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"Yes, sir," said the aviator as his last passenger left the aviation field, "that guy was pretty dumb. When we started up he wanted me to tie pieces of lead onto his feet so that if he fell out he wouldn't break his neck."

—Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

Mitt our hero, Jimmy Drew—  
Flunked out in June '92;  
Struck oil, December '93,  
Now the dumbbell's a trustee.

—Parakeet.

I see that the Seniors will have the regulation sombrero as usual, but expect to add to it a leather hatband with a metal badge or plate on it. I would suggest that a neat little leather collar mounted with a little brass dog license and perhaps a cute little bell or two be made part of the official Senior apparel. It might even be more conspicuous.

—Sagebrush 1917

—Nevada Wolf—

"What did you do before you came to college?"

"Counted cattle out West."

"How did you manage to count them in large herds?"

"Oh, just count their legs and divide by four." —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

"This is where you get stuck," warned the M. D. as he injected the serum. —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

Ed. (The college bore): My foot's asleep.

Co. (The victim): How I envy it.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Ira wrote home to his mother and told her he got a beautiful lamp from boxing."

"Yes, and his mother said she always knew that he would win something in athletics."

—Nevada Wolf—

Polly: Does he belong to the four hundred?

Dolly: Yes, he's one of the ciphers.

## AT THE WINTER RESORT

Tourist: Is the water at this hotel pure?

Guest: Not very. We frequently find traces of coffee and other substances in it. —Purple Parrot

—Nevada Wolf—

Wanted: Man to make balloon ascension—one who never took a drop before. —Satyr.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Do dentists beat their wives?"

"No, they crown them."

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"What language is that noisy fellow over there talking? Is it Italian?"

"He hasn't said a word; he's just eating his grapenuts!" —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

"We're intellectual opposites."

"Be explicit."

"I'm intellectual and you're opposite." —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Hoy, Manciful, what do you call your new maid?"

"Greatneck, Sedgewick, Greatneck." —Ex.

Father: How is it, young man, that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it, young man?

Lizard: Great! Great! —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

Teacher: What holds the moon in place day after day and year after year?

Carpenter's Son: The moonbeams. —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

Lo: Y'know, Dickens sometimes worked six weeks on one line.

Brow: 'S nothing'; I've worked for five years perfecting mine and th' women won't swallow it yet!

—Nevada Wolf—

"Smatter, Dorothy. Don't you love me any more? Why aren't you wearing my pin?"

"Course I love you, Charlie. But my other boy friends say the pin scratches them." —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

Prof.: What is the principal ingredient used in the manufacture of face rouge?

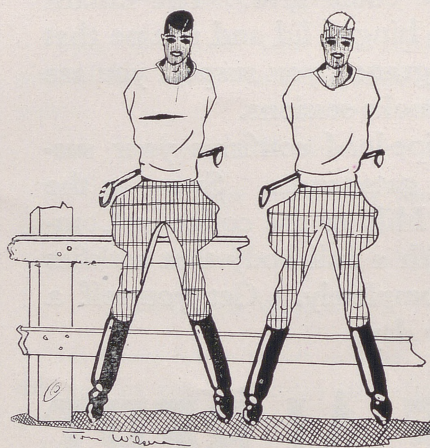
Hi Marker: I am not sure, sir, but it tastes like honey. —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

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Of 1927  
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College Grad: Shake. I'm a Cornell man myself.

—Sniper.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Papa, where do they make these ukes?"

"Know your geography, my boy. In Yukon, of course." —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

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### DIPLOMA

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—Sniper.

—Nevada Wolf—

If she looks young she's old.

If she looks old she's young.

If she looks back follow her.

—Nevada Wolf—

Hullie: Are sheepskins warmer?

Mike: A degree.

—Nevada Wolf—

Who, when she feels like kicking herself, can do it. —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Who's that girl Jack seems to be stuck on?"

"Stuck on? Stuck with, you mean."

—Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

A large dark touring car sped along a dim, lonely country road. The forms of the two occupants were barely visible in the gathering dusk. They were not noticeably talkative.

Finally. "Now be careful, Bob." This in a high-pitched female voice.

A moment's silence.

Again, "Bob! Stop!"

No reply.

And then, "Now, Bob, you're going too far tonight."

A pause.

"Bob, if you don't stop this instant, I'll—"

And Bob turned sadly and replied, "Yes, m'dear. I'll turn back at the first side road, but you needn't worry about our getting lost. I know this road perfectly."

Yes, they were married . . . Why?

Third man from the left—Aha, the trees are leaving, is it not so?

The one next—Yes, but how did you know?

T. M. T. L.—'Tis easy, I can see their trunks. —Pup.

—Nevada Wolf—

John: Sir, I would like to marry your daughter.

Pater: Absolutely, NO.

John: Why, wat's the matter with her? —The Tiger.

—Nevada Wolf—

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## EXTRACT FROM MR. PEPY'S DIARY

(As interpreted by a Senior)

10th. Up betimes, and to my first class, at the ungodly hour of 7:45, and there sat all of an hour, listening to my professor discourse upon the whichness of why, and related subjects. Thence to an 8:40 class in Stewart Hall, where I caught up on some much needed sleep. Aroused by the harsh sounds of a bell, I betook myself to the library, where I was annoyed by the librarian not allowing me to hold discourse with my neighbor; resolved to leave, and so to home. Attended classes in the afternoon; thence displayed my skill with a basketball, and so to supper. To my fraternity meeting in the evening; and I being a senior, brought up matters of great weight. Thence home and to bed.

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11th. This morning, about two or three o'clock, heard a commotion in our front yard, and rising to the window, being moonshine, I found it was some initiates of a nearby fraternity trying to abscond with our most dilapidated traveling ash-can. By means of a hose, persuaded the marauders to make an unseemly exit. I bid them good night, and so to bed again; and at six-thirty, up, and thence to Sociology, where my professor lectured upon fraternity evils. That evening to dinner at an Italian restaurant, where I ate well, but drank no wine, either, which keeps me in such good order that I am mightily pleased with myself for it. Hither Mr. Nichols, otherwise known as Pat, came for me; he and I to home and advised about Spanish. So after an hour's careful cribbing, I took car to the sweetest woman in the world, but finding Mr. Fitzgerald's Chrysler in front of the house, I did not go in, but directly home again, cursing inwardly.

12th. Slept soundly in bed through my eight forty class, and arrived at school as the prof. finished calling the roll in my nine thirty-five. At noon, arrived at the house and found an epistle from the paternal relative. Was disappointed, finding no check, of which I stand in great need. To lab. in the afternoon, where I concocted fluids and experimented with gases of questionable odor. The smell of untrustworthy eggs permeated the atmosphere. To the theater in the evening, and witnessed a demoralizing presentation of the wickedness of the modern collegian. I despair of living up to the cinema standards. To home, where I prepared a report for psychology and so to bed.

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The cover on this issue went thru the press 11 TIMES.

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Lovers may go,

But to woo and win

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13th. I observe that my room-mate, Will, whom I used to call two or three times in a morning, will now wake myself without calling. Am concerned about his mental balance. Talked with my sweet woman in the morning, and borrowed my frat-brother's car for a half-hour. Accomplished much. Missed an eleven twenty-five, but was not displeased. Had a bothersome theme to write for the morrow, so searched the fraternity archives, with much success. Held a long bull-session in Al's room in the evening. Discussed the perversity of women, religion, crap games, and the gentle art of red appleing. Retired late.

14th. Up early and to classes all morning. Attended student body meeting at eleven twenty-five. The president called the meeting to order, and the minutes were read and accepted. "Any old business? (Pause). Any new business? Well, any business?" Ah, yes! Was much relieved. Great applause followed; and after which, one of our popular musicians entertained us on the piano. Meeting adjourned, and so to lunch. Joined the crowd at the restaurant afterwards; and my partner displayed gold-digger tactics. Spent an enjoyable half hour in Will's car, and arrived home later. So to bed.

15th. Called out in the morning, to contribute a little elbow grease to the process of washing and repairing Monk's Dodge. Labored until about eleven; and then wrote a short note to the pater, reminding him that his offspring was not able to do the family justice socially owing to financial embarrassment. After mid-day meal, Monk organized a stag

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party. We sped merrily upon our way, and finally reached a desert-bound metropolis, where we dismounted and raided the local soda fountain establishment, well nigh exhausting the store-keeper's stock. Executed a detailed search for a restaurant, and discovered the Mission Calf, (as my honored room-mate calls the place). Here entered and supped, being exceedingly noisy and unnecessary. At nine-thirty, to the popular institution known as the "Dirt-Race," where we demonstrated our dancing ability for the benefit of the natives. Thence, after several hours of jazz, we departed for home. Were quite displeased at the bursting of a rear tire, which we proceeded to change. Drove off again, finally reached town, and so to bed.

—EVE '29.

