

# The U. of N. Sagebrush

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## By Their Sins Ye Shall Know Them

### Greek Mysticism is Pitilessly Exposed

Curtain of Mystery Surrounding Fraternal Life Is Ruthlessly Cast Aside; Societies Make Sweeping Investigations Into Characters Of Prospective Brothers; Perfection Is the Standard.

#### THE FRATERNITY CLASSIC

The Kluxa Kluxa Kluxa's were assembled in secret conclave. The worthy Highbinder sat in his wicker throne. At his side with ponderous volumes open before him, perched the Mystic Scribbler. Over the windows, shades were tightly drawn while before the portals of this sanctum sanctorium stood the fraternal dumbbells watching that none but the toilers of the tongue might gain entrance and hear the fearful rites that made the frosh believe that this was a real fraternity.

Scattered around the room sat the toilers—the drones—and the upperclassmen of the Kluxas. The Highbinder cleared his throat—the Mystic Scribbler rustled a few pages and shook his fountain pen and the solemn rites and ceremonies that were so much a part of the Kluxas began.

Many a weighty matter was settled before the hour had waxed late. In their corners the Official Slingers were getting restless—it took the combined efforts of the Highbinder and the Dumbbells to keep them quiet.

The last bit of business was transacted—the last man sentenced to expulsion in the night's occupation. A great and ominous stillness settled down over the Kluxas. In their corners the Official Slingers were being rubbed down for the coming endurance test. The sound of stillness was broken by the Highbinder rapping his desk with a chair leg.

"The meeting will resume on the grade of Goofs—all those who are not above the state of Putrifaction will obliterate themselves. According to our national Whizz Bang when we resume on the grade of Goofs these below the grade of putrifaction are supposed to get the hell out. Dumbbells, clear the bar room—er, lodge room.

In due time the room is swept clear of all but the Goofs. Order is resumed and the Highbinder states the business before them is that of voting on Jackass Brandy a last weeks arrival on the campus. The Official Slingers are now on their feet ready for the combat.

With a few appropriate remarks the Highbinder clears the field for battle. "We are now going to vote on Jackass Brandy. If we want this man we must take immediate action. The Have You Gotta Butts, the Dumpa Lumpa Bunka's and the 'B. V. D.'s' are all rushing him. Our sneakers have shadowed him carefully since he arrived. Three 'Dumpa Lumpas' met him at the train. He's been fed at the 'B. V. D.'s' trough twice, and one of the 'Getta Butts' offered him a cigarette down in front of the Waldorf this morning. We must take immediate action. Is there any discussion?"

At this the slingers tugged at their (Continued on Page Three)

#### —FOREWORD—

The editor and business manager of this sheet take this last opportunity of asking their former friend, Miss Sissa, to mail their diplomas to South America.

### Prolix Prexy Speeds A Departing Flunker

Little Skit Is Entitled, "Goodbye, Jim, Take Keer of Yourself", or "President Clark's Farewell to the Wayward Youth." Walter Proves to be a Fast Worker and Gives Boy a Good Bracing.

Alone! Deserted! The condemned student stands before the last Tribunal. In the presence of that august person, the erring youth trembles as the twisted pine before the blasts of winter. The dictator of youthful destinies sits at his imitation oak desk, gazing with martial mien into space. The years, as they had marched past in endless file, treated gently this great man. The great forehead was unwrinkled but the autumnal tints had been left upon his hair. Each winter as it passed had left its snow, until now the mighty citadel of intellect was splashed with white.

Alone! Deserted by his friends, the wayward youth awaits his sentence. President Clark who holds some six hundred careers in his hand, looks down upon him. Like the Great Stone Face he gazes benignly at the trembling youth. Slowly the great lips open and words fall from his mouth.

"My boy, it grieves me much to see you here. I was once young. Hot through my being coursed the blood of youth! Yes, I even loved. But I struggled against that ignoble impulse that arose within me. I think that you can make a man of yourself. I can see that deep within you burns the spark of manhood. When you go into the world—for I have determined to remove you from the University—you must say to yourself 'I am a man' and lo! you will be a man.

"Tears almost come to my eyes as I say these few last words. The school will miss you, but I must give you the gate for I have a farewell address that can't be equalled. In fact it is so damn good that I fear it will be wasted upon you, but then I will enjoy the delivery of it for I am one of these mortals you so seldom see who enjoys the music of his own voice.

"Your crime has been great! Before the students of this great and glorious institution of the University of Nevada you have appeared in an intoxicated condition. Pity the fair innocent girl that shuddered as she gazed at you in this bestial state. Recall the letters that sped that night to mothers waiting to hear from their daughters, many the tear that was shed as eyes grown dim read the missals that disclosed the disgraceful situation at this great institution.

"God! Think if you can—but of course you can't—of the students waiting for trains that will carry them here to Reno to register at this university. Before us spreads the State of Nevada, thousands of miles of virgin land. The homes of girls and boys pure as the snow that crowns the summits of Olympus—pure and clean and free as the wind that sweeps across the Sierra summits.

"See! There they stand before the station platforms, awaiting the whistle of the train that will carry them into (Continued on Page Two)



A RATHER COMPROMISING POSITION BUT SURELY AN EFFECTIVE HOLD.

GEN MORGAN MAKING THE GRADE. ARDIS' "SWEETIE" IS THE FALL GUY.

"SIMP" PREPARING SLADES ENGLISH ASSIGNMENT.

A "D.K.T.'S IDEA OF A GOOD TIME, READING LEFT TO RIGHT "DAGO" QUILICI, "HARP" SULLIVAN AND "GOOF" MARSHALL.

DIZZ ROLLS HER OWN BUT WE DONT SEE WHAT KEEPS 'EM UP

BILL'S DOING GREAT WORK THIS YEAR AS A TONSIL SWABBER

PINKY, DONT TRY THIS ON ANYTHING BUT AN ELY BLOND

### SLEUTH GETS DOPE ON WILD WILLIAM

The Razzberry's ablest sleuth had followed the couple for hours. He had witnessed sights that would have made strong men weep with passion and tear up trees by their roots. But he had no evidence strong enough to convict the amorous couple and he trembled as he remembered the Chief's instructions, "Get me evidence—or don't come back."

As Wild William bid her a last lingering farewell, the sleuth felt the chill of failure hovering over him. He saw himself banished from the Hill forever; a stranger in some far land without friend or sympathy; an outcast on the face of the earth. He saw his bones bleaching on white desert sands, playthings of the wandering wolf—for he had failed—What was that? A flicker of white in the darkness as William strode over the tram on his accustomed route to the S. A. E. House.

The sleuth seized the vagrant scrap of paper which had fallen from the lover's pocket—he scanned it hastily—saved! Evidence at last! It was almost too good to be true; it was rich, rare, and—but here it is. Judge for yourselves:

#### TO MY OWN MILLIE

"Heartsome co-ed, winsome co-ed, Charmer of the sun and me, Bright beguiler of my anguish, Wild Bill will never frown on thee.

"I know not how, I care not why; Your memory brings my soul at ease, And melts my passion's mortal cry With satisfying sympathies.

### MEMBERS OF GOBBLER ORDER FAMOUS IN WORLD HISTORY

To display the secrets and mysteries of the Ancient and Mystical Order of Gobblers before the curious public, would be sacrilege. Suffice to say that thousands of years before the taskmasters of the Babylonians and Pharoos drove their slaves to the work of building temples and pyramids, the Gobblers flourished in all their present-day glory.

Those men who stalked through the shadowland of prehistoric epochs observed the same rituals that are even now indulged in by the men who observe the ancient mysteries. Out of the unknown silence that shrouds the genesis of the planets, came the secrets and the tenets of this Order.

When the Curtain of uncertainty was at last furled and the world became fit for the arrival of men then it was that the Gobblers came into being. In the long days when man stealthily stalked the deer herds, a defenseless creature in a world of ice and treeless plains, preyed on by wild animals, monstrous and terrifying,—the foundation of this order was being laid. During the black nights, when neolithic man shuddered in dripping caves and cowered as every mauling beast crossed the mouth of his den,—fearing death and silent for he had not yet learned to talk,—it was in these nights of fearful waiting that (Continued on Page Two)

"Oh memory of sad delight, Your nearness warms the air, With time and the passing of the night, You also passed, somehow, somewhere."

### FEUDAL LORD REIGNS SUPREME IN CASTLE

Predominant among campus characters stands Joseph Dieffenbach Layman, B. L., lecturer and librarian who is more widely known by the title of the Prince of Silence. Within his castle Prof. Layman is fairly content and reigns with the power of a feudal lord but when he ventures outside he carefully dons his princely robes and covers his ears with black velvet muffs that serve to keep out the vulgar sounds that plague and bother him. Besides the famous muffs he swaddles himself with a long grey scarf of somber hue and pulls a black hat firmly down over his eyes to protect himself from the inclement weather.

As his name implies, silence is his motto and he has been nick-named Pusyfoot on account of his nasty habit of sneaking about the byways of his principality and pouncing upon those who break his preposterous and absurd rules. Strange as it may seem students are not permitted to smoke in nooks or corners nor can they throw the remains of their lunches on the floor. Mr. Layman has been known to search diligently for an hour or more for some hardened criminal who dropped a single peanut shell. Meanwhile dozens of students gathered around his desk and waited in vain for service. This abuse of power will be remedied very soon, it is stated on good authority, because Mr. J. Dieffenbach has secured the services of an assistant to attend to the desk while he devotes his entire time to (Continued on Page Six)

## GRAND

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and

JOHN BOWERS

in

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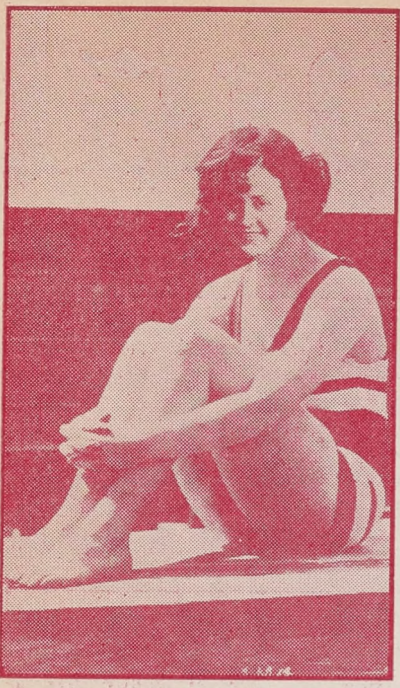
In

### "Boomerang Bill"

and

JOHNNY HINES  
In His Biggest Comedy  
BATTLING TORCHY





**MEMBERS OF GOBLER ORDER FAMOUS IN WORLD HISTORY**

(Continued from Page One)

the tenets of this Order blossomed forth in his heart.

Every generation of man since the time of the Beginning has unknowingly contributed toward its growth, as the coral in tropical seas adds his minute skeleton to the myriads that died before him. Years pass,—the coral pile seems not to have changed, but in time a fairy like atoll rises out of the sea. Great waving palms appear, flowers clothe the ground, \* \* \* it is a bit of Paradise locked in mid-ocean. Still each bit of coral died not knowing why it had lived. So it has been with the generations of men whose lives were but a heartbeat in the bosom of Eternity. Like the coral covered by the waves of the sea they have been covered by the waves of oblivion. Thus have the generations and the races of men contributed to the wealth of the Ancient Mystical Order of Gobblers.

The first man that history records as belonging to this order was Adam. Even before Eve arrived to complete his garden of Paradise he was proficient in the ways of the Gobblers. Following him comes Hammurabi, the Pharoehs, Alexander the Great, and Mark Anthony. These men of powerful intellect whose dynamic energies had so much to do with the shaping of the destiny of the ancient world, even in the giddiest moments of their glory were not above casting aside all worldly cares and performing the sacred ritual.

Following these men came Attila, the scourge of Europe. Justinian, the great lawmaker, Charlemagne, the mighty empire builder, and Gregory VII. All of these luminaries of history were laymen of the Order.

Among literary pioneers, the Gobblers number among their members Socrates, the Athenian philosopher, who, when driven from the family hearthstone by his wife Xantippi, tightened the girdle on his robe and betook himself to the Ecclesia where he condemned women to eternal damnation. Plato and Aristotle, his disciples, also did much to enrich the ancient ceremonies.

