

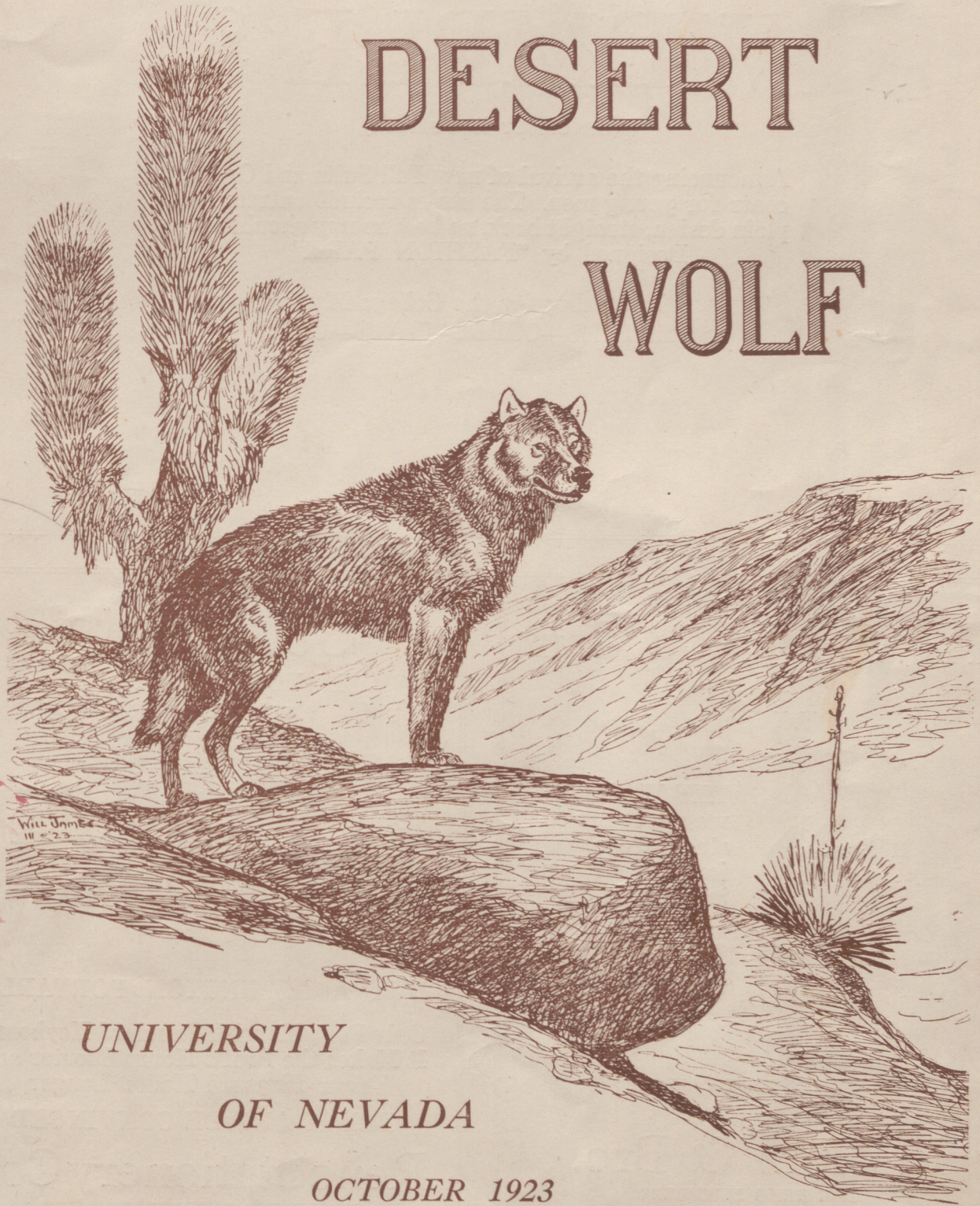
*A. L. Higginbotham*

*full*

THE

DESERT

WOLF



*Will James  
11-23*

UNIVERSITY

OF NEVADA

OCTOBER 1923



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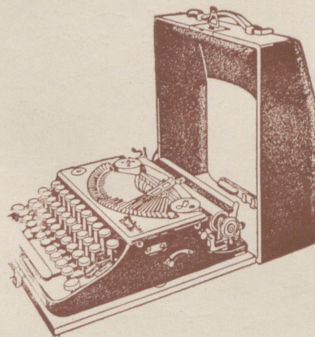
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THE DESERT WOLF

Founded by the Associated Students, University of Nevada, 1923

Vol. 1 OCTOBER, 1923 No. 1

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Table listing articles and their page numbers: Prof. A. E. Turner (In Memoriam) Page 3, He Sells Ideas Page 5, The Throw Back (By Velma Comstock) Page 6, Did King Tut Have Cousins in Nevada? Page 7, The How-the-Hell-Are-You Kind of a Guy (By Fred J. Siebert Jr.) Page 9, When We Made "Cal" Bite the Dust (By John Cahlan) Page 10, Thirsty (By Harold Coffin) Page 11, Editorials Page 12, Pictorial Page Pages 14-15, The Blue Envelope (By Elsie Werner) Page 17, See the World and Recover (By Walker Mathenson) Page 22, Campuistry (By Alice Norcross) Page 25

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RENO, NEVADA





PROFESSOR A. E. TURNER  
FRIEND—COUNSELOR—GUIDE  
1913—UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA—1923

*In Memoriam*





## *The Desert*

*By A. G. C.*

*The Desert! Across the open plains  
The sagebrush stretches far away,  
And swaying, bends to winds that blow  
From early dawn till end of day.*

*The Desert! Above the hills and plains  
White clouds trail, one by one  
And changing, turn to a rosy hue  
Stained by the rays of the setting sun.*

*The Desert! Across the open plains  
A prospector takes his lonesome trail  
And slowly blending in the haze,  
Goes out of sight and out of hail.*

*The Desert! Across the open plains  
The purple shadows quickly fall;  
An owl gives voice, a coyote howls;  
Night has come at the Desert's call.*

—Courtesy Overland Monthly.





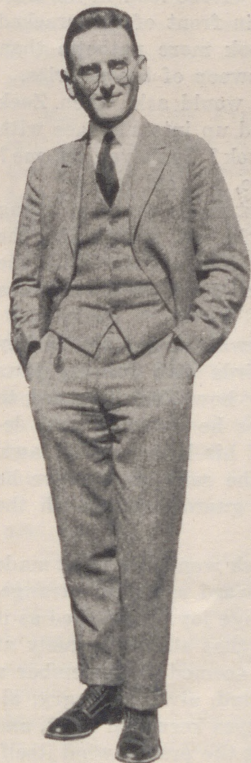
# THE DESERT WOLF

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER ONE



## HE SELLS IDEAS



"JACK"

**T**HE bleachers jumped to their feet when the Varsity trotted out on the field for the Davis game. For ten minutes they shouted their approval of the eleven. Down at Stanford they cheered a losing team, cheered it whole-heartedly and without reserve; stood on their feet for ten minutes after the game was over and cheered again, and again.

The team boarded the train for Southern California. The student body shouted itself hoarse; shouted until the train faded away into the darkness.

Whence came this sudden burst of spirit?

Go up Virginia street; go through the gates, past the Agricultural building, up the steps of the Education building, into a secluded room.

Quiet, unassuming, logical, analytical, and intensely human—John Morse, assistant professor of economics. He is "Jack" to those who know him well. And to those who do not, he is the chap dressed in grey, who came to Nevada a year

or so ago, who favors Airedale dogs, ancient pipes, and who saunters over the campus, watching. Watching and observing.

Toward the close of last semester out of a clear sky something happened. From the rooms of his department in the Education building a new voice arose—

"The Buck-Grabbers."

They made little fuss but went ahead and did things. They accomplished what they set out to do, for back of them, sitting in his office with the fumes of good tobacco clouding the air, was John H. Morse.

"Jack" is used to doing things. He has done much, but he refuses to talk about it.

"Tell us something about your experiences before you came to Nevada," I said. "How did you develop your power of observation and your uncanny ability to get to the foundation of things?"

His answer was characteristic, "My father was a Presbyterian minister for twenty-seven years in the little town of Troy, Penn., where I went to high school—the rest you can find in the university catalogue."

"Quite to the point, but not enough," I remarked. "You did some track work when you were in college?"

"Yes, some," he answered, and not another word would he say about the subject.

Yes, he did do "some" track work. He was a member of a high school team that has not been defeated in sixteen years. He made three records, one of which stands today. He holds the 220-yard record in the Y. M. C. A. Southern Tier New York Athletic Association, and has the privilege of wearing the big "L" of Lehigh University, because of establishing a new 220-yard record there, and was a member of the team that never lost a dual meet!

