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Desert Wolf

University
— of —
Nevada
March 1924

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Campus



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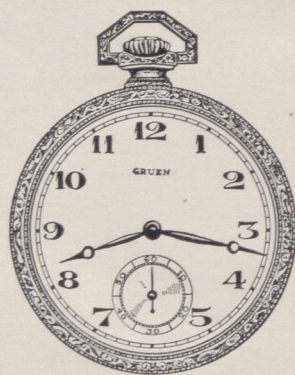
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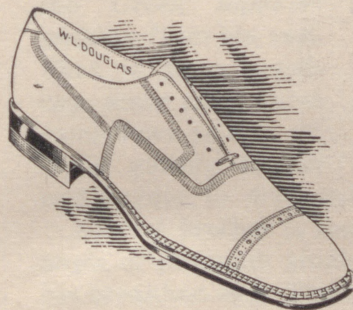
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THE DESERT WOLF

Vol. 1 "Our trail is up the hills of blue
with sun on ridge and hollow." No. 3

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On the Job

Do you know that there's never an hour out of the 24, when there are not employees of this company on duty to see that gas serves you?—It is very easy for our customers to forget the men at the other end of the gas main and electric wires when they turn the valve and light gas, or turn on the electricity. But it's these loyal workers who make our service possible, despite heat, cold, storms or other conditions.

Truckee River
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The Campus Socrates Speaks On Frat Pins

ALMOST any lovely lady is satisfied with a string of pearls, a platinum brooch, and a diamond, glinting somewhere between her jeweled comb and her cut steel buckles. She cares no more for ornaments than Omar did for hooch, which is one way that lovely women differ from the stalwart of the species. A man is satisfied with one odd-shaped frat pin.

No guy has made the most of his education unless he comes from college with a frat pin on his chest. A man that spends four years on the front-line benches without bagging a campus Croix de Guerre is slipping close to the nix column. He must face the world without a fancy hat band, without a mystic grip to slip all comers, and without the Greek alphabet peeking from his vest. That is some handicap; since sport shoes came down to \$6 a pr. It is getting harder and harder to distinguish the college guy.

No frat brother is complete without a triangle of platinum pinned where he spatters his breakfast egg. The real thing in frat fixings is a couple of spare parts of the Greek alphabet enclosed by a barrage of baby pearls. The Alex that carries one of those hokey-pokeys over his fifth rib is a loud bang in

fraternity circles. Every year they murder 120 millions oysters just to get pearls for the edges of those pins.

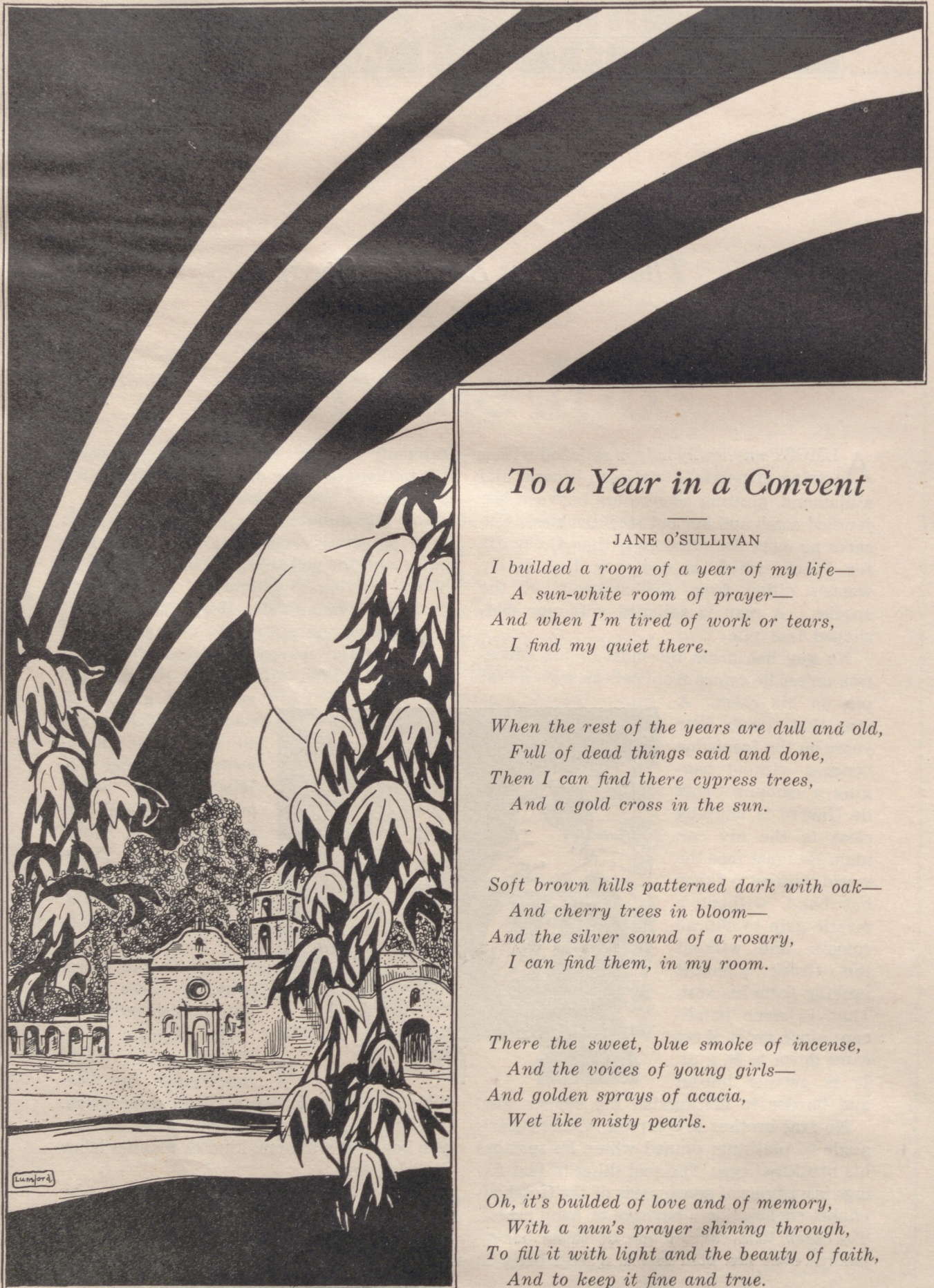
The big minute in a frat man's life is when he gives a girl that pin. The skies quiver and the gods halt, till the safety-clasp pierces the dame's georgette. According to all the by-laws and also Hoyle, the yap that just gave up the pin is now engaged.

Another star spangled ceremony connected with the Balkan alphabet is slipping the grip. The grand and solemn handclasp has all the finger movements of a cornet solo. When Greek letter man meets Greek letter man, then comes the tug of paw. There is no thrill like feeling the authorized squeeze of a brother frat hand, and there are more victims of the Greek grip than there are of the Spanish influenza.

The intricate moves of the regular handclasp make the Bertillon system look like a rough description. But even so, the grip's a good thing for college boys—it's the one kind of manual labor they fall for.

You don't have to be a frat man to get by in life, but it helps. When you're broke and starving, miles from home, you can always hock the frat pin.—Ex.





To a Year in a Convent

JANE O'SULLIVAN

*I builded a room of a year of my life—
A sun-white room of prayer—
And when I'm tired of work or tears,
I find my quiet there.*

*When the rest of the years are dull and old,
Full of dead things said and done,
Then I can find there cypress trees,
And a gold cross in the sun.*

*Soft brown hills patterned dark with oak—
And cherry trees in bloom—
And the silver sound of a rosary,
I can find them, in my room.*

*There the sweet, blue smoke of incense,
And the voices of young girls—
And golden sprays of acacia,
Wet like misty pearls.*

*Oh, it's builded of love and of memory,
With a nun's prayer shining through,
To fill it with light and the beauty of faith,
And to keep it fine and true.*

THE DESERT WOLF

Volume One



Number Three

Campus Publications—A History

LOUISE DAVIES

A SOLEMN-FACED young man stood up in a meeting of the seniors, juniors, and sophomores of the University of Nevada some thirty-one years ago. He looked at a little short, chubby man who was sitting in a chair near him, and began:

"Fellows," he said, "I guess most of you know what we're here for tonight, and it seems to me that this meeting is of sufficient importance to bring out every man in the University. You all know that a committee from the Adelphi asked the Regents a week ago for permission to publish a University magazine, and how they were finally refused.

"Well, it has seemed to some of us that it would be possible to put out a paper anyway, if you men here tonight would support it. We could form some sort of association entirely separate from the Adelphi or any university society, and we could put it out without anyone knowing who was responsible. Probably if we put out the right kind of paper, President Jones and the Regents will come around after a while, but whether they do or not I think all of us feel the need of some sort of college magazine, even if we have to risk expulsion for it. Isn't that so?"

He sat down, and the chubby man smiled. "I suggest we take a vote," he said.

Put to the test, it was the nearly unanimous decision of the group that Nevada should have a paper published by an Independent Association, to be called the Student Record. These upperclassmen decided also that Charles Magill, the solemn-faced young man was to be president of the association, and ex-officio editor of the paper, while F. C. Frey, another leader, was to be the first business manager.