In a later period comes Boccaccio, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Durer, Rubens, Titian, Martin Luther, Shakespeare and Oscar Wilde. Each of these men embraced the tenets of the Order, reaping from their affiliation pleasures from which arose the inspiration without which their great works could never have been given to the world.

America has been no less rich in great men belonging to this organization than has Europe. Captain John Paul Jones, Aron Burr, Henry Clay, Bryan and Pusyfoot Johnson were all prominent men in the ranks of the Gobblers in their time. Congressman Volstead is now serving in the ranks with distinction.

The chapter of Loyal Brothers of Gobblers of the University of Nevada has been in existence since 1885 and has inscribed on its roll the names of the biggest men of the University. The last man to have the distinction of having membership in the Order conferred upon him was Patrickson Green who was initiated with due pomp and according to the ancient ceremonies in the spring of '21.

At present the Chapter's headquarters are in Lincoln Hall, where most of the brothers are domiciled, and where live the two High Exalted Rulers. It is a fact worth mentioning that both of these High Exalted's belong to the same clan, \* \* \* an association of disappointed achievers to Phi Kappa Phi that is commonly known on the campus by the Greek name of Kappa Lamba. This however is their only claim to being a fraternity. Howard Westervelt and Francis Walsh are two Kappa Lambdas who have the distinction of holding the positions of High Exalted in the Order. May they long live and flourish for their fame redounds to the glory of the cause they so nobly and ardently support.

U. of N.

**IT SURE IS!**

I fear thee, ancient Prof.  
I fear thy skinny hand,  
That marks the 3's and 4's and flunkers,  
And cinches for mere man.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
That glares at my pomp, dull brown,  
And because co-eds have raven locks  
You dare to mark me down.

Those raven locks so brilliantined,  
And eyes like midnight sea,  
They vamp from you a dozen ones,  
While you sling delinks at me.

They bluff you, ancient Prof.  
And the keen ones very well,  
While we sit back and sweat,  
Co-education! Ain't it Hell?

**GOW HOUSE KNIGHTS EXCEL IN MATTERS OF TABLE COURTESY**

Now for the Gow House Blues and a tale of the Square Table Knights who guzzle their water and gargle their food. It is the long arm that wins;—the more a plate can hold, the better off his stomach is;—the more he can hold, the better off his appetite is;—and the faster he can get out, the better off the rest "IS." They tell a tale of an old frog who blew himself out so much he just naturally burst. Isn't there any fable of the man who ate so much that he lined the opposite wall with tripe?

Woe be to the man, woman or co-ed who has no long arm, no strong voice and, finally, a ravaging appetite. He, she, or it, has not a chance in the world to satisfy that hungry craving; the Knights of the Square Table are already six spoonfuls of sugar, four helpings of hash—oh, that hash!—and about four desserts ahead of everyone else.

Thank you's "Please," there are no "Thank you's" heard at the Gow House. Only the munching of tough beef and the gurgling of milk is heard. Once in awhile the Engineers give their little yell to deaden the noise of the soup, but that is seldom. There ought to be a jazz orchestra there about souptime. Without a doubt, no one in the Gow House has ever heard of a book on etiquette, even if they have heard of cook books and sporting guides.

But there is one Knight who is chivalrous beyond description—so polite that he would make a buxom society matron weep with mortification at her own abominable manners. This young Knight sits next to a co-ed, who in a modern maiden in a tower—she lives in Manzanita. One evening, as they were serving the Sunday afternoon tea in place of dinner, (only, of course, there was no tea), the Knight split his cocoa (beastly watery stuff) all over the fair damsel. He immediately proffered his paper napkin which had not been used—much. That was politeness—about the first ever seen in the Gow House with the exception of the time Sir Feemster offered to take Miss Mack to town on the handle bars of his bicycle. She refused the invitation, we wonder why?

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**MANANA, MANANA**

The S. A. E. outfit has adopted the plan of compelling the men in the house, who receive a certain number of cinches, to carry a dumbbell with them while on the campus. How fortunate the Phi Sigs are not to have adhered to a similar plan, for that layout would have been unanimous in toting of replicas of the above mentioned implement. But we can overlook a lot of this when we stop to consider the fact that the men spend the greater part of the evening in listening to bed-time tales, the favorite one being, "I'll get my lessons in the morning."

**PREXY HOLDS GATE OPEN FOR FLUNKER**

(Continued from Page One)

a new world, the whistle that means the opening of a new life, the launching of a career.

"There they stand, before us is Elko. Twelve students await the train that means life and happiness and a future to them. Down there is Bunkerville, three barefooted Mormons tote their Sunday clothes toward the railroad tracks determined to flag the train that leads to the University of Nevada. A little further away is Las Vegas, there we find five young men and women who have decided to come to the U. of N. and live down the reputation that Robert Griffith has made for the home town. Up here in the middle of the State is a little dot on the map, that is Battle Mountain. La Kamp came from there. Well do I remember the day I delivered my famous farewell address to him.

"Then up in Mason Valley is Walter Cox and Jack Ross, both, splendid youths—they are waiting for the Copper Belt to drive in and take them back to the U. We'll say they are home on a vacation.

"Then, Oh Lord, like the news that Paul Revere sped through the night to make known, through the state travels the news that you have appeared on the campus under the influence of spirituous liquors. A terror spreads through the land, panic follows the rumor. Fathers shudder, mothers rush from their firesides to the stations; they hurry their innocent daughters home. Young men who waited for the trains throw away their Sunday clothes and sneak back to the farms ashamed that they had even thought of going to an institution where men appear under the influence of moonshine.

"Like Caesar's wife we must be above suspicion. We have lost all that new material that might have made the University famous. But worst of all there is Cox and Ross, the Pride of Mason Valley. They hear that you appeared drunk. Oh! I shudder as I speak that hated word! But I can't dodge it. Truth will out. These two splendid young men hear the news; they hesitate, hold consultation and decide that their reputations mean more to

them than an education. As a result the school suffers a great loss.

"All this has come about on your account. You should harg your head in eternal shame. The whole future of the University that I have so carefully planned has been wrecked by your thoughtless action. You gave up to the Demon Rum and all my plans have come to naught. Therefore, it becomes my sad duty to remove your presence from this peaceful campus. I hereby give you the gate. Get thyself gone."

The wayward youth who had stood trembling before this flow of invective, slides for the door at this last remark. He sees the door before him and knows that safety lies on the other side of its portals. The voice of the gray haired "God of Justice" fills his ears like the rumbling of thunder. If he can only reach the door he will be safe, but his strength fails, there is no hope, he will be talked to death. Now, one more step, and then safety. But no! The Great Stone Face speaks again.

"Just a second. I've got one more word to say. Stick around for awhile. I've still got a good line to turn loose. As a climax to my farewell oration I always end with one that I call 'How To Get By.' This is a good one and you won't regret the time you spend listening to it.

"Cast out of the University you look helplessly about. The cruel world closes in about you. Your body calls for food, you can't get it. What must be done? I'll tell you! Get a job. Work! Work!

"Get a good job. One that pays real money. When they know that you have attended my school they will say there's a good man, he deserves a good salary.

Then you will thank your Maker that you came to my school. The first month you can pay your board and have enough to buy a pair of shoes. The next month get a set of trousers. Next a coat and vest. See! Before you know it there is a suit of clothes. All your own! Then buy an overcoat. Pretty soon you can afford a hat. Now that you own all your clothes put the rest of the money in the bank.

"This has taken years to accomplish. You are now an old man and have forgotten the evil ways of youth. The spark of manhood that I mentioned in the first speech has burned into a great flame. You are ready to come back to the University—to my school—and finish your college education."

All this time Prexy had been staring steadily at a picture of Lincoln but as he finished this last remark he glanced around. The wayward youth had fallen asleep. Great grew the wrath within the Prexy.

"The depraved specimen of manhood, to think that he slept during my best address. Oh God! Life is a vale of tears. Here I wasted two hours. I might have been talking to Miss Beckwith and she'd have had to listen or I would have stopped her remuneration."

The Great Man's shoulders drooped and he trembled as he walked to the phone and called for Carl Horn to drag him away. "I'll never let him enter my University again," he sighed.

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**FRATERNITY LIFE  
RUDELY EXPOSED  
BY INVESTIGATION**

(Continued from Page One)

chains. The names of the Slingers were Davis, Griffith, Foster and Simpson. Carefully they flexed their tonsils and stood trembling for the attack. Simultaneously they began to roar. At a signal from the Highbinder the Dumbbells rushed up and succeeded in clubbing three of them into insensibility. The fourth man continued to talk. The name of this Slinger was Simpson.

I've known this man for a week. Damn fine fellow. Wears a tweed suit and woolen underwear. Looks like he'd make a good man. He's going to be here for two years and is just the type of man we need. Besides, if we get him he could pay his board on the first then that would give us enough credit with the grocer and butcher so's that the rest of us wouldn't have to kick through till about the fifteenth."

At the conclusion of this modest Henry Clay one of the Goofs made the motion that the box be passed. It was seconded and carried by vote. The Mystic Scribbler opened a hidden door in the wall and carefully brought forth the tiny box that held within it the fate of so many men. In one side was a handful of dobies some white and others black. If you wanted to put the skids under a man's college career you merely slipped a black dobie through the hole and into the compartment on the other side.

Before each Goof the Scribbler paused momentarily. There would be a slight click as the fateful ball jangled into place. A deathlike stillness held the room in its grasp. Every man there knew that they, the Kluxa Kluxas, held this man's fate in their hand. Even the Heavenly Dealer of Destinies peeped into the room to see who these men were who dared determine careers.

The vote was over and the Highbinder gave the verdict, "Fifteen whites and three blacks." It was moved that another vote be taken and the floor was again cleared for action. Once more the Slingers strained at their chains. Again they rushed to the center of the room. One, who was faster than the others, had doped out their introduction. To this slinger, who was known to the toilers and doers of the tribe as Griffith, the Highbinder said, "Peace be with you," and he caused the others to be driven back to their corners.

"Well men, you've got to snap out of it. We're losing a good man here and I don't like the attitude that some of you are taking. In my mind there is no doubt as to the qualifications of this man. I knew a fellow like him down in Vegas. I remember how I had to argue to get him into the Clark County Dramatic Club, but he turned out to be the best man in the club. Now when they want a fellow sized up they say, 'Go to Griffith, he knows'."

"But to get back to the subject. You can't go wrong on this fellow. See how he gets by with the women. Why he's only been here a week and Gen Morgan knows his maiden name. Now you got

to know your stuff to get by with women like that. Smart! Why I bet he's just as smart as a whip and anyway he don't have to know very much to keep up with us. Notice that hair comb! See those Nettleton brogues! Get the style and pep. If you fellows don't take my advice and let him in you'll be sorry for it till the day you die."

Here the Slinger collapsed from the weakening effect of his pathetic rendition. Two seconds rushed him into the corner and administrated first aid while the little black box slipped around among the brothers. Again there was no sound but the click of the balls. Each face was strained and tense. What would be the result of this count? At last the Highbinder spoke, "Eighteen whites, and two blacks." An audible groan arose from the listeners while the two remaining Slingers growled deep in their throats and whined eagerly to be tuned loose.

Foster at last broke from his keeper and ran howling into the room. "To think that you—and you—and you," here he pointed like Scrooge's ghost, "to think that you men are my fraternity brothers. Must I admit that you are too dumb to know a good man? Heaven forbid! And yet you sit here calmly listening while we Brunswick ourselves through record after record.

"We shame the orators of Athens, of Rome, and yet like dumb and stolid cattle you—and you—and you" points finger again, "still have the audacity to vote 'no'. Do you know why you wear hats? Ah! I thought so. Not to keep your backbones from unraveling or to keep your hair from falling into your eyes—but to cover up that hole where your brains should have been. That's why!

"Here is a man—a paragon of virtue—a perfect student—a pleasing personality—lots of jack—drag with the women and Gen; a man who is up and moving. Here he is wearing tweed in spring. Think of the advantage of having a man in the fraternity who dresses with the times. And he's well built—why I know a dozen men in the house that could borrow his clothes. And that's what we need—good clothes."