Transferring to the University of Illinois for business courses, "Jack" made a success and soon was out handling responsible positions with various big concerns, until the war came along and made a soldier of him.

"Jack" loves the out-of-doors, his gun, and the mechanical contraption that he has nicknamed "Pansy."

"Why Pansy, Prof.?" I asked.

He smiled and remarked that it seemed the most incongruous name that could be applied to it.

Once a master salesman was asked what was the most difficult commodity to sell. "Ideas!" he declared. "A man can see an automobile, can hear a phonograph, can try on a suit of clothes, can feel a piece of cloth, and can test the tone of a musical instrument. But when you try to communicate your conclusions to him concerning anything he can't grasp with his five senses, you are up against a baffling problem. You may tell a man that his clothing, or his house, or car is out-of-date, but when you even suggest that his ideas are behind the times, he will go straight up in the air. You may be certain of that, unless you are a super-salesman of logic."

"Jack" Morse sold an idea to the University of Nevada. He appeared before an assembly of men and talked. He put the situation quietly before them; asked a few pointed questions.

That was all. No silver-tongued oratory, no bombast, no ringing of bells and tooting of horns. Quiet, deliberate, clear-cut analysis.

The student body saw the way. It's a new student body—an organization that is proud of itself, because it is the University of Nevada. It believes in itself, winning or losing.

"No," said Morse, flicking the ashes from his cigar, a cigar, by the way, that is the dread of folks who visit him, because he always offers you one. "No," he repeated, "Beat 'em all! It's Nevada's year!" is not too sweeping a slogan. It has as its fundamental purpose the arousing of the spirit of the students to a greater unity, to a more complete co-operation in all college activities. The aggressive man is the man who comes out on top. Out of this fighting spirit will come—is bound to come—a steady, persistent growth of a finer morale than we have had in the past."

He said this with the urge of some inner force, dynamic, compelling until I was swayed by its intensity. But he did not raise his voice. He indulged in no pyrotechnics.

"The idea of a worthwhile college spirit—the spirit that Nevada should have is best exemplified by The Code of

(Continued on Page Seventeen)



# THE THROW-BACK

By VELMA COMSTOCK



FROM the time of his birth you could have told that Zeek was different from the other puppies of the litter. You would have seen the difference even before their eyes were well opened. When the others were little whimpering, wooly bundles of black and white fur, Zeek was a little snarling, growling, wriggling bundle of yellow hair. After they were older, the difference was even more apparent. The four plump, black puppies frolicked and played about their meek shepherd mother, while the yellow pup hung in the corner and sulked. The others loved petting and romping, while Zeek was cold, suspicious, and unresponsive.

"He's a queer little beggar, that one," one of the cowboys remarked, patting Zeek with a big, kind hand. "There now, look! How he growls and slinks off. I never saw a shepherd like him."

"He's a throw-back, most likely," the owner of the pups said. "Queenie, there, his ma, is about one-quarter coyote, and a better cow-dog never heeled a critter. All her pups have turned out fine. This here one does seem ornery, though, someway. Seems like he's more coyote than dog."

"Somehow, I like him, I sure do." The cowboy sat on his heels and whistled and snapped his fingers at the sullen pup. "He's different from any dog I ever saw. I think he'd turn out good, if he was handled proper."

"If you like him, he's yours," the owner said. There was almost a note of relief in his voice. "I don't want no yaller dogs in my outfit. If you think you can break him in, why take him along, Dan."

"I'll do that," said Dan, "but first he and I'll have to get better acquainted. Here, Pup, come up, and let's have a look at you. I'm your boss now."

Dan sat down again and went on with his friendly overtures to the sullen yellow pup.

It was difficult at first. Zeek was suspicious and repellant. Dan had been forced to use severe measures. Zeek had gone for days without food, rather than accept it from his master's hands. Zeek had undergone stern whippings in silence rather than submit to discipline. He was so savage and sullen that Dan almost despaired of conquering him, but, in the end, perseverance and kindness won. Zeek, the stubborn and unfriendly, had developed first a fear of his stern but just master; then a kind of awe; and, when he had learned, by slow degrees, that submission meant no whippings, kind words, and much food, there came a slow, strong love that no one would have dreamed the dog capable of. Dan was joyous to the point of ecstasy the first time the dog welcomed his approach with a friendly wave of his heavy brush.

"Zeek, old boy, I just knew you'd have to come around some time. We're going to be friends now. It was worth it, but boy, what a struggle you gave me! I wouldn't want to have to do it again. No more whippings, Zeek. You and I are friends from now on."

The yellow dog lifted up his head and wagged his tail in approval.

But for all Dan loved him so, Zeek puzzled him at times. Zeek wasn't like other dogs. He barked but seldom, and when he did, there was a curious, long-drawn quaver to it that had a way of touching hidden answering chords in your subconscious memory. Strangers stared at him, and children feared him. Zeek loved no one but Dan, and there were few but Dan who cherished any fondness for Zeek.

Even the other dogs shunned him as a creature different from themselves, and Zeek made no effort to win their good will. He had won their respect long before, by virtue of his strong, white fangs; and he was content to pass among them

now with stiff, straight tail and lifted head, unmolested and unmolested.

Dan used to wonder sometimes if Zeek were not lonesome. There was a something in the dog's eyes at times—a sort of loneliness for a place he had never seen, a hunger for a thing he had never known. It seemed to Dan that he had seen that look before. It reminded him of the look he had seen in the eyes of a little, lonely woman he had known back in his home town, a look that had faded away. But that had been years before, and the little woman was gone. Also, though he did not know it, it vaguely reminded him of the look in his own eyes as he brushed his greying hair in front of the cracked mirror at supper time. It was a look more pathetic than tears, more lonely than the loneliest sweep of the prairies.

"Zeek, old boy, what is it?" Dan would ask, when Zeek laid his head on Dan's knee and gazed up into his face with mournful brown eyes. "What is it, Zeek? Can't you tell me? I think maybe I know—I've been there, too, old fellow."

But Dan could not even guess the struggle that was going on in Zeek. Even Zeek himself could not understand the strange conflicting emotions that tore him asunder until the ache was a thing past endurance. The struggle grew worse as the days went on.

Dan never guessed how Zeek prowled under the turkey roosts at night, eyeing the perched birds with drooling jaws and curbed desire. Dan never knew how Zeek yearned to fall upon the tottering, woolly lambs he guarded, and demolish them with one strong snap of his lean wolfish jaws. Zeek wondered at himself, and for the sake of the love he bore Dan, controlled his desires and guarded the ranch the more carefully.

When the April moon was full, Zeek wondered what made him long to point his slim nose skyward and sing strange, wierd songs of love, and hate, and savage joy. It seemed as if there were some old memory in him that stirred vaguely at times, more keenly at others. Zeek seemed to remember a life he had once lived, free as the wind, always hungry, always prowling, with ears, nose, and eyes keen and alert, and feet that ran as swiftly and silently as the prairie wind itself.

Always on these nights, there seemed to be another that ran with him; one that resembled him, but was smaller, keener, daintier. At first she seemed a mere shadow, a dream, but later she became clear as life, and Zeek learned to love her with a love he had never known before. So real she seemed that Zeek often found himself on moonlight nights wandering off toward the open plains, waiting, hoping, longing.

The Shadow and Dan! Dan and the Shadow! Always they played tag in Zeek's mind, now one, now the other uppermost. Both were equally dear him, but in different ways, and he knew infallibly that they could never coincide. The Shadow belonged to one life, and Dan to another. Dan and cattle to herd; the Shadow and freedom. Dan and a warm bed, a sure dinner; the Shadow and a precarious living, wild food that fled from his jaws. Zeek followed at the heels of Dan's horse, and dreamed of the Shadow, or searched for the Shadow and thought of Dan.

For Dan's sake, Zeek tolerated the work he did, and the dog-love in him drowned out the wildness that rose like a bubble within him at times. When Dan flung himself on his tall, gray gelding, and whistled, Zeek followed at his heels with wagging tail and shinning eyes. Zeek and Dan and the tall gray gelding made a picture you would not soon have forgotten. Heat or cold, or driving rain, they rode the range

(Continued on Page Eight)



# DID KING TUT HAVE COUSINS IN NEVADA?

**W**E hold, in this state, the key to possible startling discoveries as to the history of man.

Nevada, the barren, the arid. Egypt and the fertile plains of the Nile. The one, the outpost of western civilization. The other, mute monument of century-old civilization. Between them—thousands of miles, myriads of peoples, and—ages(?), perhaps not. Probably not, when the stones and relics of ancient tribes of Nevada can be made to tell their story as have the hieroglyphics and tombs of Egypt.

Few people in Nevada and fewer outside of this state are aware of the fact that the work of studying the traces of ancient peoples was started more than three years ago. Prof. B. F. Schappelle, head of the Department of Romance Languages at University of Nevada, is the pioneer in local archaeology.

