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Dec. 15, 1926

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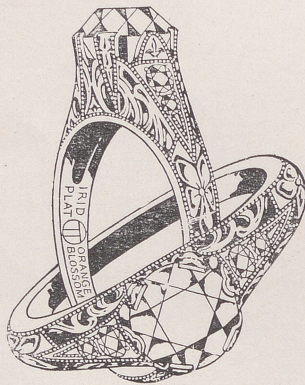
AWOLF



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faculty number

-Tom Wilson



## Christmas Jewelry

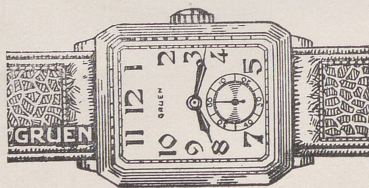
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### HOW COULD YOU

Prof: Gentlemen, I have in my hand a curious specimen  
of fossilized bone.

From the ranks: Which hand doctor? —Cynic.

—wolf—

### SO LARGE

Co: Don't you think the chaperone is awfully obese?

Ed: Yeah! And too fat, too!

—Yellow Jacket.

—wolf—

Just because he's a "well-noted" professor doesn't neces-  
sarily imply that he is famous.

—Black and Blue Jay.

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NEW YORK LIFE  
(A Mutual Company) *Bob Farrar '14*

AS GOOD AS THE NEXT

Young Prof's Wife: Why did you tell the neighbors you married me because I was such a good cook, when I can't even boil a potato?

Young Prof: I had to have some excuse.  
—Belle Hop.

—wolf—

Old Timer: Let's go for a buggy ride.

The Damsel: All right, Henry, but don't take that horse with a strain of mule who refused to move past that dark spot last night.

—Black & Blue Jay.



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FRANK

Senior: So you've dropped English?

Junior: Yeah. The prof asked me what a hypocrite was, and I said it was a person who would deliberately laugh in his class.  
—Rice Owl.

—wolf—

Nurse: Professor, a boy arrived.

Professor (absently): Ask him what he wants.

—Witt.

—wolf—

Student: How's my chances of getting through this course?

Prof.: The best in years, my boy.

—Pelican.

**VANITIES**  
OF 1926  
By Janet



"What we need is more elastic currency!"

"You said it! - I wish that I could make my budget stretch as economically everywhere as it does at

Abbie McPhee

**THE STYLE SHOPPE**

PERSONALLY SELECTED  
*Ladies Ready-to-wear*

They sat together  
Worked together,  
All semester long.  
Played together,  
Strolled together,  
Happy as a song.

Then—

Crammed together--  
Flunked together,  
Wondered what  
Was wrong.

—wolf—

"Did you see Trojan's column while you were in Rome?"

"Yes, I read it every morning."

—wolf—

Prof: When did Caesar defeat the greatest number?

Stude: I think on examination day.

—wolf—

Rub: I have nothing to do today.

Dub: How will you know when you are through?

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will be Cordially Welcome  
and Your Requirements  
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### RIGHT!

Student in Military Science Class: Captain, I have neither pencil nor paper.

Captain: What would you think of a soldier who went to battle without rifle and ammunition?

Student: I would think he was an officer, sir.

—Drexer.

—wolf—

"What a sweet little baby boy, and how much it looks like your husband."

"This is an adopted child I'll have you understand."

—Oregon Webfoot.

### FRESHMAN!

First Prof: He says he came to college to get an education.

2nd, 3rd and 4th Profs: Haw! Haw!

—Pelican.

—wolf—

Prof: James, why were you absent yesterday?

James: My grandmother died.

Prof: What? This is the third time that your grandmother has died.

James: Yes, sir, but my father was a Mormon.

—Blue Moon.

STUDENTS!

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A man who was wanted by the police had been pictured in six different positions, and the pictures were circulated among the police. The chief of a small town wrote headquarters a few days later, saying, "I duly received the pictures of six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them; the sixth is under observation and will be taken soon!"

—wolf—

Lazy Mike: I have a new position with the railroad company.

Weary Rhodes: What is it?

Lazy Mike: You know the fellow that goes alongside the train and taps the axles to see if everything's all right? Well, I help him listen!

—wolf—

We've all heard about an absent-minded professor who poured the syrup down his back and scratched his pancake, but the one that worries us is the one who poured catsup on his shoelace and tied his spaghetti.

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—Yellow Jacket.

—wolf—

Chem Prof.: A Catalytic Agent is something which aids in the completion of a reaction without taking active part in the reaction itself. Now will someone illustrate?

Bright Student: A glass egg?

—Ollapod.

## Girls Will Be Girls

For many years or maybe more—  
I dote on magnanimity—  
I've tried to find the final score  
Concerning femininity.  
And just like old Diogenes—  
Or so I think they called the gent—  
I've hunted for the one who'd please  
With qualities magnificent.  
But every time, alas, alack!  
Upon some flaw I always come.  
She's sure to laugh out loud and smack  
Her gum.

No matter where I search for her—  
The she of brains and pulchritude—  
Reluctantly I must aver  
Her faults are always multitude.  
There is no justice in the world—  
The saying's trite, but true for me—  
For it has been most sadly girlred  
As anyone can painly see.  
The ways of womankind are quaint  
And devastate each damosel  
Until not one but titters, "Ain't  
It swell!"

It's true I've found that specimen—  
In my discriminating search—  
Who does not sicken now and then  
By snoring loudly when in church.  
I've found that rarest feminine—  
With superhuman diligence—  
Who now and then can dance and dine  
With something like intelligence.  
But yet I search and yet I sigh  
Because the girl does not exist  
Who never kicked one heal up high  
When kissed! —Edwin Duerr.

—wolf—

If you want to be one of the fellers, eat Bran Dandies, men.

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## BREATHS THAT BLOW

"It was our last night together. We were alone, on the shore of a lake. A gentle breeze brought the faint sounds of a ukelele from a far-off canoe. In the moonlight, I could plainly see her red lips, her dreamy brown eyes, her golden hair, her divine form. Suddenly she vowed she loved me and we kissed. It was then that I realized the awful truth. You see, she was one of the four out of the five that always "have it," and so of course it was our last night together. You see, Judge, I knew that not even her best friends would tell her, and not only that, but-----"

—wolf—

It must have been the Dean of Men who remarked that students who get the biggest kick out of school are not always the ones who make the most headway. This sounds a little bit like a proverb, but still more like a prescription.

—Colorado Dodo.

—wolf—

Missus: Has the professor had his breakfast?

Maid: I don't know.

Missus: Well, ask him.

Maid: I did, Mum, and he don't know either.

—Bobcat.

—wolf—

Sixteen drinks on the co-ed's breath, yo-ho-ho and the dean of women.

—Yellow Jacket.

—wolf—

## NOTHING NEW

Homecoming Day was almost enough.  
It meant just another month of bluff,  
Football and dances, all were mine,  
And while they lasted they were fine.  
A special train and a glorious time;  
Home again without a dime!  
No work done, but plenty to do.  
The usual thing,----it's nothing new!

College Prof: Venus de Milo has the best figure in the world but has no arms.

Stude: Peachy. I'd like a date with her. What's her telephone number?

—wolf—

Lulu: Do you remember Evelyn's new garter purse?

Belle: I should say so!

Lulu: Well, she missed three bucks after her date left last night.

—Buccaneer.

—wolf—

Professor: Use your head! What do you think it's for?

Stude: To keep my necktie from slipping off.

—Satyr.

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First co-ed: There goes Lola to another game. She goes to all of them now. She must have some end in view.

Second co-ed: It isn't an end---it's a half back.

—wolf—

A fashion writer states that the latest style of hair dressing for women permits the ears to be seen. They will be worn at the sides of the head.

—wolf—

Frosh English Prof: Take this sentence. "Take the cow out of the field." What mood?

Dumb Frosh: The cow!

—wolf—

She: If wishes came true, what would you wish for first?

He: I would wish---ah, if I only dared to tell you!

She: Go on. What do you think I brought up wishing for?

—Jack O'Lantern.

### FOUR OUT OF FIVE HAVE IT

Tall men, short men,  
Men about just so.  
Great ones, small ones,  
Men you'd like to know.

Gray hair, no hair,  
Hair as black as jet.  
Long nose, short nose,  
Nose that's always wet.

What's the tale? Where's the point?  
What's a coming off?  
Listen! Just a line  
On our friend, the prof.

All alike?---not at all;  
As different as can be.  
What! Not a thing  
On which they all agree?

Oh yes, here's one,  
Isn't quite so good.  
Look wise, open eyes,  
Made from briar wood.

—wolf—

Speaking of trees--don't pine, spruce up.

Prof: Who was the greatest inventor?

Stude: An Irishman named Pat Pending.

—wolf—

We: Who is that fellow with the long hair?  
She: He's from Yale.  
We: Oh, I've often heard of them. Yale locks.

—wolf—

1st: What's the matter? You're lookin' worried.

2nd: Themes! Nothing but themes from morning till night.

1st: How long have you been at it?

2nd: I begin tomorrow.

—wolf—

Dumb: You say that you flunked in Spanish! Why, I can't understand it!

Bell: Same here. That's why I flunked it.



Carol S.  
What's on your mind, prof.?

# RULES FOR THE FACULTY

by A MEMBER

---

1. Never make "wise-cracks" in class and then give good grades only to those who laugh at your jokes. Remember that many of the students have heard the same jokes for the 'steenth time and the rest might think that the joke is too dumb to be laughed at.  

---
2. Never tell a student that he needs a shave. Remember that he will probably get a close-shave before the end of the semester and besides he might ask you when you are going to get your hair cut.  

---
3. Never speak to the students outside of class. They're a lot of "apple-sauce" and the only reason they speak to you is to pass the "red apples". Remember that an apple a day keeps the cinches away.  

---
4. Never tell the co-eds that you are glad that they don't paint or powder. They might think you are getting near-sighted and will therefore try to "put" something over on you. Remember that beauty is only rouge deep and that you mustn't discourage that school-girl complexion.  

---
5. Never talk to a student about his work or squelch him with some comment as "were you too busy over the week-end to get your lessons, Mr. Glancelot?" He might think you're getting too personal and if he doesn't resent it he might call you by your first name. Remember how you hate to have anyone interfere with your business.  