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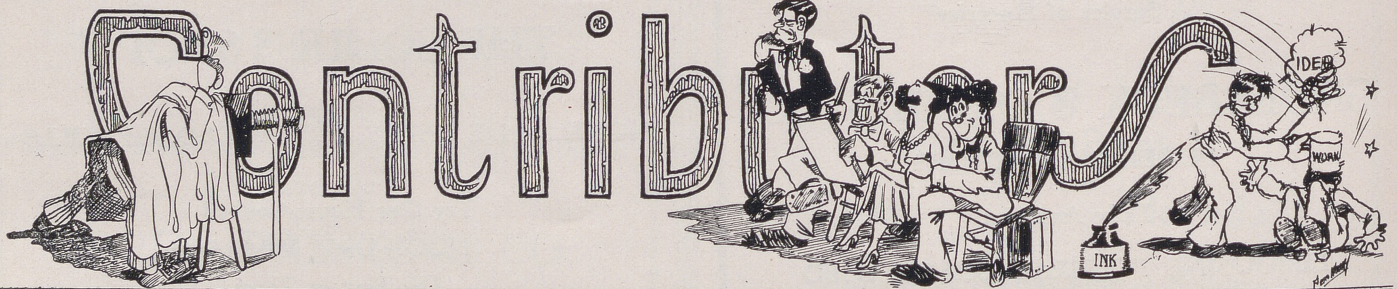
Would Have:

Harry Frost's .....	Hair
Emory Branch's .....	Form
Bob Stewart's .....	Nose
Ralston Crew's .....	Mouth
Max Allen's .....	Eyes
Victor Pimental's .....	Teeth
Bill Stark's .....	Hands

Julius Molini's .....	Smile
Johnny Agrusa's .....	Voice
Ray Misner's .....	Complexion
Swede Anderson's .....	Build
Ray Ede's .....	Ability
Bob Ackerman's .....	Character
Tom Raycraft's .....	Taking Ways
Fred Siebert's .....	Scholarship

—By Some Girls.

—Nevada Wolf—

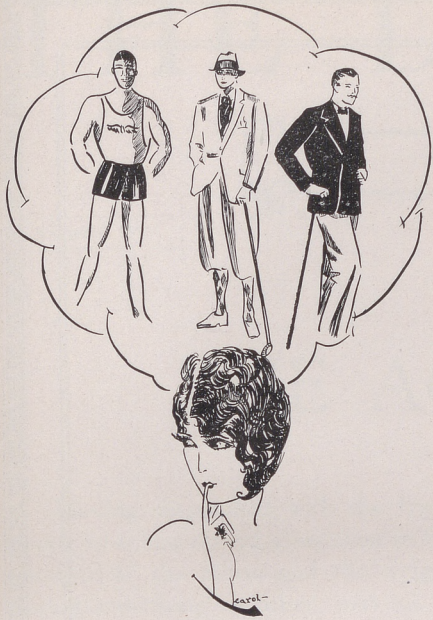


LORLON PECKHAM  
FRED SIEBERT  
ERNEST INWOOD

ALTHA PIERSON  
HAROLD COFFIN  
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FORREST HOLDCAMPER  
TOM FITZGERALD





AFTER COLLEGE WHICH?



SEEN YEARS, EH, WHAT?



OVER THE TOP



# The Senior

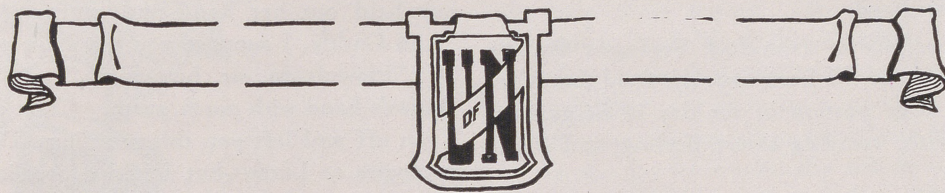
*Quaint, irresponsible being,  
Faded remnant of a Freshman's dream,  
Sighing, laughing, shouting:  
"Strawberry shortcake, huckleberry pie."  
So devilish---must revolt---fast  
With the women---knows so much.  
Life's this, life's that, ideals, blah!  
Ambitions, pish! experience, ah!*

*Great blob of seething matter,  
Sliver of moon in a frog,  
Faint breath of roses in sour bread;  
Little sombrero-covered mannikin,  
Grasping the gutter firmly, reaching for the sky.  
Odd, queer, foolish, dignified, haywire being,  
All dressed up in a black gown.  
"Strawberry shortcake, huckleberry pie,  
Senior, Senior, Rye, Rye, Rye!"*

—Forrest Holdcamper.



# THE DESERT WOLF



Volume IV

NUMBER 4

## THE ACE TAKES THE LADY

By FREDERIC J. SIEBERT, Jr.

Having dispatched with the frowzy, acutely interested female who had stayed after class to find out the relative advantages of the mode and the weighted average in determining something or other, nervous little Professor Burney snatched at the outstretched hand of each of the two boys who stood beside his desk, and grabbed a white card from each. He slapped them down on the desk in front of him. Brimstone! Fudge! What were they so reticent about? There was nothing to this. Scratch, scratch, zip—there was this, and scratch, zip—there was that. An entry and a withdrawal, both signed for, and now he was off to the Lions' Club luncheon, late as usual. He struggled into his overcoat and jammed his hat on backwards as he scurried across the room to the door. Smith withdrawing and Brown entering; he must remember to fix his classbook that very afternoon.

Down the stairs he flew, two at a time, his brittle little legs holding up wonderfully as he took the last three all at once. Fudge! Why did the frowzy girls never say a word in class, but pester him to death with their fool questions when the period was over?

A wrench and a twist and he was through the sedate doors of Carter Hall and out in the piercing January wind. A last leap, another wrench and twist, and he was in his little sedan, jumping distractedly on the starter and making noises that his daughter took to mean: "Get out and walk."

Having been the victim of this performance before, although not recently, Lucia Burney comprehended that something had detained him until there was not time for him to take her home and still be present when the Lions roared the opening salvo. Thus it was that Miss Lucia Burney found herself standing on the sidewalk, craning her neck after her departing parent in a hopeless endeavor to make intelligent the spasmodic sounds that came from him. The little car, started too hastily, was pitching and tossing down the street, while the professor, who had his head out of the window and pointed back toward Lucia, clung to the wheel and steered by instinct.

"Ur - bet - ur - fone - ur - raxi," he yelled.

"Oh, do be careful!" admonished Lucia, half aloud, nervously jerking her body to one side as the leaping car missed a telephone pole by inches. What was he saying?

Some one behind her suddenly said, "Won't I do instead?" She spun around quickly, because the voice was a strange one—and exceedingly masculine.

"Do?" she exclaimed, "What for?"

He was quite a nice looking young man; medium as to height, seemingly very broad and strong, with sandy hair, and a band of tiny freckles across his eyes. Do? He might do for any number of things, but she wasn't quite sure that she knew in what capacity he was offering himself.

"Why," said he, "as a taxi, of course. That's what your father was ye—was saying for you to get."

Lucia hoped he wasn't easily discouraged (although, being a professor's daughter, of course she didn't encourage anything of this sort) and she replied, "Thank you, no. I'll just step in the building and telephone for one."

"No, don't-please," protested the young man. "It's really my fault that your father was late. I kept him after class----so you will?"

"Well----" said Lucia, reluctantly.

"Fine," quoth the young man. "My hack is just across the street."

At just exactly six o'clock that evening, Mr. Stuart Brown was opening his top bureau drawer and extracting therefrom a rather largish clipping from a newspaper. He sat on the edge of his bed and read it through (although you may be sure that he already knew it by heart)---"charming daughter of Professor and Mrs. Bryan DeLonchamps Burney, who has returned to Lakeside after completing her course at Emsley College. Miss Burney will not receive her diploma until June---For the time being she will make her home with her parents---" The rest of the clipping consisted largely of the picture at the top. Pretty enough, Stuart was deciding, but really an abomination compared to the original. Pink and white, exquisite cheeks were a lifeless gray on the printed page; snapping blue eyes were smudges; hair, really as glossy as a raven's wing, was lusterless.

And of course the photographer failed to cover the entire field---what a loss to Art, thought Stuart, and just then his ears began to burn. He reached up to scratch them, thinking at the same instant that it was time to go down



to dinner. Of course, if he had only known that his ears began to burn when somebody was talking about him, he would have pricked them up instead of scratching them, and if he had known that it was none other than the Burney family who had him under discussion, the thought of food would never have entered his head.

It was true. Promptly at six o'clock Professor Burney bowed his head in thanks to the Lord over the food that Mrs. Burney had spent a large portion of the day in bargaining for, trudging home with, worrying about, peeling, and cooking.

"Just who," asked Professor Burney after grace, and with a liberal amount of parental sternness, "is Mr. Stuart Brown?"

"He's very nice," answered Lucia. "He's very broad and strong looking, and he has a crinkly sort of smile and nice eyes."