The association lost no time in getting started on its work, taking great care that no one outside of the Independent Association itself should know of the enterprise. The Nevada State Journal was given the contract to print the paper only after its editor had made a vow of secrecy. Thus the first issue of the Student Record, which later grew into the Sagebrush, was published October 19, 1893.

The Student Record was not a newspaper; it was not intended to be such, for the University had no use for a newspaper in its early days with its less than a hundred students. The Record was intended to be chiefly a literary magazine, and as a consequence was more nearly like the present Desert Wolf than the Sagebrush.

The names of the editors of the publication were withheld for the first two issues, but the regents did finally come around as Magill had predicted they would, and inside of a year were themselves buying advertising space in the paper to tell about the advantages of the University of Nevada, and the excellence of the Nevada climate. As a member of the faculty at that time said: "They were willing to back down after they saw that the magazine wouldn't bite them."

So each year up to 1905 the Record continued to be published as a semi-monthly, with

every year a new editor and business manager elected by the Independent Association. The first issues of the paper were perhaps rather mediocre, but they could hardly have been otherwise for the students had no experience or training, only a very real enthusiasm.

"In a way it was a rather tragic undertaking,"



CHARLES MAGILL '93 Editor

said Dr. J. E. Church, who helped with some of the early issues, "and the staff worked harder than the staff of any university publication now. They had to."

Another drawback which went along with the lack of training of the editors, was the extreme youth of some of the members of the staff. Some of them, properly speaking, were not college students at all, but attended the commercial or the preparatory school attached to the University, and because the University of Nevada was so small in those days they were admitted to most of the privileges of the regularly enrolled college student. But they profited by the experience, and when they later entered the university proper they were able to become leaders in the work of publishing the Record.

Not very much has been said of the women on the Record staff, but almost from the first they took an active part, as they naturally would in a literary magazine. In the second year, Mabel Stanaway and Stella Linscott, both of '95, had charge of the essay section of the paper, and in all probability they haunted the various English classes for themes. The titles of a few of these, such as "The Character of the Spanish People", "The Probable Results Had Athens Conquered", "Is Milton or Dante the Greater Poet", will give an idea as to the kind of matter the early Student Record published. But it was all very well written, thought rather stilted and formal, and it strove after a literary finish.

The paper did not entirely neglect campus news, but a semi-monthly publication in a very small college could hardly be expected to give students anything very real in the way of news.

In 1899 when the first *Artemisia* was published, Harry Herbert Dexter was elected by the Independent Association to be editor of both the Student Record and the *Artemisia*.

Between 1894 and 1905 there was practically no change in the Student Record either as to size—it always remained eight pages—or as to makeup. In 1905, however, it became a semi-weekly, and was issued to the campus every Thursday and Sunday morning from a room in the gymnasium. In 1908 its

control was taken over by the student body, and the Independent Association disappeared. In 1909 the name Student Record was changed to Sagebrush by a vote of the student body. Every school might have a Student Record it was argued, but only Nevada could have a Sagebrush.

The history of the Sagebrush for the last ten years is well enough known to need no particular comment. Since 1914 the editors and business managers have been chosen at student body election, and for a time their assistants were chosen by the student body also.

While the Student Record was the first real paper of the University of Nevada, two issues of a very small paper known as the University Monthly were put out in 1887. The staff consisted of C. A. Norcross, Cora Manning, Gertrude Shoemaker, Lewis Boardman, Frank Norcross, W. H. Pearson, Nou Leete, and W. H. Dauchy. The *Gazette* for March 17, 1887 declared the paper to be "ably edited and typographically very neat."

Though Harry Dexter was editor of the first *Artemisia* in 1899, Emmet Boyle and Beth Stubbs wrote most of the material that went into it and made of it a very able book.

A few years after this the senior class took over the publication of the year book from the Independent Association, still later the junior class published it, and finally the Associated Students.

The 1906 *Artemisia* which had been sent to San Francisco to be printed was destroyed in the San Francisco fire, but the next year the senior class put out the book as usual.

After 1909, however, there was no *Artemisia* until 1913 when the juniors put out the book. The next class also published a year book, but after that there were no *Artemisias* until 1917, since which time publication has been annual.

An outgrowth, in a way, of the old Student Record idea, the quarterly *Desert Wolf* was published for the first time in 1923, filling a very real want on the campus for a distinctly literary magazine.



FRED C. FREY '93 - Business Manager

Letters of a Misdirected Genius

COLLECTED BY "DUKE"

MY RANCH,
MASON VALLEY, NEVADA.

My Esteemed Friend Charles:

As you may surmise from the address, I have become the sole owner of a ranch in God's great outdoors. After my ten years of teaching I found myself with only a few thousand dollars and with prospects of making enough to insure my old age rapidly vanishing. So I decided to invest.

The section of land I now own will be planted to potatoes, and in a few years I will become independent enough to retire and devote myself to the pursuit of letters, art, and science.

The country hereabouts is drab, dull, and monotonous, yet I do not complain, for it is the means to an end. My residence is small but comfortable. As a matter of fact I eat, cook, and sleep in the same room. I have as a companion (my wife having joined her parents), Euphemia, a member of the feline tribe. This creature I purchased at a nominal price. As a pet name I have called the animal "Phemy." Her company is very agreeable to me, since she produces intermittent noises pleasant to the ear and shows considerable affection.

From time to time I will inform you how this venture of mine is progressing. Later on I will collect the facts and weave them into a text book on practical farming, which will be of undoubted benefit to mankind.

With kindest regards,
ARCHIBALD H. LEWIS, B.S. Ph.D.

MY RANCH,
MASON VALLEY, NEVADA.

My Dear Charles:

Since writing you last I have been engaged in the laborious task of constructing a well. The agents from whom I purchased the property neglected to state that there was no water on the place. This gave me great concern as I had to go to a neighbor's nearly ten miles away. At last, at his suggestion I

started a well. As I had no means of withdrawing the earth from the hole after I had gone down a number of feet, I hit upon the expedient of digging an incline. Every night I drive my team of horses down the incline for water. This saves considerable work and shows the value of the scientific mind applied to ordinary affairs.

Yesterday I attempted to plow. Something was radically wrong for the plow would not remain in the furrow. It jerked out continually, causing my arms to become so sore that I was forced to desist for the time.

The furrows were bad; some were narrow and deep, some very shallow and broad, and, at other spots, the plow had missed the ground completely, leaving bare places. The whole effect was rather disheartening to say the least.

I pointed out my attempts to a neighbor who drove over this afternoon and he kindly volunteered to see what was wrong. The fault evidently was mine, because under his guidance the plow worked perfectly. With him as a tutor, I have mastered the rudiments of this agricultural art and soon hope to become a good farmer.

The labor of plowing once over, I shall plant my potatoes and retire to my books until the germinating seeds have sprung into life.

Sincerely,
ARCHIBALD H. LEWIS, B.S. Ph.D.

RENO, NEVADA.

My Dear Charles:

You are startled at my new address? I am a sadly disillusioned man. Farming with me is a thing of the past, and I am now teaching again, having accepted a position on the faculty at the university.

I had many odd jobs to do on the ranch. Seemingly they were without end. I was so busy that I even neglected the conventionalities of life. One morning I passed my hand across my face and was

(Continued on Page 22.)

You Can't Go Out Tonight, It Isn't Done You Know!

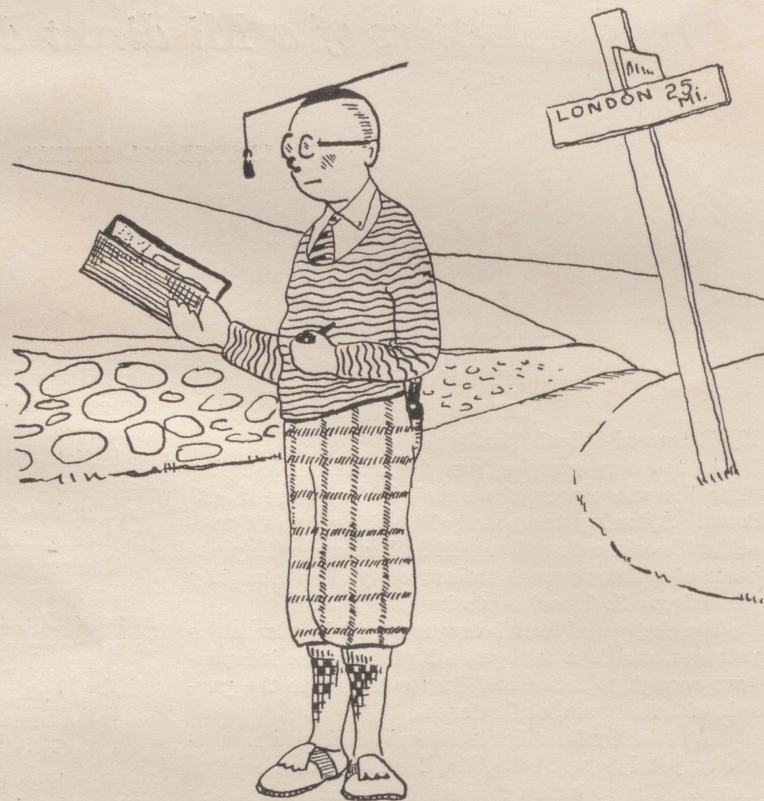
Sidelights

on

Oxford

Customs

"SPEED"



HENCE THE TITLE, ROADS SCHOLARS

"Righto, Old Top!"