---
6. Never, under any circumstances, wake a student who has fallen asleep in your class. If his snoring annoys you, just have him turn over. This will make your class popular. Remember that ten hours sleep are required and that those who are registered in sixteen hours won't be able to keep up with their work.  

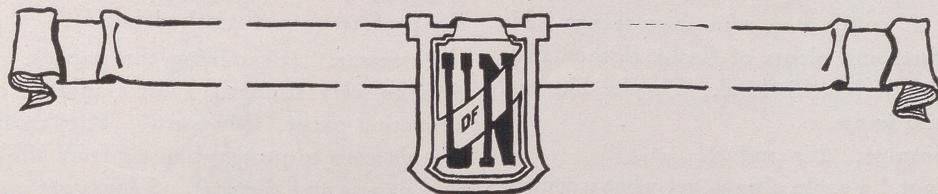
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7. Never get to your classes until at least ten minutes after the last bell has rung. This will give the students a chance to get off the campus and will let you have the day to yourself. Remember that time is just as valuable to the students, and that they too, may have other important engagements.  

---
8. Never interrupt the students while they are gossiping in class or trying to study for their next class. Remember this is the only chance they have of getting together for informal gatherings outside of their evening sessions and perhaps the only opportunity to get a book.  

---
9. Never tell a student that he is liable to flunk out of college. This might cause him to worry and study more, which of course would interfere with the real object of his college career.  

---
10. Never, never flunk a student. Remember that you will probably have him back in your class again the next semester or that if he flunks in too many subjects he would have to leave college. Think what a loss that would be to the University.

# THE DESERT WOLF



Volume IV

Number 2

## The Professor's Christmas Tree

### *A Tragedy*

(Scene: A scantily furnished professor's study. In the rear is a large fireplace. The professor sits musing at his desk which is littered with papers and books).

Professor: Christmas eve, again. My, my, how the time does fly. (He rubs the top of his bald head with his open palm, and stares meditatively at the cold fireplace).

(Suddenly the sound of voices singing a Christmas carol on the street are heard. The professor straightens in his chair, and listens attentively until the carol is finished).

Voices from without: Merry Christmas to all.

Professor: Merry Christmas. So it is, so it is. It should be more cheerful in here. (He rises, sweeps a pile of papers from the desk, and crosses to the fireplace). I'll build a little fire to warm things up. (He shivers and searches for a match). I must have one somewhere.

(A clatter is heard from above. A shower of soot, falling into the fireplace, causes the professor to draw back with an exclamation of surprise. A pair of boots appear. Red trousers. A heavy leather belt. A red over-jacket, lined with fur. Santa Claus backs into the room from the fireplace, dragging an enormous pack behind him).

Professor: I beg your pardon.

Santa Claus: (Jingling his bells and shaking the snow from his garments). Merry Christmas here, Merry Christmas if there is anyone to understand what it means.

Professor: (Retreating across the room). My goodness! Who are you, if I may ask?

Santa Claus: Who am I! Blizzards and gizzards, man! Every child knows me.

Professor: (Meekly). Are you listed in Who's Who?

Santa Claus: Who's Who! (Patting his round stomach which causes the bells to jingle merrily.). I'm Who's Who himself, I'm Santa Claus. And you don't know me! You must be the very person I'm looking for. (Pointing his finger accusingly). You're a college professor!

Professor: (Shamefacedly in spite of himself). Yes--Yes--I am. I beg your pardon for having forgotton you,

but I have always understood that you were only a myth.

Santa Claus: Me a myth! You shall see. But first tell me something. (He pulls an immense roll of papers from under his coat, and lets it unroll on the floor as he checks down a long list of names). Do you know Jasper Studimore?

Professor: (Regaining his composure). I am very well acquainted with the young man. He is one of my best students.

Santa Claus: A good student, eh? (Writing after the name). Good students, let's see, good students usually get packages of pencils or spectacles. Nothing flashy or expensive for good students.

Professor: But the young man works hard. He should be rewarded with something magnificent. He deserves it.

Santa Claus: He'll get what he deserves, never fear. It's my business to give people what they deserve. That's out of your line, you know. You never give students what they deserve. You only give them what they fool you into believing they deserve. Here's another name. Sheila May Lipstick. You know her.

Professor: (Brightening) Certainly, certainly---a charming young lady. Not so very intellectual, perhaps, but very charming, very.

Santa Claus: (Winking roguishly). Well, you old codfish. You're not as blind as people give you credit for being. But "charming" is not expressive enough. She's a rip-dazzler, I'd say. (Examining the list in his hand). I'll have to make at least two trips down the chimney for her. Candy, novels, hats, hosiery, dresses, slippers and---well, never mind what else. (He winks again and chuckles).

Professor: I would suggest a few serious books which---

Santa Claus: There you go again. You college professors haven't any sense about such things. Would you dim her eyes and wrinkle her brow trying to make her think? Let the girl alone. Her charms are on the outside where they belong.

Professor: But she should-----

Santa Claus: Never mind. Never mind. It's something

you don't understand. Here's another name. Jerry Gaydog.

Professor: Him! (Heatedly). He deserves nothing but a sound thrashing! He is a thorough reprobate. It was necessary to expel him from school for impersonating members of the faculty in an insulting manner at the last He-Jinks.

Santa Claus: Ah, a young man who does things. He must have a new roadster and plenty of flashy clothes. He's a merry fellow, I'll bet. I like his kind. They're like me. They spread cheer, you know.

Professor: (Stubbornly). It's unjust!

Santa Claus: It's not. People always get what's coming to them. But I see you and I will never agree; so I'll run along. I've plenty to do, I can tell you.

(Santa Claus rolls up his list, tucks it under his coat, and throws his pack over his shoulder. The professor coughs, and looks wistfully at the bulging bag).

Santa Claus: Dazzle me, but I almost forgot. (He replaces the pack on the floor, reaches in it, and draws forth a tiny Christmas tree). For you, Professor.

Professor: (Somewhat disappointed). For me?

Santa Claus: It's not much now, but it will grow. It will certainly grow. (Laughing uproariously, he places the tree in the center of the room). Goodby professor. It will grow, I promise you that. Merry Christmas to you. (Still laughing, he crawls up the chimney, dragging his pack after him).

Professor: What a strange gift. Goodness! It is beginning to grow already---Its top is above the desk---What a marvel!----It is as high as the chandelier---(Falling back in surprise). Bless my soul, it's touching the ceiling. I do

### HARD HEARTED

He stood at the end of a large stretch of beautiful lawn, blankly staring into the sky. He seemed to quite unlike other men I had seen on the campus, for when a laughing group of co-eds passed beside him, he didn't even turn his head and glance their way---let alone speak to them. And I knew he wasn't a Freshman with the characteristic fear of queening. But then, I understand perfectly. Would YOU turn your head to see a mere bunch of college women, if you were the Mackay statue?

not understand. What a growth! I must inform the science department. This may be of vital interest. But what is happening now?

(The tree has started sprouting papers on every limb and twig. On the topmost branch, a large red apple has appeared. One of the papers breaks loose, and flutters into the professor's outstretched hand).

Professor: (Examining the paper). A student's theme. Strange, very strange. Here's another one. Here's an examination paper. My word! They're all falling off. (Lifting his arms to protect himself from the shower of examination papers and themes). I must get out of here.

(In the center of the room, the tall tree is swaying as if stirred by a strong breeze. The place is filled with flying papers. As one comes loose from the tree another immediately grows in its place. There are hundreds of them, thousands. They block the professor's progress towards the door).

Professor: (Struggling to tear away the paper blockade). I must get out! I must! This is terrible! Help! (Faster and faster they fall. They have buried him to the waist).

Professor: (Waving his arms wildly). Help! Help! (Down they pour). Help! Help! Help! (He is buried to the neck).

(Suddenly the big red apple flies from the top of the tree and strikes with a squash on the professor's bald pate. He groans. His head drops limply, and he sinks beneath the pile. From above there is a merry cry, and the pattering of reindeers' hoofs. Then only the rustle of falling papers).

### COLLEGE ACCORDING TO SHAKESPEARE

Freshman Year: Comedy of Errors.

Sophomore Year: Much Ado About Nothing.

Junior Year: As You Like It.

Senior Year: All's Well that Ends Well.

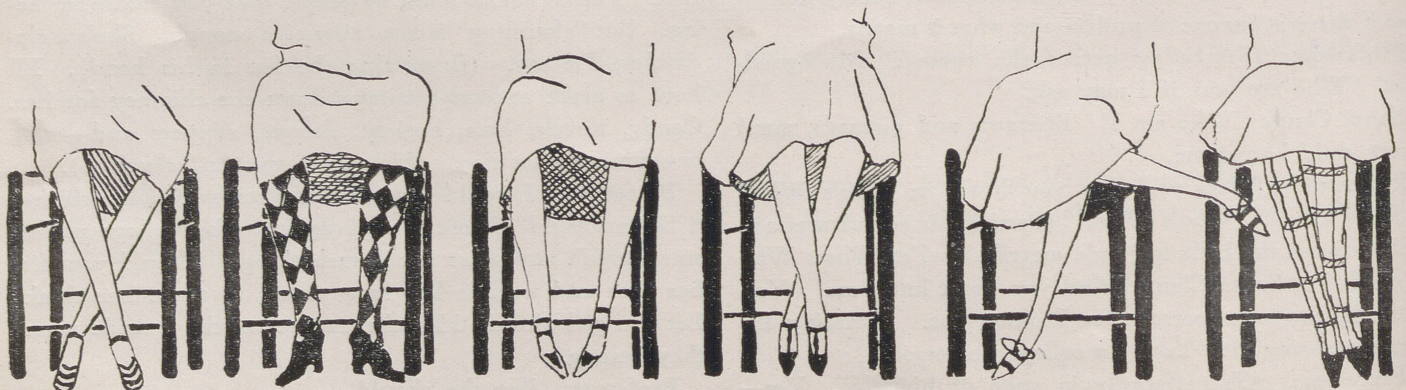
—wolf—

"What's the big idea walking around this time of night?"

"Taking the air."

"Doctor's orders?"

"No, my girl's."



THE PROFESSOR'S REVIEW

DAVISON



"Wash the besh way to treat a lady?"  
 "Frequently."