Early in 1920, Professor Schappelle, realizing the possibilities of discovery in the regions surrounding Reno, started the study of the traces of primitive peoples. For two years he carried on his explorations unaided, but for the past summer he has been assisted by N. T. Clark of Philadelphia, a well-known archaeologist.

Mr. Clark, who achieved distinction several years ago for the finest reconstruction of the mastodon, made a relief map of the region abounding in pictographs and ideographs, the original of which has been purchased for a large sum by the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia.

Thus, for the first time, actual first-hand investigations in Nevada are being brought to the attention of archaeologists and the accounts of earlier scientists, based almost wholly on hearsay, may eventually be discredited.

Nevada is famed for an over-supply of sagebrush, but few people know that there exists in this state the largest pictograph station in the world. About twenty miles east of Reno in the mountains overlooking Virginia City is an extensive area dotted with specimens of picture writing on the rocks, most of them not more than fifty years old.

But very ancient hieroglyphics also abound in the region several miles distant from Reno, in the Sparks Canyon, and near the town of Verdi. At Pyramid Lake occur possibly the most striking of all the pictographs. For there, the original incisions in the rock have been emphasized by being painted with a mixture of red ochre and grease.

Careful study has been made of many of these inscriptions, and some of them have been interpreted. Of course, in most cases these translations have consisted merely of the obvious interpretation of the pictures, i. e., the sketch of a mountain with a goat and a horse in the foreground, the goat right side up and the horse upside down means, "This road is steep. Goats can climb it, but horses cannot."

Professor Schappelle has made a wonderful collection of artifacts and has succeeded in cataloguing them. These artifacts, including weapons, implements, and tools, far outrival

those of the Neolithic period taken from excavations in European and Asiatic fields.

By no means all of the traces have been explained, since many of them are almost inaccessible, but word of their location is occasionally brought to the investigators by the Indians.

Many camp sites of now extinct Indian tribes have been explored and have contributed their lore to the curiosity of the explorers.

One of the most interesting of all remains are the cliff dwellings, which have been found several miles down the Carson River. These, because of their cave-like protection, were undisturbed by the glaciers, and very remarkably exist as remnants of the Pre-Glacial period.

The methods used by these ancient peoples in executing the pictographs are: (1) by pecking into the solid rock; (2) by cutting a groove in the rock with a stick smeared with moistened sand; (3) by painting with a mixture of ground red ochre and grease, or charcoal and grease.

Remnants of the once-proud Pah-Ute tribe of Indians cling to their widely scattered posts throughout the state. But it is rather a strain on the imagination to see in these

specimens of drifting, dis-solute degeneration, an ancestry comparable in development to that of the Aztecs, Toltecs and Mayas of Mexico and Central America.

There is a theory, however, that these latter tribes originally migrated south from Nevada. To bear up this hypothesis, various points of similarity between the customs of the Pah-Utes and the Aztecs have been indicated. Certain words of the Pah-Ute language closely resemble corresponding Aztec words. Word signs and ideographs which appear in the rock writings in Nevada are said to be similar to those of primitive tribes of Mexico.

If the Aztec culture repre-



RELIEF MAP OF INDIAN CAMP SITES AND ROCK-WRITING STATIONS IN WASHOE COUNTY, MADE BY N. T. CLARK.  
—Courtesy N. T. Clark.



ROCK WRITING AT STATION NO. 5 IN SPANISH SPRING VALLEY AT RIGHT OF SUGAR LOAF MT. RESEMBLES TOLTEC HIEROGLYPHICS.

—Courtesy Prof. B. F. Schappelle.



sents the further development of such tribes as the Pah-Utes, then the age of the earlier Nevada pictographs may be determined with relative accuracy.

At any rate, in view of existing evidence, Nevada has a pre-history extending far back into the earliest stages of human development. The steps of her progress are even more interesting than those made by primitive peoples in the Old



PICTOGRAPH AT STATION NO. 4 IN ENTRANCE OF SPARKS CANYON.

Translation: Indian chief goes hunting with bow and arrow for mountain goats. Hunt takes place on cloudy day (represented by uppermost character which is cloud sign) along the Truckee river. Chief's party returns with kill of seven goats.—Courtesy of Prof. E. F. Schappelle.

World. Traces of at least three distinct races have been found in the study of the pictographs.

Professor Schappelle declares that Nevada is an exceedingly rich field for archaeological research, being practically virgin territory. The possibilities of making countless collections of historical value are unlimited, and there are existing collections of great value. Chief among these is the interesting museum collection of Dr. S. L. Lee of Carson City; the handsome collection of Indian baskets of A. Cohen of Carson City; and the basket collection of Mrs. Stewart, known by all authorities, which is valued at thousands of dollars.

"All of these point to the practicability and eventual necessity of establishing a historical museum in the state," says Professor Schappelle.

The ultimate significance of this research work is that Nevada will be entitled to recognition by the world for its scientific fertility.

(Continued from Page Six)

each day, and exulted in their strength and mastery over the bitterness of the element. Each came to love the work in his own way, with the true delight that hard work well done always brings.

It was sad that there should come a day when Dan could not ride the range. It had all happened so suddenly that no one was fully aware, at the time, of the seriousness of the accident. Dan stood up, after the outlaw had reared and fallen with him, and laughed a bit shakily. "It's all right, boys. I'll be all right in a minute." He smiled gamely, then quietly fainted.

They carried him into the hunk house, and he lay there all day, with Zeek at his feet. His breathing came slowly and heavily, and there were fits of coughing that brought his handkerchief away from his mouth with dark splotches on it. The boys hung around awkwardly and helplessly until a doctor came in a rig from the nearest town.

"Never worry, Dan," said the boys, "You'll be fit as a fiddle again in no time."

But the doctor pursed his lips and shook his head. Dan's breathing became heavier, slower, more labored, until it filled the dark room with unspoken agony. Zeek heard it, and his uncanny dog sense told him what it portended. He moaned under the bed until the nerve-racked boys turned him out. It came almost as a relief when the harsh, rasping, labored breath ceased, and a great stillness followed.

"Be good to Zeek," Dan had murmured, "and put me with 'her' back in my old home town." His passing had been easy, and the boys said afterwards that Melancholy Dan had never looked so happy. But Zeek moaned through the nights unconsolably. He was a lost soul, with no one to cling to, no one to love and to work for. Even the gray gelding had been sold to a distant ranch.

Zeek was alone and lonely. The boys gave him plenty of food and a warm place to sleep. Some even tried to coax him back to his old work with the sheep and cattle, but the joy and pride in his work had gone with the master who had taught him the work. It was a different world to Zeek without Dan.

More and more he found himself roaming the low hills and wide plains at night. More and more he shunned the society of mankind. His nightly prowlings had a new meaning for him now, and he loved the sense of freedom it gave him. A heap of gray feathers under the creek bank might have explained where the fat domestic hens disappeared, and also why Zeek was seldom hungry of late. As the memory of Dan faded into that vague, blessed, glorified image death so often leaves behind it, the faint ties that bound Zeek to civilization daily lost their hold.

There was the Shadow, too, waiting out there somewhere in the moonlit darkness. Zeek knew she was there. It seemed only a question of time until he should find her. Many nights he searched the low foot-hills, but the Shadow never came. Always he returned to the ranch at day-break alone, with drooping ears and tail.

One night, however, as he was on the point of returning, it seemed that the Shadow he sought was closer, more tangible. He neither saw nor heard her, but the shifting prairie wind brought a sense of her nearness to his nostrils. He lifted, with back-flung ears, and blew his nostrils wide. But the wind changed, and he lost the scent. Desperate with the fear of losing her after all his weary waiting, he raised his voice to call her back, and the call he gave was a strange call, wierd, long-drawn, ending in a broken quaver.

No sooner had it died away in stillness than the dogs from the ranch began to bark loudly, viciously, fearfully. Dogs from neighboring ranches took up the clamor, and it rang on the night wind like an alarm. Zeek was about to slink back home, half ashamed of the wierd sound he had made, when an answering call came from the hills, a sharp sudden yelp, that ended, as his had done, in a broken quaver.

Zeek's heart swelled. He knew the call. It seemed that he had always known how it would sound. His answer was full-throated and vibrant, as he made his way up the hills in a long, swift lope and disappeared, never to return.

## Young Love

The shadowed, breathing web of night—  
A lone bird calling on the hill—  
A pale moon dropping threads of light—  
Young love—hushed and still.

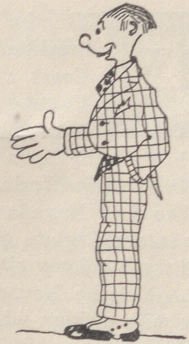
—Jane O'Sullivan.



