly and silently amidst many stares from the natives. The manager, with tears in his eyes pladed with Coach to bring the crowd back, but to no avail. Corky once set in his way, could not be turned, even tho it meant ruin for the Green Cafeteria. "No bread—no eat," and thus the famous Nevada basketballers hunger strike was on.

U. of N.

These two berries, Gavin Yater and Johnnie Gottardi made a date some time ago with two strange women. The ladies' address was obtained and everything arranged for a show the next night. The two young gallants had enough kale for the show, but as for a taxi fare they were nix. Therefore they walked—many weary miles, and it was 9:00 before they arrived. There on the porch stood the two ladies, and our two young gallants snuk around into the alley to debate over the proposition. A brilliant thought hit them in the mid-riff. They waited until a car passed the house, then as the car passed the corner, they stopped it, and—ASKED THE TIME. The two women saw them leave the car and naturally supposed they had come in it. "You're pretty late, aren't you," was the query. Gavin it was who answered, "Yess, its that darn taxi man's fault. He couldn't find your house, and then when we noticed you on the porch it took him two blocks to stop, and since he wouldn't carry us any further, we had to walk back. Darn a taxi driver anyhow."

U. of N.

### SHIMMY SAYS.

Our little flash of light, Shimmy Bradshaw, sez he—"I met a young lady on her way back from the Gym, tearing down the walk from the Gym, and upon asking her why the haste, says 'I'm so late to class.' I therefore asked the fair Rowena why she didn't leave the gym sooner and she came back at me with: 'Oh! Tom Grant was teaching the class as he's the only person in school who knows anything about indoor baseball.'"

U. of N.

### ELLIS HARMON—LOVER

Ellis Harmon is a practical lover. That is he doesn't let pleasure interfere with his courtin'. For instance he always drops in about meal time and leaves immediately after. But oh boy! Ellis is a practical lover. He borrows two tickets from a brother and takes her to a show—and he always sleeps during the picture, but oh, boy! Ellis is a practical lover!

## Ode to the Girls EDUCATION

Little girl, you look so small,  
Don't you wear no clothes at all,  
Don't you wear no shimmy shirt,  
Don't you wear no petty skirt,  
Just your corsets and your hose,  
Are these all your underclothes?

Little girl, you look so slight,  
When I see you in the night,  
With your skirts cut rather high,  
Won't you catch a cold and die?  
Ain't you 'fraid to show your calf?  
It must make the fellows laugh.

Little girl, what is the cause,  
Why your clothes are made of gauze;  
Don't you wear no undervest  
When you go out fully dessed?  
Do you like those peek-a-boos  
'Steard of normal underclothes?

I can see your tinted flesh  
Through your thinnest gown of mesh.  
Is it modest, do you 'spose  
Not to wear no underclothes?

Little girl, I see your chest  
'Cause you go around half dressed,  
Yes, I see way past your throat  
To a region most remote,  
'Tain't my fault, now, don't 'spose,  
Why not wear some underclothes?

Little girl, your socks have shoals  
Of those little tiny holes,  
Why you want to show your limb  
I don't know; Is it a whim?  
Do you want to catch the eye  
Of each fellow passig by?

Little girl, where is the charm  
In your long, uncovered arm,  
In the "V" behind your neck,  
Is it for the birds to peck;  
Little girl, I tell you those  
Ain't so nice as underclothes.

Little girl, now listen here:  
You would be just twice as dear  
If you'd cover up your charms,  
Neck, back, legs and both your arms.  
I would take you to some shows  
If you'd wear some underclothes.

Little girl, your mystery,  
Living charms and modesty  
Is what makes us fellows keen  
To possess a little queen;  
But no lover, goodness knows,  
Wants a girl "sans" underclothes.

'Spouse I wandered down the street  
With no loin cloth round my feet,  
Or no shirt, like all my aunts,  
Or a ringlet through my nose,  
They'd arrest me, don't you 'spouse?

I, I wear a coat of mail  
Cloth from head to big toe nail,  
I must cover up my form  
Even when the weather's warm;  
Can't enjoy the summer throes  
'Less I garb in underclothes.