"Jolly well true. Fawncy running about without permission! The blighter was playing billiards without awsking his Don. Rotten bad form, what?"

Yes, its nearly as bad as that. They lock up all the colleges at nine every night. If you apply for admittance and hand the gatekeeper a small fee, in you go. Otherwise you stay out. The later you are, the higher the fee is. Midnight is the peak. After that no fee will let you in and no power will save you from a big fine or dismissal.

The famous old institution of Oxford is run like a boys' school in this country. The students do not govern themselves. Questions that are handled by students here are settled by the heads of the colleges.

Queer, but they have managed to get along for a good many years that way.

Take a girl to the theater at Oxford? You had better not try it! A Rawsberry-like laugh would be heard. Why? The English have a good reason. It isn't done you know."

Oh, yes. You do have ladies' days. Nearly twice a year they invade the famous old institution. You have them to tea on the lawn you know.

The routine of Oxford is as old as Oxford. A person called a "scout" sings out, "Five-and-twenty-minutes-past-seven, sir" and you roll out. You see the foggy mist through the bars of your window, bars that remind you of an army guard house if you have ever been in one.

The "scout" sets the table in your study. You have a few men in for "brekker". Rawther early to start celebrating, but its one of the holy rites of Oxford.

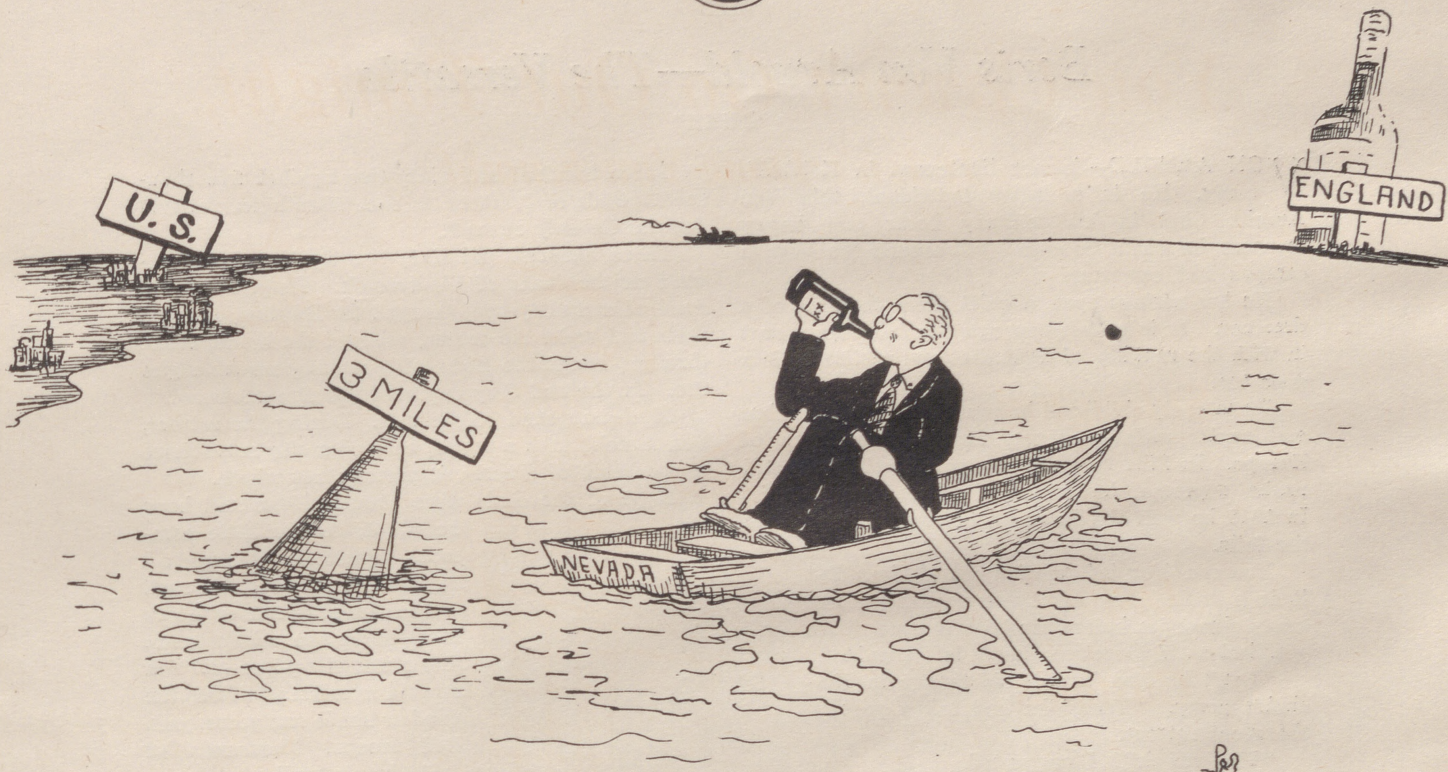
Naturally you attend chapel. But don't forget your gown. Slip on your strip of black cloth with the sailor collar, for if you don't you may be run down by a Proctor, reprimanded and fined.

Yes, the Proctors have at their beck and call sturdy townsmen who seize the violator and hold him until the sedate Proctor comes up.

Rawther rough, what?

Botheration! You dine in your gown of course. All the heads of your college are there—in dinner

DESERT WOLF



THIS ACCOUNTS FOR THE GREAT FALL HEGIRA ACROSS THE POND

dress and long gowns. Quite a pleasing effect. Indeed!

"Which will you 'ave? Lager or hale? The hale is werry good tonight. hale? Yus Sir."

What?

Yes, that is quite true too. Strangely true. The dining hall in every Oxford college serves beer. Shades of the Nevada commons! Can you see Ray Holtzman's gang of white wings rushing the growler?

That is not all. No. Now at Oxford—

Do you want a little sparkling sherry? Does your taste turn to brandy? Or do you fancy (darn it, fawnycy a rare old port? Take your choice, for every college has its stock of aged liqueurs to suit your needs.

Can you imagine, even in the days of John Barleycorn, a student in this country putting in a requisition for a case of wine or signing up for a quart of Three Star?

It never was done, you know!

They have a queer way of going to class. Can you picture the result if a group of men here dropped into the home of their Dean, lounged in his easy chairs, smoked his tobacco, chatted about his course for a space and then trotted out?

More to the point. What would he say, if they remarked casually on leaving, "We— er, Dean— doncher know, we're rawther out of ale— please sign this requisition."

Perhaps this accounts for the great Hegira every fall across the pond.

When you are attending Oxford you call it "term time". Your term time is short. You devote every afternoon to sport and fuss around in the morning.

You really cawn't have much time to study. Anyway you don't study during "term time". During your vacation you take trips around the country.

Five months of the year you go on these "reading parties". Then you study. Hence the title given to Americans who go to Oxford, "Roads Scholars".

Ripping! What?



Boris Von Arnold—The Versatile

“DUKE”

VON ARNOLD—former lieutenant in Kolchak's army. He is a lanky individual, this Von Arnold. Clad in his military boots and baggy trousers, he was a familiar sight around the Nevada campus last semester.

He has serious eyes, a quiet face—the face of a dreamer. It is only when you see his rapier dart in with the rapidity of light that you realize he is a doer too.

From early childhood he practised with the sabre and rapier under Brabact, famous swordsman of Europe. In Siberia, a country where cold steel still ranks supreme, he won the sabre championship. In 1918 he won the Inter-Allied championship with the foils.

You can drag information out of him. But it is a task. You must use persuasion and many cigarettes before the trick is done. Then you feel as if there was much left unsaid.

“Yes,” he had been a lieutenant in Kolchak's army. “True,” he had taken part in the great retreat.

“Vladivostok”? I suggested.

A light of recollection shown in his blue eyes. We were looking at the high Sierras but he saw through them, across the blue Pacific where the waves of the Japan Sea lap at the wharves of Vladivostok. He saw the shadows of the Ural mountains and the snow-covered steppes of Siberia, a bleak hostile country where the army of Kolchak fought its way toward the setting sun.

That retreat was an epic. Little has been written of it. Less has been thought of it, but it will live in history as the greatest retreat the world has ever known. Back of it rolled the Red flood that has since overwhelmed Russia—the Bolsheviks.

“You must have had some narrow escapes during that retreat,” I prompted.

“Yes,” he answered, groping for a match, “I was wounded. Once my horse was shot under me when we were scouting rear guard action. Another time I got clipped by a bullet. We had many clashes with the Reds,” he shrugged his shoulders, “but at Vladivostok—”

Three hundred and sixty-two against five thousand. Odds of fourteen to one. Death for failure! Success its only reward!

Three hundred and sixty-two against five thousand on the docks of Vladivostok. They, the three hundred and sixty-two, charged the Red line, charged them and broke the center; charged the horde, broke through, swept the Reds with racking machine gun fire. In the end they captured the five thousand.

Much happened before that. During the retreat, Von Arnold, with a squad, entered a city somewhere in the heart of Siberia, it matters not where.

None of the Reds were about. None had been heard of, so the little command decided to stay all night for a much needed rest.