In the middle of his act Foster lost his wind and had to be carried out until it was found. Once more and for the third time a vote was taken—the balls counted and the verdict given, "Nineteen whites and one black!" At this, some of his brothers who had been on the water wagon fainted and called for whiskey. In a far corner the last of the Slingers massaged his tonsils and stripped for the fray.

The faithful knew this man by the name of Davis and it was commonly known that as a student his talents were being wasted. He should have been a Brewster Adams or Prof. Thompson then he could have talked all day and no one would have thought anything about it.

At last he gained the floor, trembling like a spirited horse before the race. A silence akin to that in a deaf and

dumb ward greeted him. The listeners displayed their intense interest by dropping off to sleep. Gazing about for a moment like a caged lion he began. "Now fellows! (pause) Let me tell you what to do. (pause—someone snored.) I will go down on record as saying that this man would be complimenting this fraternity very highly if he should condescend to join us. He's one of the straightest shooters I have ever known. Whatever he does he does right.

"He's one of those fellows that don't impress you very favorably at first but the more he's around the more you see of him. The more you get to know him the better he becomes acquainted with you. In his home town high school he holds the record for the long distance sprints. At the last county fair he out threw the best horse shoe pitchers of the entire countryside.

"His opportunities of making good have not been very many but if he comes into this fraternity I think that I can make a man of him. In fact I can make him a man among men. I personally believe the tact and keen judgment of this man will be a great material aid to the fraternity and you all must admit that before I was pledged you didn't have any men of outstanding brilliancy on the campus. While I wont swear that he'll ever be the man I am, I think that he will make good.

"His scholarship hasn't been much but this gang can ride him. I think he could knock down a three-five with a little coaching. Personally I'd like to call him a brother. I'd like to hear from some of those men who voted against him. You'd soon get to like him. If he was a fraternity brother you'd have to—that's the point we want to look at.

"Don't let the argument of poor scholarship keep a man out. I know men who have been benefited the school by staying here seven or eight years. Who can deny that the University isn't a better institution for having had Wooster or Clem Caffery or Pop Moore?

"Of course he came from Vegas and hasn't had much chance to develop. He will be a four year man. You should vote for him for what he represents—his father has a bank balance of sixty thousand. A vote against him is an act of treason to the fraternity and to the business men to whom we owe money. He's the goose that can lay the golden eggs if we feed him the right sort of tonic.

"His family is the best in the state. Two of his brothers are connected with the state, having been in the penitentiary for three years, his father was Mayor of Vegas and one time owner of the Nota Chance Saloon.

"Gentlemen and fraternity brothers, I appeal to you to use the bean. Think of the future of our glorious fraternity. Think of the clothes we can wear and most of all, remember his drag with the janes. I have no doubt but that you

have been convinced by my powerful argument. I thank you."

It took some time to wake the sleeping brothers to take the next vote. For the last time the Scribbler made his weary round. This time there was no hesitation. Each man reached for his ball and dropped it in a determined manner. The Slinger smiled. The bull was mightier than reason.

The Highbinder had the box. He counted and as he did each man sat motionless. God! The suspense was nerve racking. The verdict! What was it? The Highbinder speaks—"Twenty—(here the Slinger interrupted to tell the brothers that they would never regret their vote—and they didn't) twenty blacks."

U. of N.

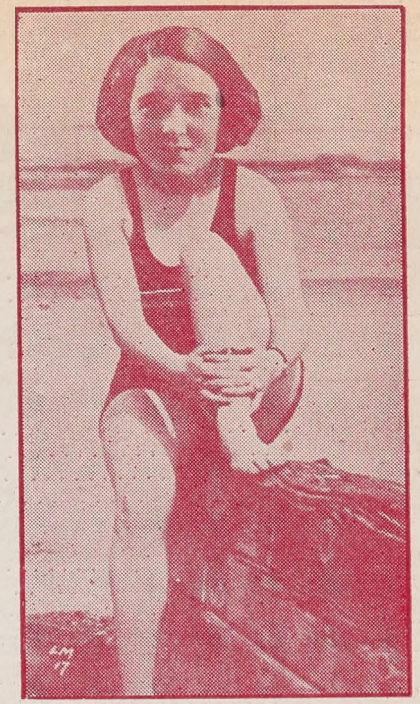
**MERLE IS NO SLOUCH  
WITH THE COOK BOOK**

On hearing that Merle's frequent absences from the Gow House are accounted for by the fact that when his ma is out, Johnny takes her home to fry the eggs and bacon.

In the morning I meet her,  
When the sun rises;  
So early I greet her,  
Sleep still in her eyes is.

And I never leave her,  
Except when the bell rings.  
Each parting doth grieve her,  
And, Oh! How my heart wrings!

We are tried and true-hearted,  
In fair or foul weather,  
We will never be parted,  
We will flunk out together.



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# The U. of N. Razzberry

UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION of all

Dissatisfied Students of the University of Nevada.

Entered at the Post Office at Reno, Nevada, as the lowest class of matter. Published once during the college year.

ANANIAS LOOSE Editor. JACKASS JOHNNY Chief Ad Chaser.



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JOHN KAYLAN Sport. MEL SCURVY Plagiarist. E. GREENSWARD Sloppy Reader. MARK DE PUC Goof Reader

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The Razzberry does not endorse the sentiments of any of the articles published in its columns. The columns are, however, open to any and all suggestions by envious and dissatisfied students and faculty.

### INTERCOLLEGIATE BULL SERVICE

All intercollegiate bull is by the Southwest and Pacific Street News Services unless otherwise noted.

S. I. M. P. EDITOR BARRELL PILSONER. P. I. EDITOR PAUL BLOCKHEAD.

Member of Pacific Street News Association.

### BLUE LAWS.

Blue law propaganda seem to be all the rage. We note that the beach commissioner at Palm Beach has decreed that only "modest" costumes may be worn upon the sands during the coming season. Who is this man who would fain conceal beauty? Blue Laws (we came near saying the Pi Phis) are always taking the joys out of life.

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### SINN FEIN.

You engineers are an egotistical crew of gazobos. To listen to you the only tough course to be found on the Hill is in the curriculum of the College of Engineering. Your displays on the so-called Big Engineers' Day were so rotten they were good. But listen, you abbreviated tong of world builders, you might be able to solve I-er but when you come to a real problem in common sense economics, you will be so full of jumbled up, parrot learned formulas, that you will be as high and dry as old Noah was in the Ark.

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### EFFICIENCY.

That the university is run on an exceedingly efficient basis is shown by annual reports to the legislature. A recent incident will serve to illustrate the point aptly. Quantities of old scrap iron, obsolete engines, etc., accumulate in the engineering laboratories and litter up the unused corners. To show that the department was well managed it was decided that the garbage man should be deprived of the honor of garnering a few shekels by perusing the contents of his wagon and extracting therefrom the rusty iron and accordingly a consultation was held with the mighty merchant of old rags, bottles and bones. This king of finance after viewing the remains of what once constituted masterpieces of the mechanical art, to wit, one medium sized steam engine, one air compressor and some few pounds of iron, gallantly offered a magnanimous sum for the total approximating ten dollars. This generous offer was accepted and the stuff passed out of the domain of the University.

Thus was the school enriched by the foresight of the engineering department, or was it the department of the superintendent of the grounds? Anyway to continue: The following day it was found that the class in foundry practice would need a quantity of scrap iron to fill the molds which the students had been laboriously making all semester, but the University had been enriched on the proceeds of the material which was to have been melted. New material would be purchased for the use of the class. What if it should cost several times as much as the material that had been sold? Had not someone shown that he had brains and was looking toward the welfare of the school? And to cap the climax, one of the free thinkers of the engineering department stated that if the steam engine had been cleaned a little during the war it would have netted the school somewhere around \$300. But what are such slight details? We still maintain that someone on the campus has brains.

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### TACTLESS TRACK TACTICS

Going home to bed after a hard afternoon lab, you seldom fail to see several sparsely clad—meaning clad in a few places—gents dash shiveringly

from the gym and hie them toward Mackay Field. Suddenly a light dawns, you remember it is track season and the thought brings forth memories. Poor deluded fools! They think they are going to learn to run, but we know different. They will learn nothing, but if they will apply themselves assiduously, will acquire flat feet, shin-splinters and enlarged hearts. They are not to be blamed; they are but following the precepts of the mighty R. O. Court-right. And Corky's system is about equal to learning to drive a Ford from a correspondence course.

The older men are wise and can take care of themselves. The younger ones are only injuring themselves and should be stopped; never a runner will come from them. The coaches have baseball on their hands and football coming up. Awful busy, they are. The young runner gets little instruction; less supervision, and no encouragement. At this altitude we should produce world-beaters on the track. At the moment it appears doubtful if we ever equal our own records.

We are, apparently, going to specialize in football. How any of them are ever going to be any good without first learning to run is a mystery. Maybe it has been figured that the game is getting slower, as it is—and less of a game because of the high degree of specialization necessary. In 1940, assuming the game still exists, each man will weigh about 300 pounds and will go about the field in a little wagon.

Let's have the athletic staff get hep and see how things are standing. Too much wire-pulling, air, underhand organizing, banquets, conferences and general bunk have put in their appearance of late. Nevada can always turn out good all-around men. Record football teams will be as scarce as a frosh at an A. S. U. N. meeting for some time to come. Let's not kid ourselves otherwise. We have neither the mass of men nor the finances necessary and our throats are so sore during football season that we can't sing in church on Sundays. Track men will be pulling down records long after football is as extinct as the dodo. When a few of our present men go, we can take our chances of sport supremacy and lock 'em up safe for a while.

Corky, with the single exception of his mother-in-law, has awarded block "N"s, sweaters, blankets, socks, tin-kettles and souvenirs of one kind or another to every member of his large and admiring circle. If any man, in the opinion of many, deserved his N last year it was old Sam James from Alabam'. We are strong for Sam. For consolation he has been elected to the order of the India-rubber Eagle, having acquired more merit than Bradshaw, who has been granted the nickel plated hot dog and the hem-stitched birch bark diploma of public speaking.

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### OR HER RIGHT EYE

Definition of a patroness: "A Patroness is a person who, at the request of a number of simpering young sorority women, is expected to open her heart, her home, and her cellar."

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### A CHEAP RAKE

A periscope should be purchased by the Student Body and installed in Coach (?) Courtright's office. It is very embarrassing for the poor man to be caught day after day as he gazes through the keyhole at Miss Sameth's thinly clad nymphs. Besides—he's married.

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### LIKE PHILBIN

Can you feature these berries who wander about the Campus minus a hat—displaying, to the long-suffering public, a sticky mass of marcelled hair? We may expect that they will soon be cutting their trousers off at the knee to show the curves of a neatly turned calf. We know of some, addicted to silk socks, who shave the hair on their legs already. As for plucking their eyebrows, lots of 'em do it.

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### DIRTY DEEDS IN THE DARK

The Tri Delt's really had a good house in view—once, but after due consideration they concluded that the high social status of their women, as well as their popularity, would be ruined if they located on a corner with an arc-light. They're in the dark, now!

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### FOR HE HAS EYES AND HE SEES NOT

The Rev. Pendleton declaims: "Women are neither chickens nor peaches; they are human beings." Well said, sir, but you certainly have not seen our Arvella since she bobbed her hair!

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### FAMOUS SAYINGS!

Dean Stewart: "It is interesting to note." Prof. Hardman: "Up to a certain extent." Prof. Brown: "You don't seem to realize." Prof. F. Wilson: "Now when I was in Arizona." Prof. Thompson: "I'd like for you." Steinie: "Isn't it?" Pres. Clark: "In the slimelight." "I happened to think this morning." (Truly remarkable.) Feemster: "I wrote to the Irish Ambassador." Layman: "I must request that you do your visiting outside (deep whisper)" Hartman: "This is close enough for our purposes." Hix: "Dja ever hear this one?" "Whiz Bang" would give a fortune for it." Wilcox: "It seems to me." Haseman: "Now look sharp!"

FOR HE'S THE KING OF THE DUMB-BELLS Smiles (absent minded): "I can't for the life of me remember who wrote Gray's Elegy."