"Who!" blithered Professor Burney from around the edges of a mouthful of roundsteak (that Mrs. Burney had thwacked back into childhood and veal cutlets), "Who? Not what!"

"If that isn't enough," answered Lucia with dignity, "I'm sure I don't know. He's in a class of yours----"

"True," responded her father, "but that proves nothing. So was one of the D'Autremont boys. I remember him well. He was fond of tennis and liked to argue on religious subjects. He carved his eyeglass prescription on the arm of his chair."

"I know who he is," suddenly announced Mrs. Burney, much to the surprise of her husband and daughter, since twenty-five years with the Professor had nearly convinced her that she didn't know anything when he was around. "He is very wealthy."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Professor, "I thought so--a ne'er do-well!"

"An orphan," went on his spouse.

"And you," the Professor bent upon Lucia a look so laden with reproof that it sagged in the middle, "you, Lucia, asked him here to play bridge with your mother and me!"

"Certainly," said Lucia, tossing her head, "you and mother both asked me to get somebody----"

"Somebody, certainly. Not anybody. Your mother and I suggested Adelbert Wiggins."

"Pooh! That prig!"

"Lucia!"

"Lucia! Your fiance's own brother!"

After this the three of them ate in silence for several minutes. Mrs. Burney started the conversation again.

"He's in the engineering school----"

"Ha!" exclaimed Professor Burney, brightening up a little. "Then what's he doing in my class?"

"----and he came from back east—the same school that that new geologist came from. He studies under him. They have both been here since September."

"Well, well," said the Professor, passing his saucer for some rhubarb. "An engineer at last. Lucia, I qualify my harsh words of a moment ago. No doubt a boy of keen

judgment. And a bridge player, too! Ha! I'll show him a trick or two!"

Half an hour later Lucia was showing Mr. Stuart Brown into the living room.

"Mother," said she, "this is Mr. Brown." Mrs. Burney held out her hand and murmured something trivial, "And Daddy, I suppose you two have met."

"How-de-do, sir, how-de-do," said her father, shaking Brown's hand with much gusto. "You must pardon the way I ran off and left you this morning—I've already made my apologies to Lucia—but I had a pressing engagement, very pressing."

"Oh, that was perfectly--"

"Ah, yes. Pardonable I'm sure," he went on, "but I always like to welcome new students with a word about the course. Lucia tells me you're an engineer."

"Yes---but I'm---"

"That's quite all right, Brown, quite all right. I'm delighted to see you in there. Delighted. In fact, a short while ago I broached the matter to the Dean of having all the engineering students take my course in the theory of statistics. It's a most wise choice on your part, sir, most wise. You'll find it invaluable, I know." He stopped for breath. Lucia had set up the card table, and Mrs. Burney, who had risen and left the room a moment before, now returned carrying a cover for the table, a bridge pad, pencil, and two decks of cards. The Professor noted these preparations out of the corner of his eye, and wound up by clapping the young man on the shoulder and saying, "I'm glad that you relish a little bridge occasionally, Brown. There's nothing like it to keep one's wits nimble."

"Quite right, sir," said Stuart, who had once been the possessor of a very passable game, "I'm very fond of it but I've not had the chance to play much lately."

"Shall we draw for partners, Mother, or do you and Daddy want to play together?" asked Lucia.

"Your mother and I, Lucia," answered her father briskly. "We'll draw for deal." And he smeared a deck half-way across the table.

It proved to be a very trying evening for Stuart. The elder Burneys were in training for the faculty bridge club tournament, and as a team they were *par excellence*. They bid, and echoed, unblocked, cross-ruffed, like a pair of masters, and made the skimpiest hands yield game after game. As for Stuart and Lucia, they held high cards a great deal of the time. This, coupled with Lucia's skillful playing, kept the score fairly even.

When Stuart played slowly (he was rusty), Professor Burney whistled softly through his front teeth and beat a nervous tattoo on the edge of the table with his cards. If Stuart played fast he was apt to forget a good deal. Whenever it was possible, he surrendered the bid to her so that he could sit back and watch her while she strove to out-general her father and mother.

But, like the man in the Lady Godiva story, Stuart looked when he had no business looking. In fact, in the crucial game of the evening (they stood two rubbers apiece and were game and game on the deciding rubber), our hero

(Continued on Page Twenty-five)



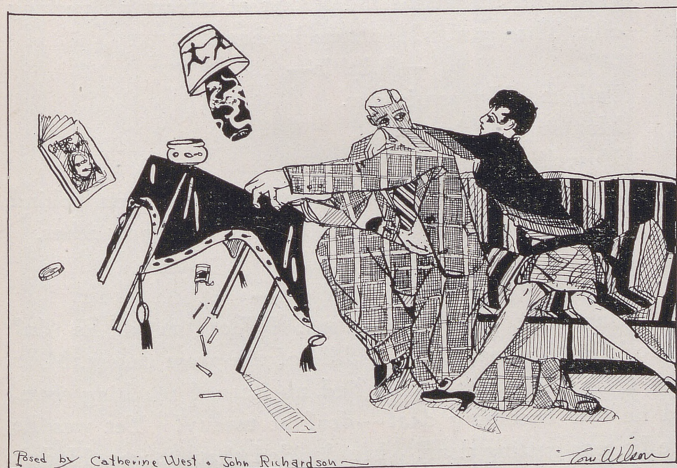


Well, well, he's still looking for the sheik's favorite.  
—Nevada Wolf—

First Mother: Did your boy win many prizes at college?

Second Mother (Proudly): He was presented with bath towels by forty different hotels.

—Nevada Wolf—



Posed by Catherine West & John Richardson  
The artist said they were just playing, but he didn't know the name of the game.

## A COLLITCH TREDGEDY

Once was a collitch man wot he'll gonna greduate from hees nize alma motter. He was gredually unheppy dis poor fallow becuz wit de gredduashon he hed to leave in de behind not only hees constitute for learning but altogether hees switheart wot she was a gudgeous ledy. So he consistently gnaw heemsalf to be in one hal of a pickkle.

In dis day he continually tuk de underurban car to de approximate house of hees baby. Was frequently expekting heem, dis fimmale critchure becuz alraddy hed tallophoned dis seenyur from de collitch esking for her a date from de evenink wit dancing, wit itting, wit riding in de underurban cars.

Wen hees tren stopt she was wetting from de porch for heem.

"Halo?" he replied at her. "Grittinx. How's da papa's horse, ya?"

Den dis beweechink fimmale smiled switly wit dimples und wit poily tith und esked heem.

"I'm still alife and kiking but wit werry mutch lonliness from heving to not see since yasterday my beeg shick!"

"Ooooooooooho, you luv me yat? Ya?" he sed laffing from plezzure.

Verra soon dey regretfully arrived in de "Doit Race Goddens" und stotted to dence. De okkestra pleyed "Jest a Boid I Knew from my Old Kintucky Home" and sombuddy yalled,

"Teg dence, teg dence, toin out de lites!"

Verra soon it was dok in de goddens and was mutch teggung wit de dencing. Wen de lites was beck agen und boinink de beeg shick was persistently alone wit no where in site hees morvelous goil-friend.

So de poor fallow hurried verra slowly home wit hees hart brok in two peaces. De nex day he went with de underurban car to de positive house of hees trecherous baby and gnocked towards de door.

De goil's papa came to de window und softly screamed: "Girradahere, you doity snake! My dotter lest nite was merried with Joseph Hogcaller. Gittouda my site!"

"Heh, heh, heh, heh, har," laffed de collitch man. "Heh, har, dis monnik I merried Hogcaller's grandmother. Everything is allrighty."

So de heppy old fallow—(he hed bin a seenyur twenty-one yeers)—hurried festly home singink lowdly in a wheesper to heemsalf:

"To hal wit collitch und gredduashon, I am de gledesst in de nashon."

Coitain

—C. C.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Young man, now that you have graduated from college, I suppose your problem is to find some sort of honest work."

"You may suppose so of you want, but you're wrong. My big problem is to find some sort of way to keep away from finding any work."



## MONTROSE COMES THROUGH OR, THE COLLEJE GRAJUATE MAKES GOOD

### REEL FIRST

Scene I—Ordinary College guy's room. Montrose Moore, poor but proud, is receiving notification of fact that he has just been elected most popular man of senior class at Hale. Of course Montrose tries to escape modestly through window as cheering classmates burst into room, but they intercept him.

Scene II—Campus landscape in moonlight. Strains from Senior Bawl break upon calm of June night. Montrose and Marceline, she of Bawston's bluest blood, are locked in each other's arms.

—Subtitle—

Montrose: Will you marry me, dearest.

Marceline: Oh, I will Monty, I will.

Scene III—Distribution of dipomas in Hale's new Slovakian outdoor theater. Montrose, attired in customary robe of mourning, heads bread line. Gray haired president beams as he extends sheepskin.

—Subtitle—

President: This is the happiest moment of my life.

Montrose: (Pocketing diploma) But I am sorry to leave the old institution, sir, for I realize it will never be the same without me.