Little girl, take this advice,  
And you'll look just twice as nice;  
Wear a shimmy, petty-coat  
Close worked sox "et sussi l'autre—"  
Those unspeakable, you see!  
There's a charm in lingerie!  
—New York Life.

You think we are fooled, little girl,  
When you rub your arm and say  
"Oh!"

But we're too well schooled, little girl,  
In the ways of the world not to  
know,

That an evening dress, little girl,  
Will cover that vaccine scar,  
So you might as well 'fess, little girl,  
That your arm will not show a mar.  
—W.O.E.

U. of N.

They tell me that after the hurried run made by certain members of our Aggie graduating class to the Farm, in the role of fire-fighters, that Tom Buckman has been chosen by the local chief to be one of the main standbys on the local force. Leave it to the Aggies to burst into prominence.

Some studes claim that Chem under Seaus and Dean Maxie is their Waterloo.

Waterloo nothing—they mean their Marne. Are not the slogans of Seaus and Maxie: "On Ne Passe Pas"—they shall not pass.

Professor Feemster on Education; "It itsn't what one knows that makes him an educated person, its his ability to find out what he wants to know. For instance one would go to the Mining department with mining problems, etc. Some people have the faculty of never going to the right source for information. On a great many occasions I have been asked agricultural questions—"

U. of N.

Lincoln Hall,  
February 7, 1921.

College Faculties,  
University of Nevada.

As a student of the University of Nevada I would be pelased if you would co-operate with me in helping to remove my condition in English 1. I would like to be a student of good standing in my studies, and also give my support to the Basketball Team. If you will all work with me in a reexamination I am sure I will be able to remove this condition. Thanking you for the same, I am

Yours truly,  
A. Frosh.

U. of N.

I once knew a queer young prof.,  
As narrow as could be;  
His mind ran on a single track  
A simple soul was he.

But now things are much different,  
A much changed man you'l find;  
For one of these stories hit him,  
And broadened out his mind.  
Z-A-M.

U. of N.

The year just passing has seen the fall of many good and concientious members of the Bachelors' Club, none the least among them being Twaddle, Phil Frank, Joe Allen and this bird Hitzroth.

In addition to the many other manly sports, Bill Martin has lately taken up the wondrous game of tennis. No cause is given, but AIN'T NATURE GRAND?

From observations on the campus and other places, the conclusion has been reached, that it is Hobb's automobile, but the Carr still belongs to Bradshaw.

U. of N.

Engineer—What did you do to win the war?

Aggie—I was a pilot.  
Engineer—So you were in the air service?

Aggie—No, I was in the remount.  
Engineer—What d'ya mean, pilot in the remount?

Aggie—Phile it here—pile it there, boy.



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**E-X-T-R-A**

Special to the Raspberry:  
 "Horse" Hobbs stepped out with  
 Bertha Saturday April 9th due to the  
 fact that the Phi Sigs held an initia-  
 tion.

**OUR BRAVE AUBURN GIRLS**

The following clipping from the Au-  
 burn Daily speaks for itself:  
**TWO AUBURN GIRLS DEFY  
 SENIOR RULING**

Two Auburn girls who are attending  
 the University of Nevada demonstrat-  
 ed to the world that they can, if suffi-  
 ciently urged, take a dare. Moreover,  
 that they are fearless in the face of  
 terrible humiliating punishment was  
 shown last Wednesday.

Be it known, then, therefore, before  
 you read further, that it is a steadfast  
 and ironclad rule which prohibits any  
 one but seniors from sitting on a  
 senior bench. Furthermore, the girls  
 knew this edict—for had they not  
 seen many an unfortunate underclass-  
 man chucked into the "lake" for dis-  
 obeying the stern ultimatum from  
 headquarters?

Enter the villain!  
 He dared the girls to sit on the  
 senior bench. Did they falter? They  
 did not! Then the villain reported the  
 offense to headquarters. The usual  
 punishment for girls who violate this  
 rule is to make 'em scrub the bench  
 with a tooth brush. But in this partic-  
 ular case they were required to make  
 an apology in the student body. They  
 were forced to say they were sorry  
 for sitting on a senior bench. This  
 they did with very good grace, to be  
 sure.

And thus ends our tale—oh, their  
 names? Why, who else but the Misses  
 Wilma Readle and Ruth Moyer.