ASK PROF. YOUNG Eric: "Daddy, what do they mean when they say a woman is dressed in 'height of fashion'?" Prof. Young: "About an inch above the knees, my son."

THE BLUE AND GOLD VAMP M. Fike: "You interest me strangely as no man ever has."

M. Sanders: "Yes, you told me that last night."

Goldie again: "Oh! Was that you?"

THE PRICE OF IDEALS Quill: "There is a lot of satisfaction in living up to one's ideals."

Mickey: "Yes, if you can afford to flunk your ex's in college and remain poor when you graduate."

MEOWS FROM MANZANITA Jessie G.: "You were at the opera last night?"

Lois W.: "Yes,—perfectly delightful time?"

Jessie: "What did you hear?"

Lois: "Oh! That Francis is engaged at last, and Helen has had her hair cut and Coates lost his frat pin (though I don't really believe he lost it), and Erma was seen on the porch the other day with somebody that wasn't George and....."

Jessie: "But,—you don't understand. What did you see?"

Lois: "Why, that Kate was out with Dollard and Titus had some new blonde and....."

Jessie: "What was the name of the opera?"

Lois: "Name of the opera? Oh, I did see it on the program,—but I've really forgotten. I've such a poor memory for details."

WHAT THE CO-ED THINKS OF THE ENGINEER Secrets are safe with Engineers, But I'll say this in their praise; They have no ears and they are dead From those same ears both ways.

SIGN IN THE LIBRARY Only LOW conversation allowed. ! ? \* \* \* \* \*

FAMOUS PAIRS Cahlan and Lemaire oo and me Duborg and Eason Ham and eggs Faulbaum and Lamon Corned Beef and Cabbage Skinner and Merchant Pretzels and Beer Bradshaw and Ruth Ball and Chain Crawford and Money

ALACK FOR THE ARTEMISIA Artemisia editor Paul Harwood on reading the Dill Pickle of the Y. W. C. A.: "God! THEY'VE been reading Punch Bowl, too. They've got most of the Artemisia jokes in this stuff."

A COSMOPOLITAN CLASS Jimmie Shaver (in shop): "Gosh Prof, this class is getting worse every day."

Prof. Preston: "Well there is one consolation.....it can't get much worse than it is now with these four Russians and Faulbaum."

AMONG THE LITERARY LIGHTS Mary Patterson: "Have you ever read Kant?"

Bertlia Blatner: "No, but I've read 'Don't's for girls.'"

DUTY FOUND AT LAST FOR COL. RYAN'S PRODIGIES It has recently been suggested that a squad of Colonel Ryan's hearties be detailed to prevent the daily demonstration on the quadrangle of the imperishability of the Genus Canis Domesticus.

SIAM'S NATIONAL ANTHEM (To the tune of America.) Ova tannas Siam Geeve tannas Siam Ova tannas Sucha tannas Siam Inucan gif fa tam Osucha nas Siam

UPPER-HOLE, PLEASE A cruel red scar on a plump white knee. It's up to Alva to explain the accident. The wind exposed it; explanation must dispose of it. The meaner, best substantiated story current is that she slipped off a door-knob.

It reminds me of the case of a young man, S. A. E., who used to sweep out the halls of Manzanita. He slipped off a door-knob, too, and to add to his troubles, the old Tartar of the Hall, the same then as now, discharged him. "The girls must not be disturbed at the showers," she explained as she threw him down the steps.

GETTING TO THE POINT Prof. FRANDSEN: After raving very long and getting tangled up in all sorts of involved explanations—"Now, are there any questions?"

H. FAULBAUM: "Yes. What's the time, Prof?"

CHARMING BIT FOR THE IMAGINATION BAKER, Over the 'phone: "Got anything on tonight?"

ELEANOR: "Not a thing—Come on over."

ASK THE PEARL BUTTON ON HER SHOE JOHNNY PHILBIN: at Gow House: "Have you got frog legs?"

HESTER: "Quit your kidding and tell me if you want tea or coffee."

"THE VICE OF LIFE" VISITOR: "Does Mr. Colley, a student, live here?"

PROF. TURNER: "Mr. Colley lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."

MAKES A DIFFERENCE First Snake: "How long has Gene Morgan been engaged?"

Second Serpent: "Individually or collectively?"

RANK SEWAGE At the Mineral Cafe (2 a. m.) Pinky Law: "Is this water pure?"

Waiter: "Just as pure as your sweetie."

Pinky: "Give me a glass of milk."

NATURAL CONCLUSION Green Co-ed: "What is that little red button for?"

Proud Frosh: "Why that is a Phi Sigma Kappa pledge button!"

New Co-Ed: "Is that a Fraternity? I thought it was a hospital association."

MIRIAM KNOWS FROM EXPERIENCE Miriam Fike (At dance): "I am sure that I smell cloves."

Gooding: "Taint possible. Mustch be flowsh on my necktie."

ODE TO PROF. FEEMSTER My face, I don't mind it, for I am behind it; The fellow in front gets the jar.

AND THE LORD SAID, "IT SHALL BE FULL OF FOOLS." Braggart Bill: "Why in blankety blank don't you leave my name out of the Sagebrush for a week. There hasn't been a blankety blankety issue of the Sagebrush for years that hasn't had my blankety-blankety name in it. Why don't you write-up somebody who needs the publicity? They know ME all over the State. The next time one of my fraternity brothers runs for office I'm going to vote 'Hell, No!'"

PROF. WILSON IN ANIMAL HUSBANDRY Prof.: "Now when I was at the U. of Arizona, I was conducting some feeding tests."

Simpson: "Say, Prof."

Prof.: "Some question?"

Simpson: "You get up and drive and let me get down and spread awhile."

THE NATIVE SON EXTERMINATOR Conscience-smitten flunk before scholarship Committee.

Dean Hall: "Where are you from?"

Flunk-out: "California."

Dean Hall: "Kick him out."

VOICE FROM THE 80'S Ed Reed (in student body meeting): "Something must be done to keep the Frosh where they belong. They pipe the flight, and queen more than the seniors."

Pop Moore: "That is exactly my sentiment. Why, when I was a Frosh, I would no more think of speaking to a girl than....."

Voice in the rear: "That was so damn long ago that you've forgotten whether you did or not."

AND YOU AREN'T THE ONLY ONE Priscylla Reynolds: "Pretty is as pretty does."

Soren Christensen: "Well, that sure makes a homely jane out of you."

AND THE CATS HAVE POOR LEGS Tri-Delt: We've got a cat over at the Tri-Delt house.

Male: "Only one? Damn funny sorority."

ESHBACH-RAMELLI "Ice-box" Eshbach of the A. T. O.'s has at last capitulated to an inmate of the Tri-Delt starvation cell. This quasi-Yiddish financier, after love had gnawed long at his heart and the promptings of economy had struggled in his mind, at last picked up an old relic in a dark corner of a hock shop, and now the little lady peers proudly through her window panes at a piece of brass the size of a pair of handcuffs.

**NORMAN W. PENDLETON'S SUBJECTS:**  
7:30 P. M.——"What Have Scientists Really Discovered About Spiritualism?"  
11 A. M.——"Applied Psychology---Personality."  
"THE LION WHO THOUGHT HE WAS A LAMB" "THE LAW OF REALIZATION"  
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**LES BRUCE BLASTS PROMISING CAREER**

It is hard to slip anything over on the famed editor of the "Brush", especially as he has watched with careful eyes all material that has entered the columns of the RAZZBERRY. His nefarious practices have long been hidden beneath a smiling exterior and an insinuating manner. It was only by chance that the overworked staff was able to unmask him.

Bruce, the human dictionary, erstwhile Rhodes scholar, and example of manly integrity has been found singularly lacking in more than one of the cardinal virtues with which the students have been wont to credit him. Like Adam, woman has proved his downfall. Not only this, but the peculiar circumstances of the case show that he is entirely lacking in the moral sense of fraternal devotion.

It was quite by accident that he was discovered in a compromising situation with his brother's betrothed. Details of the entanglement are such that it is deemed inadvisable to trust them to print, even in this publication. Suffice it to say that he played the part of an ardent and passionate lover. It is rumored that the blow fell heavily on his absent brother, who is now contemplating a trip to Alaska to forget the sordid and Judas like betrayal of his confidence.

Not satisfied with this lapse from grace, and with his conscious already smothered under the weight of his enormous sins, investigation has shown that he has also become addicted to the despicable art of cradle robbing, securing his victims from the lower classes of the Reno High School. He lures his tender dupes with seductive lollypops and other sacharine delights, quantities of which have been discovered concealed among his private effects.

With his once bright prospects of fame and happiness melting in the glittering sun of publicity he forms one of the most pitiable examples of misdirected genius.

U. of N.

**NEVADA YELL**

Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Is my hat on straight!  
Lend me your powder rag  
Cherry Phosphate!  
Oh we won three!  
And we lost eight!  
B-a-asketball, R-a-aspberry!

**GREEK MEETS GREEK**

Galmarino: (At A. T. O. dance)  
"You're an awful box car to drag around."

Money: "Who said you were good enough to know the difference?"

**A DIZZY AFFAIR**

The best joke I know is the Dizzy-Jiggs affair.

**BETTER USE SOME THREAD**

Letitia says it isn't the truth. Evidently Harry gave her the pin to hold her dress together.

**JUNE IS BUT A PASSING FANCY**

Perhaps Noble is waiting too long. At any rate, Dewey Conrad is making hay while the sun shines.

**COLUMBUS TOOK A CHANCE**

Rae had a willowy figure  
Tall and straight and neat,  
Jiggs was a wee bit runty  
In spite of all he could eat.

He took her out to every dance,  
He trotted by her side  
Some one had to do the deed,  
So Jiggs forgot his pride.

**THE POWER OF SUGGESTION**

With the advent of spring, Jimmie Bradshaw's pulmonary organ expanded with the budding leaves. He has now adopted a string of dogs (not hot) and recently brought them up on the campus to amuse his other lengthy string of animals—a dozen or so co-eds. We wonder whether Jimmie brought the critters up here to give them a college education in Animal Husbandry, or what. How come, Jimmie? \* \* \*

**THE HENPECKED PSYCHOLOGIST**

Dr. Young: "And believe me, my friends, there is nothing so healthy, so exhilarating, so upbuilding, as sleeping in the open air."

Voice from the back row: "So, your wife locks you out, too, does she?" \* \* \*

**"A POOR OLD HALF-DEAD SAP"**

Here's to the girl who's pure and chaste;  
The purer she is, the less she is chased.  
Columbia University.

The above couplet was recommended by a charming co-ed for a reprint in the Raspberry, if the editor wanted a r-a-a-r-e one.

Ed: "If I should print that, the S. W. Wilcox morals committee would hop all over me."

Charming co-ed: "Why, the idea! The poor old half-dead sap!" \* \* \*

**SHE WINS**

"My love is like a red, red rose."—Dede Brown. \* \* \*

**SNATCH FROM A CO-ED'S CONVERSATION**

"You never can tell about Paul Crawford. He may have a fairly decent girl out, and then, again, and more usually, he has one of the wet wash wigglers. That's a fact. Paul is the damndest crumb. He will pick out the biggest tramp on earth and think he's got the queen of the town." \* \* \*

**TOO BUSY FOR CHURCH; BUT NOT TOO BUSY TO GO TO HELL**

Karl Horn: "Where have you been?"

Quill: "Church."

Horn: "I suppose you prayed for me?"

Quill: "Well, hardly. You see, I go so seldom myself that I have to pray to beat the band to square myself." \* \* \*

**ROMEO DISAPPOINTED**

Eddie Reed, fearing that he would not be chosen to play Romeo opposite Evelyn, has refused to go out for the senior play, or to allow her to do so. He declares: "I don't want every Tom, Dick and Harry kissin' my girl." \* \* \*

**FOR SHE'S A HUSKY, HEALTHY JANE**

Cahlan (passionately): "Don't you feel the call of the irresistible?"  
Mal de Mer: "Sure, let's eat." \* \* \*

**WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM BAILEY?**

Bailey: Oh, this floor is so slick. It is really very difficult to keep on your feet."