Scene IV—Yell leader waves "Dukes" and crowd bangs out three for Montrose Moore.

—Subtitle—

President: With this degree I am privileged to offer you a job at \$100,000 per annum as president of the home for aged peanut vendors.

Montrose: I am sorry to disappoint the directors of the home but it is my firm intention to work from the bottom up.

Scene VI—Montrose appears outside door of afore-mentioned theater, now minus sack-cloth and ashes attire. Sees Marceline weeping beneath rose bush. Hurries to her with rapid athletic strides. Gathers her in strong arms.

—Subtitle—

Montrose: Why are you in tears, dearest.

Marceline: Fawthah will not allow me to marry you.

Scene VII—Montrose takes bandana from pocket and wipes away tears of Marceline.

—Subtitle—

Montrose: There, there little girl, don't cry.

I'll return a millionaire bye and bye.

Marceline: But think of it, Monty. Fawthah is taking me to his ranch in the cruel west. How can I leave yuh?

Scene VIII—Railroad depot. Montrose with one-way railroad ticket protruding from pocket is engaged in applying farewell smacks on fiancee.

### REEL SECOND

Continuation of Scene VIII.

### REEL THIRD

Continuation of Scene VIII

### REEL FOURTH

—Subtitle—

Fate guides steps of Montrose to ranch of the father of his fiancee. Although low in heart he has a firmly set jaw that must win out in the end.

Scene I—Low-roofed ranch house, baking under noon day sun. Profusion of alkali, sagebrush, and more alkali in background. Hard looking individual in chaps, ten gallon hat, appears in doorway. Pulls fiercely at long black mustache as Montrose steps into scene. Hero walks forward in anticipation of glad-hand.

—Subtitle—

Montrose: Pardon the intrusion but I wish to establish connections with your ranch. Although I have a Bachelor of Art degree from Hale, I am willing to do anything.

Scene II—Ranch boss glares at Montrose. Shrugs shoulders in careless western manner. Points to bucket and milking stool.

—Subtitle—

Ranch Boss: All right young fellah. Take those and see what you c'n get out'a Lucille.

Scene III—Montrose approaches Lucille, a four legged normal cow. Sets stool on ground and pail in customary location. Looks beseechingly at cow which fails to produce. Walks to rear of cow and shakes tail.

—Subtitle—

Montrose: Remember I'm a colleje graduate, better loosen up Lucille.

Scene IV—Lucille shifts uneasily. Turns large liquid eyes on Montrose. In desperation Montrose decides cow is dry. Picks up pail. Starts for nearby pump.

Scene V—Sets bucket under pump and works handle. At first water runs out, then suddenly turns black. Montrose stares in amazement.

—Subtitle—

Montrose: Oil! Oil! I am rich!

Scene VI—Large shiny car swings into ranch yard, occupied by Marceline and heavy set father. They hurriedly leave car on hearing shouts from Montrose.

Scene VII—Montrose at well giving three rahs for oil. Father of Marceline takes look at stream of gushing oil. Then grabs Montrose by hand.

—Subtitle—

Father: My son-in-law.

Montrose: Marceline.

Marceline: Montrose.

Scene VIII—Lovers embrace as parson steps from behind cow shed with bible in one hand and ring in other.

—The End—

—Nevada Wolf—

Johnny was sorely perplexed. What could he do? There he was, alone, in the middle of the great desert. Miles away from any specialist, he had no way of reaching town, and he was becoming deaf----deaf at twenty! Yet was he sure he was getting deaf? He decided that he was. Hadn't he just watched the night fall----and he hadn't even heard it when it dropped!





(Above) Director Lu Starke tells the Senior Play cast how it's done. This bunch of bad actors includes Ernest Inwood, Emory Branch, Pauline Wren, Bill Starke, Adele Clemons, Tommy Fitzgerald, Lu Starke, Doug Castle, and Harve (Tiny) Buntin.

\*\*\*\*\*

(Below) Here we have Business Manager Mensinger and Stage Manager Starke of the Senior Play feeling despondent over the absence of derbies, cigars, checkered vests, and diamond stick pins essential to their positions.



(Above) The Senior Memorial Committee stops to hold a bull session en route to a meeting. "X" marks the spot where the deed was done and around it are grouped Emory Branch, Ernest Inwood, Helen Adamson, Pauline Wren, Raymond Ede, Margaret Hill, and Doug Castle.

\*\*\*\*\*

(Below) "Such popularity must be preserved," chorus Erny Inwood, Tommy Fitzgerald, Tiny Buntin, and Ray Henriksen and promptly surround Adele Clemons who is greatly alarmed.

Don't be deceived-----it's just Ethel Lunsford and Harry Frost behind the big grin and smile.





THE HEIGHT OF COURTESY

You can talk about your Beau Brummels,  
Sir Walter with his cloak,  
As perfect gents they got by big—  
Nowdays it's all a joke.

"They're all so rude and thoughtless now,"  
The older people moan.  
But think of the sheik who brings a scooter  
So his girl won't have to walk home!

—R. F.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Why does Percival's head keep shaking so?"  
"Must be having another brain storm."

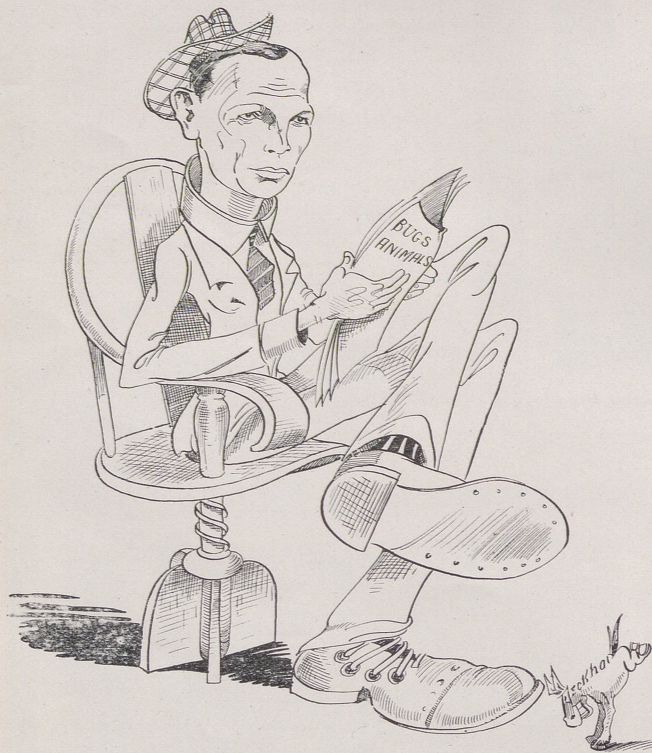
—Nevada Wolf—

"Go on, big boy, you're sour," cried the pint of milk  
to the quart.

—Nevada Wolf—

Senior Lad: Have you ever kissed before?  
Senior Gal (absent-mindedly): I suppose so, who is  
he?

—Nevada Wolf—

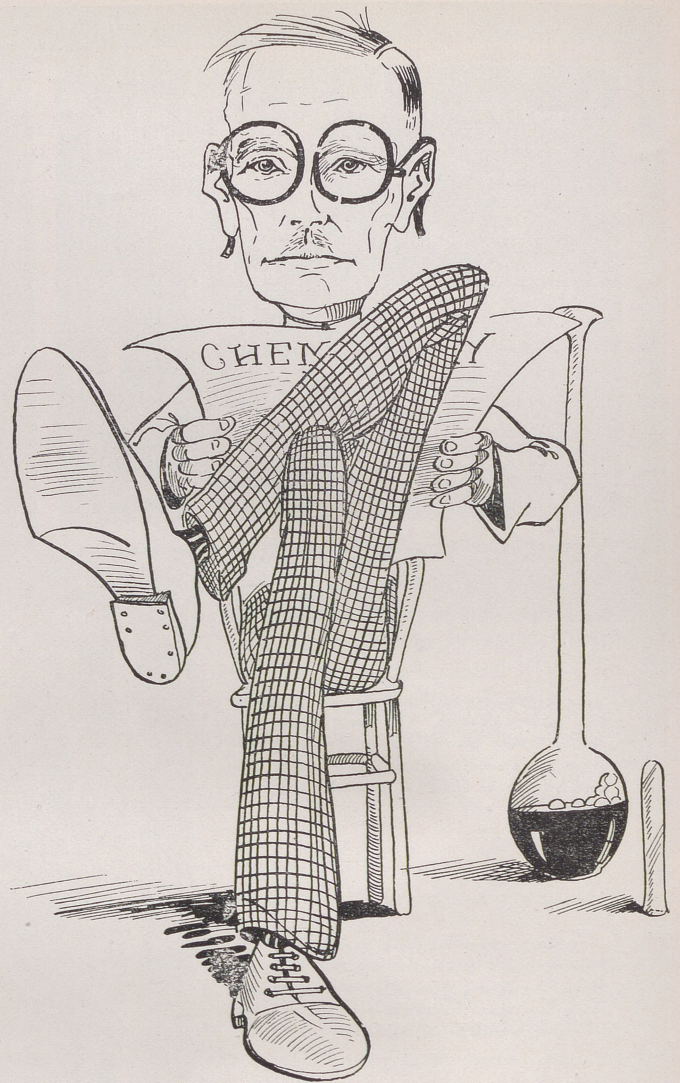


One person you mustn't forget when you get out in the  
wicked world, seniors. Think of the happy hours you spent  
in your freshman year, listening to all the things that naugh-  
ty bugs could do to you.