The clatter of horses' hoofs sounded on the cobblestones. The creak of equipment. Von Arnold stealthily lifted the window shade and peered out. Red troops! Thousands of them! A blank wall. An open grave. A firing squad. Snow sifting over a mound of fresh turned earth. Death to all the Whites!

This was the picture that came up in Von Arnold's mind. An oft-repeated occurrence in those days. Each man for himself, so the little detachment scattered.

Slipping off his insignia, Von Arnold left the house unobserved and mixed with the inhabitants of the town. He was not noted because civilians, Bolsheviks, and Whites wore the same military clothes except for distinguishing insignia. But he must find some occupation and he must find it quickly.

A vaudeville theater with its flamboyant signs came into view as he rounded a corner. That was the solution.

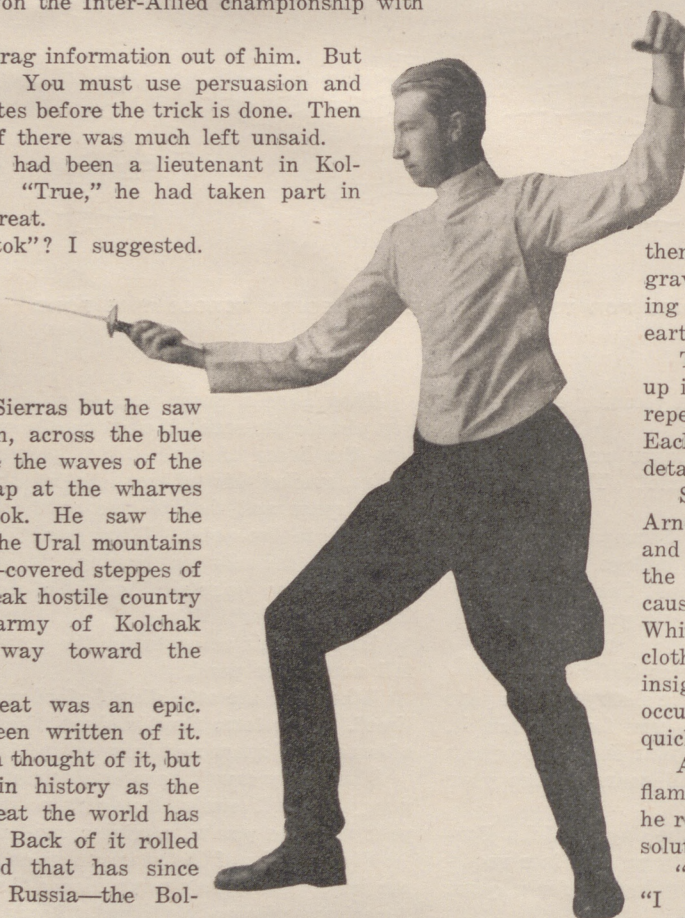
“Yes,” he said to the manager, “I am an experienced actor; worked in some of the biggest theaters in Petrograd.”

The manager took Von Arnold at his word, and for months he kept audiences in an uproar. Boris Von

Arnold is an actor and a good one.

After the Whites were scattered Von Arnold went to northern Manchuria as interpreter for a geological expedition. He speaks Chinese as well as other

(Continued on Page 29.)



Boris Von Arnold left Nevada this semester to accept the position of fencing instructor at the Pasadena Athletic Club. While attending Nevada he taught classes at the Y. M. C. A. and proved his skill with the foils at many public exhibitions.

For the Sake of Plot

HAROLD COFFIN

MY friend was haggard, thin, and worn looking. It was plain to see that he had lost in the game of life. His face lighted up with a faint smile as he lifted his hands from the typewriter, motioned me to a seat, and started to talk.

"You know," he said, "that as an author I've been a failure. My writing is good, my characters real—anyone will admit that. I failed, failed because I've lacked the plot sense. Hard, isn't it," he asked with a sneer, "for a man to ruin his whole life trying to write, when he can't think of a plot to save his life?"

"But now," he said, clutching my arm nervously. "But now, I think I've actually got one—a story with a plot. Oh, I know it won't make me rich—but if it only gets by—that's all I want. I'll be satisfied."

"Oh, the plot's simple enough, but it's real—too damned real. It's my own life. I ought to know that well enough. Why didn't I stumble on to it before—but then, there wouldn't have been any story. Yes it's simple enough, and true. The story of a man who gave up everything: promise of success, a woman's love, and happiness, to be true to an ideal—to try to write. The story of a man who failed because he didn't have enough imagination to think of the simplest kind of a plot—until it was too late.

"The story's good, but I'm damned if I can think of an ending. You see, I haven't got any imagination at all. It can't end there, and I refuse to spoil it with a happy ending—it's good to be real."

He handed me the manuscript.

He was right. The story was a winner, but it lacked an ending. We sat silently facing one another for some minutes. My friend's face was ghost-white, and his voice trembled as he spoke:

"It's no use, I'm a failure. I"—he broke off suddenly, and typed furiously. He pulled the paper from the machine, and handed it to me. "I—just—thought of a way—to end it," he said slowly.

I read the last two sentences on the page: "He arose from his chair, reached into the table drawer, and then—a pistol shot rang through the room."

"That's all right," I said, "only it's too common. Half of all the rotten stories I ever read, ended with that very same sentence."

"Yes, I know," he answered, "I guess it isn't much good, but then it's real. It's so damned true to life."

He arose from his chair, reached into the table drawer, and then—a pistol shot rang through the room.

China Lilies

JANE O'SULLIVAN

*China Lilies growing
In a low, green bowl—
Humble, brown-skinned bulb
With a flowering soul.*

*Fluted cups of yellow,
Petals waxen-white,
As beautiful as moon-moths
Floating through the night.*

*China Lilies guarded
Close by tall, slim leaves.
Strangely sweet the dreams
Your heavy fragrance weaves.*

*Then, tell me, in your power
As happy-omened seers,
Is it love or fame you'll bring
To me, in future years?*

Three Poems

Lights and Flames

VELMA COMSTOCK

The even falls, the half light dim
Traces the hills' uneven line;
Swift darkness swells past Tahoe's brim,
And shadows out the stretching pine.

Oh Dark! That slips
Into our hearts
And stills our lips;
The unlit Lake
Whispers and sways
As though it groped
Through hidden ways.

Past clutching trees, the full young moon
Paces the path her lantern shows;
Low-voiced, the wavelets shoreward run,
Murmurous and moon-tipped in the glows.
Beside the shore a cabin stands,
Its porches reach like aching arms,
Its shadow falls on empty sands,
No light its darkened window warms.

Oh House! I know
By what magic
You could glow!
In your hearth
A fire laid,
And at the window
Lamp and shade.

When young romance has flamed and passed,
Like cold north lights that flash to die,
We turn with seeing eyes at last
To find the lights we'd oft passed by.

The Garden

WALKER MATHENSEN

Huge towering granite crags rear stolid brows
Above a whispering pine forest down below,
Where waterfalls truckle in murmuring melody
And where the winds moan and die and come up
And blow off to gently wave the bobbing heads of rice
In the fields below the stilly, damp and dark forest.
Fighting bravely for a foothold upon the crags,
A solitary tree struggles in its gnarled way
To keep its sentinel place upon the landscape,
Peeping from amidst the verdant, whispering pines,
A tiny thatch-roofed temple rears its s'raw casing.
To the end of the temple path, a red torii stands,
A simple gate to a shrine where simple people pray.
To look down upon this wildly rustic, calm scene
It seems the crags are miles above the earth;
The forest stretches many a long distance;
The rice fields emerge into a pale horizon;
—If there were only moving, noisy, living folk about
One might think the scene a real one of Nature's.
But the whole is contained in an oval dish of blue,
And sits upon a lacquered table in an alcoved room.

The Secret

JANE O'SULLIVAN

I went to the hills, my desert hills,
For they always seemed a part of me,
I went alone to the silent hills
With a secret in the heart of me.

I flung myself down on the warm, red earth,
Pressed close 'till I felt its pulsing heat,
And the blue bent close to me overhead,
And the breath of the sage was wild and sweet.

I said not a word to the earth or sky,
Nor murmured a word to the gray-misted brush,
But they knew, and their answering silence throbbed
With the glory that filled the holy hush.

As We Like Them

GILBERTA TURNER

THE IDEAL STUDENT

From long contact with students who aren't students at all, the profs have become less exacting. They have a more concise, and at the same time a more general formula for the metamorphosis of the students. The gold perhaps is harder to find, and through long and fruitless experimenting, they have become indifferent.

However, some have gotten results and are enthusiastic about them. One alchemist in particular has a very modern, very liberal formula.

"What is my ideal student?" He rubbed his bald spot reflectively. "Promise you won't quote me? All right.

"The ideal student is not essentially the best student. The best student is a scholar, one who is always moping around musty old books and wears concave glasses.

"My ideal student is a good student, but he is also well-rounded. He doesn't bury himself in the library, but gets out and does things.

"I won't call a book-worm an ideal student."

Another one of the faculty holds exactly the opposite view. "The ideal student must have a scientific mind—he must take nothing as a fact until he has proved it. He must always

do more than is assigned, by reading footnotes and then looking up bibliographical references. He must read widely in all fields." In other words, his ideal student must be a scholar.