Co-ed: "You don't seem to be having much trouble." \* \* \*

**BUT HE'S A HARD GUY"**

St. Peter: "You say you were the editor of the Raspberry?"

Applicant (with impudence): "Yep."

St. Peter: "Step into the elevator, please."

Applicant: "How soon does it go up?"

St. Peter: "It doesn't go up." \* \* \*

**CITY ENGINEER WILL HAVE TO EVEN UP THE GUTTER**

Evan Davies (one memorable Saturday night): "Shay, one of my legs is shrinking."

Andy: "Maybe, hic, you're right, but you're walking with one foot in the gutter." \* \* \*

**WILLING BOYS WANTED**

Eshbach, when accused of hauling ashes at the Tri-Delt house, answered, "Aw, g'wan! If you think I haul ashes just go down in the basement and see." \* \* \*

**DIRTY WATER MISTAKEN FOR BEER**

Pix Pearson came home to the A. T. O. House not long ago bearing a bottle of beer. After the simple lad had let everybody in the house know of it, he hid it under Bobby Griffith's bed.

Later, on searching it out for consumption, he drank near half a bottle of dirty water before before his untrained stomach recognized that it was not beer.

In high dudgeon he rushed down to the dinner table and demanded that the man who had drunk his beer thank him for it immediately. "Thanks, Pix," immediately came from all hands and the cook.

Pop Moore, one of the few heavy drinkers who held sway in the old days before steam heated gutters were invented, is still cursing Pix for not bringing home a few more bottles. \* \* \*

**MONEYLESS**

The bar room door swung open,  
As old Crawford staggered by  
He was going out to shoot himself  
To end it all and die.

She at last had thrown him over,  
Once more he called it quits,  
(Was it not a man named Murphy  
That made Paul lose his wits?)

The gun he had was loaded,  
He held it to his head,  
He sighed the name of Money,  
And fell down lifeless, dead drunk.



**ONLY TEN OTHERS KNOW IT**

Gus: "We must keep our engagement secret."  
Marie: "Yes, I'm ashamed of it, too."

**WIGWAM**

Reno's Independent Playhouse

MON.—TUES.—

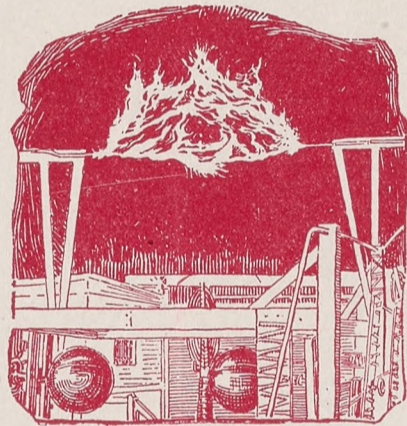
WED.—THURS.

**TOM MIX**

IN

**"Up and Going"**

Taken along the Truckee River, near Reno, at the time Mr. Mix and his company made a personal appearance at this theatre.



**Man-Made Lightning**

FRANKLIN removed some of the mystery. But only recently has science really explained the electrical phenomena of the thunderstorm.

Dr. C. P. Steinmetz expounds this theory. Raindrops retain on their surfaces electrical charges, given off by the sun and other incandescent bodies. In falling, raindrops combine, but their surfaces do not increase in proportion. Hence, the electrical pressure grows rapidly. Finally it reaches the limit the air can stand and the lightning flash results.

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Much valuable knowledge of high voltage phenomena—essential for extending long distance transmission—was acquired from these tests. Engineers now see the potential power in remote mountain streams serving in industries hundreds of miles away.

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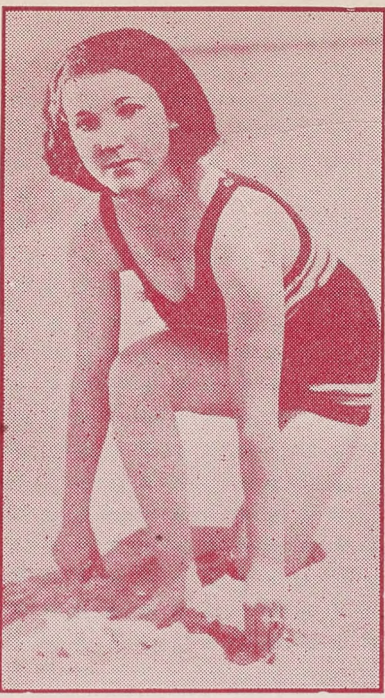
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### THIS GUY RUEBEN:

YEARS AGO, before I CAME to the University, I HAD often seen A MAN of small STATURE and very HIGH FOREHEAD in OUR TOWN, but I NEVER knew who HE WAS until ONE DAY I asked A FRIEND of mine, AND HIS, who he WAS, AND this kind FRIEND told me THAT HE was a PROF at the U. of N. AND THEN I thought THAT SOME day he AND I might clash FOR, LIKE all ambitious YOUNG DUCKS, I was DESIROUS of a good COLLEGE education. SO ONE DAY some YEARS LATER, while WALKING ON the campus, I CHANGED to see this SAME SMALL frame with THE SAME high forehead EXCEPT THAT the forehead WAS BY this time CONSIDERABLY higher AND THE bodily frame, WHILE still small, WAS MUCH broader than IT HAD been in years GONE BY, and then I ASKED again of A FRIEND of his, AND MINE, who he WAS AND this kind FRIEND ANSWERED me THAT HE was PROFESSOR of Philosophy WHO WENT by the NAME OF Thompson and WAS BETTER known as REUBEN CYRIL to his INTIMATE FRIENDS. SINCE THEN I have OBSERVED HIM quite closely, BOTH IN class and out, AND, WHILE he is a SMART MAN and knows HIS STUFF and all THE STUDES like him AND EVERYTHING like that, YET IN my opinion HE IS a dangerous MAN to have around FOR THE simple reason THAT he reminds me VERY MUCH of a certain PROF WE used to have WHO WAS very susceptible TO THE wiles of the PAINTED COED and altho' REUBEN isn't susceptible TO THE extent that A MAIDEN fair can roll HER EYES and get a ONE FIVE in a course, YET REUBEN is the kind OF A MAN who likes to JOKE AND kid the girls ALONG AND he really IS A SWELL guy and THE GIRLS all think OF WHAT might have been IF THEY had been on the HILL IN the days that were BEFORE THIS man had ENTERED THE field of WEDDED BLISS and then HE CALLS on them to RECITE and they have BEEN THINKING about their NEXT BEST prospect as LONG AS Reuben is TIED UP and then BECAUSE THEY can't collect THEIR THOUGHTS and answer HIS QUESTION they get A FOUR or what is STILL WORSE a five AND HERE all the time IT WAS the prof's FAULT FOR bringing UP THOSE dreamy thoughts IN THEIR MINDS, and SO I LEAVE it TO YOU that, although HE IS a swell guy AND ALL that, and WE DON'T want to hurt HIS FEELINGS, yet at THE SAME time, do YOU THINK that a MAN LIKE him who HAS A devoted wife AND FOUR small THOMPSONSES is the KIND OF a man WHO OUGHT to be UP TO this kind OF TRICKS? I THANK YOU.

—X. Y. Z.

—U. of N.—

Operator: "The party doesn't answer."  
E. Haley (oiled as usual): "Yesh, I know the party ish over. What I want ish the ambulance."

### GRACEFUL PROCESS OF STARVATION IS THE FACULTY RULE

Did you ever eat at the faculty table? If you have you won't do it again and if you haven't don't. The last poor student that attempted to get enough nourishment to keep his body alive is now gracing Dr. Gordon's museum of Anatomy as the most perfect living skeleton in existence. At this Puritanical board one is fed on the austere frugidity of the Dear of Women, the unparalleled technique of the romantic macaroni mangler, and the stoical indifference of our professor of political Science. I (G. H.). The rules allow no one to make more tries at the unspeakable conglomeration than the obselete head of the table pecking at a piece of cattle bone. But some day an enterprising inventor, with compassion for the poor starving students, will fabricate a special type suction pump so that the suffers of the faculty table will be able to escape Miss Mack's watchful eye and really get enough to eat.

—U. of N.—

### THE ONLY YELLOW SPOT IN RASPBERRY

William Fong, formerly of Canton, now of Reno, when asked for an opinion on the Shantung question and the Chinese love for the Japanese, said something like the following: "Why fo' you askee me somet'ing I nebah know? How come you think I allee same some politician? I think you nebah know why fo' I come America: I come heah fo' getee away flom politician. I likee ask you one kweston. Whass 'at newpapah you allee same callee Lazz-belly? You makee lazz ebybody in University, heh? Contlaly to general ideah, I think you allee same nebah lazz me. You lazz somebody else—make lots lazz consarning co-educational, allee same makey lazz likee hell. Please you do that, huh? I likee send some Lazzbelly papah to China, allee same show 'em my people America t'ink lady not much worth damn. Ha! Ha! Dat's belly good. You makee lazz allee co-education; you lazz sho't skirts, lounge, alle same makee lips led; you lazz Fat Harker, he belly funny man fo' lazz; you lazz Ed Dolland, he allee time go see damn no good co-educationalists, no gib damn fo' lessons, I make all time fo' him; you lazz ebybody—no lazz me, eh? No lazz me, sure, heh?"

—U. of N.—

Slim Ahlers to Sailor Lange: "That's my sock."  
Other Easterner: "Gwan."  
Slim: "Sure, this hole just fits round the black part of my heel."



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### COX AN AUTHORITY ON WOOING CO-EDS

Latest reports from the Library Committee show it to be a fact that that worthy exponent of curly hair, his majesty Walter Cox, leads all students in the number of times books are taken from the "Libe." One book in particular shows an abundance of marks against this mighty swain. The marks are six in number, and the book purports to be for reference to a class of which Cox alone is a member, for no other names adorn the little yellow sheet in the back of the book on which the cognomen of this curly headed individual is inscribed six times.

The course for which Cox is studying so hard is one which draws much attention from those acquainted with the facts. Whether it be a course in English, Logic or Home Economics is still in doubt, but for the benefit of our readers who by now are no doubt much interested, we quote a few passages selected at random from this much sought book.

"You have awaked me, every faculty of my soul, every longing of the heart. Will you be my wife?"

"My love for you is so great that I would do anything to make you happy."

"Sweetheart, since first I saw the beautiful blue of your shining eyes, and the pearly iridescence of your ivory teeth, my heart bubbled over with an untold effervescence, that made me realize that it was you, you only that my heart desired, and from then till now and forever more, no other will I seek, but you my own true love."

"O, Walter, Walter, are you dying? Will you NEVER know? O, My heart's true love, shall I never have a chance to tell you that it was you I love—yourself! It was for you I went away alone to die, I feared—. I would give you the very blood out of my heart."

By this time fond memories and heart burning thoughts of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" must be aroused in every one's mind, so for fear of harmful results, let us cease, referring you for more information to "A Young Girl's Wooing." Cox will show you where to find it in the Libe.

—U. of N.—

Slim Ahlers to Sailor Lange: "That's my sock."  
Other Easterner: "Gwan."  
Slim: "Sure, this hole just fits round the black part of my heel."

### PRINCE OF SILENCE RULES HIS DOMAIN WITH ROD OF IRON

(Continued from Page One)

sneaking about in search of miscreants. Semester by semester the rules are becoming more strict. The thumb screws are being applied and it will be but a short time until the student who wishes to enter the library will have to equip himself with a health certificate to gain admittance. At the present time books are chained to the stacks while the few copies of Boccaccio that contain the Song of the Nightingale are locked in a safe together with De Mapassant and other tomes of a like nature. Armed guards are to be on duty to watch over each book as it is being read. The water has even been turned off from the fountain so that Prof. Layman can use it as a cuspidor and squirt his tobacco juice into it.

Another peculiar custom which The Prince of Silence has is to send a card to students requesting that they return the copy of So and So. The neatly worded dun ends with the well known words, "Thanking you for your many gifts to the library." Students have wondered just what this phrase means, since never in the history of the University have books been donated to the domains of silence. The explanation is simple once it is given serious thought. The thanks are given for the preposterous prices that are paid for new books. It smoothes over the matter to learn that Mr. Layman appreciates the sums that roll into his coffers. On the other hand the phrase may be a subtle way of thanking students for the fines they are compelled to pay. It is flattering to think that the fines are interpreted as gifts and hope rides high in the breasts of the students for fairer treatment in the future.