OUR SPIRITED FACULTY

One nice thing about the professors at Nevada is that they do have that "old school spirit." One modest prof. who declined to give his name offered these yells to the yell leader only three months after they had been asked for.

(Hit it)

Strawberry short cake, gooseberry pie,  
 V-I-C-T-O-R-Y.

Are we in it?

Well I guess,

Nevada, Nevada, Yes, Yes, Yes.

(Give 'em a big hand, gang).

(Make this BEEG)

Alaska's in the high chair;

Who put her up there?

Ma, Pa, Sis, boom bah

Nevada, Nevada, Rah, Rah, Rah!

Suggested by the prof. (good old prof.) as a means of putting the pepper into the gang.

—wolf—

"What's this I hear about that freshman girl at the Hall?"

"She got caught sliding down the banister."

"Matron?"

"No. A nail."

—Ollapod.

Gentlemen Prefer to Blah

It used to be the common lore,  
 When we were very, very young,  
 That ladies took the honors for  
 Excessive wagging of the tongue.  
 But times have undergone a change,  
 Now ladies merrily ha-ha  
 Because it's really true, but strange,  
 That gentlemen prefer to blah.

No longer do the ladies sit  
 Content with talking through their hats,  
 And making moments quickly flit  
 With gossiping and silly chats.  
 When any talking now occurs  
 They merely now and then hurrah,  
 For they must serve as listeners  
 When gentlemen prefer to blah.

The topics now are politics,  
 And pugilists, and Gordon gin;  
 Tobacco juice, and poker chips,  
 And pennants that big leaguers win.  
 The grace of conversation's gone,  
 For now the once admiring, "Ah!"  
 Is superceded by a yawn,  
 For gentlemen prefer to blah.

—Edwin Duerr.

After a heavy meal



The prof. dreams of that grinning student

## Girls Will Be Girls Even When There Is----

# ONE MINUTE TO PAY

by J. GEE

Imogene was a whiz, simply because she got by with a bang. She was quarterback on the women's varsity football team, but she could have just as well been a fullback ---she was full enough from the point of being plump.

The only reason the women's coach made her quarterback was because no one could get her number; at least none of the football squad. This made it particularly awkward for the line which was always out of form. But then, what lines are always in perfect form anyway?

Imogene had been practicing very diligently all fall. She kept early hours----that is as early as possible without being caught by the dean of women----and the few cigarettes she smoked were completely fagged when she got through with them. (Nobody ever found out about this because it all went up in smoke). She never touched chocolates because she was afraid of getting her fingers sticky; so she always stabbed them with a toothpick and by the simple process of bending her arm at the elbow managed to get them to her mouth without touching them. In doing this she displayed something besides her knees----she showed that she had sense.

Our heroine wasn't ashamed to study either. She could rattle off the names of her textbooks without thinking; in fact she did everything without thinking, but she did them all so rapidly and fluently that she gained a reputation for being quite the student.

But above all Imogene, or "Gene" as she was fondly called by her mates, was a great football player. She knew instinctively that two teams were best for playing a game just as she knew from experience that three was a crowd. She also knew that a team was composed of eleven players unless, as it sometimes happened, a few of the boys got mixed up in the squads. At such times the game was of course neck and neck until the coach discovered the impossibility of sportsmanship and ruled that the boys must leave the field. After that Imogene would go into the game to win; and, after attempting various methods, she would resort to fair playing. If any of the substitutes asked her if she thought the varsity was going to win, the answer was always in the infirmary.

### II.

And so the date for the big game drew near, the Greenpea varsity against the Redapple varsity. It promised to be one of the most exciting games in years. The Greenpeas were mad at the Redapples because the latter had spread rumors concerning the Peas, claiming that they were a bunch of intelligentsia. This could not be forgiven. The Greenpea varsity with Imogene as quarterback was all set to ad-

minister the worst beating that the Redapples had ever received at the hands, or rather at the feet, of a football team.

Everybody was in fever-heat excitement the night before the game as is usually the case, and the fever rose until a very late hour when Bang! Crushing as the noise in the last scene of Macbeth, when someone kicked the bucket, came the news that Imogene was to be barred from the game by the scholarship committee. She was failing in Hygiene. It was appalling.

Imogene rushed to her professors in her usual rushing manner, and asked for a recount. Poor Imogene! She was willing to do anything. She vowed to herself that she would go to any extreme to save the honor of her college. She would hold her breath all day if it were necessary; she would go a month without using cosmetics, as much as she realized the value of cosmetics; yes, she would even lower her skirts to her ankles----anything to remove the failure. After an eternity of humming and hawing, the professors consented on one condition----she must hand in a paper on the elevating value of high heels. Imogene swore she would even if she had to write the thing herself. Once more the Greenpea supporters breathed easily.

### III.

The two teams were facing each other, a colorful spectacle of red and green. It was the last quarter. The score was seven up, neither team in the lead.

Imogene called a signal. It was the signal to try a dirty-trick play on the opponents. But being women both teams forgot the rules and the play was a failure.

Imogene was not to be dismayed. She immediately rolled up her stockings which were getting quite a run for their money, and she wheeled about and shouted "Hip." The bleachers wildly shouted "Hooray" in return. This encouraged the Greens to further effort. While the center of the Reds talked to the referee, Imogene backed her line almost to the goal posts where she started a conference. But instead of planning for the next play, she commenced making catty remarks about the Red's uniforms. The Reds immediately returned the insults by declaring that they were dressed more fashionably and expensively than the Greens could ever be.

Then, while the argument was at its height, Imogene smiled a sly smile, and squirted a stream of chewing-gum juice from the corner of her mouth. Suddenly she called the signals for the next play, and before the Reds could form their defense, she was streaking down the field for the winning touchdown.

The rooters went wild. They rushed down upon the play-



ers like a thundering herd. As they neared Imogene who was sitting on the ground puffing for breath, she thrilled with the glory of the moment. But alas! These fickle men! The beautiful Redapple center suddenly strutted in front of the onrushing rooters, electrifying them with her side-wise glances and alluring smiles. They siezed her, hoisted

her to their shoulders, and rushed her away to the nearest ice-cream parlor.

Imogene fell over with a loud thud. To think she had spent all morning making up that failure in hygiene! "What a Greenpea I am!" she moaned.

DOC. MARTIE'S SONG

"It makes me laugh,  
"So wonderful a treat,  
To see an athlete run a mile  
An move only two feet."

—wolf—

Professor: When I put the coat on for the first time and buttoned it up, I burst the seam down the back.

Tailor: Well, that just shows you how well our buttons are sewed on.

—wolf—

"Where are you going,  
My pretty maid?"  
"I'm going to college,  
Sir," she said.

"What's in your basket,  
My pretty maid?"  
"Some sweet red apples,  
Sir," she said.

"Ah, for your luncheon,  
My pretty maid?"  
"No, for the Profs  
Kind sir," she said.

—wolf—



"Darling, do you love me for myself?"  
"Sure, but don't forget you're going to do that term theme for me."

COLLEGIATE NURSERY RHYMES

I had a little wagon,  
It was a Chevrolet;  
I loaned it to a girl friend  
To drive a mile away.  
She raced it,  
She wrecked it,  
She drove it through the mire;  
And then she gave it back to me  
Without a single tire.

—wolf—

Hickory, dickory dock,  
Please someone stop the clock;  
It's nearly eight;  
If we are late  
Miss Mack will turn the lock.

—wolf—

Rub-a-dub-dub,  
Three men got the tub,  
And how did this come to be?  
Too many "delinqs" and women and drinks  
For even an S.A.E.

—wolf—

Willie was a freshman,  
Willie was a shiek,  
Willie took the ladies out,  
Seven nights a week.  
One morning early,  
Before Willie was awake,  
Along came a Sophomore,  
And threw him in the lake.

—wolf—

The best argument for styles in the present day is the family album.

—Dry Goods Economist.

—wolf—

Prof: Now, Jack, correct this sentence, "Our professor am in sight."  
Soph: Our professor am a sight.

SANTA, BY GOSH!

In fear and trembling I did wait,---  
Wait for the mailman beside the gate.  
He's here! He hands me an envelope  
My heart goes down,---then up---with hope.  
Marks in a row before by eye,  
I can only gaze and wonder why.  
Passed in everything---gosh! I pause  
Who says there is no Santa Claus?

—wolf—

Prof: So the apple fell from the tree upon the great Newton's head--- and what great natural law did he deduce therefrom?

Scholar: That the bigger they are the harder they fall.

—wolf—

Professor: What is your name, please?

Stewed: Tom.

Professor: Thomas, you mean. And yours, sir?

Second stewed: Jack, haw, haw, haw!

—wolf—



TWO BIG GUNS

## Silhouettes

By E. M.

### A. L. HIGGINBOTHAM

Moonlight and roses. "Sonnets to the Portugese," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. A kiss in the dark. A violin solo. A sheathed sword. Bitter Sweets.

### CHARLES R. HICKS

Pink lemonade at a circus. A bonfire with everybody singing. Out of gas. Baseball. Hot dogs and soda pop. 5's and 4's.

### BENJAMIN F. CHAPPELLE

Bridge. A walking stick. A stein of beer. A fireplace and a pipe. Red velvet upholstery. Carvings. Dinner parties.

### MARGARET MACK

Church bells. Black velvet with rhinestones. Orchids. A frozen lake. Bright lights. Music and men. Early hours. Ice cold ginger ale on a hot day.

### JOHN GOTTARDI

A starry night. Balconies. Serenades. The Valencia. A red rose on a black coat. champagne in crystal glasses. Monte Carlo. Venus.

### EDWIN DUERR

Poker chips. Ash trays. Elinor Glynn. Soap box. Prince of Wales. Bohemia. Tea for two.

### CHARLES HASEMAN

Opera. A long night. Light wines and beer. Squares and triangles. Gray smoke. The wide open spaces. A canoe on a blue lake.