# The-How-The-Hell-Are-You-Kind-Of-A-Guy

By FRED J. SIEBERT, Jr.

Cartoons by TRUX HOWELL



I.

He shakes your hand just a shake too long  
 And pats your back and carols a song  
 Of "Glad to see you—where you been?  
 How the hell are you?—when d'ja get in?"  
 He gets so tiresome by and by  
 This over-effusive,  
 Far from exclusive,  
 How-the-hell-are-you kind of a guy.



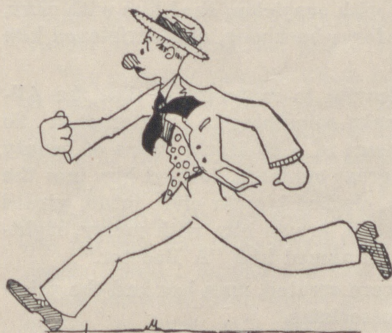
II.

Next time you meet there's a slight variation  
 In that song of his that's old as creation.  
 "Hell Old Man! How's she goin'?"  
 How the hell are you? What'd' you know?"  
 Just as mushy as custard pie,  
 This un-plutocratic,  
 Too democratic,  
 How-the-hell-are-you kind of a guy.



III.

He walks with you, keeps growing bolder,  
 And slips his arm across your shoulder.  
 "Pretty flush? Got lots of jack?  
 Say—lend me five. I'll pay it back."  
 Grab your purse when he comes nigh,  
 This tiresome chatterer,  
 Tireless flatterer,  
 How-the-hell-are-you kind of a guy.





# WHEN WE MADE "CAL" BITE THE DUST

By JOHN CAHLAN



WITH the prospects for the Nevada Wolf Pack brightening with every game and the entire Coast awakening to the fact that the Nevada Varsity of 1923 is a team well worth watching, it might be well to look back a few years and see how the Nevada Varsities of former years fared at the hands of their rivals.

The first Nevada Varsity was formed in 1896 and in its first intercollegiate game was defeated by the small Belmont Military Academy eleven by a score of something better than 40-0. Yet the Nevada spirit never waned and in 1898 came back with a team which held Stanford to a 17-5 victory, and California was able to trounce them only 24-0.

In 1900 the Nevada Varsity was somewhat strengthened and, although losing to California and Stanford, went through the season with an enviable record. In the following years Nevada took an annual defeat from both the big colleges of the Coast until 1903.

In 1903 the Nevada institution had the strongest team on the Coast and proved it when it met California and Stanford. The California game is still talked of by those who saw it as the best game ever put on at Berkeley.

California came onto the field with the strongest team ever, and Nevada's rating was not too good as a result of the ease with which the former Bear teams had defeated the Silver and Blue.

California was first to score. Way back in those days even the Bears had a well formed defense and also knew how to block kicks. They blocked a Nevada kick and forced a Nevada man to drop on it for safety. **IT WAS CALIFORNIA'S ONLY SCORE OF THE GAME.**

Soon afterwards, Nevada surprised the whole Coast and scored for the first time in four years on the Bears. The touchdown was the result of a seventy-yard run and won the game.

Later in the year Nevada played the Oregon Aggies and Washington State for the first time and was defeated by both of them. The scores being 15-0 and 3-0 respectively.

In 1906 the entire coast changed its style of play from American to Rugby, and Nevada followed suit. The Silver and Blue had a powerful team, and, through the spectacular playing of Lyle Selby, was able to defeat California by a 3-0 score. Stanford, however, spoiled our perfect record by submitting the Nevada fifteen to an 11-0 walloping. This was the last time that the Nevada Varsity was able to defeat either of the Coast colleges.

In 1907 Nevada went down to defeat at the hands of California and Stanford, as it did in all the succeeding years.

In 1909 the Nevada Varsity was booked to beat the mighty Bears. They went to Berkeley firm in the determination that they would win, and everybody on the coast expected it. Ten minutes before the game a telegram was handed to Bennett, the captain of the Nevada team, that his father had died. Broken in spirit, the entire Nevada team was ready to call the game off. Bennett would not allow it, so they went out and were beaten by the Bears 24-9. Nevada has never come so close to defeating the Bears since.

Nevada took her traditional beating from California every year, until finally the authorities in charge of the California team decided that Nevada was in the Freshman class. Thus Nevada was rated as a second-class college in the football world, until the famous "Rabbit" Bradshaw and his set of players arrived.

It was in 1920. Nevada had gone to Berkeley and held the California Frosh, later known as California's "Wonder Team," to a 13-7 victory. Then the fun began. Primed for a second

meeting, the two teams pointed for the final game of their respective seasons on the Nevada field.

Long will that game be remembered by the staunch Nevada supporters. It was the game which proved that Nevada was at last ready for real inter-collegiate combat on the football field. So sure were the Nevada students that Nevada would win that they "hocked" all their clothes to bet on the game.

The game started. Nevada scored in the first quarter. Again they scored in the second quarter, and that was all. It was enough. The Frosh scored twice in the third quarter but forgot to kick the goals, making the score read: Nevada 13, Frosh 12.

With the final gun but two minutes away, the Frosh had the ball on Nevada's two-yard line. Bell, the big fullback of the Frosh, had plunged it there from the center of the field.

A signal was called. Bell was given the ball, and the two lines met. No gain. The same on the next play, and the next. An end run was tried but was stopped at the line of scrimmage. One more down for the Frosh. Erb, the Frosh quarter, called a conference of his players, and, as they stepped back into position, he started calling signals. A second before the ball was snapped the gun went off, and Nevada was the victor.

Since that time Nevada has met this same team three times, yet it could not beat them. We have scored on them every year, and in 1921 we were one of two teams to score on California.

Stanford re-opened hostilities with the Wolves in 1921, and the Pack fought them off their feet and tied the score at 14-14. Last year Nevada was off-form and was defeated 17-7. This year we ran into a snag and were beaten 27-0.

But the spirit which carried Nevada through the dark days of 1898-99 is returning, and, before many more years, the Nevada Wolves will again defeat both California and Stanford.

## "THE CREATION OF KNOCKERS AND BOOSTERS"

In the beginning when the Creator had made all the good creatures in the world, the Spirit of Evil brooded mightily and he introduced into the minds and hearts of insects, reptiles, beasts and men the seeds of jealousy and ill-will. When this evil work had become manifest in many deeds of hate by living creatures against each other, the devil gathered all the worst thoughts of these creatures, caused them to take man's shape, clothed him with suspicion, shod him with envy, gave him a yellow streak for a backbone, and christened him "A Knocker."

This product was so fearful to contemplate that the All-Wise Creator decided to make something to counteract it. So He took a sunbeam, the heart of a child, the sense of beauty in flowers, fields and the great outdoors, formed him into the shape of an upright man, clothed him in civic pride, girded him with equality and justice, armed him with mercy, righteousness and good will, and named him "A Booster."

Ever since these two were created, man has had the privilege of choosing his own associates.



## THIRSTY

By H. COFFIN



FROM his hiding place among the jagged rocks on the mountain side, the fugitive looked down on the sunbaked desert valley, where a dusty Nevada road ambled heedlessly through the sagebrush and rock.

A topless Ford rattled up the road and stopped at the foot of the hill where Jim Thorpe was hiding. His pursuers leaped from the car. There were two of them—a cowboy and a short, fat, individual, with a beet-colored face.

For nearly an hour they searched among the red hot rocks for their man, timidly at first, later with a great deal of boisterous hollowing back and forth.

Finally they came together just below the rock where the breathless fugitive had so far successfully hidden himself. The cowboy directed vivid oaths at the sun, while the fat little fellow merely panted, perspired, and mopped his forehead with his wet, dirty handkerchief.

For the time being the fugitive forgot his parched throat, his feverishly throbbing temples, and his aching hands, blistered from the heat of the rock he was lying on. The sight of the silver badge that glistened on the wet shirt of the panting individual made him tremble.

The cowboy reached in his back pocket, brought forth a large bottle of sparkling liquor, and took a long drink. He was followed by "beet-face," who drank feverishly.

"Gee, that's good," he panted, "I'd like to kill it."

"Yeh, so would I, but I guess we better save some," answered his companion. The bottle was now only one-third full.

To Jim, who had been watching operations with eager eyes, a swollen tongue, and a parched throat, their actions were maddening. Crazed with heat and thirst, he leaped from his place of freedom into his captors' midst, and drained the cool contents of the bottle.

"I—I—couldn't—resist—the—temp—tation," he choked. "Well, why, doncha take me? Snap on your damned old handcuffs. I—"

"A helluva lot o' good it 'ud do us" snapped the wearer of the badge. "There's our evidence!" And he pointed to the empty bottle that glistened in the sand at the ex-fugitive's feet.