U. of N.  
 Marg—"Do yuh love me John?"  
 Doug—"Sure."  
 Marg—"Then why don't your chest  
 go up and down like the man in the  
 movies?"

U. of N.  
 The boys tell that most of the bums  
 on Commercial row, took lessons from  
 the rooting section that beat their way  
 down on the trains to see the Cal.-Nev.  
 football game.

U. of N.  
**ROLL YOUR OWN?**  
 She watched him deftly rolling his  
 cigarette. "I roll my own, too," she  
 remarked coyly.  
 "So I have observed," he replied.  
 "This is March."

U. of N.  
 Prof. Wilson: "That horse knows  
 as much as I do."  
 Noble Waite: "Don't tell anyone  
 professor, you might want to sell him  
 some day."

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 wholesome and cleanest  
 manner known. You see  
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- French Pastries ..... 12c
- Cup of Real Coffee ..... 5c
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**MEMORIES OF HAWAII**

The afternoon was passing slowly  
 on shipboard. A vote had been taken  
 as to the desirability of heaving  
 Reese overboard, and the result was a  
 tie. Fischer pipes up, after a deep  
 silence—"Don't I get two votes, I  
 gotta room with him?"

Fischer—"All right, fellers, lower  
 the boats and row around the ship a  
 cuppla times for exercise."

Due to inclement weather the deck  
 steward was sick, and Johnson had  
 considerable trouble by being mis-  
 taken for him. "Charley, please find  
 my steamer rug," was the usual salu-  
 tation he got.

Courtwright, very sick, asked for  
 three men to help carry him to his  
 deck chair on the main deck, and after  
 much grunting and yells of pain from  
 Corky he was firmly ensconced in his  
 chair. "Fellers I'm going to die,"  
 quoth Corky, wheeupon a huge wave  
 hit the side of the ship, washed over  
 the side and swushed Corky for many  
 feet. Corky with a wild yell reached  
 the rail, hung himself thereon, and  
 cranked with his hind feet. Being  
 somewhat relieved he made a rush for  
 the berth deck, trampling over two  
 women and a child in his haste, and  
 exclaiming the while "Man the boats,  
 the ship is sinking."

They tell me the "noggins" they  
 serve in the H. I. sure have an awful  
 kick to them.

Whassamatter Bevo, feeling sorta  
 weak," was asked Fat as he grace-  
 fully draped over the rail. Whereupon,  
 the answer came back—"I'm putting it  
 as far as the next fellow, ain't I?"  
 You win Bevo—you win.

**WILLIAMS WINS**

Says Charlie Williams in his class  
 in "girls wrestling": "Try to resist  
 me—try to resist me." Charlie wins.

**DOC WHALMAN CAUGHT BY CUPID'S SNARES**

It seems as how our beloved "Herr  
 Doctor Whalman" was nearly trapped,  
 for while he was engaged in the wit-  
 wearing exercise of his clever repar-  
 tee, the following was overheard:

"By the way, doctor what is your  
 nationality?"  
 "Why, I am just Jewish."  
 "Is that right? Well that reminds  
 me of a girl down at California who  
 wanted to get into sorority, so she  
 changed her name from Cohn to  
 Smith."  
 "That's a good idea, why don't you  
 change your name?"  
 Whereupon Rowena was heard to  
 exclaim, the time honored phrase:  
 "Oh, Doctor, this is so sudden."  
 U. of N.



Thel tell me Little Jeff's car got  
 stuck coming home from the Senior  
 Picnic. Ever try giving it a drink,  
 Russell?



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 cost of walk-  
 ing. Let us re-  
 sole your shoes.  
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**Peele Is Lost; Long Live Peele!**

A certain incident occurred, not so  
 long ago, in the Mining 72 class room,  
 (the class room being none other than  
 Professor Francis Church Lincoln's of-  
 fice). I take the same attitude toward  
 this little incident as many of the fe-  
 male sex do toward certain gossip—  
 it is too good to keep or not good  
 enough to keep—hence I must spill it.

It was a splendid morning and the  
 entire class of four assembled promptly  
 (as usual) at 9:35. From the faces of  
 the four radiated an expression which  
 could only be interpreted as the pos-  
 session of an untroubled conscience,  
 which comes only when students are  
 fully prepared to recite.