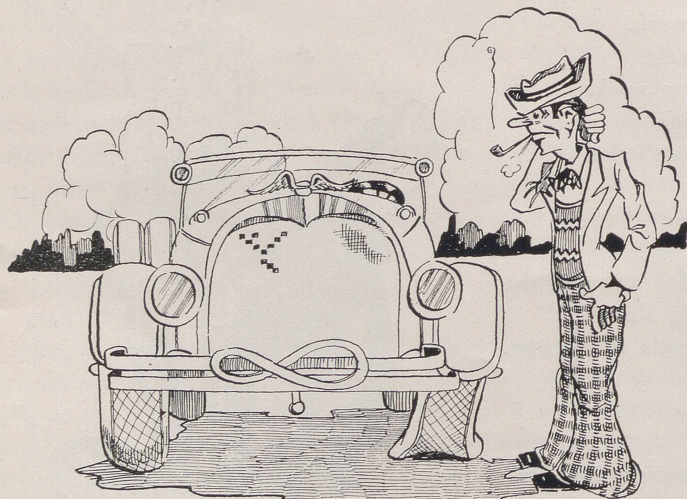
### RAYMOND H. LEACH

Christmas trees. Old fashioned Thanksgiving dinners. Pretzels. Pullman twilight. Pansies. Slumming parties. Midnight carols.

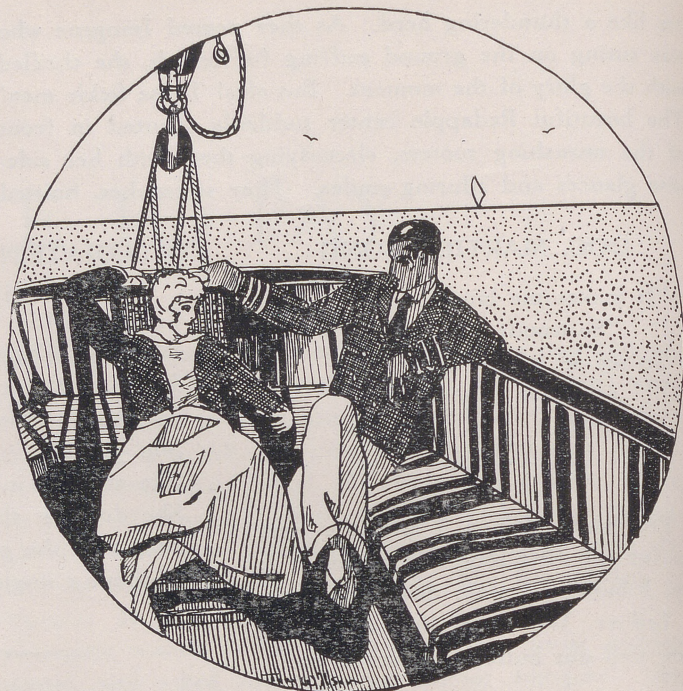
### PHILIP A. LEHENBAUER

Sunset. Gray motors. White furs and sparkling jewels. Butterflies. Red apples in a silver bowl. Pink candles on a birthday cake.

—wolf—



SOFT AND LOW



"Why did you leave college?"

"I told the history prof. that according to statistics a lady named Guillotine was the heaviest necker on record."

—wolf—

## Selections from Any Anthology

### ANGUS MacMANUS

When I was young, a gypsy with deep eyes  
And a gaudy skirt  
Prophesied  
That I would die of a great shock.  
I believed the fortune she told.  
Would I fall heir to a million?  
Or find oil on my land?  
Would I be elected mayor?  
Or what?  
How was I to know  
That I was fated to sizzle in an electric chair?

### ANGELA HOYT

It is not at all comfortable here  
In this long and polished box  
Beneath the dirt  
And flattering tombstone.  
It smells like old wine....  
My breath is sour,  
I am falling to pieces  
Because  
I ate a package of raisins  
And gulped down some water  
Before I died....  
Now, I believe I am fermenting.

—Edwin Duerr.

## THINNED OUT

It used to be that "undies"  
Were always properly lined---  
But now like heavy gasoline  
They're becoming more refined.

—wolf—

Little Boy Blue, go blow your nose,  
Your sister's in the parlor,  
Talking to her beaus;  
They came from a frat house,  
Sweet sister to snake,  
'Tis lucky her father isn't awake.

—Contributed by little John Fuzzybeard, age 5½ months.

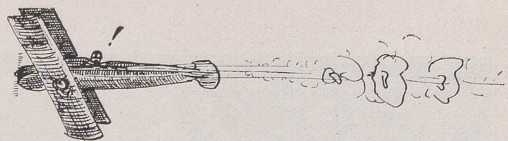
—wolf—



"You said you weren't coming to this dance."

"Well, I had a terrible time finding something to wear."

"Now, now, that's a bit too thin."



"Want a ride, little girl?"

"No thanks, just dropping home from one."

—wolf—

## De Beeg Shick Name Tom

Once there was a collitch man who wanted a date wit hees nize baby. He took off de table from de tellaphone.

"Ooooooho!" he sez at de corporator wot was woiking in de tallaphone, "Please I can hev Sparks 54-R?"

Den verra soon it sonded de voice in de deceiver, "Halo?" Den says de beeg shick at hees niz baby, "Oooooooho, papa'll gonna take you to de moofing pitchers!"

Was so heppy hees nize baby she yumps from de tallaphone and turns herself tree times a handsprink backward. Den she sez to de tallaphone, "Mama'll gonna be reddey when it comes de streed car."

Her beeg shick (was name Tom), was so happy he began heem to singing "Wot a Swell Feller Was de Backward King of England." Den de collitch man wot was name Tom, he put heem on hees green necktie and he leaved heem hees frat house behind.

Verra soon he comes wit de streed car at Sparks. Was on de corner hees nize baby. De shick grebbed by de hand hees nize baby and togedder dey went to de moofies, before which de collitch man what was name Tom buys hees baby a bag wit peanuts.

But no sooner did dey sat down dan did de hero reach over hees red lips and kiss de hand of de lady was in de pitchers. Did it make de collitch man wot was name Tom so verra embarassed as to turn heem red. It was blushing hees face verra mutch. But pertty soon de hero kiss de lady in de pitchers in her to lips and de beeg shick was name Tom he got up from hees seat and he runned from out de door and he went to hees house and never yet did he come back to see hees nize baby—was so bashful dis beeg shick wot was name Tom.

—Carol Cross.



NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION THE CLARK MEMORIAL LIBRARY, GIFT OF WILLIAM A. CLARK, JR. OF LOS ANGELES, WILL MARK THE GREATEST SINGLE IMPROVEMENT IN THE CAMPUS IN MANY YEARS, EVEN WITHOUT THE ROOF. SEE HOW IT COMPARES WITH THE OLD LIBRARY BUILDING. PROFESSOR J. D. LAYMAN, LIBRARIAN, IN THE FOREGROUND, SAYS THE BOOKS WILL ALL BE IN BY SEPTEMBER, 1927.

PROFESSING TO BE PROFESSORS, THIS HANDSOME QUARTET HAS ITS PICTURE SNAPPED COMING AWAY FROM A PRACTICE TEACHING PERIOD AT THE HIGH SCHOOL. LEFT TO RIGHT: PROF. MARGARET HILL, PROF. JOHNNIE AGRUSA, PROF. ETHEL L'NSFORD, AND PROF. FILLIE EVANSEN.



WHEN EVERYBODY IN THE FAMILY IS A PROFESSOR...WHAT HAVE YOU? MRS. CHAPPELLE, OF THE PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT, AND DR. CHAPPELLE, HEAD OF THE MODERN LANGUAGES DEPARTMENT, SNAPPED ON THE STEPS OF THEIR BRAND NEW HOME BEFORE STARTING FOR THE UNIVERSITY.



IN THE BACKGROUND IS CLARENCE MACKAY'S LATEST GIFT TO THE UNIVERSITY, AN ADDITION TO THE MACKAY SCHOOL OF MINES. PROFESSOR PALMER, DIRECTOR JOHN A. FULTON, PROFESSOR CARPENTER AND "GEOLOGY" JONES, ALL OF THE MINING SCHOOL ARE STANDING IN THE FOREGROUND.





PROFESSOR R. C. THOMPSON OF THE ATHLETIC COMMITTEE CONGRATULATES "HUNS" HANSEN, THE NEWLY ELECTED FOOTBALL CAPTAIN FOR 1927.

"THE HEE-ISN'T THAT TERRIBLE," SAYS DRAMATIC COACH LUTHEL STARK AS TINY BUNTIN AND MONA ENNOR DO THEIR DARNDDEST TO SHOW HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE. "THE VALUE OF MY COURSE IN PLAY PRODUCTION," SAYS LUTHEL, "IS THAT IT TEACHES YOU THINGS..."



PONZI, BETTY GREEN, AND J. P. MORGAN OUT FOR A STROLL. IN OTHER WORDS, PROF. CHARLIE HASEMAN, BETTY COLEMAN, AND STUDENT BODY PRESIDENT HARRY FROST ON THEIR WAY TO FINANCE CONTROL MEETING.

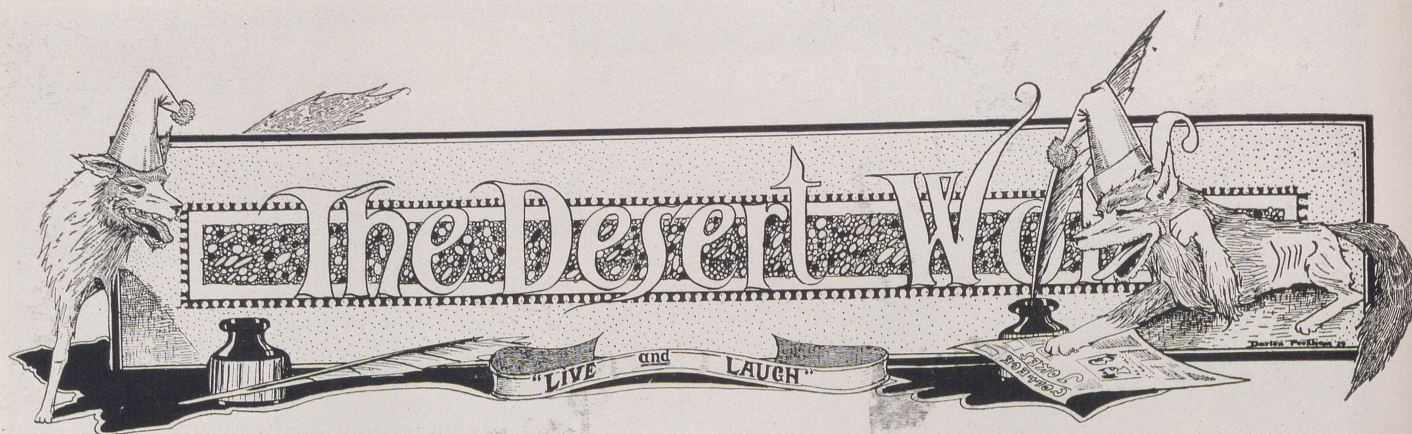


IF TOM WILSON AND HIS DAD WERE IN THIS PICTURE IT WOULD BE EIGHT OUT OF EIGHT. LOOK AT 'EM; FACULTY FATHERS AND SCHOLARLY SONS. LEFT TO RIGHT, DEAN STEWART AND BOB, "DEAC" AND DEAN ADAMS, BOB AND PROFESSOR SCOTT.