—Nevada Wolf—

GRADUATION NIGHT

Senior Gulps: Hey, say, look here, my lad, watcha  
mean breaking all the teetn outa my nice new comb?  
Senior Gurgle: Huh? Oh, to pectect muself. I pulled  
'em out. Yes siree, every one. Daman thing was biting me.



*Peckham*

"If I can only talk the Dean into letting me have that  
extra credit?" Well, we hope you did. If not, you can  
stick around and try again next year.

—Nevada Wolf—

SHEARS, FOR WHAT?

First Drunk: Friends, Romans, Collegemen, lend me  
your shears!

Second Senior: Zooks and Zounds, for what, may I  
ask?

First ditto: I would cut classes.

—Nevada Wolf—

"I owe it all to you, Grace," said the senior as he bor-  
rowed ten dollars from his girl to pay for his diploma.

—Nevada Wolf—

First Senior: I don't care if you are going to be boss  
over a thousand men. You can't hold a candle to what I'm  
going to make.

Second Senior: No? What is it?

First Senior: Moonshine!



TITLE

—quotation marks what is the matter comma little girl  
 question mark quotation marks said the old man period  
 —quotation marks oh comma she lost her head again  
 comma quotation marks sobbed the unhappy girl period  
 —quotation marks who question mark quotation marks  
 asked the man period  
 —quotation marks my dolly exclamation point quotation  
 marks answered the child period.

End

—Nevada Wolf—

College Graduate (Standing on street corner): Madam,  
 could you give a poor cripple enough for a cup of coffee?

Kind Old Lady: My poor lad, how are you crippled?

College Graduate: Financially.

—Nevada Wolf—



DEDUCTIVE LOGIC

"But, why are you a democrat?"

"My father was one."

"If your father had been a horse thief, then what would  
 you be?"

"Well, then I suppose I'd have to be a Republican."

For similar problems, there was no one like old Prof. eh?  
 Especially when he was feeling good. You'll have to grant  
 him that.



Back, but not to stay. He's off again. If any of you  
 have time on your way to the north pole drop in and visit  
 him. He'll be glad to see anyone from Nevada.

—Nevada Wolf—

THE WRONG DOPE

The poor physician had sat there for hours with the  
 same expression of disgust on his tired face—disgust, mingled  
 with a look of keen disappointment. When his wife re-  
 turned home from a card party that evening she noticed him  
 and hurried to his side, demanding him to tell her his trouble.  
 He seemed to be in a daze, however, his only words being,  
 "My boy, my boy, I can't believe it!"

At last the poor woman gave up trying to get infor-  
 mation from the doctor and hurried upstairs to the room  
 of her young son. When she entered, the boy noticed the  
 alarmed look on her face and he hung his head in shame,  
 crying out as he did so, "Dad's got the dope on me this  
 time, mother!"

The mother, being a college graduate, immediately got  
 a towel and wiped it off. She always knew what to do when  
 her husband spilled his medicine.

—Nevada Wolf—

The railroad president was all out of breath. When  
 asked why he was panting so, he replied shyly that he had  
 been making tracks to Reno.



College Life  
IS MADE UP OF  
VARIOUS PARTIES

THERE IS, OF COURSE, THE  
PARTY THAT MADE  
COLLEGE FAMOUS  
NAMELY  
THE WET PARTY

A VERY WET PARTY

SOMETIMES A  
PARTY OF THIS KIND  
IS KNOWN AS A  
TIGHT PARTY

WHEN ONE ENTERS  
COLLEGE, ONE GENERALLY  
MEETS UP WITH A  
RUSHING PARTY

TO U.N.  
8 BLOCKS

ESPECIALLY IF IT'S - 7:45 A.M.

SOME PEOPLE  
GO IN FOR  
CAT PARTIES

Baz  
an she said  
azz

ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S FOOD!

WHILE SOME  
PEOPLE GO IN  
FOR  
SUPPER PARTIES

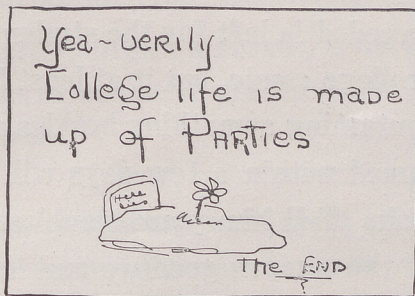
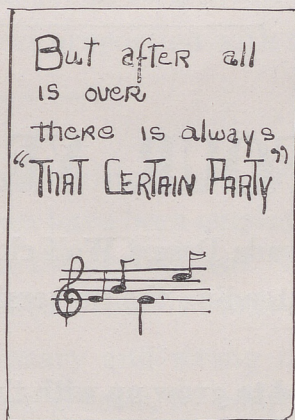
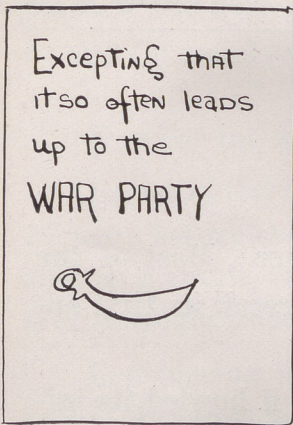
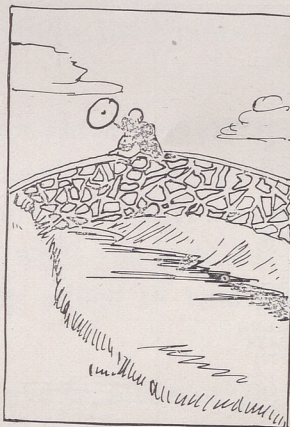
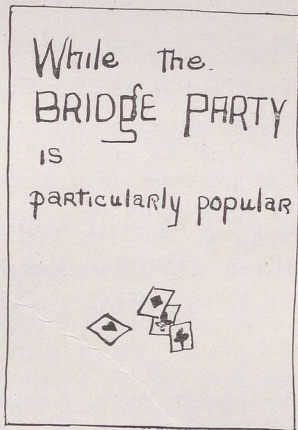
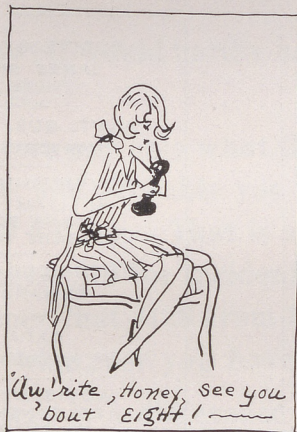
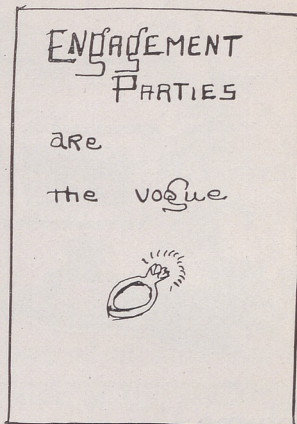
ESPECIALLY WHEN THE CHECK  
IS PAID BY SOMEONE ELSE!

AND QUITE  
A FEW GO IN  
FOR  
PETTING PARTIES

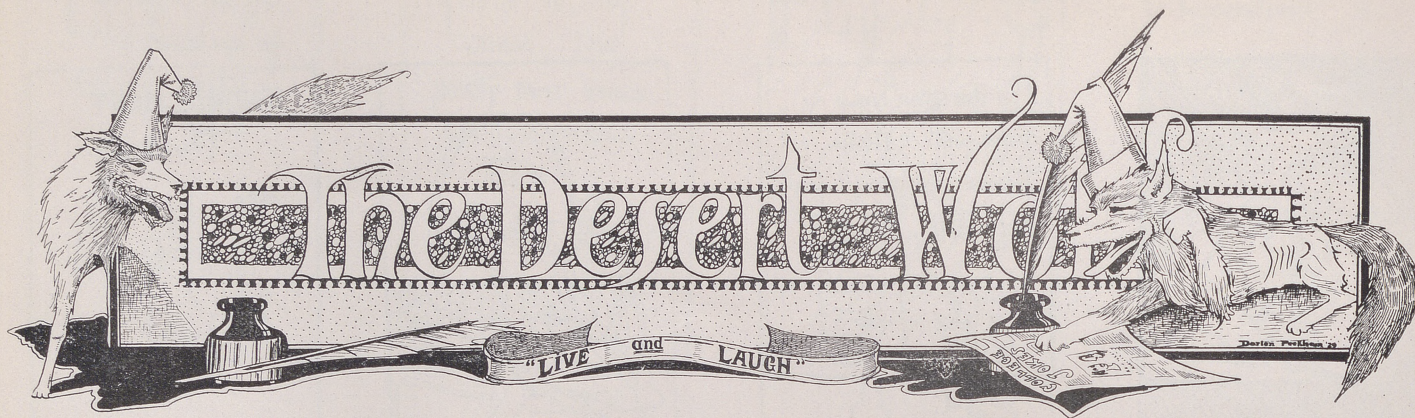
IT'S CONSIDERED QUITE DOGSY

BUT - FEW -  
OH - VERY FEW  
GO IN FOR  
MIDNIGHT  
PARTIES









Volume IV

PUBLISHED IN OCTOBER, DECEMBER, FEBRUARY AND APRIL  
APRIL 15, 1927

Number 4

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Subscription Price:  
\$1.20 Per Year — 30c Per Copy

Eastern Representatives:  
Collegiate Special Advertising Agency,  
Inc., 503 5th Ave., New York.  
Roy Barnhill, Inc.  
40 East 34th St., New York.