Psychologically speaking, "The ideal student must not go into a subject with the attitude of 'Here prof—educate me.' He must be interested in his own mental growth.

"Another thing—a student should never go into a course prejudiced against it. He should cultivate the habit of open-mindedness toward all subjects, a readiness to be interested. The rest is up to the prof, but he cannot do his best against the 'Oh-what-good-can-that-do-me' attitude."

All of the profs demand reciprocity. One of them exclaimed, "Nothing is so lacking in inspiration as the student who sits, with eyes and mouth wide open,

(Continued on Page 24.)

THE IDEAL PROF

What is the ideal prof?

In answer, we have the paradoxical statement, "The ideal prof is human."

It is very seldom that one associates idealism and human-ness, yet that seems to be the concensus of student opinion. Their use of "human" must evidently have a special definition.

If the students could have their way, the best qualities of every professor on the "Hill" would be extracted by some painless alchemy or other and fused into a single, perfect whole.

Student opinion, however, is rather inconsistent on the subject. Ideals as to which particular gold to extract seem to vary directly as the number of students. Also, each student has his favorite whom he would have undergo the transfusion.

As nearly as can be ascertained, our Prof. Composite, to be human, must possess several very angelic qualities.

One student says of him, "Above all things, he must not be a machine. He must be a real scout, one that you can be friends with that comes down to earth, and buddies with you and doesn't place himself on a pedestal to be gawked at."

Another fastidious student demands to be kept interested. "The ideal prof must keep you interested no matter how dry the subject. He must have the ability to present an old subject differently, so that it is like no other course you have ever taken."

"Personality" seems to be a uniform demand of the students. Our Prof. Composite must have a "likeable personality", he must have "personality rather than too much knowledge." This brings up another requirement:

"Lots of the profs know too much," said one student emphatically. "They have spent years on a subject, and actually can't understand a dumbbell. They can't see a person not knowing at least a little about the subject."

"It doesn't depend on how much a prof knows, but on how he puts it over. These perambulating

(Continued on Page 24.)

I MET PAN

—
Jane O'Sullivan

I met Pan in the world one day
When I was all alone.
He was so graceful and so gay,
He made my heart his own.

For he was love and he was luck
And he was happy chance—
So when he played his merry pipes,
What could I do but dance?

Beauty and the Beast

WALKER G. MATHESON

YMOLINE gazed long and piercingly into the mirror and then cursed as she wiped away a tear with a lavender colored handkerchief decorated with orange polka dots. In a subtle way she cursed. "Dammit, my eyebrows ain't marcelled enough," she said.

"Your eyebrows?" asked I, forgetting for the moment that she had such things. Not, of course, that I was ever forgetful of anything that pertained to Ymoline. Fact was, I loved her madly, marcelled eyebrows or not. Like a sunflower loves the sun, I loved her; like a clam loves a mud bank.

Ymoline gazed at me reproachfully, through one eye. The other was shut because of a salty tear that made the lids close fast. She cursed again. Then silence, like the tomb. Or, more striking, like a boiler factory after the whistle has blown.

"Why don't you change your beauty parlor, Ymoline?" I wanted to be diplomatic, but I hated to tell her that the parlor she was now patronizing was doing her little or no good. She had lost that chorus girl complexion, and was beginning to acquire one that was almost as bad as a freshman high school girl's.

Ymoline again looked at me reproachfully. "Beauty parlor?" asked she. "I don't go to beauty parlors. I pretty myself up. What's the use of a beauty parlor? They don't do very much good. They only break you up financially, and never make you up becomingly. And, besides—I think you're a beast! Am I not beautiful enough without you having to drag in a beauty parlor?"

At this juncture she began to cry. She sobbed quietly into a handkerchief about as big as a postage stamp, and her shoulders quivered delightfully, like a bowl of jelly on a weak-legged table during an earthquake. I loved to see her cry—it made my throat choke so comfortably, but I realized what a brute I had been to mention anything like a beauty parlor. Of course Ymoline was beautiful, for had I not told her so? Had I not, night after night, sat with her and told her things which I had thought up all by myself? Had I not lain awake during the

stilly nights thinking of handsome things to say to her concerning her beauty—her extravagant beauty? Of course I had.

I remember clearly, and so I think does Ymoline, of what I told her that night I proposed for the ninth time. I have the sayings in my jot-book; I put them there because I thought them clever at the time. And then, when Ymoline roped in some other bird, I might have a use for them on another girl.

"Ymoline," I said, "your eyes—they remind me of the Bosphorous, with all the glitter of the phosphorous in them. They are like black openings of a cave on a dark night—so mysterious, awe-inspiring, goose-flesh-raising, like the stars they are. And your voice, so dulcet, like the song of a mynah bird at dawn. Have you ever heard a mynah bird? No? Then you do not appreciate my comparison. And Ymoline, your teeth. Like pearly kernels on an ear of corn. Your hair is like silk, and falls in billows about your ears like frisking clouds on a mountain side (I do wish your hairpins would stay in place, I thought to myself.) Your face has the same effect upon me as that of Raphael's Madonna on a pugilist. Have you ever, Ymoline, seen a pugilist when he is thinking of that masterpiece? He loses all his pugilistic appearances, except his cauliflower ears, and looks more like a saint than St. Peter himself. Like a mill pond, he is, so complacent—"

That is what I had told Ymoline. That and lots more. How could she ever, then, accuse me of being a beast. But I just knew she thought so.

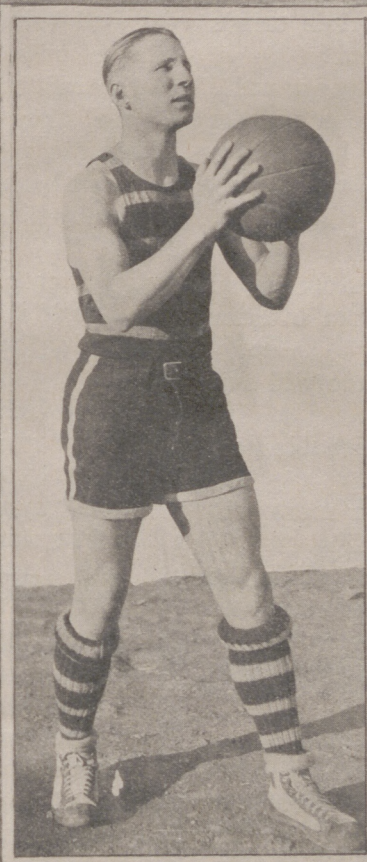
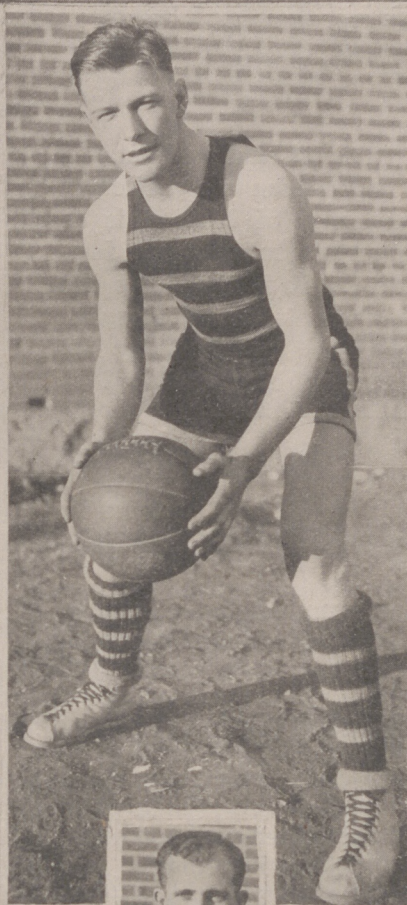
Ymoline had by this time dried her tears. I would have kissed them away had I thought of it in time and she would have let me. She looked at me through red eyes, that reminded me of a sun peeking through a mist. She was at the moment, I thought, a glorious symbol of a sunset.

I said to her, "Ymoline, granted that I'm a beast, I want to say this one thing before I go out into the cold world and end it all. And that is this: I

(Continued on Page 23.)

VARSITY BASKETBALL FIVE 1924

In the Center
CAPT. RAY FREDRICKS
Forward



THE OTHER FOUR

"SPUD" HARRISON
Center
Upper left.
"HORSE" HOBBS
Guard
Lower left.
"BILL" GOODALE
Forward
Upper right.
"SPEED" HAINER
Guard
Lower right.



EDITORIAL

WE TAMPER WITH YOUR RIGHTS. If a decree were published tomorrow saying that none but a picked group of students could hand in material to The Wolf, how long would it be before the campus would be in an uproar? But we tamper with your rights. Certainly. Only a picked group hand in contributions.

Is your Wolf all that you want it to be? Do you read it with pleasure or, do you wonder if the editors were in their right minds when some of the material passed?

Send in your suggestions. If you can write we want your efforts. If you can suggest something that others can write let us have the ideas. It will help to make the May number bigger and better.

ARE YOU AN ALCHEMIST? You are if you can be satisfied to win only from inferior opponents.

You are if just a passing grade will suit you.

You are if second-rate, questionable pastimes can entertain you.

You are if you will accept a mere job, when you might have had a calling.

You are if you are satisfied with only the the second-best girl in the world.