JOE GARCIA, BASKETBALL MANAGER, CAPT. BOZO WATSON, COACH "DOC" MARTIE, AND ATHLETIC MANAGER RAY HENDRICKSEN DON'T LOOK GLOOMY ABOUT BASKETBALL PROSPECTS.





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## What's Wrong with the Prof?

From the jokes and good natured articles which appear in this number of the Desert Wolf, it would seem that the Prof. has two principal failings. He is accused of being ridiculously absent-minded, and of being amusingly susceptible to the flattery and pretenses of students who would rather "red-apple the Prof." than study.

Is he so absent-minded? What about those themes which you forgot to hand in early this semester. Did the Prof. forget them? Ah, if he only had---but he hasn't, and he won't. Depend on that. The Prof. doesn't forget to meet his classes; he doesn't forget to give examinations on the set date; and he doesn't forget who you are when he makes out the grades. There are lots of things the Prof. doesn't forget.

As for the charge that he is an easy mark for people with "heavy lines"---students be wise. Don't think, when you are attempting the proverbial trick of "passing the apple," that you know everything that lies behind those quiet, thoughtful eyes. Maybe the Prof. isn't fooled as much as you think. Some very clever and entertaining students have "flunked" out of college.

Be fair with the Prof. If you can't do that, beware of him. He may surprise you.

## Merry Christmas

The title of this is almost enough. It expresses the greeting that the Wolf has for all its friends. But being a thoughtful animal it also wishes you the best of grades for your semester's work, and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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## Smoking Women

Why shouldn't women smoke?

This question has been answered in many ways. Some say it is injurious to their health; others declare that it is not ladylike; and a few of the less charitable ones murmur phrases about it being suggestive of still worse vices.

There is really only one reason. They are incapable of doing it properly. No woman smokes with the unconscious ease displayed by a man. Either she is so clumsy she looks stupid or she is so graceful she looks bored.

The first case is typical of the girls who are trying to learn. Picture one of them going about the business. She draws the cigarette from its package with a sort of dainty distrustfulness, gazes uncertainly at it as if she were doubtful which end she should place between her lips, and finally, just as the match which had been held in readiness goes out, she makes up her mind. Another match is lighted. The girl, forced to act, places the cigarette to her lips, still holding it with her hand. She makes short, ineffectual attempts to puff. Somebody tells her to put the thing in her mouth. She does so; and at last the initial act is completed. The smoke curls up into her eyes. She coughs and chokes, struggling to treat the matter as an unlooked-for accident that might happen to the best of smokers. Then, she sits there, holding the small, white cylinder as if it were a lighted bomb. Now and then, just to keep up appearances, she pretends to puff, but the smoke hardly passes her white teeth. Frankly, she is afraid of the thing. She distrusts it, and not for one moment does she forget the fact that it is there. She is entirely conscious that she is smoking. On her the soothing effects of a quiet, mechanical pastime are lost.

The second type is the practiced smoker. She prides herself that she does well. Without stopping her conversation, reading, or whatever else she may be doing, she draws the cigarette forth with expert indifference, and taps it lightly on the back of her slender hand before lighting it. She takes a deep puff or two, letting the smoke curl lazily over her nose. Then, with a graceful motion, she holds it away from her and brushes off the ashes. Without variety, this process is repeated time after time. It is so monotonous that it bores her to death.

Though apparently contrasted, these two types of smoking women are essentially the same. The former is conscious of her consciousness, and the latter is conscious of her unconsciousness. They are both women and not for a moment do they forget that someone might be observing them with a critical eye.

A man smokes for the soothing pleasure it affords him. A woman smokes for effect, and the effect is never flattering. It is too obvious.

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## Home At Last

No longer will the Desert Wolf be, as it has been termed by certain facetious critics, "the deserted Wolf." It has at last found a home.

Admitting its shortcomings but promising to improve, it appeared at the last meeting of the Publications Board and pleaded its cause. The board lent a kindly ear, and agreed that a growing animal should have a place to call home.

On its next cover it will bear its new title: The NEVADA DESERT WOLF.



## BALLADE

*Harlequin has ceased to swing  
Up and down the thoroughfare  
Ceased to think that he is king  
Of the moon-drenched market square;  
Gone is anger, gone is care  
And their melancholy train,  
For 'tis whispered everywhere:  
Harlequin's in love again.*

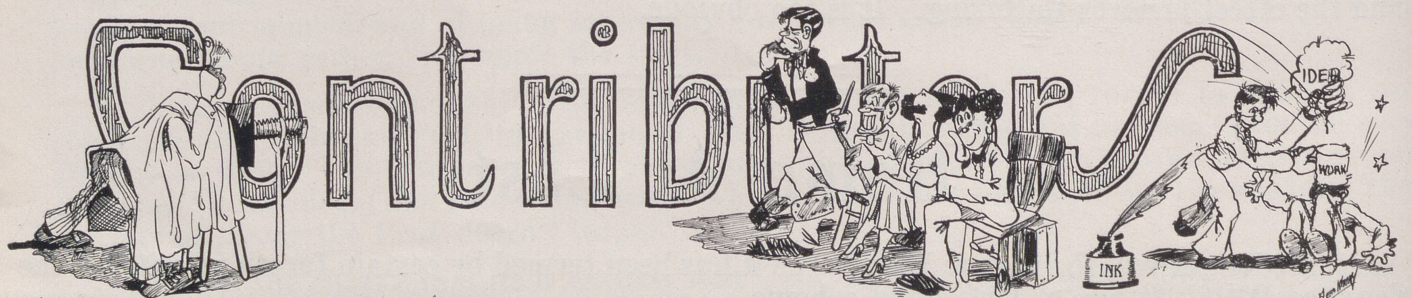
*Columbine is lingering  
Where the torches do not flare,  
Waiting for the night to bring  
Someone's footstep on the stair;  
Music tingles in the air  
In a delicate refrain  
And she blushes, quite aware  
Harlequin's in love again.*

*Punchinello turns to fling  
Bright confetti on the pair  
While the passing people sing  
That the brave deserve the fair;  
Let the golden trumpets blare,  
Let the feasts and dancing reign  
For the gallant, debonair  
Harlequin's in love again.*

### L'envoi

*Prince, although we often wear  
Hearts upon our sleeves in vain,  
Do not frown, but leave them there.  
Harlequin's in love again.*

Edwin Duerr.



EDWIN DUERR  
JOHN GOTTARDI  
FRED SIEBERT  
RUSSEL COLEMAN  
FORREST HOLDCAMPER

SALLY BELL  
WARREN MONROE  
MERLE SELLMAN  
TRUE VENCILL  
VERNON CANTLON

KATHERINE DAVIDSON  
JAMES LOWERS  
DORLON PECKHAM



## A Prof. Becomes Entangled In A----

# SPECIAL AFFAIR

by *FREDERIC J. SIEBERT, Jr.*

Note: Absolutely no reference is intended to any particular people.

**T**HIS IS a lazy man's way to introduce characters, but there are only two that count so I'll tell you who they are and be done with it. Paul Emmett has been out of Yale five years and now he is working for his Ph.D. and teaching, too. All people that work for Ph.D's do that. What it is that he's teaching is whatever you wish—English, maybe, or a social science, or mathematics. You can suit yourself about Paul. As for Dolores West, she has to be a more particular character. She is twenty-four. She went to Vassar for a year. She worked for three years as a stenographer in a law office. Now she is finishing college and has a class under Paul. She has cultivated Paul. You see, she's older than the college crowd—which is the only thing that could possibly make a co-ed interested in a professor—and she finds that college boys amuse her only in so far as she can wonder how they ever came to be so dumb. But the story.....

### I.

Damn it—what language for an almost Ph.D.—but, damn it, what should he do with his eyes when he talked to Dolores West? He had a theory about eyes, but Dolores West seemed to set his theory at naught—all his theories—everything about him—at naught.

People needn't think that he had a secret sin if he chose not to look them in the eye when he talked to them, or when they talked to him. Whoever did the talking had an advantage: See, I'm looking you in the eye. Open as a book. Pure as a lily. Come right into my soul and look around—you won't find anything. And the listener—all he could do was sit and wonder about the talker, and not listen very much to what was being said. When one didn't listen very much, how could one doubt? And when one couldn't doubt, what was there but believing? Ergo, the eyes made the heart believe and not the head. So his theory taught him to avoid eyes. He neither wanted an unfair advantage nor to believe—except with his head.

Right now Dolores was doing what she had done the first time he noticed her. His theory wouldn't work. She was staying after class to ask questions—sitting in a front-row seat with a knee bent so that she could hook one heel in the rungs of her chair. Backed sprawling against the blackboard, bearing his weight on two rigid arms whose hands were hooked tight-knuckled in the chalk-rail—his most usual pose—Mr. Paul Emmett looked down at her.

"Even styles in women change, Dolores," he was saying, and wondering whether, if he looked her in the eye, she

would think he was trying to classify her own particular type, or whether, if he did not, she would take it as an admission that he was trying to avoid giving her that impression. "Flat chested, boyish women—athletic; take care of themselves—think what an actual physical difference that will make in the race. Men like them. Suppose men liked red-heads—redheads or nothing—think what an increase there would be in red-headed marriages, and red-headed children."

"But Paul....."

Doubt! Ah, now he was looking her in the eye! Not theorizing at her; he must convince her!