## BLACK OXEN

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON



COULD anything be more amusing than to come back to New York after thirty-four years and be a belle again with the sons and grandsons of my old friends proposing to me?"

This is the situation of "Black Oxen" tersely expressed by the heroine herself who, leaving America at a tender age, whiled her hours away in the diplomatic circles of Vienna by breaking the hearts of all the eligibles.

The scientific miracle which makes possible the recouping of youthful charm and physical allurements when the heroine has already reached the shrivelling-up state forms the foundation of the cleverly-conceived plot.

The mystery of the story lies in the why and wherefore of the hero's love for this fifty-eight-year-old woman. This can perhaps be inferred from the contrast implied in his remark: "Need I remind you that when a man has held a girl on his lap as a child, she is generally the last girl he wants on his lap later on? Man loves the shock of novelty, the

spice of surprise. It's hard to get that out of a girl you have spanked—as I did Janet on two different occasions."

Another explanation may lie in this: "Clavering was no lover of unamended nature, holding nature, except in rare moments of inspiration, a bungler of the first water."

And: "Young women have little psychology. They are too fluid."

What relation psychology has to fluid or moisture is hard to understand, unless it be a veiled inference to a softened condition of the brain. For this thrust, we of the still youthful generation must surely take the brilliant but elderly Gertrude Atherton to task.

Mrs. Atherton's treatment of the ever-recurring jazz-plus-flapper question might justify one's reading the book. Here is the remedy, simple and simply stated: "A sound spanking is what they all need, and it certainly would take the starch out of them. Make them feel so damned young they'd forget just how blaise they're trying to be."

The weakness of this theory the author herself reveals.

I would say that "Black Oxen" is one of the books that the college student should read "everything else but."

—N. S.

(Black Oxen, by Gertrude Atherton; Boni & Liveright, Publishers. May be obtained at Reno Stationery Co.)

## Perry Met a Young Girl

(By Velma Comstock)

Perry met a young girl  
In a shadowed glade,  
Sunlight on her blonde head,  
Her feet in the shade.

On her lips a dim smile,  
In her eyes a mist,  
"Perry, Perry, tell me,  
Am I never missed?"

Perry rolled his black eyes,  
Wrinkled up his nose,  
"Tell me, Pretty Maiden,  
Where the smoke goes?"

"Tell me, when the sun's down,  
Where then's the light?  
When the love goes,  
Where stops the the flight?"

Perry tossed his young head,  
Perry laughed aloud,  
Threw off his soiled cap,  
And mocking, he bowed.

"Perry, Perry, lose me,  
Lose me, if you can,  
I am the one girl  
Comes to Everyman."

"I am the First Love,  
Moonlight in your eyes,  
Music in the rushes,  
Sunshine in the skies."

"Perry, Perry, leave me,  
Leave me, if you can,  
Back I'll come at dream-time,  
First Love of Everyman."



# EDITORIAL PAGE

Volume 1. No. 1.—This legend marks the "Desert Wolf" as an entity. A tiny shiver vibrates through our editorial frame, as we deliberately but modestly mark our brain child and send it forth—another avenue of student expression, a publication, the newest member of the journalistic fold of the University of Nevada campus.

Old, established things possess an aura of respectability. There is a universal esteem and awesome reverence for the tried and true. The old is fortified by tradition, by the semblance of wisdom, which is age itself, by its own self-assurance. It is for these reasons that the antique shop thrives, that millions are frequently expended on some old painting or book, rendered priceless by its very decrepitude. Ingenuity often prompts the manufacturer to disguise the newness of his wares. To such an extent we are worshippers and slaves of the past.

But is there not also something fine and glowing about a brand-new object, or thought, or thing? It is the glory of potentiality, what it may sometime achieve. It is the fascination of the unknown—the future.

Nothing is inconceivable, nothing impossible to the man who is starting a new undertaking. Because he has not before tested himself, his enthusiasm is keener; because he has not yet been disillusioned, his ideals are higher and finer; because he is young and unfettered his strength is greater.

And like this is an institution or a magazine—unclouded by any old-fogeyism, unshadowed by an inglorious past, there are infinite possibilities in the future.

Standing on our own merits, with nothing "to live down," with everything to be gained by our own efforts, we launch forth on our career. It is with a high sense of responsibility; a deep feeling of awe and a thrill of anticipation that we write across the blankness of the first page of our history: Volume 1. No. 1.

## WHAT OF IT?

Do you remember, you, who read the "Sagebrush," the flood of remonstrance recently called forth by a most flagrant violation of good breeding?

Swearing, to be exact.

Organized profanity by college men at a college contest in the presence of college women!

And, do you recall, you who were a part of the bleachers on that memorable day, the picture of four hundred-odd young men tramping in rhythmic beat around the grassy field, linked one to the other by a chain of fellowship greater than that of any D'Artagnan, but equally chivalrous, equally noble?

Can you remember it without a quickening of the pulse?

That day the spectators saw a game, but more than a game—the birth of a Spirit.

That day they saw the U. of N. became alma mater to those four hundred-odd men and to the two hundred-odd women who only sat and watched.

As for the rest, who did not feel a pang of envy, a desire not to be outside of this Spirit?

What did it matter how that Spirit came to be?

If a few coarse words could aid in unleashing that inspired demonstration, what of it?

The reverence that might have been wanting in the words that came from their lips, glistened a hundredfold in their eyes.

That moment, more than one spectator readjusted his sense of values. There were ladies there, and gentlemen, who were not shocked, but awed.

It was a case of the Spirit's being greater than the Letter.

"This is the age of squashed-down hats,

"This is the age of pleated skirts,"—

## ON CONFORMITY

These are the ear-marks of college students. Certainty they do look alike. If they don't, they're likely to be looked at askance. The men must and do have "squashed-down" hats and sloppy English suits. The women do have their hair clipped ear-length, and do wear pleated skirts and sleeveless sweaters.

This used to be one of the horrors of orphan asylums—uniforms.

But even in the far-from-effete West, standards are formed to the tune of: "Everybody's doing it."

The rule extends to social life. If the "best fellows" drain glasses, it's the thing to do. If the popular girls smoke, it's the thing to do. And it's done.

If nine-tenths of the girls register for teaching, the other one-tenth hasn't gumption enough to declare itself for law, or business, or plain housekeeping.

On the other hand, he who is not "like us", isn't quite right. "He" and "she" are respective "freaks," or are "a little queer," or "simply impossible."

The danger? Nothing dangerous. Just dullness. The twenty years-later boredom.

The danger lies, if there is any, in a uniformity of thought which is likely to result in absence of thought.

Great men are not those who have identified themselves wholly with the warp and woof of existence, like camouflaged tanks of war-days. They are those who have been outstandingly individual.

Christ was unlike anyone else. Shakespeare was not the typical Elizabethan. Lincoln was rather in a class by himself when it came to spoiling a perfectly good suit of clothes in the rescue of a pig on the roadside.

Every fable has a moral, written or implied. And the moral of this is NOT to rescue pigs but to rescue ourselves from dull uniformity.

Welcome the fellow who is different. Cultivate the person brave enough to be himself. Then the university will graduate individuals not types.

Of the university and for the university, The Desert Wolf is necessarily made by students. It is a students' magazine, although articles and stories from the faculty, alumni and outsiders will be welcomed and published.

The editors are for the purpose of selecting and arranging stories. Their business is to look after the mechanical side of the magazine, to worry over the details and to take whatever blame there may be incurred by copy that appears. THEY ARE NOT for the purpose of writing articles or running around with a little black box "shooting" photos of campus scenes. They are not doing anything except trying to make the new publication a credit to the University of Nevada.

Your little pet idea perhaps deserves the light of day throw on it. Why hide it? Why not give it to others? Wading ankle deep in copy, the editors wish to wade knee deep. Attaining this ambition, they want to burrow in copy. In other words all is grist that comes to their mill—the more the material the better the magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

In this vein of thought we wish to show our appreciation to Mardelle Hoskins, Thelma Hopper and Gilberta Turner who have made routine work less of a burden, who by their cooperation have smoothed over the rough spots and enabled The Desert Wolf to go to press on time.

From The Sagebrush notable little courtesies have been extended—for the cut of Prof. A. E. Turner we are particularly grateful.



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## WALDORF!