Why?

Because you are trying to get pure gold from brass.

You are satisfied with substitutes.

OVERLOOKED BY PSYCH. TEN Psychology 10 teaches that among the instincts common to the adolescent is that known as the acquisitive. This is expressed in the boy or girl by collections of stamps, pieces of glass, marbles, pictures, etc. But how about the college student's propensity for collecting such things as: secret sorrows, dance programs, honors, grades, a "rep", "drags", dates, broken hearts, memories?

A LITTLE UNDERSTANDING Newspapers recently contained the announcement that Beloit college was to become a place devoted to

the promotion of international understanding. Why confine this mission to a particular college? The University of Nevada is as suitable a place as any to cultivate the feeling of understanding. It is true that the germ of such a movement has been organized in the Cosmopolitan Club, but why not make it a general student body activity?

DO YOU WONDER? There are individuals who see only the grease around the dishpan, disregarding its mission of purification. In college they are the chronic kickers—pessimists.

Every basketball game they attend seems uncannily to be a humiliating defeat for their team.

Every course they ever enrolled in was a bore, or if it happened to be a "pipe" was spoiled by the misery of an impending term theme.

All the "fellows" are either snobs or hopelessly low grade.

Every "queen" they ever dated hopelessly "boobed" them.

Do you wonder?

THE TOURNAMENT. We are glad to have them here—these High School Folk. The University has something to offer them but they in return offer us much. They bring the enthusiasm of irresistible youth. They appreciate the tournament and what it means after their long trek from the far places of the Sagebrush state. They bring to the somewhat cynical and jaded campus that sense of strength that youth has. Their merry laughter and triumphant cheers ring true. Also, lest we feel superior, it may be casually said that in a few years they will be making improvements on our methods, our names will have been forgotten. Nevada U will be carried on by youth that will be served. It is a way of the world! We are very glad to have them here, for many will come here again—to carry on the traditions of Nevada and to make new ones.

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GEORGE L. SIRI - Vice-President and Treasurer.

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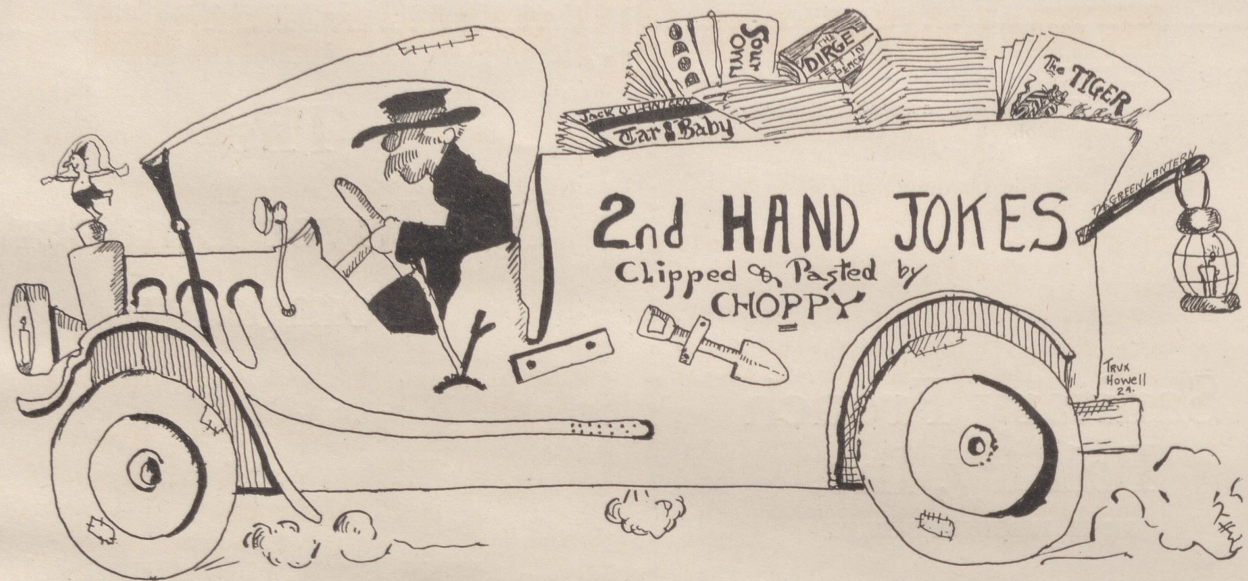
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Tigerisms

Some people take golf as a matter of course.

The innocent girl is she who, when told to use rouge for her complexion asks how many spoonfuls should be taken at a time.

Some men can read women like a book, but no man can shut them up like one.

The peppery remarks of some girls should be taken with a grain of salt.

When you are lonesome you realize what poor company you really must be for other people.

Now that "Sara of the Sahara" has been written, it's time some one wrote a book called "Us of the U. S."—(Princeton Tiger.)

Reel Stuff

"Let me kiss away your tears, sweetheart," he whispered passionately. She fell into his arms, and he was busy for a moment, but the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied, "it's hay fever. But go on with the treatment."—(Virginia Reel.)

Perhaps a Buck Grabber?

"My room-mate went to church Sunday for the first time in three years."

"How'd he get along?"

"Not so good. When the guy came around for the collection, Joe wanted to match him for double or nothing."—(Jack-O'-Lantern.)

There was a light in her blue eyes as he waited breathlessly for her answer—a light that was meant

for him alone. He puffed nervously at his cigar—but it had gone out. There fell a silence—a silence pregnant with the communion of two vibrant souls. He fumbled for a match and then—then—

He lit his cigar by the light of her eyes.—(The Columns.)

Terrible

"Ever hear the story of the Japanese incense?"

"No. Spring it."

"I'm not jossing you when I say it's punk."—(The Columns.)

And They Carry the Makin's

In the olden days, women kissed to make up—now they make up to kiss.—(Bear-Skin.)

Why Not Use Lethal Gas?

"Waiter! Take this egg away!" roared the elderly diner.

"Take it away."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, as he glanced wistfully at the offending article. "And—what shall I do with it, sir?"

"Do with it?" the outraged customer rose to his feet. "Do with it?" he belted, fiercely. "Why, wring its blasted neck."—(White Mule.)

Oh! I Say, You Know!

She: Really Algy, you English are so slow.

He: Er, I'm afraid I don't grasp you.

She—That's just it.—Brown Jug.

"Were you afraid to ask your father for money?"
"No, I was calm and collected."—Octopus.

CHOPPY WROTE THESE

Watermelon Willie (meeting his old friend Rastus): "How is you today?"

Rastus: "Huh! Pretty fair fo' a brunette."

Ever Think of Traps?

Con—What makes the music so catchy tonight.

Tralto—It must be the snare drum.

Yes, We Re-vamped This

Of all the bums who haunt the quad
The one I'd like to kill
Is the one who hollers with a nod
Hows she gown' Bill?

Another one I'd like to mash
I tote a nasty blow
Is the Gink that when he lamps you, says,
"Hey, Bill, whaddy know?"

Were They Ever in Yale?

"I'm off A. E. for life, I am!"

"Whashmatter?"

"He said that my relatives were bad and my antecedents disgraceful."

DESERT (UN) WOLF

1st Train Robber—"What train did you rob last night?"

2nd Ditto—"The vestibule going north."

1st Train Robber—"Git much."

2nd Ditto—"Naw. It was full of students returning to college after the Christmas holidays."—Cracker.

The professor who comes in ten minutes late is very scarce. In fact, he is in a class by himself.—Purple Parrot.

"Darling," he cried in tender tones,
I ne'er have loved but thee."

"Then we must part," the maiden said,
"No amateurs for me."

We read the other day of a fence that was so crooked that every time a pig crawled through, it came out on the same side.—Dirge.

Honor Amongst Thieves

"Stick 'em up, kid," ordered the thug. "Where you think you're goin'?"

"Home," murmured the student.

"Where from."

"Date."

"Who with."

"Co-ed."

"Here, friend, take this five dollar bill."—Sun Dial.

Freshman's Parents—"Is this where Robert Jones lives?"

Irate Landlady—"Yes. Bring him in."—Tiger.

Prof.—"One must dig, and dig and dig, for the facts as these great scientists have done."

Stude—"Yeah. I notice they were always boring."

Girl (at party)—"I'm going home. There are too many drunks here!"

Intoxicated Escort—"Whash matter? Make you homeshick?"—Octopus.

Puzzle: Find Father

"Did you take your father apart and speak to him?"

"No, but he went to pieces when I told him."—Purple Parrot.

"What do they call that man in the English department who marks all the papers?"

"That depends upon what he marks them."—Beanpot.

Choppy caught this fellow raving about the college comic and put him where he can't do any harm.



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LETTERS OF A MISDIRECTED GENIUS

(Continued from Page 9.)

greatly astonished to feel it come into contact with a substance not unlike sandpaper. Shocked by this discovery I resorted to the mirror and found that I had a beard in the making.

It was annoying to say the least. I believe that the horses who had been behaving badly may have noticed it and were irritated by my rough appearance.

Everything disturbed me. Some creatures had been making away with my store of dried fruit and leaving rocks, sticks and what-not in place of it.