"Dolores, tell me this"—very intently—"aren't most of the unmarried women—I mean, isn't the old-maid type nowadays the perfect thirty-six of yesterday? Isn't it the beauty you see in the family album with hips as big as.....big as.....well, big as the old maid today. And who was the old maid then? Scrawny and flat, wasn't she?"

Dolores clasped her hand over the most convenient knee and regarded him intently. He was such a dear, this young teacher; especially now, with a strand of fair hair falling into his eyes; so worried in his theorizing about the rest of the world; so baffled when she wouldn't let him play with the world and tried to substitute herself. He didn't know what to do with the "you-and-I" relationship she was very carefully engineering. It was new. And yet she didn't feel any more, when he called her Dolores, as if he had done it by mistake and would apologize in a minute.

But he was asking her something, and what should she do? Be convinced or tell him that the difference between a blonde and a red-head was neither more nor less than the difference between a bottle of peroxide and a henna pack? That a flat chest, on the one hand, and a perfect thirty-six on the other, resulted, respectively, from not eating and much eating?

"Dolores, isn't what I say true?"

Well, why not? He wanted it. "Yes," said Dolores.

"And they take care of themselves—men seem to prefer that—don't you think? I do. And it seems to me that there you have the basis for an argument to support the theory that there is, almost, a new race of women." He stopped for a moment and gazed wistfully behind her. Then he said impulsively, "I like that," and added "I don't like women that let themselves be trampled on. I feel sorry for them—but I don't like them....."

Good Heavens! What made him say such things? Had his father been a wife-beater? Had his mother worked in a factory—or a sweat shop—or had he read it in a book?

He flipped himself away from the blackboard with a quick jerk of either arm, and then sat down in the swivel chair before his desk. He sprawled forward on one elbow,

chin in hand, fingernails tapping on white teeth, eyes looking past her, now, toward the window. To Dolores he suddenly seemed more human; less the youthful intellectual, more the man. With his theories he might have been some one from another world.

"Is that your ideal of a woman, Paul?" she suddenly asked him. "Is that the kind you want?"

He sat up very straight in his chair and began to sort a sheaf of papers into three piles, very closely, as if by arranging them he arranged the thoughts in his own mind. He smiled a little to himself.

"That's the kind I want to like," he said at last, "but I'm not sure I'd want to love one like that." He picked up the piles of paper, one by one, and put clips on them.

Dolores was trying to decide whether he was telling her something, or theorizing again.

He began to sharpen innumerable broken pencils with a tiny penknife, bending low over his hands and not looking up. He went on, "Love—that's another matter. Love can hurt you like the very devil, and it gives you the power to hurt the same way. I'm not sure I want that power. My father had it. He could hurt my mother—terribly—and I'm not sure either, that I'd care to be hurt as she was. I guess she had dreams for herself.....once."

After that, he looked up and smiled at her in a boyish, impersonal fashion.

As she was walking home a few minutes later, she thought, "I'll have to make him like me first."

But Paul, scuffling down a brick walk with crisp, brown leaves crackling at his ankles, listened to his heart saying over and over, "I could love you, Dolores, I could love you, Dolores."

## II.

"Just try an' get by, just try it. Say, will you stop shovin' me—oh, you, Prof., huh?—Sorry I can't, but y'see this gang ahead....."

With difficulty Paul recognized a boy from one of his classes. He looked strange in an absurd crushed hat and glaring, tweedy overcoat. Paul remembered him as one who sought to avoid being questioned by gazing vacantly out the window. He nodded to the boy. "All right—no rush—it's these behind me." He braced himself against a girl who poked a patent leather travelling case into the small of his back with quiet persistence. The tweedy overcoat surged toward him as the train jerked forward. In the pocket of it there was something large and round. He felt it against his leg.

The line ahead moved a few feet. Paul closed in, then grunted as the corner of the travelling case again dug viciously into his back. He thought, "Why in the devil didn't I stay in my berth the first time I got there." He had wondered if he'd see Dolores in the crowd on the platform. Forward, some one was saying very loudly, "No, you can't get through this way—let us by, will you?" Murmurings....demurrings...."You can't do it, I tell you." Then the line went forward again, slowly and steadily. Paul felt grateful to the loud-voiced person. If somebody had cleared the way with a club, crushing skulls and smashing faces, he

would have been grateful.

Lower Seven. Two very young and sheiky youths, and two very young and slinky maidens—high school, he decided—completely filled the seats of the section. Directly across the aisle a porter, harassed into a dogged melancholia, had flattened himself against the curtains of a lower already made up, and with futile fingers strove to put the slips on the pillows of the upper. Paul edged between the seats of Seven, and the youthful tete-a-tete stopped abruptly. He hunched himself out of his overcoat. "I'd just like to leave this here," he said.

One of the little girls glared and snarled, "We got this. This----"

He looked across the aisle and caught a glimpse of a gray figure eight against a green background. Then this was Seven. He had made no mistake.

"My lower," he snapped, "want to see the ticket?" He was annoyed. One of the youths moved over a little, and Paul laid his folded overcoat across the back of the seat.

Now the stream in the middle of the car was flowing the other way. Well, he couldn't stay here. He'd look up Dolores. The other little girl muttered something about nerve as he shoved off, and one of the youths snickered. The other one was meditatively scraping the side of his shoe against Paul's black leather grip that squatted on the floor between the seats.

Other cars. He stood sidewise, pressed against the green curtains to let people go by. "Were they dancing in the baggage car?" "Had anybody seen Emily Smith, or Malcolm Brown, or car three?" "Where's the Dean of Women?"

He stumbled over thousands and thousands of feet and legs, always in groups of four. The berths, mostly, were made up, and the curtains drawn. Well, they had to sit somewhere, so they sat on the edges of the made-up berths and hung their feet out in the aisle for the restless procession to stumble over. Chiffon stockings beside trousers, pair and pair. Tan oxfords besides sport slippers on the green carpeting of the car floor, peeping out from under the curtains; dangling from the uppers. Tan oxfords and sport slippers—there were thousands-----

Stalled outside a drawing room he listened for a moment to the toneless chords of a ukelele and a girl's sweet voice trying desperately to achieve a vaudevillian hardness. Hysterical laughter from a compartment. Swearing from another, and the crisp click of poker chips.

A frantic brakeman: "No, I don't want one. Let me through, will you! let me through!" The curtain swaying in the door of a men's dressing room; inside the Dean of Men sitting all alone and staring, tight-lipped, straight before him. Paul thought, "Poor soul, bet he wishes he were dead."

Would these Pullmans never end? Another vestibule. Two empty bottles on the rubber matting rolled this way and that as the train swayed. The glass pane in the door at the end of the car had been broken, and his feet gritted on the jagged pieces as he went by.

The observation car, end of the train, but where was

Dolores? In the rear the dozen upholstered chairs each groaned under the weight of two or three occupants. The air was blue with the smoke of many cigarettes, and the space between the opposite rows of chairs was a crazy looking tangle of legs. The platform was a jam of men. Through the window and the door he could see them milling about as the train swayed. Occasionally one of the men would tire of the cold night air and struggle inside. From an ever-waiting swarm about the door, two or three would shuffle dumbly out to take the one man's place.

And then he saw Dolores. In one of the occasional readjustments on the platform he could see through the crowd right to the end. There she was, half sitting on the brass railing, and beside her very much engrossed, sat a dark and handsome young man. Who the devil? Damn! Well, he'd wait for her; sit down somewhere. If she didn't stay there all night she'd have to come foward.

He turned around, moved forward, was jostled in the corridor, felt the wooden panels on his left give way—a swinging door. He ducked through into the buffet compartment and with a sigh of thankfulness sank into a seat and rested his elbows wearily on the table before it. Curiously, there were practically no people in the buffet. He was alone and yet he could look out of a window in the paneling and see the faces of people that went by outside. Comfort! He lit a cigarette and rang for the steward to bring him a lemonade. It came directly in a tall and frosty glass. He sipped it gratefully and thought of the collegians with their ugly brown bottles hidden in their overcoat pockets, sneaking out to the vestibules and into the dressing rooms to swallow it in safety.

Through the window he saw a girl in a green coat with a tan checkered collar, and sprang up. It was Dolores. The door popped open and in she came, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed from the cold air. The dark young man followed her.

"Hello, Paul! Having a good time? My, aren't these football specials gorgeous? You all alone?"

He tried to smile, and shake his head, and nod, all at the same time.

"You know Billy Armstrong, Paul? I worked for his dad. Billy, this is Mr. Emmett."

"You teach at home?"

Paul nodded.

"Went back east to Yale, didn't you? You see, I've heard Dolores rave."

Paul nodded again. The young man began to laugh. An odd, strained sort of laugh, Paul thought.

"So'd I," said the young man; "So'd I—just got back." And he went on laughing.

"He—he withdrew," giggled Dolores.

What was the matter with her? Dolores wasn't a giggler.

"Listen, Dee," the dark young man said, his mirth suddenly forgotten, "stay here with the—with Mr. Emmett a minute, will you? I'm going to look up the gang. Pardon me, won't you?"

He pushed through the little door and was gone.

Let's sit down," suggested Paul, and then asked, "Thir-

sty?"

"No—I'm not—thirsty." Dolores began to giggle again.

Paul looked at her fearfully; half suspecting and yet afraid to suspect. "Dolores," he finally gasped, "has that ass been giving you drinks?" The nerve of him! The skunk! Withdrew from Yale, did he? Kicked out, he'd bet a hat!

The sparkle in Dolores eyes turned to a glitter; the smiling little red mouth into a straight pink line; the flushed cheeks went suddenly white with rage.

"It's none--you--you--listen. I can take care of myself," she sputtered wildly. "I don't want you telling me what to do."

In Paul there was an answering glitter; a correspondingly drawn lip; a similar whiteness. Uh! The childishness of it! she ought to be spanked—or, she was a fool. If she was not a fool she ought to be beaten. He felt an insane desire to grab her by the hair and beat her; and to beat that Armstrong—to beat him bloody.

"Nor do I want to. Don't make a scene," he snapped. "I'm sure I don't mind what you do."

"Oh," she breathed, "Oh, you don't. Oh—listen—I hate you—do you hear me? I hate you!"

"That cub," he snorted, thickly.