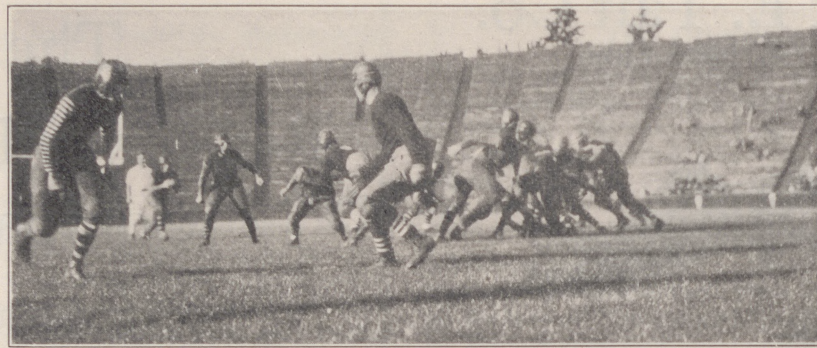
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## WHEN STAGGING— HERE'S HOW

By ALICE NORCROSS



HE behavior of the perfect stag requires patience and diplomacy. If you have neither, as is often the case, pretend to have. No stag should be unlearned in the art of prevarication.

To begin the evening, take your position at one of the two advantageous positions (never both) of the stag line, i. e. the beginning, or the end. Since the line is continually being lengthened or shortened, you will be frequently called upon to move, thus making it appear that you are restless, and awake—both of which you are not. Having assumed an expression akin to that of King Tut when unearthed, look over the dancers carefully but mercilessly. On no account smile.

If by chance you should wish to ruin the week-old shine on your shoes, having picked out the lady to tangle with, two steps are necessary. First convey a life-saver (preferably clove) to the mouth; second, button (or unbutton) the lowest button on your coat. You may now advance, and with a heavy blow on the lady's partner, freeing her from his grip, push off.

Should the femme be one's sister, making the act a mere duty, wait until the last measure of the piece before addressing her with, "Well, Sis, I'm sorry," to which the devoted escort will reply, "Too late, old man! My program is full up!" This absolves you from further duty.

One of the greatest hindrances to enjoyable stagging, as you have discovered, is a frat brother on a blind date who persists on wig-wagging, openly or behind said date's back, for relief. Perhaps he refuses stolid unrecognition on your part.

In that case, judge between two courses of action open to you.

By changing your position from the end of the line to the beginning, or (vice versa) from the beginning of the line to the end, you may elude him. The other method, and one distinctly more decisive, is to walk unsteadily to the door and go out.

Do not, however, walk too unsteadily, nor make any unnecessary movements with the hands about your hip pocket, or the entire stag line will dissolve behind you.

### *Yellow Roses*

"Yellow roses! How I love them!" said a girl, as she pressed a lovely petal to her lovelier lips.

I waited in silence.

"There used to be a man, a long time ago—and I loved him—but it isn't the way of the world now-a-days to marry the person one loves, is it?"

She smiled a little wistfully.

"I remember one day he twined a yellow rose in my hair, and I promised him,—but I reckon that doesn't matter; in the end they sent him away, and I have never been able to forget—that's all."

She laughed a short, hard laugh.

"Has he forgotten it?" I asked.

"Perhaps—anyway he was married and divorced last year—and I don't care."

Scornfully she blew the rose petals from her.

I smiled and went into the house. A few minutes later, I saw her on her knees in the garden, hunting for the crushed petals of a yellow rose.



## THE BLUE ENVELOPE

By ELSIE WERNER



PICKED up the blue envelope—with it came the wailing cry of the blind masseuse high above the warning call of the 'rickshaw men as they padded their way through crowded Theatre Street.

Japan, the warm land of exaggerated cherry blossoms.

Yokohama, the city of transplanted Europeans, American tourists, half castes, atrocious kimonos for foreigners, and haunting curio-shops. Especially Yamamatasan's. That suave, little yellow man who presses upon one the urgent need of buying this "pretty little knife—knife have nice story. Japanese lady use this knife to kill Japanese gentleman! Velly nice knife."

I felt the blue envelope again. It was pleasingly bulky. Evidently the "season" had started, and Eda was telling me tales of tea on the Bund and moonlight walks around the great Daibutsa, as he sits overlooking the sea at Kamakura. Angular Eda telling angular tales. Forever forgetting her overworked powder-puff and sending the patient boysan in search of it . . . "Boysan, go top-side and fetch me one powder-puffy." And always the polite, indrawn breath and smile as he gives the same answer, "Can do, Oxsan."

As I start to tear open the blue envelope I see the morning paper—

"Great Earthquake and Fire Ravage Tokio and Yokohama. 50,000 Perish."

"Buildings Collapse as all Yokohama Burns."

"Kamagura Entirely Obliterated."

"Waters on the Bund Choked with Dead Bodies."

Oh, Daibutsa with your calm, sad smile, have you too passed on? Or do you still smile sadly over your dead?

Mechanically I opened the blue envelope. Mechanically I read the words written in happiness to be read in death, and faltered over the sentence—"I have just bought a wonderful French gown direct from Paris, and I know that I shall enjoy wearing it on the Bund."

## HE SELLS IDEAS

(Continued from Page Five)

A Good Sport. Perhaps you have seen it—written by Grantland Rice, and published in the American Magazine some time ago."

He turned to his filing index and handed me the lines which are reproduced below:

### THE CODE OF A GOOD SPORT

(Grantland Rice)

1. Thou shalt not quit.
2. Thou shalt not alibi.
3. Thou shalt not gloat over winning.
4. Thou shalt not be a rotten loser.
5. Thou shalt not take unfair advantage.
6. Thou shalt not ask odds thou are unwilling to give.
7. Thou shalt always be ready to give thine opponent the shade.
8. Thou shalt not **under** estimate an opponent, nor **over** estimate thyself.
9. Remember that the game is the thing, and that he who thinketh otherwise is a mucker and no true sportsman.
10. Honor the game thou playest, for he who playeth the game straight and hard wins even when he loses.

"You are satisfied with the result of the campaign, then?" I asked.

"More than satisfied," Jack answered. "The success of the movement is best shown by the statement of that Nevada player, who said, 'Come on gang, we have four touchdowns to make.'"

"Why," here he puffed thoughtfully on his cigar—probably to hide his emotion and then said, "Why, do you know that that sentence should be carved in bronze and placed where every incoming student could read it? Do you know that it is immortal?"

I left "Jack" at his desk. "Jack", the man who—and wondered, as I came away, just what other new idea will originate back of those serious eyes, what other new plan lurks back of the whimsical smile.

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## The Red Moon

"DUKE"

Close by the bay, he sat all day  
Where white caps curved and broke;  
But when I mentioned the high plateau  
These were the words he spoke.

Where the hot winds blew, and men were few  
I made my lonesome home;  
And for days untold, I toiled for gold  
On the plains where the coyotes roam.  
The quartz was hard, I tell you, Pard,  
And I worked with a single-jack;  
And when my round was in the ground  
I sought my lonely shack.

For many years I'd had my fears  
Of that drab and sandy land,  
And watched the lines on a comrade's face,  
That marked him like a brand.  
But still I stayed, nor was afraid  
Until the moon shone red.  
But that night, in the moon's red light  
My heart seemed turned to lead!

When the red moon shone, I sat alone  
In the hush of the silent night,  
And by its glow, I saw below  
The desert in all its might  
Where the red beams gleamed. To me it seemed  
That a ghostly host passed by,  
While off to the west, in the star's dim nest  
The red light flecked the sky.

Far beneath my rest, on the rocky crest  
Across the plains below  
The phantom crew, whose ranks were few  
Would softly come and go.  
Out of a ravine, scarcely seen,  
They would pick their grisly way,  
And on to the west, ever they pressed  
Where the red lights leaped in play.

Like a scene from the pit, when hell is lit,  
They wandered on and on;  
While the blood-colored hues of the waning moon  
Vied with the bursting dawn.  
Rooted there on my lofty chair  
I gazed at the cavalcade,  
And, lifting my eyes to the ruddy skies,  
Sank to my knees and prayed.

For the souls I prayed, of those who'd payed  
In years of heat and cold;  
Who had fought a fight, 'gainst the desert's might  
In a frenzied search for gold;  
Who had wasted life, in the awful strife  
That ends in an empty thing.  
And when I thought, what my years had brought  
I knew I'd had my fling.

Close by the bay, he sits all day  
Where the breezes softly blow,  
And white-sailed ships softly slip  
Through the Golden Gates below.



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## To "Her"

By WALKER MATHENSON

She is exasperating in her far-awayness,  
Like a sweet dream,  
Which flits in upon one in the night  
And cannot be recalled in the morn.  
Like a Goddess she is unattainable;  
Like the horizon, she is unapproachable—  
For, once coming unto her presence,  
She slips away and is as far off as ever.  
All the mysteries of the Universe  
Are in her eyes.  
In her throat, all the dulcet songs of the nightingale.  
Her voice is silkily sweet, musical . . . .  
From her hair the perfume  
Of a thousand flower gardens arises  
In a delirious odor which conveys  
A sense of the pleasure of the  
Seven-times-seven Elysium.  
Shapely as the Majestic Fuji,  
Her body has all the rhythm  
Of some great poem.  
She is the Fairy of a Thousand Delights.  
No earthly woman can be compared to her,  
For to compare her with earthly things  
Were to defile Heaven.  
Who is she? And where is she?  
She is everywhere, this Goddess . . . .  
Wherever there be men creatures.  
She is Everyman's  
"The Only Girl in the World!"