An animal, beautiful and striped that closely resembled my Euphemia was prowling about the place one night. I attempted to pet it calling, "pretty pussy, pretty pussy" hoping that I might tame it and thus have a companion for Phemy. I failed to accomplish the task. The consequences of my rash attempt has driven from me any desire to pet another wild creature or even to go near one.

Then my bread supply became depleted. When I first moved out to the property I secured a large supply from the baker, intending to make my own when it was gone. I consulted a cook book and concocted a very fair looking dough which I placed behind the stove according to directions.

It was my first thought when I awoke the following morning. Phemy was asleep in the warm dough. I lost my patience and whacked her soundly. She screamed, tried to get up, but the dough stuck and I hit her again thoroughly enraged at her ill manners in selecting my bread as a resting place.

She managed to wade out of the mixture and finding the sticky dough adhering to her sides ran up and down the length of the room like a crazy thing. She screamed and howled dreadfully and I retreated. Strings of dough were festooned about the room and she upset every movable article in her wild plunges.

A commotion attracted my attention outside. One of the horses had fallen down the well. Even as I looked his struggles ceased. The other one was not in sight. I ran to the barn and found him puffed up and groaning. A glance at the corn bin convinced me that he had gorged himself and then swallowed a quantity of water.

I returned to the house. As I opened the door Phemy flew between my feet and a cloud of smoke rushed out. The place was on fire and blazing merrily. Phemy had knocked the stove pipe down.

I was too much! Coatless and hatless, I started for town. I did not look back. After walking a mile or so I felt something rub against my trousers, and, looking down I saw Phemy. She was singed, covered with dried dough, a pitiful spectacle. I did not have the heart to drive her away. She marched ahead of me with her singed tail straight up in the air. In this manner we arrived in town, attracting considerable attention.

I do not know what has become of the ranch. I do not care. Agricultural pursuits I shall shun forever. The sight of my slumbering class does not arouse the ire it once did. I feel serene and peaceful after the turmoil of ranching.

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

(Continued from Page 16.)

think your beauty is ravishing, not to say gnawing. Tell me, Ymoline, is it natural?"

Ymoline smiled. Sweetly, demurely, fascinatingly. "Yes," she hissed, "natural."

"Oh, do tell," I said, in lack of something better.

"It's natural. I'll tell you something. Don't breathe it to a soul, and I'll tell you why ALL complexions are natural."

"Yeah, cross my heart. I won't tell anybody. Not even my room-mate."

Ymoline pressed closer, and whispered into my ear—

"—all complexions are natural because they are produced by nature. In this age of calciferous girls, no one can help but be pretty. Face powder, as you know, comes from the shells of minute animals which died long before you or Julius Caesar were born. The bloom of our cheeks is a little iron mixed with a lot of grease. The iron comes from mines and the grease from dead cattle, pigs, horses, and the remnants of the frying of Sunday breakfast. That is our secret. The secret of all girls. Keep it quiet." Ymoline was so blase about it.

And so, I reflected as I put on my hat, whenever a girl says her complexion is natural, it doesn't mean a thing—not a damn thing. But Ymoline, you must admit is a darn clever girl, even though she may not be as beautiful as I told her she was. She has, at any rate, a natural complexion.

Should Originality Be Encouraged?

A teacher, wishing to give his students room for the display of a little individuality, included this question in an examination paper: "Tennyson is an adept at depicting a mood. Prove this by reference to one of his poems read this year." Certainly lack of independent thinking could not be attributed to the pupil who painstakingly evolved the following: "The poem that illustrates this best is, 'Come not when I am Dead,' written in the imperative mood."—Jane Howard.

Why the Editor Left Town

The bishop said that someone had a "blank expressionless face." The inspired linotype caused it to be a printed "a — expressionless face."—Jacksonville Times-Union.

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THE IDEAL PROF

(Continued from Page 15.)

encyclopedias don't teach a kid anything unless he is the same kind of an egg."

In this same connection, one student says, "He should have an understanding tolerance and be ready to give the dumbbells the benefit of the doubt.

"The ideal prof should try to draw an answer out, not jump down your throat if you can't express yourself."

One of the hard-rock miners wants the kind of prof that "will make you work whether you want to or not." Another likes to be told, "Here it is. Take it or leave it."

It seems to be a more general opinion that a prof should have faith, expect the best in every student, and by that faith bring out the best.

A certain exacting co-ed looks to the aesthetic side of it and demands that his ties match his socks. Her room-mate insists that he have a sense of humor.

One of the seniors shook her head thoughtfully. "No, I think the ideal prof should be a man. Women often have as good a grasp of their subject, but they are too apt to succumb to routine. Also, they are inclined to find favorites among the boys—it's their nature."

When asked for his opinion of the ideal prof, one of the genus reptilus answered very vehemently and to the point—

"There ain't no such animal."

THE IDEAL STUDENT

letting things sink in by pure brute force! I want students who are intellectually awake, not mere reservoirs."

Another as vehemently demanded:

"Anything but a parrot! Students who carefully record me word for word, and as carefully reproduce it for me in every examination, expect good marks. What can I do? I have to give them the marks, but they most certainly are not ideal students."

The rest of the opinions are more general. They demand resourcefulness and initiative, and insist that an ideal student is intellectually awake. They go on to say:

"Of course, the ideal student is entirely on his own. He doesn't cheat because he doesn't have to—he would rather have it in his head than in his books."

"The ideal student can as well be a woman as a man, although good woman students are apt to be bookworms, and socially impossible."

A freshman was reading the following sentence: "On the horizon appeared a splendid—"

"Barque," prompted the teacher.

Freshman (staring)—"No."

"Barque," persisted the teacher.

"Bow-wow," said the freshman, meekly.—Goblin.

Mother—"Do you think Tom was sincere in his proposal?"

Daughter—"Well, it had a good ring to it."—Juggler.

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DIGS AT THE LITERATI

Optical Stunts

What strange liberties our story writers take with their characters' eyes. Here are a few examples:

"Her eyes roamed carelessly around the room."

"With her eyes she riveted him to the spot."

"He tore his eyes from her face and they fell on the letter at her feet."

"He drank her in with drowning eyes."

"Their eyes met for a long, breathless moment and swam together."

"Marjory would often take her eyes from the deck and cast them far out to sea."

"He tore his eyes away from hers, causing intense pain to both." We should think it would.—Boston Transcript.

Criticising Critics

"Don't say 'cawn't' for 'can't.' It don't sound nice."—Montezuma Record. "And don't say 'don't' for 'doesn't'. It isn't good grammar."—Milwaukee Journal. "And don't you, Mr. Critic, talk about 'good grammar.' A sentence is either grammatical or ungrammatical. Grammar is neither good or bad."—Jacksonville Times. "'Neither good or bad' is neither good nor bad grammar, Mr. Critic of Critics. It is just no grammar at all."—Wellington News. "But no grammar at all is surely bad grammar."—C. E. World.

Often the Case

A severe critic, speaking of a work in terms which at first appear flattering, said: "There is a great deal in this book which is new, and a great deal that is true." Then he added. "But it unfortunately happens, that those portions which are new are not true, and those that are true are not new."—Gillette Blade.

Returns Expected

"A rich man's daughter married a poet."

"Did the old gentleman do anything for them?"

"He set the poet up in business."

"In business?"

"Yes, he bought him a thousand dollars' worth of stamps."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Bill, the poet, grasped and staggered into his friend's room.

"Why, what's wrong? the friend inquired, startled, as he grasped hold of the tottering man.

"Wrong?" the poet muttered. "Ye gods! I wrote a poem about my little boy. I began the first verse with these lines:

"My son! My pigmy counterpart."

"Yes, yes."

The poet drew a long breath. He took a newspaper from his pocket. "Read," he blazed, suddenly. "See what that criminal compositor did to my opening line."

"My son! My pig! My counterpart!"—Grit.

He Should Have Dusted Them

Melancholy One: Why did you return those jokes I sent you?

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Book Review

THE PLASTIC AGE: by PERCY MARKS

(The Century Publishing Co., 1924)

On the wrapper of the Plastic Age is a comment, heralding it as the "Main Street of College Life." Strangely, the phrase justifies itself.

Being a college student, the reviewer lacks the essential perspective to make a true and valuable criticism. However this handicap is offset by the fact that the reviewer is feminine, an advantage in judging this study of masculine college life.

The Plastic Age is the most Main-Streetish campus narrative ever written.

It is not a novel. It is a chronicle of a boy's life and thoughts in college—a diary told in the third person. It is frank, one might even say—bold.

That it is a book of talk, "bull-sessions", conversations, and conferences with "profs" is the outstanding thing. The incidents are ordinary, not unusual. It is for that reason a true portrait.

They all talk—the fellows. One wonders whether the form is as realistic as the content. Mr. Marks would have us believe that the vocabulary of the average college men is as pungent as that of a swashbuckling pirate. The author evidently disbelieves the theory that profanity is the sign of the abnormal mind—for these are the average young men with good intellects.

The author's style is simple, unobtrusive. He starts with a seeming platitude: "When an American sets out to found a college, he hunts first for a hill."

His diagnosis of the germs of popularity with noticeable emphasis on athletics is penetrating. He takes the opportunity to present a coach. He lets him talk. The speech is not exemplary.

His presentation of "frat" life with its strength and weaknesses is impartial. That is the strength of the writer—his absolute fairness and understanding.