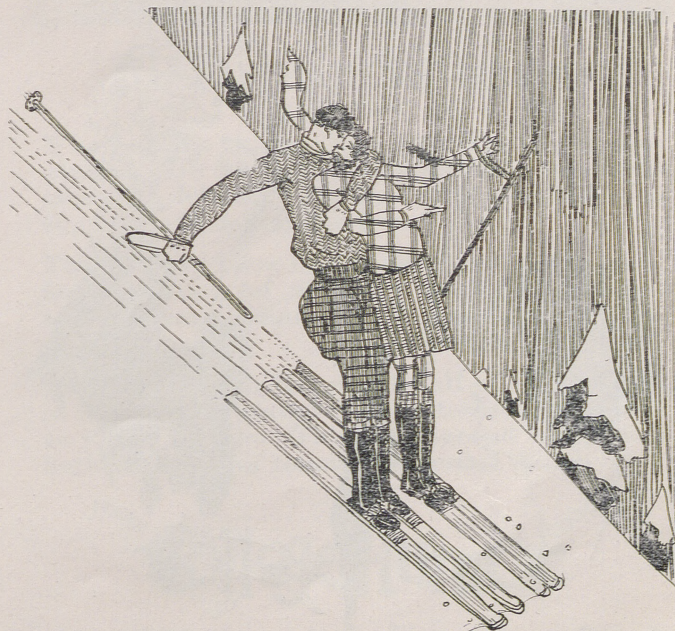
"He is not. Don't you dare say that. He's perfect. He knows how to take care—listen, I worked for his father three years and I can take care of myself. Do you hear? You shan't criticise him—I hate you!"

Suddenly she stood up, and before Paul knew what she was doing she darted through the swinging door into the corridor and was gone.

He checked a fierce desire to run after her and bring her back. Let her go! He didn't care what she did. Be damned if he cared what she did, much.

What beasts people were! Well, let them revel; let them

(Continued on Page 30)



SLIPPING FAST

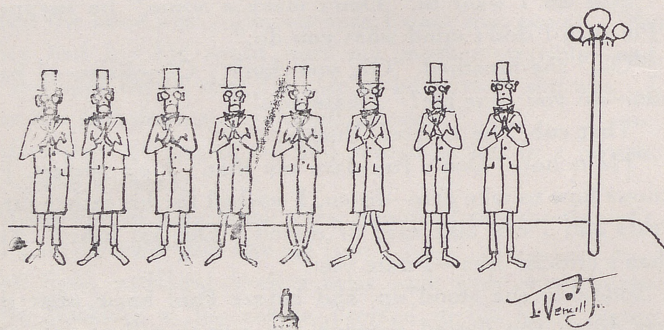
## Nothing "Just Too Good"

Ned Butter was the star of the college football team. There was no doubt of that. Wasn't it he who had made that fifty-five yard run in the first game of the season? Wasn't it he who had made both touchdowns against a highly touted team in the north? Wasn't it he who, as quarterback, generalled the team to victory after victory? True, Ned Butter was the whole team.

The team was depending upon him to defeat their rivals in the final game of the season. So was the Coach. And so was the college. Ned Butter entered the game realizing his responsibility, Then, as Fate would have it, he was seriously injured in the first play and carried off the field.

"We are lost!" moaned the frantic Coach as he paced up and down in front of the player's bench. "We are lost! There is no substitute for Butter!" —Edwin Duerr.

—wolf—



A STRAIGHT EIGHT

—wolf—



Only three sorority sisters who flunked out. They just know the faculty is too dumb to recognize real brains.



CHINKS IN THE ROCKS

—wolf—

## I Don't Like Profs

I don't like profs,  
They're not so hot;  
I guess it's just because  
They hand out exams,  
And call them  
All sorts of things  
Just to make you feel  
It doesn't make much difference  
If you flunk or not;  
And you know and they know  
It makes one hell  
Of a difference.  
I don't like profs  
Who talk about the firms  
They worked for:  
Laundries and banks and trusts  
And newspapers and junk collectors.  
I don't like the profs  
Who say funny things  
Like: "Belgians can vote twice  
and have children," or "I  
Don't have time to be a detective;  
I wish I did."  
They laugh at their own jokes;  
It gives me the needles.



OH! HOW DOGGY!

—wolf—

Certainly, Annabelle, most botany professors do know their onions.

—wolf—



He: Isn't this weather nipping?  
 She: Yes, indeed, look at the poor bare limbs on that tree.

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**SOCIETY NOTE**

The University Faculty club held its semi-annual meeting in the home of Prof. Leach Saturday evening. The rooms were appropriately decorated with green peas. The guests enjoyed a jolly game of "London Bridge Is Falling Down" and then played "Button, Button, Who Spies the Button." Prof. Frandsen proved to be of championship calibre in this game. Like the jolly old fellow that he is, Prof. Murgotten called for all his letters in "Post-Office" in Spanish. Prof. Hicks gave a dramatic reading entitled "Little Cock Robin." Animal crackers and ice water was served to the guests at a late hour.

—wolf—

Prof: Decline "love."

Frosh: Decline love? Not me, professor.

—wolf—

Prof: What is trigonometry?

Stude: It's a man that has been married three times.

Soph: Hey, Freshie, whatcha gonna do after yuh graduate?

Frosh: I'm gonna teach.

Soph: You can't be a teacher; you're too dumb!

Frosh: I ain't gonna be a teacher; I'm gonna be a college professor.

—wolf—

Barber: Wet or dry?

Prof: You cut my hair and never mind what my politics are.

—wolf—

You can't tell by looking at a professor whether or not he gets mad when the dictionary disagrees with him.

—wolf—

Another famous saying: "Yes," declared the professor to the sleepy class, "I could make a great deal more money at some other profession." Yawns.

—wolf—

"That's a lot of bull!" fiercely cried the butcher boy as he placed the rump roast on the table.

**BADLY TRICKED, WHAT?**

Instructor: Look here, Brown, some one called up for you this morning and said you were ill and wouldn't be in class today.

Brown: Har, har, that's a good one on Bob. He wasn't supposed to do that until Friday.

—wolf—

Instructor in Geology Class: What was the largest animal of the Mesozoic Era?

Student: That's just what I was going to ask you.

—Ollapod.

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PROFESSOR WHERE ARE YOU?

The class in history had gathered for its final examination, but many of the members were unprepared. They were desperate. Finally a leader among them had an idea. He hastily scribbled a notice which he tacked on the outside of the classroom door.

Professor Dimwitt arrived. He peered over his glasses at the notice. It read: "History classes will not meet today as Professor Dimwitt will not be here."

"Well, well," murmured the professor with his usual absent-minded drawl, "Dimwitt must be ill." And he turned away and went home.

—wolf—

"Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

"And I, sir, am not willing to make the trade."

—wolf—

Prof: Is there anything that hibernates in the summer?

Pupl: Santa Claus.

Wife, at head of stairs: Is that you John?  
Heavy voice from dark: Just who was you expectin'?

—Boston "Beanpot"

—wolf—

It is rumored that the Nevada campus will soon have a new Greek brotherhood. Gianutsos Bros. are planning to open a fruit store at Sixth and University Avenue.

—wolf—

"Say thar, coach," says William Shavingstick, '30, of Po-dunk Vista, "where'n hell kin a feller buy one of them blue sweaters with the big N's on 'em?"

The absent-minded professor and his wife had been invited out to dinner. He was making his share of social blunders. At last, when they were seated next to each other at the table, she nudged him and whispered: "James, where are your manners?"

"Why, Martha, they must be in the wash. I'm sure that I changed them last week."

—wolf—

If absent-minded professors ran true to form they would take their knives and forks to the football game, and wear their overcoats and earmuffs to the dinner table on Thanksgiving Day.

—wolf—

"Oh, you've got me all up in the air!" cried the sweet young thing to the aviator in the seat ahead.

—wolf—

Large professor: Do you serve lobsters in this restaurant?

Waiter: Yes, sir, we cater to everyone.

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ARE FIRED WITH  
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(Continued from Page 25)

wallow. The pigs. A train like this—a chance to act natural, that was all. And when they acted natural, how they wallowed!

The two conductors and a blue-uniformed railroad policeman entered the buffet and stopped beside him. He surrendered his tickets..

"Car three," said one conductor, "lower seven." He was a jovial, rotund little man. The kind of man, Paul thought, who wasn't used to being annoyed. "Say," he said to Paul, "you're a long ways back. Take us two three hours to get there I guess. You better go back if you want to turn in.

We don't let anybody by us in the aisle until we get all the tickets."

Paul thanked him. Good idea. He'd do it. He slipped out of the buffet ahead of the conductors and stopped, right away, behind a jam in the vestibule. They were right behind him. The policeman shoved by and began to work on the crowd.

"Dirty mess, isn't it?" asked the rotund conductor, mopping at his forehead.

"Very," replied Paul, emphatically.

A boy turned and looked at him. "Hello, prof."

"You a prof?" queried the conductor.

Paul nodded.

"Chaperoning?"

"Good Lord, no!"

And then the jam gave way, and he finally got through.

### III.

He couldn't sleep, and he was miserable. Miserable about Dolores and they wouldn't let him be miserable in peace. It was hot in the car, and noisy. Queer noises.

Through his mind there flashed an echo of the usual church-like quiet of a pullman at night. There was always the irreverent wheeze and bubble of the man who snored; the cat-foot tread of a porter, stepping softly as a deacon passing the plate; the tom-tom rhythm of the car wheels, soothing as a sermon. And he had been one of those people who couldn't sleep on ordinary trains! They were lullabies compared to this.

Now, he wanted to sleep, and dream, and forget, and the queer noises wouldn't let him. They wouldn't even let him enjoy the misery of thinking about Dolores, because the car wheels were beating out college yells, and the periodic silences in the car itself had the taut quality of the silence shrouding a band of Indians in ambush, waiting to welcome the dawn with warwhoops.

Now who was dragging baggage out from under the berth? Wrong car—"maybe you left it under this one."—what difference? Make him sleep on the floor.

Was that dark young cub kissing Dolores?

Good Lord! Would that boy standing in the aisle two berths down either get into the upper and keep still, or else go to bed and stop talking to the girl through the curtains?

Would Dolores let him? And if she let him, would she

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like it?