The attention of the students was  
 suddenly attracted at the seemingly  
 troubled and painful expression on  
 Professor Lincoln's face. Professor  
 made a detailed and thorough search  
 of his book rack, but evidently to no  
 avail. His pained expression failed to  
 disappear and beads of perspiration  
 began to collect on his brow. The class  
 of four began to offer individual sug-  
 gestions for the professor's mysteri-  
 ous actions. It was suggested that  
 perhaps Professor had mislaid his wal-  
 let, another said perhaps he received  
 an anonymous letter and expected to  
 find a bomb in his book rack. Such  
 was the type of suggestions offered.  
 Professor now made a hasty examina-  
 tion of the drawers in his desk, he  
 gazed about the floor, his face became  
 blanched and he sat down immedi-  
 ately in his chair as if to keep from  
 passing out.

It was quite evident that Professor  
 was in great and mortal anguish. With  
 visions of the sudden demise of the  
 suffering man one thoughtful student  
 started to the sink for a glass of  
 water. Another started for the labora-  
 tory for the ammonia bottle. Both  
 were halted by the Professor. "No,  
 never mind boys—some has borrowed  
 Peele—and hasn't returned it. Read  
 four more paragraphs. You are dis-  
 missed."

(Editor's Note—Peele is a volum-  
 inous tome, better known as the En-  
 gineer's Bible.)

Referring to that aforesaid "Peele"  
 some studes are betting that Professor  
 Lincoln makes more of a hit with the  
 women than with his classes. Long  
 Beach has something to do with it  
 they say. Wild wimmen—wee hours  
 Studebaker—road houses. Oh boy!  
 SOME vacation.

U. of N.  
 Not saying anything about Noble  
 Waite however, for he's tried so hard  
 to keep it a secret. Therefore we cen-  
 sor the names. Here goes—

**Why the Editor Left Town**  
 Somebody left the editor of the  
 Bunkerville Gazette a few bottles of  
 home brew. The same day he re-  
 ceived for publication a wedding an-  
 nouncement and a notice of an auction  
 sale. Here are the results:  
 and \_\_\_\_\_ were disposed of at pub-  
 lic auction at my farm one mile east  
 of a beautiful cluster of roses on her  
 breast and two white calves, before a  
 background of farm implements too  
 numerous to mention in the presence  
 of about seventy guests, including two  
 milch cows, six mules and one bob  
 sled. Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial  
 knot with 200 feet of hay rope and the  
 bridal couple left on one good John  
 Deere gang plow for an extended trip  
 with terms to suit purchasers. They  
 will be at home to their friends with  
 one good baby buggy and a few kitch-  
 en utensils after ten months from date  
 of sale to responsible parties and some  
 fifty chickens."

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## Story of Ruth Told on Hill

(Continued from Page 1.)

cal training was, as I remember it, a conglomeration of epistles and apostles and disciples and what not. Nevertheless it serves our immediate purpose and gives us an excuse—a legitimate excuse—for having visions. Ruth, straw, haystacks and bricks, then, have some enigmatic connection in the remote recesses of my not too flexible brain.

In this article we are more concerned with Ruth and the haystack. The mode of making bricks has changed since the time Sampson went to the mat with the Philistines, but the fundamental principles underlying the production of hay has, strange as it may seem, remained essentially the same. What I'm trying to put across is that we don't need the bricks in our story any longer. So we'll let 'em drop, whadyesay?

Now I'm up against it. I find that I must give out some details, and details irk me. It would be better, perhaps, since this is supposed to carry some moral, to give the moral and dispense with the hideous details.

So we pause and with bowed heads do admonish young women of this day and age, that, with their 5-oz. allotment of clothing according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules of fashion, they should not make any reckless wagers with over-anxious young men concerning the possibility of a death-defying slide from such objects as—er—haystacks.

Get the picture?

It was upon a similar occasion, no doubt, that the famous author, Rudyard Kipling, uttered them famous words, "And I learned about wimmen from her?"

U. of N.

## WALDORF MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST

(Continued from Page 1.)

to Charley and in a couple of minutes he went out to investigate and see what chance he had of getting any of the cut glass tumblers back again. Upon reaching the street and going next door he was surprised to see the place in darkness. Fearing that someone would come into the place and stumble over something, he switched on the lights.