The most sensational picture (the thing that advertisers could make much of) is the expose of the modern institution known as a "bull session." Thanks to the author the sanctity of this special form of masculine amusement has been ruined. He sums them up as discussions of two topics—sex and religion.

The author concludes that the most virtuous freshman sings his saintly wings before he wins his sheepskin. He advances the old theory that college students are the cream of the earth.

This is a valuable study since it is neither a tirade nor an eulogy. It is the result of keen observation and firsthand knowledge gained by Mr. Marks as a student in several of the leading colleges of the country and as an instructor in the English department of Brown University, a position which he holds at present.

As a vehicle for stimulating thought this book far surpasses any class-room lecture.

BUTTERFLY: by KATHLEEN NORRIS

(Doubleday, Page & Co., 1923)

Kathleen Norris provides the type of romance devoured hungrily by the married woman who reads comfortably and leisurely through her afternoons. Conventionality is the keynote of her style—conven-

tional characters, conventional plot, conventional theme.

"Butterfly" presents the usual Norris domestic problem. In addition there is a charm of narrative colored by Bohemian atmosphere and artistic temperaments—lightly presented.

By the device of contrast, Mrs. Norris presents the title character, balancing her frivolous parasitic nature against that of her charming elder sister.

The flaw lies in the apparent flawlessness of the novel—the perfection of the heroine, her unnatural devotion to her sister, the ease of her accomplishment, rising from the penniless state of an orphan at sixteen to the private secretaryship of a factory owner; thence to a prominent position in social and artistic circles, and finally in the most unpremeditated fashion to become the wife of the greatest of violinists.

Mrs. Norris makes an occasional faux pas which is more amusing than serious; as for instance, her apparent ignorance of the last word in masculine attire: "The big dark red coat was belted; the big gloves were a greenish yellow; the hat had at the back a small, flat bow that Hilary had never seen on any other man's hat and was tilted at an angle an inch or two more daring."

DR. NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN (D. Appleton & Co.)

The Los Angeles Express characterized Lincoln's latest novel as being "as enjoyable as a cool, thirst-quenching drink on a hot day," and it is an accurate estimate. It is true that at times the plot creaks

and limps with age, and that the characters are a bit repetitious, and that here and there one finds touches of exaggerations. But nevertheless "Dr. Nye of North Ostable" is a picture of New England, drawn from life.

The tale is based on tragedy, but abounds in quiet country life and humor. In the highest sense of plot, this book would scarcely be given a rating, for there is no originality, invention or imaginative power visible in the whole story. Certain stock figures are much employed, and the gossiping old maid and the village comedian with a cork leg are both found here.

The story opens with the return of Doctor Nye to his native Cape Cod village. A black cloud hangs over his past, and he is shunned by all but a few faithful friends. His worst enemy is his brother-in-law, George Copeland, who considers his family disgraced by him. An undenied theft of church money had sent young Doctor Nye to the state prison for five years. It is only when he sees no other way of saving the happiness of two young lovers, one of whom is the daughter of Judge Copeland, that he decides to divulge to the girl the secret of the forged check that had sent him to prison.

In addition to the revelation which forms the climax of the story and puts Dr. Nye in a heroic light, there is a variety of minor incident essential to the movement of the plot, and also a fully constituted love affair between two young people. Besides this there is a continual oscillation into humor and considerable exposition of "characters". The one element of the book deserving of scrutiny is its humor.

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"INSIDE STUFF"

IN THE good old days that are gone beyond recall, in the days of yore, when the garret in Stewart Hall housed the Sagebrush, there existed the Brothers Bryan who in turn edited the paper. The editing of the Sagebrush savored of a holy rite with them and they created many traditions.

Never would they venture to perform any task connected with their duties during the hours of daylight. They confined their activities to the silent watches of the night. As dusk fell they might be heard climbing the creaking stairway. The sack of durham was produced and they sat in solemn conclave while the smoke eddied and swirled above their heads.

It was a grave hour. The University was small in their day; news was scarce. Space is not elastic, and, as a means of padding, these two astute journalists conceived the idea of 'Pickin's'.

It was a device that enabled the pair of wily brothers to blame everything on the Office Dog who was supposed to drag in filler. He was a lazy hound according to tradition, and often failed. In fact he became slightly weary by his constant retrieving, loafed on the job, and it required a desperate effort to fill up the column.

Many a durham cigarette was half consumed and thrown away petulantly. Great creases appeared on the brows of the Brothers Bryan. They wore a wan and haggard look. They glanced about nervously as if haunted by a specter. They were haunted by the specter of empty space; the banshee of all editors.

Racking their brains to solve the difficulty they at last hit upon a solution. It was a typical one.

Ray pointed to the half empty column that leered at them during one of the nightly sessions.

"Now I've got it!" he exclaimed, "It's a simple proposition. We can't think of anything. Let's tell the customers the truth. When there is space to plug we will have a hand or an arrow pointing toward it and the caption, 'This is what we couldn't think of' or 'This is what we couldn't publish.'"

Thus arose the expression, when space is filled by a stratagem, "He pulled a Bryan Brothers."

It is an easy way out of the horror of the empty space but the great difficulty is that the pointing hands and arrows are completely worn out.

A Matter of Taste

Two women were chatting about a play they had seen the day before.

"Funny chap, that Shakespeare," said one. "Can't see anything in his plays, myself."

"Nor I," said the other; "and I'm told he didn't even write them himself."

"Who did then?"

"A man called Bacon."

"Well, that sounds more likely," came the reply, "for only a chap called Bacon would ever dream of naming his principal character Omelette!"—Wall Street Journal.

Art—"Where have you been, Beggs?"

Beggs—"Been putting a bridle on my horse, Art."

"How'd you get the bit in his mouth?"

"I waited till he yawned."—Whirlwind.

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BORIS VON ARNOLD

(Continued from Page 12.)

languages. It was during this time that he met Major Barrows, Intelligence Department S.A.E.F., the Major Barrows who later became President of the University of California.

The major took a liking to the lanky Russian lad who could handle the difficult Chinese language as well as he could manage the rapier and sabre. That was why Von Arnold made a trip to Vladivostok, a city held by his foes, the Bolsheviki. He was fired with ambition to enter the University of California, and his high school papers were hidden away in Vladivostok.

The Bolsheviki will hang Von Arnold if they ever catch him. All officers in the White army are outlaws in their own land with a price on their heads.

Von Arnold needed those papers to enter the University of California. So he went for them. Entrance examinations did not occur to him. The papers once secured he lingered to visit some friends. He lingered too long, and the Reds learned that he was in the city. He must leave immediately. No place in the town was safe.

A grain train was standing in the yards, steam up, and ready to pull out for Harbin, Manchuria, and safety. So Von Arnold eluded the soldiers who were searching Vladivostok, crawled under the grain sacks in one of the cars, and lay hidden there for twenty-four hours, until the train crossed the frontier.

Easy, wasn't it?

A very simple matter. That is the way Von Arnold told it. A rather matter-of-fact job all in the day's business.

Two years ago Von Arnold landed at San Francisco. He entered the University of California. He could not speak English, but he could read. A few months ago he spoke from a public stage, clearly and distinctly.

"You are going back to Siberia when you graduate?" I asked.

"Not to Siberia," he answered. "I'll go to Harbin."

"So as to be close to Siberia when the Whites arise again?" I inferred.

"Yes, that's it," he grinned back.

He will be there. He perhaps will be one of the leaders who overthrow the Reds. Von Arnold is surely certain that the Bolsheviki will lose their control of Russia.

If that uprising does take place you may hear about Boris Von Arnold in the dispatches.

"You like Nevada and the University?" I asked when he said he was going to Pasadena. You are going to return?"

"I love it! I will return. It is ideal—the ideal that hundreds of my countrymen thought of when they turned their eyes toward the United States. Here you have true democracy."

What more can be said about Nevada by one of her students, or what more can be said of any college than, "Here you have true democracy."

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There she stands with folded hands
Under the mistletoe;
And only a tear for her Christmas cheer.
She longs for a kiss or so.

And here's a lad who's feeling sad
Though his troubles all go unsung.
He sits all day in the dark hallway,
Where the mistletoe is hung.

The gods they berate, as they sit and wait
For a bit of bliss, you know.
Too bad. What a shame they're not under
the same
Piece of mistletoe!

It's not only a rhyme about Christmas time;
There's this moral in it, too:
*You're a fool to wait until it's too late
For Christmas to come to you.*

The wearing of a frat pin used to denote an en-
gagement. Now it only shows that there has been a
small skirmish.—Whirlwind.

An Irishman, seeing a fish on the wharf of un-
usual size, looked at it for a few minutes and turn-
ing to a bystander remarked: "The man what caught
that fish is a liar."—Bison.

"Have any of your connections ever been traced?"
"Only an uncle. They traced him to Mexico, but
he got away."—Parakeet.

"Would you put yourself out for me?"
"Surely, dear."
"Well, then, please do. It's after twelve and I'm
awfully tired."—Royal Gaboon.

Teacher: Where was the Declaration of Indepen-
dence signed?
Willie (after a silence): At the bottom.—Panther.

Frosh: "And how did you say you became a great
orator?"

Senior: "My boy, I began by addressing en-
velopes."—Burr.

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