## The Lochrie Man

By JANE O'SULLIVAN

A alannah machree, last night in the gloamin',  
A lochrie man I spied!  
In the cold, pale light of the moon I was roamin',  
And me lonely heart it sighed.  
But the wee, bit man just started to play  
On his tiny, silver flute,  
And my feet went dancin' 'till dawn o' day,  
When the fairy pipe was mute.  
Och wirrasthru! the elf had gone  
To dwell among the Shee!  
Go-thee-thou, mavourneen slaun,  
He stole the heart o' me!

(Lochrie man fairy, elf.—(Och mirrasthru) alas, Oh pity.—  
(Shee) fairies.—(Go-thee-thou) Farewell.—(Mavoureen slaun (my  
dear one).

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## A PRESCRIPTION FOR MATRIMONIAL BLISS



MAN happily married is like a question satisfactorily answered—no longer interesting. When heroes become happy, writers usually end the story about them, because the rest of us are not entertained by that excitementless state. Have you observed that most tales end with "so they were married and lived happily ever afterward?"

The evil effects of university education upon the matrimonial prospects and desires of our college students have so often been set forth in the press that we will turn with some interest to an exceedingly illuminating incident concerning the University of Nevada—and matrimony. To get down to the point, the University of Nevada has some particularly happily married heroes, who, as is the way with married men, are not getting the attention due them. These men demand some further collegiate attention, because it is the facts about their marriages that make these heroes particularly noteworthy.

You all remember the famous basketball team that went to Kansas City in 1921, don't you? That was a wonderful team in more ways than one! Maybe it was the trip East that helped to decide those boys, but at any rate, they came back, and this is the wonderful part of it—they each picked out a University of Nevada woman and married her! The whole quintet! They displayed the wisdom of Socrates in so exquisitely solving the question of how to get happily married. And such a glorious precedent to set for the rest of Nevada's men, too! If a goodly portion of them seek to emulate this example, think of what a delightful prospect presents itself to Nevada co-eds! And surely it is reasonable to suspect that, if for no other reason than hero-worship and respect for the opinions of their betters, to-day's men will imitate this heroic example.

Of course, some will say that too much heroic matrimony of this kind might result in a few unhappy pairs. Yet, looking back over the college matrimonial register of the past few years, we see our extravagant young woman yoke-mated to our economical young man; our lively to our staid; our practical to our idealistic; our artistic to our inartistic, and all as if the individuals had no choice in the matter anyway, so why not institute a pleasanter and surer method of our own? A system designed, among other things, to keep down the percentage of insanity and preserve the economic balance?

Most of you know that gossips, professors, ministers, justices-of-the-peace and other authorities are agreed that college-age marriages are quite the thing. It is a statistical fact that nearly 67 out of every 100 brides, not including widows, are under twenty-five years of age. In other words, college people, it is entirely fashionable for you to marry young in life while your character and tastes and notions about one thing and another are still in the formative period. A man in his early twenties often has barely completed his education, and a young woman of twenty-one or twenty-two—even one of twenty-four—still has things to learn, and their tastes have not had time to set, so if two such people start out with tastes in common and continue to exchange an occasional idea, isn't it to be expected that they ought to be happy together?

Some one has said that there is just one woman for every man in the world, if the match is to be ideal, but with the world as thickly populated as it is, the chances of these exact two persons ever getting acquainted are really quite slim, and it's much safer, in the long run, to pick out someone while you are at college where there is a large assortment to choose

(Continued on Page Twenty-four)



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## A STUDENT'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The following extract from a new periodical, *THE WORLD TOMORROW*, for September, 1923, is, if not a unique attack on the oft-hammered university, an interesting statement of dissatisfaction. It was written by a self-styled lady hobo, Louisa Clark.

"I took to the road when I tried to find a college I liked. I have tried five. I like the big impersonal universities better than the small colleges. The social pressure of the Its is less oppressive. I never succeed in more than hanging on to the edge of the Its. Then the division between those who are successful with the men, the "fussers" or "queeners" and the "non-fussers" is less galling in a large than in a small community.

I loathed the whole situation. It seemed desperately vapid. In college we discussed deep problems of life when most of us had so little experience of life that we could not know what we were talking about. Most of us were not even sure we could earn our own living.

I felt as if a bogey stood over me relentlessly pushing at me a large spoon holding a huge plum pudding. He forced me to gulp it down. At once another large spoon holding another plum pudding was gulped. Then another and another until I felt like sprawling on the floor and kicking and screaming. But I must be a nice little girl.

I adored each course, nearly. I wanted to go after each until I had explored it to a real understanding. But no, I must get Freshman comp. now. No, I mustn't try that theme again because I had to get math. Well, those problems would have to do, right or not, because I had to go to basketball practice. You know how it goes.

As college went on it seemed as if it were a long barren corridor. On each side, on and on, until the hall dwindled to greyness, were doors. I was alone in this empty, grey corridor and seemed very small. A door opened showing a sunlit, magic garden, opening into a large beautiful country. I started in eagerly to explore it. But the door closed. I must hurry on to look through another door, and another, and another. After three or four or five years of this (I forget how many, though I stayed with one college two years) I was stolid with smoldering rebellion.

I felt as if all my life I had been fed on the wine and mince pie of life. I was sick of it. I wanted bread and butter. I wanted the wholesomeness of work, monotonous, hard work, the kind that the mass of people must do to keep alive. I wanted coarseness and cheapness, lots of it. These are bulk. With a large background of these I could really appreciate the beauty and fitness of what we are expected to admire in college. From the swiftness of college and summer camps, I snatched tiny pools of quiet by myself. In them I could pause to look on and try to understand. I wondered how others managed without. Exercise and bulk and repose: I had mental indigestion for want of them."

### *Dreams*

(By Elizabeth Barndt)

Dreams! Dreams! Idle Dreams!  
What a world of sorrow  
Your loveliness redeems;  
When all the world  
Is clothed in black,  
You light the soul  
With incandescent stars!



# SEE THE WORLD—AND RECOVER

By WALKER MATHESON



**Y**MOLINE returned home from Europe last week. Her trunks and bags—she alluded to them casually as “traps”, a new word for her—were all plastered with labels. Labels were everywhere, overlapping each other, one from Rome on top of a coyly-peeping one from Bangkok; there were labels from every land and every clime and every hotel in the world, it seemed. Ymoline was now a lady of the world. She had had affairs in Italy and in Spain—under those languorous moons one hears about, and with those chivalrous young men with guitars and ocharinas, such as one sees in the cinema shows. In fact, Ymoline knew more than most of us of the spice problem of Ceylon and the ruins of ancient Egypt. So she told us all.

Ymoline had a savior faire that was astounding. She talked very naively of the Montmartre and boating on the Nile with those dashing, daring British officers that our modern dime novelist tells us about in his two-dollar tomes.

“Travel,” remarked Ymoline, as she lay on the divan and blew perfectly-formed smoke rings about the chandelier, “broadens one so.”

“So I see,” I replied, thinking that she had become rather stout.

“—travel makes us all feel that we are—er—you know what I mean—a little more intellectual than the stay-at-homes, you know. Take the Smyths, for instance. The only thing they can talk about are the summer camps in the Sierras and the winter sports in Montreal. Now in Switzerland—”

“Did you hear the Swiss yodel?” I asked, because I was interested. I always heard that they could, you know, but I had never seen anyone who had actually and really and truly heard a genuine yodel off the American vaudeville stage circuits.

“Yodel? My, yes! And the Swiss cheese—ummm! So delicious.”

“Oh, do tell me about the cheese.”

“I’d rather not. Such subjects are such racy things, and so—so well, strong, you know. But I saw the darlinest donkeys in Morocco. Let me tell you about them.”

“Did you see any of the dikes in Holland. And when you saw them, were there any little boys holding back the Zuider Zee with their thumbs?”

“No. But in Germany I saw the original bull that was given to Martin Luther. Nice, fat bull, it was, too. Rather florid for its age, but quite content. Like the cows of Jersey. What I couldn’t understand, though was why didn’t Martin eat the bull instead of letting it eat him out of his house and home? And in Czecho-Slovakia I saw the most wonderful checker boards.”

“Did you see any Arabs in Arabia? And did they fold their tents and slink away, as in the poem?”

This stumped Ymoline. She hadn’t read the poem.

“In China I bought the most beautiful Mah Jongg set. In Japan I bought some paper cherry blossoms. I didn’t like China, it smelled so. And Japan was, well—so full of Japanese.”