There lined up against the wall he saw the missing three who had ordered milk shakes by proxy. Adele was caught in the act of just tipping up the glass. Dede started out showing the air with her usual line of peppy talk, and Arvella was speechless, tho trying to rest her right foot on an imaginary brass rail.

Right there Charley got his idea and in the future the ladies will probably have the opportunity of resting their dainty feet on a bright shining brass foot rail and being served their milk shakes over a polished bar in first class style.

U. of N.

## E. A. Poe Has Rival

Hist! Ho! fellow students! We have with us a second Edgar Allen Poe.

The beloved Edgar Allen, history teaches us, when went to bring some great journalistic masterpiece to the eyes of the world, would partake heavily of intoxicating liquor. Our own newly acquired author needs only to imagine someone has trampled upon his toes, and he rushes madly to his den on the first deck of Lincoln Hall, where, giving full rein to the green-eyed monster, and throwing caution to the winds, he bursts forth into wild flights of journalism which Edgar Allen and all of his joy water could not produce.

This youthful genius' wrath is most readily contracted when he imagines someone is trampling on his stamping ground, namely, the Tram, the lawn or showing any attention to his favorite string of ladies.

Whether this great genius was born this way, or if it is only his training, which he received from his past in Bunker Bean, we don't know, but nevertheless, we beg of you, fellow students, have mercy on this ambitious young author and try to turn an attentive and sympathetic eye to his rayings, for cruel as they may be, reading that Tanlac Testimonials.

—One of a Hundred Sufferers.

## Secret Order Pledges Men

(Continued from Page 1.)

ers of the Golden Bear. The fight was short and of such a brutal character as to make it impossible to describe it in detail.

The badger, carefully groomed for the occasion, was no match for the dog, who in his time had taken a badger to the cleaners.

As everyone had money on the fight it was some time before a disinterested person could be found to pull the badger out of the barrel. At last a man of great strength and faith in humanity was found; he was stripped of his coat, given instruction and handed the rope.

The shouting ceased—four Golden Bears climbed the fence. The bulldog looked at the barrel and grinned. The strong man put the rope over his shoulder, braced himself and began to sprint toward Verdi. The badger, already enraged at the treatment it had received, was jerked out of the barrel and pursued the man who had so rudely disturbed it. Everyone grew tense. The man of great strength's life was at stake, and he seemed to realize it, for he would have been going yet if a tree hadn't been in his line of flight. As he crashed into the tree the badger sprang with an outraged rattle at his throat. Fortunately the bulldog had recovered by this time and as the badger sprang he grabbed it and in a moment it was but a pale, lifeless object.

Once more the line of marching men headed toward, the pledges hiking bravely on to they knew not what. Steadily grew the crowd that followed until it looked like a parade of Irish patriots.

As the pledges marched slowly past Mike Ashiem's several hundred brothers lined up on either side of the street, uncovered themselves and came to attention, saluting in silent tribute, with hats over their hearts. This show of brotherly love brought tears to many a hardy Gobbler's eye. It was indeed a fitting honor to be paid to the six splendid men who were about to be initiated. Nathaniel Patrickson sobbed and forgot to rattle his can, while Swede Larsen shed tears as large as crabapples.

At the corner of Virginia and Second street a halt was called and the Gobbler contingent demobilized. Brother Nathaniel Patrickson, fitted out with a bucket, a mop and a powder puff, began his work of sanitation in front of Mike's. In Sunday clothes, a straw hat, tortoise-rimmed spectacles and one of Mike's cigars he cut a dashing figure—in fact, he was quite the Parisian dandy.

He proved a conscientious worker and in the face of the curious crowd that surrounded him he was as cool and collected as William Bryan before a Democratic convention. Every three minutes he would skirmish thru his pockets and extricate a miniature of the Ferry building clock and compare it with the clock on the Washoe bank building and, satisfied that three minutes were up, he would carefully powder his nose with slacked lime. Once more he would puff on his cigar and bend to his task, unconscious of the batteries of cameras focused on him.