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CollegeHumor magazine.

Member Western Association of  
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## FOUR YEARS OLD

With this issue the Nevada Desert Wolf closes its fourth year of existence. Most of the graduating seniors were attending the university when it was born, and will recall its first appearance on the campus.

The Wolf has tried hard to grow up with those who were freshmen when it howled its initial number. And during the past year, the policy has been to endeavor to teach the animal to acquire individuality.

How well such efforts have succeeded is left for the student body to judge. In many respects it does resemble the average college comic, but it at least has been encouraged to be different to the point of occasionally containing something besides a wise crack.

The next editor who will be named within a few days will welcome any suggestions concerning the improvement of the book. Tell him your troubles.

As for the retiring staff, we bid the campus goodbye and leave the rearing of the Wolf to other hands. Its last howl under our direction is for the Seniors.



## WHY ALL THE STUFFING?

---

Seniors, are your heads well stuffed? They should be. You have had the services of expert stuffers for the past four years.

If the weight of the rags and tatters of knowledge which have been crammed into your cranial cavities does not make you top-heavy as you stumble forth into the world, something is wrong. You have not been properly stuffed.

But do not be alarmed if you totter with the burden of all your heads contain. There is nothing in them that cannot be removed, leaving you still with the advantage of an increased capacity in which to store useful knowledge. That, after all, is the real value of the stuffing process.

---

And now, it would hardly be fair to let you go without offering a little more stuffing. For the men first:

Employers pay only what they have to, or what you can show them you are worth. If you are average, and probably you are regardless of your private opinions, you may expect to start at about \$30 a week. That is approximately \$120 a month. Subtract \$50 for board and room, \$10 for clothes, \$10 for incidentals, and just what you please of what you have left for pleasure. But remember that \$120 from \$120 leaves nothing; and nothing added to whatever you have leaves only whatever you have—nothing more.

Also there is a difference between working because you have to, and working because you want to. Although the latter reason for laboring usually puts the financial returns in second place, it has been found that those who have pleasure in their work also develop an interest in it; and financial returns generally increase in direct proportion with the interest.

---

Now for the women:

Bread is the most important article of food, and history tells us that it was used thousands of years before the Christian era. Many processes have been employed in making and baking; and, as a result, from the first flat cake has come the perfect loaf. The study of bread making is of no slight importance, and deserves more attention than it receives.

Considering its great value, it seems unnecessary and wrong to find poor bread on the table. Bread is made from flour of wheat, or other cereals, by addition of water, salt and ferment.

You may gather further information from cook books. Most grocery stores give them away.

Also remember that in case of children's diseases, it is best to consult a reputable doctor. Home remedies and popular books of medicine are advisable only in cases of emergency when professional aid cannot be obtained.

---

Such homely advice as the above died out with great grandmother, and it is possibly a great presumption to offer it to people about to graduate from college. But you won't be hurt by reading it. It is only some more stuffing, and can be pulled out and cast away anytime.



# THE ROVER BOYS IN HAWAII

By HAROLD COFFIN '26

"Goody, goody gander!" shouted Sam, the curly-headed Rover as he galloped excitedly around the deck of the good ship Okulehao Maru. "I spy land! There is good old Honolulu!"

"Why so it is!" cried Tom, the fun-loving Rover.

"So it is!" exclaimed Richard commonly called Dick.

And so it was.

So excited was Sam at having discovered the Islands, that the curly-headed lad had even forgotten to remove the curling kids from his hair as he raced around the deck. It must be remembered that Sam was also the fleet-footed and the youngest Rover.

By this time the rest of the steerage passengers had crowded to the rail to watch the Island of Oahu loom up in the distance and to give three cheers for the Rover Boys.

"Come here, Uncle Randolph," shouted Tom. "I want to show you a mermaid."

The Rover Boys' uncle, who had just celebrated his 83rd birthday, threw away the agricultural book he was reading (Mashed Potatoes And How to Grow Them----By Dean Stewart) and hobbled to the rail.

"Where, Thomas, where?" demanded the old scientific farmer, hurriedly pulling a pair of field glasses from his hip pocket.

"Right down there," cried Tom. "Climb up on the rail."

And as Uncle Randolph feebly pulled himself up on the rail of the ship, Tom gave him a playful little shove, pushing him overboard.

Lifeboats were quickly lowered to rescue the old man, but they sank immediately, as the fun-loving Tom had bored holes in all of the lifeboats the first night out from 'Frisco (as it is called).

"Now see what you have done," cried Sam. "There goes dear old Uncle Randolph----and he was wearing my necktie, too."

"You shouldn't have done that, Thomas," said Richard commonly called Dick. Although Dick was the eldest Rover, he was no hand to "preach", and so nothing more was said about the incident.

The Okulehao Maru was pulling up to the pier now, and Dick rushed to the bridge, shouting commands and showing the pilot how to land the ship. The eldest Rover felt perfectly at ease on the "Okulehao", as he had been captain of the crew team at the dear old University of Nevada that had won the race across Manzanita Lake.

Friends of the three young heroes should read: "Saturday Night Or The Rover Boys in Hot Water."

As Richard commonly called Dick steered the steamer into her berth, native swimming boys dressed in daring one-piece bathing suits came out to meet the boat.

"If they're going to swim the Catalina Channel, where is all their crisco?" queried the youngest Rover, Sam.

He was informed that the boys were diving for money and not chewing gum.

"Why there's Norman Ross!" shouted Dick. "And Bob Ackerman!"

"So it is!" echoed Sam.

And so it was.

The two world famous swimmers had come to Honolulu to vacation, and they were picking up a little spare change by diving for nickels. They were both so sunburned, that the Rovers were hard put to tell them from the native divers.

Tom, the fun-lover, had borrowed a plug of chewing tobacco from one of the girls who was going to Hawaii to teach school. He was tearing the tin foil from the tobacco and wrapping it around pennies to make them look like dimes. He threw the tin foil dimes to the diving boys. Tom would have his little joke.

Dick borrowed a nickel from the Captain of the steamer and with a carefree gesture that was characteristic of his big-hearted nature he threw the coin right smack into the ocean for the Hawaiian divers. Richard was a very generous boy. Upon reaching the dock he was unable to find the boy that had retrieved the nickel, and so he allowed him to keep all of the coin---scarcely even thinking about the money afterwards.

After listening to a group of plump and elderly wahines (as they are called) sing "Aloha" at the pier, our heroes pushed their way through a battalion of taxi drivers and strolled down the middle of Honolulu's main street to the tune of the Oahu Salvation Army's ukele band.

They had scarcely gone two steps when a good looking hopi haole (as they are called) smiled (or perhaps she laughed) at them. The three Rover boys blushed prettily, but turned their heads the other way, as they had been warned about talking to any strange women on their trip.

It had not taken the Rovers long to learn that "wahine" (meaning "woman") and "hopi haole" (meaning "half white") were the first two letters in the Hawaiian alphabet.

Stopping down town just long enough to send all of



their friends picture postcards, the three Rover Boys strolled out to the Beach at Waikiki and sat down under a palm tree. The two post cards had cost our heroes five cents.

"I know what let's do!" suddenly shouted Samuel. "Let's go see one of those hula dances (as they are called)."

"Let's!" cried Thomas.

Richard commonly called Dick frowned. "Wait a minute," he exclaimed. "I am not a 'goody-goody' boy (as they are called) and I like to have a good time as well as the next fellow. But you boys are carrying things a little too far. I will not watch a hula (as they are called) dance."

"Is that final?" queried his brother Sam.

"Why no," shouted the eldest Rover. "Upon second thought maybe I had better compromise. I will go with you and keep one eye closed. I am just doing this for you boys, though, understand."