### IT'S GREAT TO BE A MAN OF READY REPARTEE

The following dialogue occurred at a Y. W. C. A. party, where the men and women were delighting themselves by exchanging static sparks, the charges for which were picked up by skating on the waxed floor.

Dede Brown, the padded cell inmate of Tri Delt, skates up to the pride of the Sigma Nu's and coyly entreats our hero in her usual baby vamp style to "shock me." And our own "Tin Can," accent on the "Can,"—"What does HE pull?" (G-r-r-r-r) "Oh, Miss Brown, I ain't that kind of a boy."

—U. of N.—

### AT THE ENGINEER'S DANCE

I got a raise that time, said the wind as it blew up a crack.

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# FRANK'S



# RECENTLY LIBERATED TRI DELTS RUN WILD

"Cap" Braun spends a lot of time around the Tri Delt house but has an annoying habit of being absent at the critical instant. Imagine a girl who couldn't be located when great gobs of amorous goo were quivering on the telephone line between Reno and Philadelphia.

Nobody loves a fat man but Eloise Harris.

According to James' Psychology, "the color 'red' in its biological manifestations, has an irresistible attraction for itself. It is simply another case of subjectively recognized beauty in the organism seeking its objective counterpart."

In seeking support for this theory we need not go beyond our own campus; consider the case of the "Spanish Athleta" and his fair Bonita.

Francis Eshbach has secured the latest model Rambler and is often seen of an evening with his little two-seater at the Tri Delt house waiting to take Miss Ramelli out for a ride. Miss Ramelli occupies the front seat and reports that the bar causes her no discomfort.

Sarah Harrison is the girl, who, when requested by her escort to designate the kind of flowers she wanted to wear to the Tri Delt dance, blithely replied: "Oh,—pink roses."

The unfortunate and indiscreet swain managed to put the deal over by floating a Sigma Nu bond issue, but determined to use his own judgment in the matter of flowers in future.

The ramifications of present day feminine independence reach their insidious clutches into every nook and cranny of our campus; they shake to the very foundation the happiness of some of our most established couples. Only the other night it had a malignant local outburst when Maxie Adams ravishing daughter, ordinarily as sweet as a mountain daisy, cracked "Smiles" over the head with a baseball bat at Scheeline's party.

# TAPEWORMS EXACT BANKRUPTCY TOLL FROM TRI DELT'S

The Tri-Delts have recently secured the services of a long cadaverous person as janitor extraordinary to the house. He is perhaps the most unique member of the profession in the world. For the nominal sum of four eggs, one glass of milk or anything to fill his infinitesimal length of gut he performs the most menial and slavish duties of the establishment. The coal hod is filled to overflowing, the G. I. can is emptied of the accumulated refuse of the past semester and the weekly washing is scrubbed to spotlessness and hung on the line. Perhaps Empty Aine would not obtain such a degree of efficiency were it not for his most excellent assistant. The first assistant is getting old, but you can't rule a man out for trying. Eshbach, ancient and bald headed as he is, follows the daily routine with a dogged persistence which gains him the hearty support of at least one of the faithful. Since the last writing, it has been reported that the Tri-Delt house is about to be abandoned, as the wages of the janitors have brought them to bankruptcy. The Human Anaconda and his man Friday have actually eaten them out of their happy home.

# AINE IS TELEPHONE GIRL FOR AMAZONS

Slim Aine was up before the Upper-class Committee at the Sigma Nu house for failure in the performance of duty. So far the proceedings had failed to show why the work was not done. Harmon, the Silent Hunter, chewd reflectively on his Climax. At last he frowned, swallowed the chew and growled:

"Well whattaya got to say for Friday night? Why weren't you around to do your work?"

There was a long silence, broken at last by Harmon:

"Come on, open that big gash under your nose and let us hear about it or we'll brew a tub of water."

Slim's chin beat on his knees, his pale blue eyes sparkled like cigarette burns in an army blanket. The pigmy stood at his full height, the upper enlargement of his spine touched the ceiling. Finally he stammered:

"Aw, all the girls were gone from the Tri Delt House an Dell wanted me to come up and go on hall duty and answer telephone until ten o'clock."

# AS A MATTER OF FACT:—

THESE WOMEN make ME TIRED!  
THEY RUN around IN SO-CALLED dresses THAT A FIJI islander WOULD FEEL naked in \* \* \*  
THEY GET THEIR hair BOBBED AND then DON'T WASH their NECKS \* \* \*  
THEY ROLL their SOCKS AND ROLL THEIR own \* \* \*  
THEY READ Hot Dog AND WHIZZ BANG \* \* \*  
THEY KNOW more AT NINETEEN than "WHAT EVERY WOMAN at Forty SHOULD KNOW" \* \* \*  
BUT WORST OF ALL THEY GET on the SAGEBRUSH STAFF AND THEN dont do A DAMN THING but USE THE BRUSH office FOR NECKING parties \* \* \*  
WHEN THE WOMEN decide TO PUBLISH a WOMAN'S ISSUE THE REGULAR staff CUSSES LONG and loud AND WORKS hours overtime YOU CAN'T TELL 'em A THING because THEY KNOW everything now \* \* \*  
LET MERE MAN open HIS FACE IN protest AND THE WOMEN FALL ON HIS neck LIKE A TON of rock HOLLERING ABOUT THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES \* \* \*  
EQUALITY—HELL!  
IF THE WOMEN are AS GOOD AS us ONE OF THEM WOULD BE WRITING THIS stuff AND I WOULD BE HOME in bed. THESE WOMEN MAKE ME TIRED!

# S. A. E. TO ECLIPSE CAP'S WHIZZ BANG

The Sleepers' and Eaters' Club has acquired a new hang-out. Formerly an exclusive organization, they have fallen during the past year. As an annex to the pile of cheerless brick on Center street, they have secured an equal footing with the taxi cab drivers of the city in a corner cigar store where they can be seen any hour of the day or night acquiring a taste for art by gazing on pictures that are displayed on the counter. The Sennett Bathing girls are prudes along-side of the pictures, the men from North University Avenue look upon and their dwelling place is rapidly being festooned with the lewd photos. It is claimed that the influence of the aforesaid photos has led them toward a desire to print and publish a monthly paper that will eclipse the famous Whizz Bang of Captain Billy.



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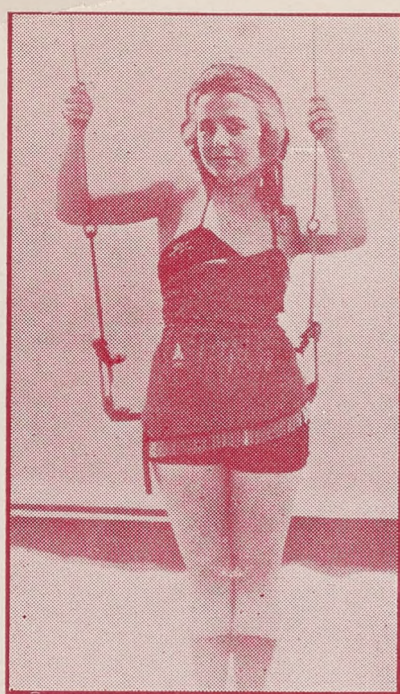
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**MASTER'S VOICE IS MISSED BY FROSH; NEW LEADER RISES**

For a short time many students failed to attend A. S. U. N. meetings. Seats were vacant, business was rushed through without any inspiring oratory. The chief hot air merchant had left the Hill to take up his life's work among the younger generation. No longer sonorous tones rolled through the auditorium. The meetings were a blank as far as excitement was concerned. Since 1915, Wooster's dominating voice had echoed and reverberated through student body meetings and quelled the less experienced speakers.

For awhile after his departure, students were allowed to express their opinions without technical interruptions and quotations from Robert's Rules of Order. At last the meetings were truly representative. This, not being to the liking of many members, an attempt was made to secure a man to fill the departed spell binder's brogans. Bradshaw was selected but after several endeavors, during which he became so mixed up in his ideas, that the perspiration poured down his forehead, gave up the trial and yielded to the superior and silver tongued representatives from Lake street kennels.

This individual, the well known and obnoxious Stan Davis, drones on by the hour like a talking machine wound up. Talking machines run down, but the metallic and jarring voice of the Lake street orator never ceases. Once stirred up, he continues until the 12:15 bell announces lunch and the bored students file out with his unpleasant tones still ringing in their ears.

It is stated on good authority that violence is contemplated toward this tyrant extraordinary. A Klu Klux Klan, it is said, will be formed to deliver an ultimatum and give fair warning to Mr. Davis. Many students will back the organization, whose sole aim and purpose is to rid the University of dictators and usurpers of power.

—U. of N.—

**DOWN WITH THIS FEMALE'S TYRANNY**

You may be the Czarina of the Ed. Building; you may make even Prof. Turner beg for the key to the auditorium; you may keep an eye on every entrance and exit to said building; you may pitter-patter around with an anxious look and an officious eye; you may think the University is a wholesale furniture store; you may not HAVE to work; But listen Cora, take a little advice from an old bird that knows his stuff. Down with your autocracy. Unless you really need the money, you're wasting your time, because all the profs in your department have been married for years, and most of them are on the road to success with nothing but "little troubles."

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**UNVARNISHED DOPE IS GIVEN ON HOBBS**

When last year's Red Sheet was perpetuated upon the innocent campus, the Hill's famous exponent of the marcel wave, G. Horace Hobbs, stationed himself at the entrance to the Libe and collared everyone who passed him in an attempt to demonstrate, a copy of the Razz in his hand, just how much of the paper was devoted to one, G. Horace. In fact, Horace's childish mind was so inflated by the frequent mention of his name that he proclaimed far and wide that "The Razz could not be published without me", and, "When I leave school, there will be no Razzberry."

This conglomeration of libel is absolutely Hobb-less, with the exception of the following excerpts from the December 15, 1921 issue of the Sagebrush which are here reprinted verbatim in the belief that, "It's the truth that hurts."

The article in question told of the election of Hobbs to the captaincy of next year's football team and the selected phrases which follow speak for themselves.

Note: The parenthised statements are ours.

"Following his election, Captain-Elect Hobbs expressed his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him, **DECLARING WITH HIS USUAL MODESTY** that such a thing was wholly unexpected and **TOTALLY UNDESERVED.** (UNDESERVED is right, Horace.)

"In electing a man like Hobbs to the position of captain of next year's varsity, the men of the team **SHOWED RARE JUDGMENT.** (They sure did!)

He has **PLAYED** on the varsity for two years—(PLAYED is right, but not football)—and has shown himself **CAPABLE OF HANDLING MEN.** (O—O—O—O—O—O)

"His work during the season just passed has been **NOTHING SHORT OF SPECTACULAR.** (Like Hell.)

"With a captain like George Hobbs the team is assured of as successful a season as the one just passed. (We can't stand anymore of this, it's too great a strain.)

—U. of N.—

"This cuts quite a figure," said Ma Mack as she pulled the curtains in the shower room.

**TEACHER OF ETHICS HAS BAD INFLUENCE**

Prof. Thompson, although the teacher of Ethics and other courses that tend toward the upbuilding of the budding student was, according to his own account, a very gay young dog when he attended Harvard University, Midnight parties occupied his attention and he recounts with great animation the rare and juicy sessions he spent after the hours of twelve had chimed.

Dame rumor has it that the eminent Professor of Philosophy is encouraging the young men of the University to partake of the vile weed while consorting with them in the basement of the Educa Building between classes. During these "Hop" sessions he draws on a vile and odoriferous pipe as he regales them with choice bits of philosophy drawn from the hidden episodes of his rakish and dissolute youth.

It is even stated that the eminent Prof. is counseling violence toward the gentler sex in these "This is it" sessions. He is quoted as saying, "Just before I left home this morning I had to beat my wife; rough and hardy treatment is the only way to subdue the frail sex. Treat them as rough as possible is my motto. Let your conscience be your guide. Do you get me?"