“Travel does broaden one, doesn’t it?” I asked. “And you made this trip around the world in twenty days? Imagine!”

“Well,” replied Ymoline, sweetly, “I didn’t really make the

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trip. I spent the twenty days in the hospital with the mumps, and did a lot of reading travelogues."

"But how about the stickers? They stumped me. I admit they had me fooled.

"Oh, the stickers—on my baggage—I mean traps? Oh, yes, the stickers. Well, I'll let you in on my secret—but don't tell a soul."

"I won't."

"You can buy them through a mail-order house at fifty cents a hundred."

All of which makes me conclude: Why travel? You can mess up your luggage just as well at home.

### Desert Dusk

A sky of flaming beauty overhead.  
Gray sagebrush, desert earth—a warm, rich red.  
Mountains, blue, then rose, then amethyst.  
Distance veiled, by dying sun rays kissed.

The first cool breath of night comes faint and fragrant.  
One star with trembly light, a glimmering vagrant,  
Poises in the smoky, purpling dusk  
That folds the world in a deep-shadowed husk.

Faint and far, a lone coyote howls.  
Soft-footed through the dark, a wildcat prowls.  
Valley lights gleam promises of rest.  
A prayer breathes from the quiet of the West.

—By Jane O'Sullivan.

### Today

By ESTHER SUMMERFIELD

This is the age of squashed-down hats,  
Of stockings rolled to the knee;  
Of pumpkin rouge,  
Of lip stick huge,  
And hurry! hurry! hurrie!

This is the age of do-as-you-please,  
Of bobbed hair curled or strate;  
Of taxi-cabs,  
Of elbow jabs,  
And hours, late! late! late!

This is the age of "Snappy Stories,"  
Of youth restored by monkey glands;  
Of painless Docs,  
Of seamless socks,  
And fans! fans! fans!

This is the age of the aeroplane,  
Of flappers that get the razz;  
Of klans klu kluxed,  
Of lashes luxed,  
And jazz! jazz! jazz!

This is the age of the college ed,  
Of father who pays the bills;  
Of cut down "bugs",  
Of empty jugs,  
And thrills! thrills! thrills!

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## *The Spider's Web*

(By Jane O'Sullivan)

Frail, so frail and delicately spun,  
All jeweled with pearl-like globes of mountain dew,  
Softly gleaming in the rising sun.

The elfin beauty of your slender grace  
A silken web of hidden might enfolds,  
That wraps its prey in strands of gauzy lace.

And like a poem from a human heart,  
That folds the mind in richly glowing thoughts,  
Your filmy spell was wrought by mortal art.

## *The Lure*

For all the kisses that I gave,  
You laughed and would not pay a toll.  
But for the kiss I would not give,  
For that you offered me your soul!

—Jane O'Sullivan.

(Continued from Page Twenty)

from. Moreover, it's just as well to get the matter settled as soon as possible. After you get out in the world alone, it isn't so easy to find an available man with any recommendations.

Love? Well, falling in love is entirely a matter of sustained attention, anyway. That is an out and out statement made by Professor Young, for the enlightenment of the campus. "Fixation of attention," he called it. That is the reason nine-tenths of the female population of the campus secretly adore the football men—fixation of attention. Also it is the secret of all hero-worship, love, marriage, college spirit, sorority rushing and decent grades. You might as well learn that right now as a part of your higher education.

Some interesting facts about men and matrimony are that men are most susceptible between the ages of 20 and 25, and young men between these ages, if thrown too frequently into the society of young women of that age period, are either in danger or in luck. There is no doubt that a young man of 21 or over likes the idea of being in love with a woman and having a woman in love with him, and almost any attractive woman may answer the purpose, provided she is thrown into his company until her society has become a fixed habit with him. This statement bears out my former one concerning fixation of attention being the source of love, does it not?

The list of marriage licenses show that marriage is largely a matter of chance and propinquity at best. Therefore, make your choice early in your college life, so that you can have the opportunity of observing from day to day the conduct and manners of your future spouse. Such precautions insure against later bitter surprises and disappointments. I might mention, also, that you are privileged to have more than one "Prospective" under cultivation at once, in case you become dissatisfied with the first choice. This sort of arrangement shrouds your college career in such romantic uncertainty that no matter which one you finally espouse, the rest of the campus will be forever wondering whether or not you are really satisfied, and will maintain such interest in your affairs that it will be an endless source of amusement to you.

Undoubtedly you will see many other advantages to such an arrangement as this, so if any of you have other suggestions to make concerning this vital topic, please communicate the same to the rest of the campus. It is the duty of every student to give ear unto them, for indeed, is not matrimony a problem to be reckoned with, in view of the enormous list of fatalities of only last summer?



## "CAMPUSTRY"

By ALICE NORCROSS



HE noticed her the first day. She was small and winsome, and very bewildered. Beside her, while she puzzled, he filled out his class cards. Then hers.

"I'm so much trouble," she protested faintly.

"Not at all!" he replied lustily, and boomed across the crowded room, "Hey, Prof! Just a minute—" that she might see that he was awed by no one.

He was a Sophomore then and gloriously powerful. While she stood on the tram and watched him, he threw three freshmen into the water. He rolled down his sleeves and looked her way. She smiled.

He paced home to dinner, whistling. Afterwards he tried on his new overcoat before the mirror in the hall. It became him. Then he put on a squatty-looking hat which he thought became him. And he went out.

The night was balmy. A slender, silver circlet of a moon gleamed high among the stars. People roamed the streets, in pairs, and without haste. The boy's steps led unconsciously to the campus.

He acknowledged his goal with a little laugh. She would think him "fresh", of course. Once, the year before, he had cut in on a girl he had never met—

No matter. He must see her. He ran up the steps of the dormitory lightly and jabbed at the bell. As he straightened his tie, he realized in sudden panic that he did not know her name. He half turned to flee, but the door had opened.

"Nev' mind—call again," he mumbled.

"What?" asked the girl.

He was halfway down the steps at that, and did not answer.

During the next few days he learned her name, and other things. She was from a little town. She thanked him volubly for an invitation to the first dance.

"Little pip, eh?" he asked his fraternity brothers.

Most of them said they hadn't looked her over, but agreed to do so.

Saturday night came. He dressed with care, and was only ten minutes late calling for her. She was wearing a light blue dress, quite short, quite beruffled; even a little prim. How different, he reflected, from the average choice!

As they walked down the brick walk to the gymnasium, he supported her lightly. She was a little rickety on her high heels.

"I haven't danced for an age," she confessed.

From him, "Now's the time to start!"

And before she had finished powdering her nose in the dressing room, the music "blahed" the signal to begin.

She came out breathlessly, and he took her in his arms. On the instant, he realized that she was heavy—and wore corsets!

Time passed slowly. He perspired freely. Jiggling fox-trots followed interminable waltzes. There were hard lights, but harder smiles.

Well, it would soon be over, he comforted himself.

"Care to eat?" aloud.

She was patting her hair.

"I'd love to!"

To the restaurant, then, and indigestion afterward.

So the night passed. It was Sunday.

He awoke guiltily. He had been rude; unpardonably so. A back seat in church welcomed him.

(Continued on Page Twenty-seven)

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Our glasses clicked as we pledged a toast:  
Old as the race yet ever new.  
Deep we drank as we sealed our troth,  
She and I, in the heady brew.

Our glasses clicked and our blood leaped high:  
Youth in our veins and kindling fire.  
Deep we drank and the night world filled  
With leashed longings and curbed desire.

Our glasses clicked, we had to wear them:  
Her eyes are weak, and mine are too.  
Our glasses clicked whene'er we kissed;  
To her and me, it's nothing new.

—J. H. M.

(Continued from Page Twenty-five)

After two minutes, when he was beginning to feel bored, he noticed—impossible!—that, directly in front of him, she was rising to sing. He started.

Her voice was clear, and very confident. He rose, but he did not sing. He watched her.

Again the lure of a shy smile; the tilt of a dainty head.

He found himself walking home beside her. He found himself asking her out.

Mentally he declared that he was a fool; that the fellows would ride him; that she was dumb—

He tried to believe this—and failed utterly.

Several weeks later, under a very full, glowing moon, a fraternity pin was transferred from masculine apparel to a light blue dress, quite short, quite beruffled; even a little prim.

"I've something strange to tell you," he whispered. "I'm crazy about you!"

"Really?"

"Darned if I don't think you have a line!"

She only smiled. She knew it all the time.

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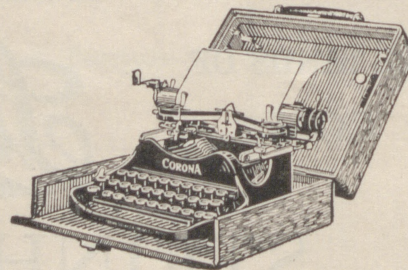
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