The trio walked down the beach until they stumbled onto a grass hut marked by a sign that read "Dancing." A native wahine dressed in a grass skirt, answered their knock.

"We would like to see you dance---if it is customary," shouted Dick.

She motioned to them to come in, but our heroes refused (and rightfully so, too), demanding that she come outside.

The dancing wahine yawned, shrugged her shoulders, walked outside, and started to dance.

The Rovers gasped--The girl was charlestoning.

"No, no, ugh. Ugh. Do um Hula Hula." shouted Dick, making appropriate gestures in an attempt to make the Hawaiian dancer understand what he meant. "Dance um heap big Hula."

"What's the matter with your boy friend?" she queried. "He doesn't seem to be able to talk English very well. He must come from Los Angeles."

"Pardon us!" chorused the Rover Boys in surprise. "We thought you wouldn't understand. We want you to do that Hula Hula dance we have heard so much about."

"Hula dance?" questioned the maiden. "That's a new one on me. We're awfully slow on getting the new dances from the mainland, though. Sorry, but the latest thing I learned was the Black Bottom. If you want me to tango, though-----"

But our heroes had left without waiting for her to finish the sentence.

Sam, the youngest Rover, stumbled blindly up the beach, struggling manfully to choke back the tears of disappointment. He threw himself on the ground under the shade of a large banana (as they are called) tree, broke down and sobbed bitterly. "I want to see a hula. I want to see a hula," he cried.

Just then Dick pointed down the beach and shouted, "Look at the crowd down there. I wonder what they are doing?"

Thomas hailed a passing Kamaaina (as they are called) and asked for information concerning the crowd that had (sure enough) gathered in a little knot on the beach in front of the Outrigger (as it is called) club.

"Why that," answered the old timer, "is one of them

hula dances. Of course there is a crowd. It is the first hula dance we have seen on the islands for ten years---since that circus came over from the states and brought along a sideshow dance for men only."

"Hurrah!" shouted Thomas, throwing his cap high into the air.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" echoed Richard commonly called Dick.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried Samuel, drying his tears and giving three lusty cheers for the dear old territory of Hawaii (as it is called).

The three manly young men raced down to the crowd and pushed through to the inside ring. Sam, being the fleet-footed Rover, was the first one there.

The accompaniment for the dance was being ukelelied by none other than the bully, Daniel Baxter!

Three wahines, dressed in grass skirts, were boldly swaying through the motions of the hula to the minor strains of a native love song.

"Good gracious," shouted Sam, his curly hair standing on end. "It's Dora Stanhope!"

"Heavens!" yelled Tom. "So it is. And Nellie and Grace Laning, her cousins!"

And so it was.

Whereupon, Richard, not even pausing to listen to Dora's explanation that she was "waiting for a street car," ran as fast as his feet could carry him to the top of the Pali (as it is called).

The Pali (our gentle readers will remember) is the cliff over which an army of ancient Hawaiians were driven to their death by dear old fun-loving King What-ever-was-his-name.

Richard commonly called Dick hesitated not at all on the brink of the Pali precipice, but plunged deliberately over the half-mile drop.

But the fall did not harm our dear young hero.

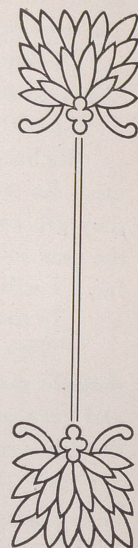
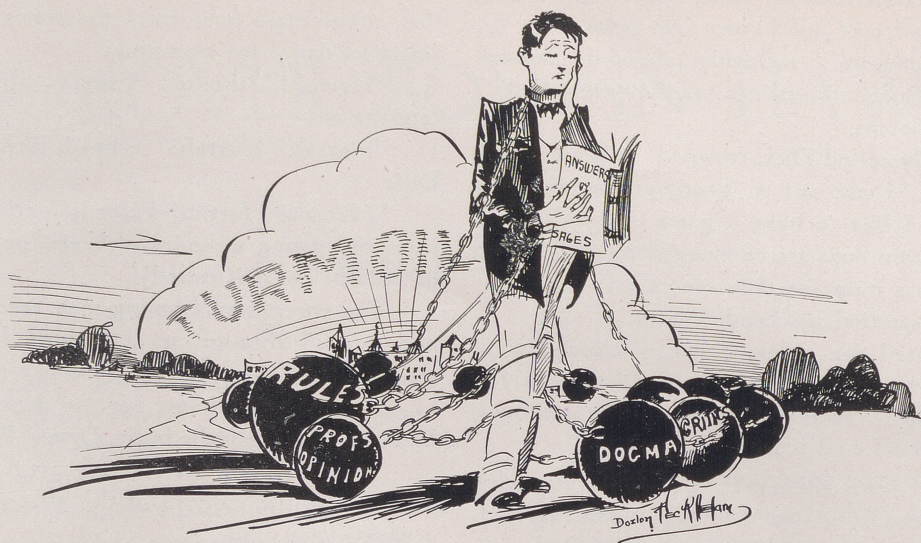
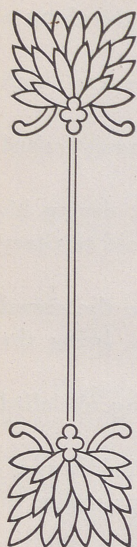
Luckily enough, he lit on his head.

—Nevada Wolf—



"Oh dear, these playthings are such a lot of fun; and this one with the funny hat is so ridiculously self-important. I do believe if I'd untie his string, he'd try to run away."





## THE LOST SOUL

*Mid polititions blasphemy  
And staunch promoters roar,  
I stand and watch, my mind perturbed  
By what those said of yore.*

*No answer? Self, are you not there?  
Why then don't you speak?  
You're quite embedded?—So I thought;  
How futile, frail, how weak!*

*Oh self, so muddled and so crammed  
With prattlings all adverse,  
Solve once for me this problem sore  
In language plain and terse.*

*And so I stand without a self,  
Without a thought my own.  
But I am proud possessor  
Of that sought for College Tone.*

—Carol Smith

### YOUR LOVE

I could not hope  
To know a love  
More tender than this love of yours  
Sweetheart,  
A love more gentle-----or more masterful  
Than this.  
You hold me in your arms  
As though I seemed most fragile,  
Like to break-----  
And yet I know,  
Well as I know the Light  
That, should I seek to go,  
You'd crush me to insensibility.



## The Ace Takes The Lady

(Continued from Page Twelve)

smiled at our heroine and was so dazzled by the one that she returned to him, that he lost all counts of trumps. But there are all kinds of smiles. For instance, there is the kind that adorned the face of the tiger when he brought the Lady from Niger back from her ride, and that is the kind that spread itself on Professor Burney's crafty little face when he played his queen of trumps and let Stuart pounce on it with the ace.

You see, Stuart was trying desperately to remember exactly how many trumps had fallen, and he took this as an indication that no more were held against him, when the real case was that Professor Burney still held one of them. To avoid technicalities (and there is nothing more boring than a story crammed with the intricacies of this hateful game), it is enough to say that Stuart used the last trump in his own hand by leading a diamond from the dummy (himself, he held no diamonds), and he used the dummy's last trump by leading a spade from his own hand, of which there were none on the table. On Stuart's next lead from the table, the Professor brought his last lone trump from ambush, and then took the rest of the tricks with a handful of clubs.

"Ha! Ha!" cackled the Professor. "He! He!"—while Stuart faded from a healthy pink to a dead white, and wound up by growing as red as the ten of hearts. "And so the ace took my lady, did she, Mr. Brown? He! He!"

"You fooled me," murmured Stuart, as graciously as possible, while the only thing that kept him from committing murder was the fact that he chose to interpret Lucia's embarrassed grin of sympathy as, "Don't mind him, please—for my sake."

"'Always count the trumps,' Mr. Brown," quoted the Professor, which, as everybody knows, is the rule that stands for the 'B' in bridge, and to quote it to some one is to imply that he doesn't know much.

"I-I'll remember that, sir," stammered the miserable youth, who was now beginning to return to a normal color. "That was--quite a lesson."

Dark thoughts jumped through his mind as he drove home that night.

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**G**ENERATIONS crowd each other. Love in these days! How different it is from the old and simple need for each other which primitive man and primitive woman experienced. How remote it is from the gilded captivity of chivalry.

Alec Waugh, whose novel begins in the May issue, is a young Englishman well launched on a meteoric literary career. Humorist, romanticist and realist, he is very definitely of this generation. While his story is laid in London, it is as true of New York or of Oskaloosa. The illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell help make it a panorama of modern fascination.

This issue also carries three very fine and authentic short stories: *The Count's China Teeth*, by Cyril Hume; *Mrs. Davenant's Diamonds*, by Stephen Vincent Benét, and *Don Juan's Rainy Day*, by Ben Hecht. O. O. McIntyre has closely epigrammed *Are College Flappers a Flop?*

An explanation is made of the elaborate and expensive preparations that have been made to discover new screen talent among the college men of America.