On the opposite corner another attraction held out, Ewald Pyzel, who was also working his way into the inner circles of Gobblendom. This man, whose nonchalance would have shamed Douglas Fairbanks, hurried after each passerby bent on his errand of mercy. Cheer after cheer drove him on to greater endeavor; swiftly he worked, spreading his propaganda with a practiced hand. "They shall not pass" was his motto, and he lived up to it. At last the crowd became so great that it interfered with the working of Ewald Pyzel, so he was transferred to the opposite corner. Again he proved his ability. He was irresistible, undaunted, cold-blooded. He gave no quarter, showed no partiality, as sure and certain as death he worked, but thruout the afternoon all his efforts were characterized by politeness. More than one woman as she passed by prayed silently that she might meet him again.

In half an hour the crowd became so great that it jammed the street from Commercial Row to the Riverside, traffic was jammed and all business of the town came to a standstill. Something had to be done, so the industrious Pyzel and the credulous Greene were called in. Greene made a short talk on the possibilities of Ne-

## College Prof Visits Court

(Continued from Page 1.)

stand. Now Prof., who is quite a butterfly, had spent a wild night previous to this afternoon in the courtroom and he was sleepy. Until the wee sma' hours of eleven o'clock he had battled over an imaginary game of chess.

The master mind of this great historian was weary. His massive head lowered until it was at half mast; signifying, no doubt, the passing of his mind from this world to the shadowy land of dreams.

Relentlessly the wheels of justice ground on; lower fell Prof.'s head until his jaw beat upon the railing that he was leaning against.

A low, steady drone, as of swarming bees, filled the room. The judge frowned and gravely smote the mahogany with his gavel. The courtroom hushed, but still that steady, contented sound—like a leaky tire—continued.

The court resumed its work. Lawyers pleaded eloquently before the seat of judgment all unheard by Prof., who in a dream was crawling thru the dusty pages of history, hearkening back to the call of his primitive ancestors.

He sat before King Arthurs' Round Table and a broad chess board was in front of them; Prof. and the king were playing for a suit of chain mail and a flagon of ale. The king's technique was poor and Prof. bluffed him out of the pot. This so pleased the king that he was about to knight Prof.

With a broadsword he smote Prof. where he should have been sitting.

"Professor Feemster of the U. of N., I dub thee knight," said Arthur.

Prof. could hardly believe his ears, so to make sure he said, "What was that, Arthur?"

"Arthur hell, wake up and die right!" Instead of Arthur, Prof. saw the bailiff and the stern face of the judge.

"This is the Washoe county court house, not the Overland Hotel," advised the judge. And like Longfellow's Arabs, Prof. put on his hat and silently faded away.

vada; the crowd cheered and Reno resumed its natural life.

—OSCAR.

U. of N.

"Stay away from him, my dear," hardest man on hairnets I ever knew."

## Reciprocity!



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## M. E. PROF CAUSES WORRY TO CLASS

(Continued from Page 1.)

locker, but Preston is of a militant disposition and the next raid promises to have some interesting developments.

Gas Engine Expert Kent was doing some testing one day last semester. All afternoon the fellows had worked. It was getting late.

"Say, Prof., what's the chance of going to gow, it's five thirty?" "Don't get hurried, wait until the test is over."

One of the fellows left the building. In a few minutes the engine began to buck and in spite of Prof.'s swearing and sweating his expertness was of no avail, the engine would not listen to reason.

The test was discontinued—and the next morning Prof. removed a wooden plug from the exhaust pipe.

U. of N.

## SCANDAL

Just a bit of scandal this time, and to prove the fickleness of women and the obtuseness of men in general.

Morris T. Smith, better known as "M. T.," was hurrying thru with his work at the Gazette. "Why the big rush, M. T., queried Bryan. "Got a date at 9:00 sharp with Bertha," came back the answer.

Funny thing about it is this—At 5 minutes to 9 p. m. friend Bertha and "Horse" Hobbs got back to Manzanita from the first show at the Grand. Seems to me that friend Bertha is working on a pretty close schedule. Some time that first show is going to be a few minutes late.

U. of N.

Ethel Steinheimer—Oh, Adelaide, you're going to be awful light headed after lunch.

Hump—Why so?

Ethel—Going to wash you're hair, didn't you say?

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