(Thompson will reap his reward when this is read at home. His wife will say, "You've been making some cracks about me in class and now some of the boys have called your bluff.") Which is, as a matter of fact, the truth.

—U. of N.—

**GENTLE REMINDER**

Jack (gallantly): "Eleanor, dear, anything you say goes."

Eleanor (quickly): "Jack."

**CARD OF THANKS**

The "Gothic N" Society wishes to extend its appreciation to the president of the "Block N" for his hearty support in the choosing of the All-State basketball team as set forth in the "Gardnerville Courier."

—U. of N.—

**QUILL TELLS HOWKUM THE GOW HOUSE SOUP**

Quill is speaking—

"The soup served in the Gow House is not strained

Primarily, it droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven

Upon the place beneath. But afterwards,

It gets full of odds and ends. Potato peelings,

Dead onions, and bits of meat. The Lord knows what

We are not forced to thrust into this Soup,

To make it nourishing for all concerned.

It is twice blest. As it goes out and Then comes back again

Into the kitchen.

It nauseates him that gives and him that takes,

Upsetting the Mighty Senior and the Lowly Frosh.

But still we serve it—

As a sign of power,

A tribute paid to Awe and Majesty.

A symbol of the Dread and Fear of Things,

And the same prayer doth rise from all of Us."

—U. of N.—

**I'll Say It Is**

Draa—"What is georgette?"

"K"—"Sheer waste, dummy."—Ex.

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RENO

NEVADA

**EGAN PERPETRATES A NAMELESS CRIME**

Six o'clock Egan, famous reconnaissance tower of basketball strategy and foremost cigarette moocher of the Nevada campus, has committed a new and nameless crime. Many designations have been suggested for this most recent manifestation of moral perversion: it has been variously termed "mooching in the first degree," "theatrical seduction," "assault with intent to borrow."

The peculiarity of this crime consist in the penniless bum influencing a young lady of parts to attend a 25c show. With malice prepench, he writhes down Virginia, deserts his lady at Mike's,—and raises the funds by a process of panhandling,—while the lady awaits without in the gutter. Having parasitically abstracted the funds, he regales himself of an evening of criminally borrowed pleasure.

The University of Nevada chapter of Klu Klux is hesitating only until it can devise a punishment to match the offense.



Peppermint flavored chewing gum with Peppermint Sugar Coating.  
Sugar jacket "melts in your mouth," leaving the deliciously flavored gum center to aid digestion, brighten teeth and soothe mouth and throat.  
**GREAT 5¢ TREAT!**



You can't make your feet behave when you hear the new

**Brunswick**

**DANCE RECORDS**

That you have been looking for. Remember the next time you go hunting for that dance number you have been waiting to come out, that Brunswick always gets the hits out first—just compare the releases—and they are played so differently.

Brunswick Double Records Reduced From 85c to 75c

**DANCE RECORDS**

- Just a Little Love Song
- My Mammy Knows
- Granny
- Doo Dah Blues
- Three O'clock in the Morning
- Indiana Lullaby
- On the 'Gin 'Gin Ginny Shore
- Carolina Blues
- Song of India
- Gray Moon
- Good-Bye Shanghai
- While Miami Dreams
- In Blue Bird Land
- By the Silver Nile
- Cutie
- Jimmie I Love You Best
- Sola So
- Angel Child

Brunswick Can Be Played on Any Phonograph

**H. E. SAVIERS & SON**  
2nd and Sierra Sts.



### MURDER IN THE FIRST TOO MILD FOR PI BETA PHI

The lights went out, and a strained feeling of expectation, mingled somewhat with anticipation, swept over the whole audience. Snakes and Cats, Stags and Hens and others braced themselves for The Ordeal.

Piercing the darkness and wreaths of tobacco smoke, a limelight shot its bright ray through space, and, following its beam, one saw a woman seated at the organ. The Ordeal had begun. The fair organist was in the limelight through twenty minutes of flat notes and discords. The piece was Italian—or Dutch, or something—and was therefore unappreciated. The only thing beautiful about the performance was the organist's neck, peeking from under a bank of black hair and above a decollete shirt-waist. As the piece progressed and discords grew more numerous, the loveliness of that neck was felt more and more by the agonized audience. In fact it grew upon one—it palled upon one. It was such a beautiful neck—And yet somehow it looked queer. It was the first clean neck seen in Reno.

The organ stopped, and as the reverberation of the last note died, a sigh of relief issued from the audience. The maid at the organ turned around and grinned, also she squinted. The minds of the audience registered a combined grin and squint, which did not seem to go very well. However, they clapped. Why, no one will ever know.

The squinty smile registered, the footlights sprang on, and a sprightly damsel oozed her way to the front of the stage to the strains of what was presumably music. She danced—and proved herself, incidentally, to be a good contortionist. Still, she was a dainty contortionist—if such a thing can be imagined. The audience was held in terror as she threw her limbs carelessly about, and the Stags in the front row were ready to catch her head when it flew off. She rolled her eyes to such an extent that fear was held out lest they bounce hither and yon and never be seen again. But no casualties happened to mar the performance of the dainty young acrobat. The audience heaved a heavy sigh, unloosed themselves and, with a groan, stretched the cricks out of their necks; their eyes found a safe resting place again in their sockets; their ears flattened out beside the usual resting place; there was a great squirming and stirring for hats and cloaks; hands were unclenched, and perspiration wiped off on unwashed kerchiefs; arms were put back into their proper places, and a scuffling of feet announced the departure of the crowd.

My, how good the fresh air seemed!

U. of N.

We hear that Sergeant Witwer kissed two girls at the Sundowners' Picnic. They are expected to recover.

### BUNGLER "PROC" IS "DON'T" DISPENSER

There are more anonymous writers sledding around on the campus than there are editors in hell. If this epidemic of flowing fountain pens is allowed to continue there won't be a reputation on the campus that will be safe,—not even Helen Shade's. Of course a great many of the campus reputations are like semester shirts—the blacker and dirtier they get the easier and more comfortable they wear. A nice dirty reputation is a satisfying thing to have, I'll admit (I speak from experience) they are like these reversible knit ties—the correct thing on all occasions.

But to get back to the original thought germ,—that of anonymous writers. It isn't the semester shirt sort of reputations that we fear for, but unblemished ones like Miss Mack's or Walsh's or Bertha Blattner's or Prof. Young's. They must be like Caesar's wife—encased in a shining armor of virtue. It is against such people as these that the anonymous writer might turn his or her pen and commit sacrilege on these famous, almost immortal, people.

The Razz-Berry is going to adopt the Hearst-like policy of exposing these maligners of spotless characters. In the last issue of the publication known as the Sagebrush and accepted as second class matter in the post office at Reno there appeared an article on page eight that was entitled "Don't Read This." The heading was not unusual when one takes into consideration the fact that the Y. W. C. A. edited the last issue and they knew that the surest way of having their sisters read an article was by arousing their curiosity by the instructions "Don't Read This."

The article was advice to snakes by an experienced male flapper. Never was a sub-head more truthfully written. Any woman who has not had the opportunity of going out "on a big time" with this fellow Proctor—for it was he who designed to give advice—should immediately make arrangements to do so. After the first ten minutes she will admit the truth of the sub-head—"an experienced male flapper"—Those who wish to verify the truth of this might leave their names at the Sigma Nu House, for he spends most of his time there calling up, attempting to induce some woman to go on a "big time" with him. To facilitate him in this work he has had Miss Sissa compile a list of all the co-eds on the Hill. Those whose names that she has forgotten Slim Aine supplies. For a man who is mortgaged to the Tri Delt house he certainly has the phone number of a lot of fast workers—a hang over from last year perhaps.

Every Saturday night he pushes out the family junk heap—puts four bits

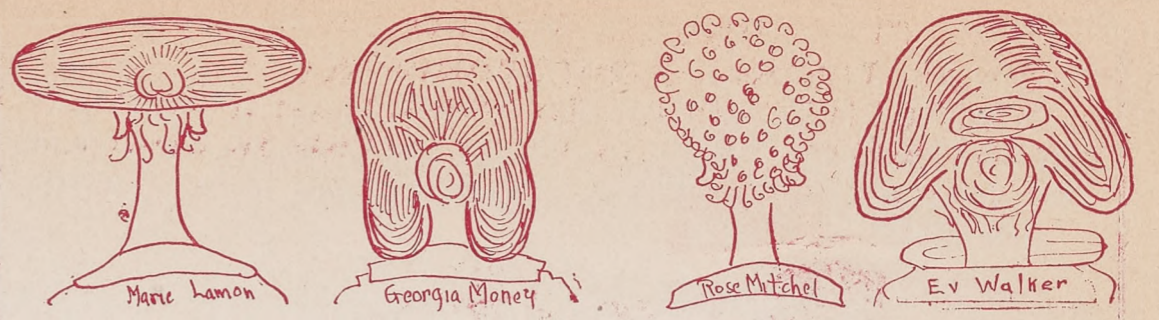
worth of energy in the tank—a gill or so under the seat and drives up to the Sigma Nu house to make final arrangements with Slim Aine for the night's voyage. The next step in the armament plan is to borrow all of Ross' army blankets for robes. Jack doesn't mind this, in fact he admits that he rather likes the Djer-Kiss fragrance that lingers with the O. D.'s for several days after they are returned.

Occasionally the results of his previous telephoning have been successful and he has a lady of his own choice, but more often he has one that has been suggested by Slim or Dinty Brooks. About ten o'clock they get started. Virginia or Minden is the usual goal. Proc usually enjoys himself for an hour or so but he always falls under the influence of moonshine—and the moon always appears to be shining on these red letter nights.

One bit of advice that he presents in his article on 'Advice to Snakes' is "Don't hang the fair one roughly about." Well do I remember the night he attempted that very thing that he warns others against. All one afternoon he had listened to Doc Harmon's famous lecture on "Treat 'em Rough." Now Waldo does appear rather obtuse at times but his credulity knows no bounds and he has a very receptive mind.

Awed by the masterful rendition of this time worn subject by the Silent Hunter, Proctor sat for hours motionless except for the occasional wiggle of an ear. That night he made the Hejira to Minden. Before they had passed Carson he had blackened one of the woman's eyes and covered her tender white skin with great ugly blue bruises. You know that Madge has tender skin. Well the "Treat 'em Rough" stuff got by to the extent that Madge transferred her affections to Reimers, the musical tickler. He evidently is of the gentler type of man, for Waldo has never been able to beat his time.

To make use of Prof. Thompson's classical remark "You get me don't you." What I intend to convey to the reader is that this bird Proctor doesn't really know his stuff to the extent of publishing treatises "On how to get by." The best way to show a man his faults is to show them to him and we want to call his attention to the fact that among the better class of newspaper men—such as make up the Razz-Berry staff—that the publication of this anonymous stuff in the Sagebrush is making an illegitimate use of the power of the press.



Four Modern Types of Hairdressing Art

#### GREENEST FROSH IS NATIVE SON

Lindley is the greenest frosh ever imported from California. The other day he came into the house reporting that, according to the list, he had only received ten cuts.

Perry: "Why then, you've only got seven more to go."

Lindley: "Oh, I can get those easily by the end of the semester."

Who the Hell DID swipe all the sophomores' chickens anyway?

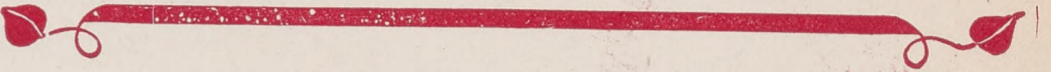
#### LOGIC

(Jack Ross at work on the syllogism) Ross: "Major Premise—I'm not the head of an ass."

Ross: "Minor Premise—I'm not the tail of an ass."

Ross: "Conclusion—I must be no end of an ass."

Kipling (particularly to the men) "Don't drink cos another man's thirsty."



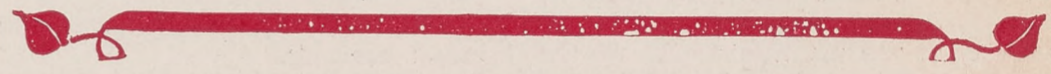
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## The big or little company—which?

WHEN the talk turns to where should a fellow start work, a question arises on which college men naturally take sides.