Did these drunks think they were funny when they ran through the cars yelling, "Popcorn, sodawater, gum." Idiots.

How would Dolores act when she was kissed—if she let some one, and liked it?

From the far end of the car came the sound of the door opening and shutting once, very rapidly; and a moment later, once more. The last time it was the two conductors and their policeman escort that made the noise. He recognized the voice of the little fat one who was saying, "She's in here, Jerry. She can't get beyond. There's no more Pullman's." That was too bad. They were probably going to make an example of some co-ed who was riding free.

He heard them knock on the drawing room door, and enter, and a moment later he sat up in his berth, switched on the light, and began digging about in his pocket for his ticket stubs. They might not remember him.

The curtains of his berth swayed outward at the bottom, silently and slowly. They were buttoned tightly together; they were simply moving away. He sat hunched up on the far side of his berth, one hand in the pocket of his trousers, and watched them. What were the curtains of his berth doing, swaying outward? Then he realized. Some one was crawling on hands and knees down the whole length of the car and keeping behind the curtains.

The co-ed!

He would have switched the berth-light off, but it was too late. Whoever it was, was there. Beside his berth appeared a smoothly rounded green hump. On the front of the hump was a tan checkered collar....

"Dolores!"

As if his frenzied mixture of a whisper and a yell had touched a spring, the green hump rose instantly on one end, and from the hysterical, tear-streaked face of Dolores West came an answering noise—a sob, a whisper, and a moan. "My God! Can't you keep still a minute?"

Then three things happened at once. The conductors came out of the drawing room and turned on the lights as a preliminary to gathering up the tickets; Dolores made one motion as if to go on with her hidden flight; and Paul, coming suddenly to life, hooked an arm around the green figure, and with one tremendous heave, flipped Dolores none too gently into the berth. The curtain rings rattled, and the

green cloth, with one grand swish, swung nearly across the aisle and then settled back upon a death-like calm.

Not for two seconds did the calm continue. Two voices cried joyously together, "There she is," and feet came thumping up the aisle.

Some men, in emergencies, act not like men but like angels. Any man, thinking, can act like an angel, but in two seconds there is no time for thought. And Paul, in two seconds and without thought, acted not like an angel, but like an archangel.

"What's this—what's all this?" It was the fat conductor. "Say, who's in here?" He was pawing at the curtains.

With one hand Paul turned off the berth-light, and with the other he fumbled at a button of the curtains.

"It's me," he said, "I was putting my suitcase back under the berth." He poked his head out through the opening he had made and added, in a tone so completely guiltless that it would have freed a murderer, "Why?"

"The Prof!" gulped the policeman.

"Oh-h!" gulped the conductor.

"You want my stubs?" queried Paul, "I gave you my tickets already, don't you remember?"

Facing an archangel inspired, what could three men do?

"Lower seven's all o.k.," said the railroad conductor to the Pullman conductor, and the three of them went slinking away.

And in this wise, even archangels come to realize their responsibilities towards those whose wings are not so strong.

#### IV.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Paul Emmett now but if there had been a dictaphone in the berth that they occupied that night from twelve o'clock until twenty-five minutes of two, and if the dictaphone had been allowed to run for minute periods at fifteen minute intervals, the record would sound very much like this:

Twelve fifteen: It is evidently a woman that is making these noises. There are a great many sobs, and once in a while a whisper, or a moan, that says, "Oh---I hate myself--- Why did it have to be you?---that beast---I can take care of myself. The man's voice sounds only once, and then it says, "Not so loud, dearest, the conductors are still in the car." And if you can imagine such a thing from a dictaphone record, it sounds as if she might have had her head

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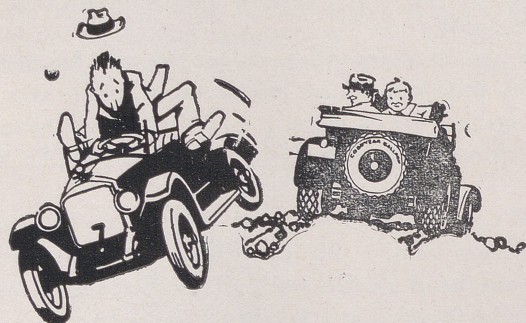
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on his shoulder---

Twelve-thirty: The woman's whisper is much more calm. "And the horrid little thing didn't have any ticket---and she wanted to deal Black Jack---and after I'd lost my money she said, 'I'll deal one more hand for your tickets---and I stood on nineteen---and she paid twenty-one---'"

Twelve-forty-five: Still the woman's voice: "And he said---he was awfully tight---he said, 'I'll buy your ticket, and you won't need a---.'" Her voice is suddenly muffled here, and the man's voice breaks in, "The swine!" and he growls as if he would like to beat some one,---to beat him bloody---

One o'clock: The man's voice sounding, indeed, as if the man were treading ground that he had never trod before: "And I don't know, it's different---about you. I want to take care of you---and I want you **not** to be the kind that---that---takes care of themselves---And Dolores---" "What, dearest?" she whispers; and he whispers back, "I don't mind loving you---so that it hurts. It's a kind of a joy---that hurt is---a kind of an exquisite joy."

One-fifteen: He is whispering again, very brusquely, and very masterfully: "And about one-thirty, the porter says, we'll stop to change engines, and the conductors are gone, so you go down to the dressing room and wait while I take these pajamas off and get my clothes on, and then I'll get your bag and we'll hop off---"

And if you can't guess the rest, then you've no business to have read so far. This is a lazy man's way to end it all, but there are some things that don't need to be told in stories.

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COMPARISON OF WEENIE

Weenie-----hot-dog-----weenie-wurst.

—wolf—

Self, I'd like you,  
Darned if I wouldn't,  
If you weren't such a sport.  
On and on you've let me go,  
When everyone knows  
You shouldn't.  
That's the trouble with you,  
Self, you see;  
You're too easy on my lapses.  
So for that you'll get a gift:  
You can die and go to  
Hell with me.

—Forrest Holdcamper.

—wolf—

Late: Does your father object to kissing?

Date: No, do you want to kiss him?

—Georgia Yellow Jacket.

—wolf—

Prof: Have you done any outside reading?

Student: No sir, it's been too cold to read outside.

—Penn. Froth.

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### TO A STUDENT

Thou would'st get good grades?  
Then let thy tongue  
Talk glibly concerning thy prof,  
And keep thy ignorance unsung;  
And careful thou dost not scoff  
At what he does or what he says.  
Thy line, thy endless theme of of praise  
For there thou wilt find thy pull.

### TO A CERTAIN JOURNALIST

You meekly ask me to contrib  
Ute something on the girls,  
And I reply with jest and fib  
That set your head in whirls.  
You will not let me answer, "No!"  
Nor leave and close the door,  
But say that your assigned sympo  
Sium is due at four.  
You cannot understand my ex  
Cellently reasoned doubt;  
How can I talk about your sex  
With naught to talk about?

—Edwin Duerr.

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**EXCERPTS FROM "READING IN PROFOLOGY"****Chapter X.****THE COLEJPROFF PHENOMENON.\***

By A. Critic, Jr.

It will be well to summarize here the essential features of a characteristic profological phenomenon. As first observed the phenomenon consists simply in the fact that college professors are prone to neglect putting their theories into actual practice. In recent years, however, it has been shown by Phlunker \*\*that not only are they prone to fail to put their theories into practice, but they are inclined to use practices which are diametrically opposed to their theories. Mr. Dent\*\*\* has suggestively termed this observation an extension of the Colejproff Phenomenon.

\*Reprinted by permission from "Why Teachers Behave as They Do," by A. Critik, Jr., p. 66.

\*\*Phlunker's "Experimental Profology."

\*\*\*Mr. Dent is co-originator with Mr. Stew of the Stew-Dent theory, which is explained at length in another paragraph. In addition, both gentlemen have done extensive research and experimental work in their famous Klaas Rhume Laboratories, and have made many valuable contributions to the science of Profology.

**THE STEW-DENT THEORY\***

By Classo Thertie.

The theory has recently been advanced by Messrs. Stew and Dent, celebrated profologists, that the phenomenon known as the Colejproff Phenomenon is found in a more pronounced form among professors of Education than among any other class. In support of this theory, they have recently published a valuable little book\*\* from which I will quote briefly.

Case 20: A certain professor was observed to repeat to his classes again and again, 'You must not tell your pupils not to do things.' This is clearly a case of the Colejproff malady. What the normal professor, not afflicted with this peculiarity would have said, is 'You must tell your pupils to do things.\*\*\*'

Case 29: In this case, an Education professor who emphasized the relative unimportance of dates in the teaching of History, and advised strongly against them, was found to require the members of his class in the History of Education to memorize a long list of names.\*\*\*\*

\*Adopted by permission from "Introduction to Profology:

A Manual for Freshmen" by Classo Thertie. pp. 190-192. Alumni Press.

\*\*"Cases of Education Professors Suffering From an Aggravated Form of the Colejproff Phenomenon" Stew-Dent.

\*\*\*Chapter III "Cases" Stew-Dent.

\*\*\*\*Chapter IV. "Cases" Stew-Dent.

—Cornell Ollapod.

—wolf—

Socrates: So old Prof. Jones is dead? He could speak six dead languages.

Plato: Yes? He ought to make a right sociable corpse.  
—Purple Parrot.

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"That's a heck of a note," said Miss Crandall as she sneezed into the saxophone.

—wolf—

Sam Magee was sitting in the furnace having a great time. "Red hot papa," sighed the janitress, wistfully.

—wolf—

Professor Scott: The only difference between a senior chewing gum and a cow chewing its cud is that the cow looks thoughtful.

—wolf—

Prof: Does a man by the name of Sterner have to be harsher and stricter than everybody else to live up to his name?

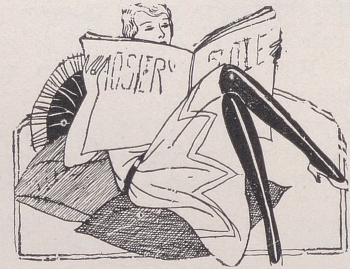
Stude: No, but his child must be a little Sterner.

—wolf—

History Prof: Some day the World Court will be adopted.

Student: But, my gosh, who wants to neck all those foreign women?

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