"You'll be buried in the big company," say some. "Everything is red tape and departments working against each other."

"Your little company never gets you anywhere," others assert. "The bigger the company the bigger your opportunity."

And that seems true—but in a different sense. Not physical size but bigness of purpose should be our standard for judging an industrial organization just as it is for judging a man.

Where will you find this company with a vision?

Whether its plant covers a hundred acres or is only a dingy shop up three flights is on the face of it no indication of what you want to know—is such and such a company more concerned with developing men and ideas than boosting profits at the expense of service?

You must look deeper. What is the organization's standing in the industry? What do its customers say? What do its competitors say?

There are industries and there are companies which offer you every opportunity to grow. Spiritually they are as big and broad as the earnest man hopes to build himself. If you are that kind of man you will be satisfied with a company of no lower standards.

Conversely, if you are working for such a big-souled company, the very fact will argue that you yourself are a man worth while. For in business as in social life a man is known by the company he picks.

The electrical industry needs men who can see far and think straight.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

## Western Electric Company

An organization which holds for its ideal the hope that it may measure up to the aspirations of those who work in it.



**M.E.M. CHANGES TACTICS - IS NOW TAKING CORRESPONDENCE LESSONS IN DETECTIVE WORK, TO ENABLE HER TO FIND THE NAUGHTY CO-EDS WHO WEAR HEADGEAR IN THE GYM.**



**HALL WIRE TAPPER IS STILL AT LARGE**

Manzanita Hall is no place for secrets. Everyone knows that. There is a leak in the line. Recently a Pinkerton agent was called in and given the case. After weeks of intensive investigation and many narrow escapes, this shrewd minion of the law handed in the following report: "To whom it may concern: Adjoining the hall in which the telephone stands is a room containing two telephones close to the wall. One of these phones has a normal attachment to the telephone line. The other, so far as I can determine, is without connection of any kind,—so as to render it absolutely useless. Another circumstance is the extreme thinness of the wall between the room and the hall, the very wall on which the dummy phone, for so I take it to be, is placed. The finish of the wall is marred by a worn spot about the size and shape of a human ear and at the height of a woman's head above the floor. It is my conclusion that these facts are the key to the MYSTERY OF MANZANITA. This is the reason why girlish telephone confidences are bared and love secrets are mercilessly exposed in Manzanita. This is the reason that the blue law governs the Manzanita line. In closing my report, I wish to make a final statement: I have been hindered considerably in this investigation by the fact that I could work only when the classes in Nature Study and Hygiene were in session."

U. of N.  
**STRANGE MANNERISM GIVES AWAY YOUNG**  
Professor Young, a paragon of virtue, is not altogether what he seems. Students who have carefully watched his actions from semester to semester have come to the conclusion that in his early youth he was engaged in many dissolute practices. Habit, as he himself states, is one of the chief characteristics of man. It is habit, or rather the force of habit, that has exposed Prof. Young's early peccadillos. Observing students claim that in his tender years he was an habitual poker player and make their deductions from the manner in which he fondles his chalk. Every day he seizes a piece, stretches it out in front of him and then, after a pause, draws it lovingly toward him, as he was wont to rake in the chips in the good old days before he decided to become an example to the younger generation. The instinct once aroused is hard to curb and it is probable that Nevada students will witness the strange mannerism for many years to come.

U. of N.  
And Murray Johnson has had to take off the corrugated pants and put them away too. OH, cruel Fate, and the damning records of the Registrar!

**FINICKY LOT INFESTS MISS MACK'S PRISON**

The women of Manzanita can stand almost anything, but of course they have their pet aversion like anyone else. A complete canvass of every room in the hall showed the following results: Twenty-two had an aversion for Sagebrush editorials knocking co-eds, knock-knees and rouged lips. Eighty-six had a tremendous aversion for Nathaniel Patrickson Greene of Pasadena and Carmel-by-the-Sea. Sixteen had an aversion for passionate love letters and mash notes written in purple ink. One had an aversion for Mel Sanders. (She's short-sighted.) Thirty-six had a very firm aversion for eight o'clock nights. The whole hall held out on a firm stand against Snakes snaking early Sunday morning. Fifteen had an aversion for Skibby. About 75 percent of the women had an aversion for long skirts, rats, mending, sewing and eating at the Gow House. Sixty-one had an aversion for Quill when he collected board receipts. Ninety-nine had an aversion for the man who indulges only in a movie show, leads not into the ice-cream parlor, and is a stickler for his economy in taxi bills; who thinks it a waste to spend a cent in the gum machine and who spits out the taste of rouge after the good night kiss.

U. of N.  
**AS THEY SAY IN CARSON**  
Prof: "What is your idea on the 'Ode to Immortality?'"  
Erma Eason: "There would be nothing in this life if it were not for immortality."  
(Well Erma, what a nice girl you are!)  
U. of N.  
**KING OF THE GOW HOUSE SPEAKS**  
You smiled across the table  
In your manner, open, free—  
A smile so aptly able,  
Done so inadvertently:—  
Oh would that I had known  
That that smile was meant to be  
At the sight of steak and mushrooms  
And not for sight of me.  
  
A little tulle,  
A yard of silk  
A little skin  
As white as milk.  
  
A little strap—  
How dare she breathe!  
A little cough—  
"Good evening, Eve!"  
—Punch Bowl.  
\* \* \*  
Give Oats the porch of Manzanita  
It holds but two lone chairs)

**DISABLED VETERANS WILL GIVE A DANCE ON APRIL TWELFTH**

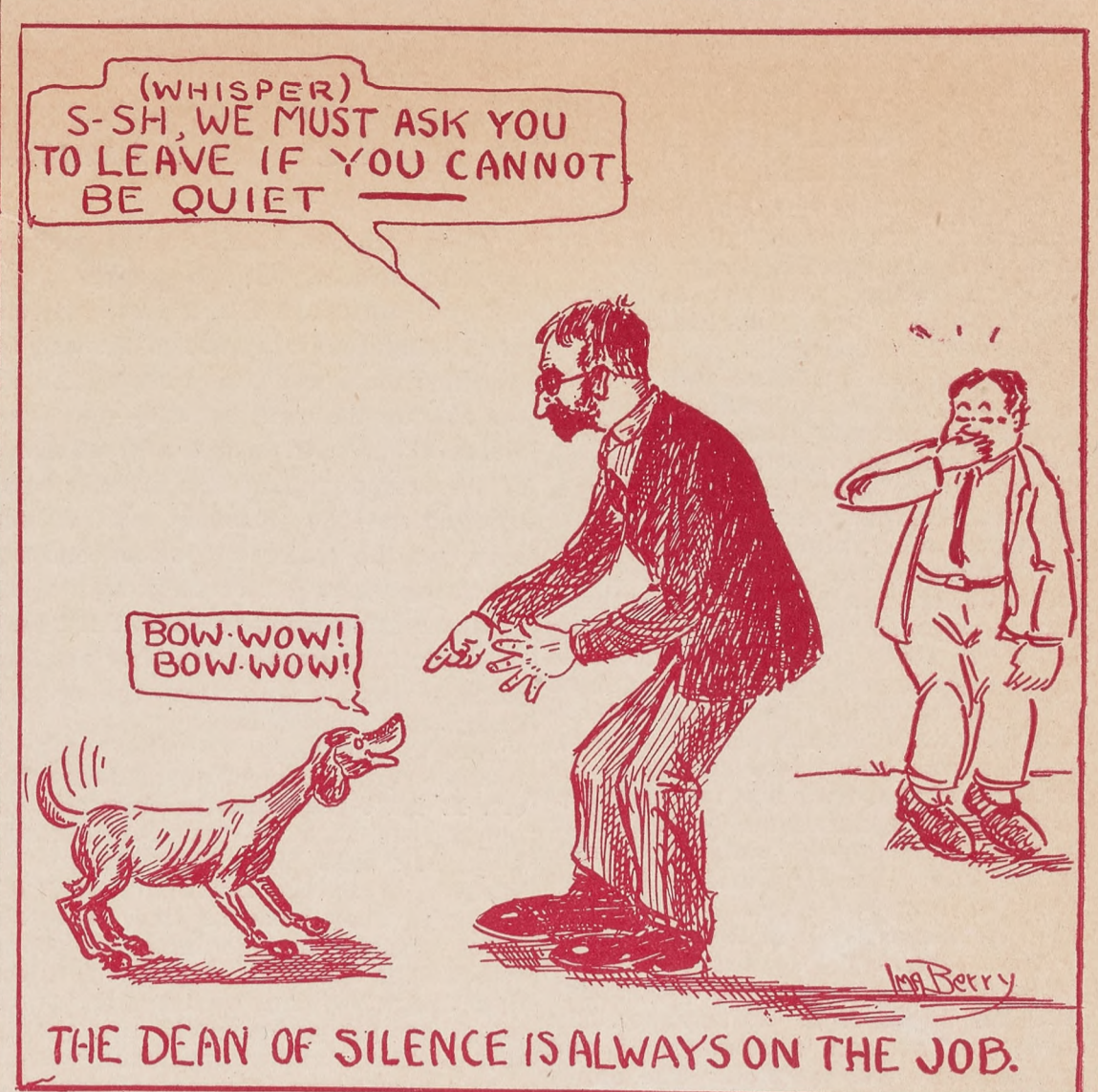
On Wednesday evening, April the twelfth, a social dance will be held in the University Gymnasium under the auspices of Reno Chapter No. 1, Disabled American Veterans of the World War. It is our desire to become an active organization on the University campus; therefore we have decided to introduce ourselves properly by holding a social function, to which we invite you and your friends. The dance programme will start at eight-thirty and last until twelve, after which a light supper will be served. Admission including refreshments will be seventy-five cents per couple. Come and get acquainted.  
EARL E. BROWN,  
Commander Reno Chapter No. 1,  
D. A. V. of W. W.  
U. of N.

**RULES FOR ETIQUETTE FOR FRATERNITY AND CLUB DANCES**

1. Send no written invitations, they might be received. Use the bulletin boards.
2. If patronesses or guests appear at a dance, do not bother yourself about them. They are older and can find their way around alone.
3. Do not greet the same at the door nor speak to them throughout the evening; above all do not dance with them. They might by chance have a good time.
4. Do not bother about your partner's program; let her rustle for herself.
5. Help yourself to the punch; patronesses are never thirsty.

**HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY**

It was a cold clear moonlight night. Otis and Mary strolled hand in hand and finally reached the bleachers. It was also spring and as he clasped her to his heart he spoke rather loudly, rather boldly, rather untruthfully. "You are the only girl I have ever kissed."  
Voice from behind pillar: "You lie, Otis Wright, I am."  
It was the voice of Mary Worthington.



**A GOAT GRABBER**  
Prof. Feemster now goes about with a pitifully woe-begone expression on his otherwise handsome face. The poor fellow is completely broken up. The members of his classes have several times noticed their beloved Prof. turn aside to wipe away a furtive tear. Moved by sympathy for the poor man, one of his Political Science students went to him hoping that he could help him in some way. "What is the trouble, prof?" he asked. "Oh, they're gone! they're gone!" wailed prof breaking down completely. "Whose gone, Prof?" inquired the student, fearing that the man was losing his mind. "My dear, fragrant goats," sobbed prof. "I shipped the last one of them away only last night. Nanny—Nanny—oh, I wish I could die."  
\* \* \*  
Wonder what June said when the Seniors made the love-sick Colley take his cords off? And—does she still love him?

Eddie Reed: "I'm afraid my clutch is slipping dear."  
The woman in the other bucket seat: "Do you want to take your arm away and rest it for awhile."  
U. of N.  
**Bow-Wow, Fido! ! !**  
Frosh—"That girl treats me like a dog."  
Jun—"Yes, she has had you on a string for a long time."  
U. of N.  
Bill Green is going strong in the Lincoln Hall Fudge-making Trade. But Ewald Pyzel with his new haircutting parlor is running Bill close in the matter of trade. At the two-bits a time Ewald is making money, although he says there's no profit on such domes as those owned by Philbin, Curly Cox, and Rolf Brown.  
\* \* \*  
Nice car Francis Walsh rides in. Some guys have all the luck.

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