Above all, those crackling pages of campus fun which have given this magazine its distinctive character.



## College Humor

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"Lucia," said Professor Burney to his daughter on an evening some weeks later, "Your friend Mr. Brown has no better head for statistics than for bridge. He comes to class but he sits and looks out of the window. I doubt if he does any of the outside reading. Some of the boys, who tell me they study my course until far into the night, have difficulty in staying awake for the lectures, but I excuse them on the grounds of over-zealousness. I can't stand your friend's indifference."

"Lucia," said Professor Burney to his daughter on an evening two months later, "for an engaged woman, your conduct in regard to your friend Mr. Brown is not proper. His attention to you and his inattention in class have quite destroyed the favorable impression that I had of him at the start of the semester. In my day, if an engaged girl had accepted attentions from a young man while her fiance was away, she would have been-er-highly criticised. Do you intend to continue?"

"Certainly," said Lucia.

"Then," declared Professor Burney in a highly dramatic voice, "you should return the ring."

"Don't be silly, Father," replied his daughter, "You know perfectly well that he never gave me a ring. How could I return it?"

At this thrust Professor Burney became quite confused and declared that his statement was symbolical, and that the sum total of what he was saying was that an estimable young divinity student like Chauncey Wiggins was not to be trifled with.

"Your mother and I have always approved your choice most heartily, Lucia," he concluded lamely.

"Choice!" exploded his daughter, who was becoming very irate, "Choice! What choice did I ever have—with you scheming to keep every other man away from me as if they were cold poison. Choice be----"

"Loo-sha," shrieked her parents, rushing for the door in full retreat. "Loo-sha! I'm surprised!" And he slammed it behind him.

"I'm afraid," he blustered to his wife a moment later, "I'm afraid I shall be forced to take action in order to keep that-that-jackanapes out of the family. Ha! Look out of the window when I lecture will he? Ha! I'll show him a trick or two!"

On an evening late in April, Stuart Brown was bringing Lucia home from a very momentous drive into the hills. For one thing, Stuart's fraternity pin, that outward bound had been upon his vest, was making the return journey pinned securely over Lucia's heart. They were hastening to be back by eleven o'clock—since the Professor had retaliated to Lucia's statement that if she couldn't go out in the evenings she'd find another place to live, with one of his own to the effect that if she wasn't in by an hour before midnight she could find another place, etc. Having more or less of a

sporting nature, Lucia respected her father's bluff and held Stuart rigidly to that schedule.

"Dearest," said Stuart, "I'll speak to your father tomorrow."

He felt Lucia give a little shudder.

"Oh, Stuart, he doesn't like you at all. He's going to say, 'No'."

"And if he does----?"

"Oh, Stuart----" there was a catch in Lucia's voice and she reached for her handkerchief to wipe away a tear, "I—I suppose I'd go with you — but I think my heart would break. Oh----"

And for the next ten miles or so, Stuart's hand was patting Lucia's farther arm, and his voice was crooning, "Don't cry, dearest. It'll be all right. Don't cry, dearest. I'll make your father come around." (I'll show the old jackanapes a trick or two," he muttered under his breath).

Professor Burney was seated in his office busily engaged in preparing an article, "The Use of Statistics in the Modern Kitchen," for the *Woman's Home Companion*. He was deep in the problem of how many matches per thousand have defective handles and break upon being scratched (this in relation to the rise and fall of the budgeted grocery bill) when there came a brisk knocking at his door.

"Come in," chirped Professor Burney, who welcomed this slight interruption, since the problem was indeed a difficult one, and in walked none other than Mr. Stuart Brown.

"Have a chair," said the Professor briskly, after they had exchanged greetings, and added, frowning slightly, "What can I do for you, sir?"

Stuart sat down and fidgeted with his hat. "Lucia," he gulped, "Lucia-and I-Lucia has consented to marry me, sir. What do you say?"

The Professor leaped from his swivel chair in a rage that was terrible to behold. "What!" he shrieked. "What do you mean? What do I say? I'll tell you I say. No! Do you hear it? no! No! NO! You impudent young scamp! Never! Do you hear that?" He stood before Stuart, shaking his fist in the young man's face and quivering with rage.

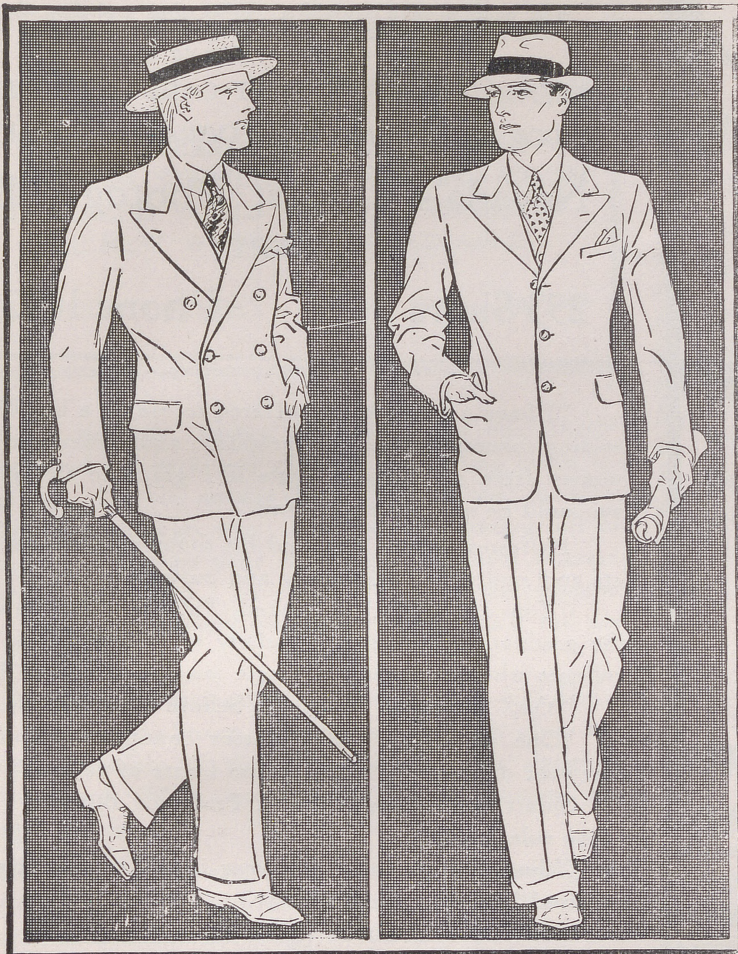
Suddenly the storm of fury passed from him and a crafty look came into his eyes. He turned about and sat down at his desk.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Brown," he said sulkily, "I'm sorry to have flown off the handle. Hope I didn't frighten you, sir," he went on, chirping up a little, "but the fact is, you took me by surprise. I hadn't looked for anything of this sort for quite a while—yet. You must explain yourself." And again he inwardly smiled the smile of the tiger who brought the Lady from Niger back from her ride. "Play out your trumps, Brown--ha! ha!" commanded the Professor, now in possession of himself once more, and he leaned back in his chair and put his thumbs in his vest pockets.

"Why," said Stuart, "what else is there to say? We love each other. I proposed and she's accepted me."

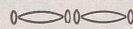
"Ha!" exclaimed Professor Burney, "truly a bit of honorable and gentlemanly conduct. No doubt, you are not aware that my daughter is already engaged to a most es-





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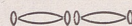


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timable young man of whom I fully approve, Mr. Chauncey Wiggins. Unfortunately, he is not here to defend his rights. I dare say Mr. Wiggins would hail you as a thief in the dark, Mr. Brown. That, sir, is sufficient reason for my refusal to have you as a son-in-law."

Stuart smiled slightly and drew a folded paper from his

pocket. "I have here," he explained, "a letter from a dear friend of mine who is a classmate of your Mr. Wiggins at the Midland Theological Seminary. Some time ago I wrote him seeking information about your Mr. Wiggins. Shall I read you what he says of him, sir?"

The Professor caught the triumphant gleam in the eye

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of his young adversary, and sensed that something unpleasant might be forthcoming. "Er-no-just tell me. What does he say?"

"He says," replied Stuart, "that your Mr. Wiggins is paying violent court to the only daughter of the Dean of the cathedral there at Midland, and will no doubt win her and a nice job for himself as soon as he is ordained. He also says-----"

The Professor raised his hand. "Enough!" he commanded, and added in a sad voice, half to himself, "Who could have thought it of Chauncey—such a saintly young man."

Suddenly he slapped the desk before him with the palm of his hand. "Ha! Mr. Brown," he exclaimed, "I fear you have played your ace. Tell me, do you plan to marry my daughter as soon as you graduate?"

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Professor Burney returned his thumbs to his vest pockets and smiled both inwardly and outwardly.

"You are aware," he asked, "of the rules governing the graduation from this university of transfers from other colleges who spend only a single year in residence here?"

"Yes," answered Stuart, "I believe I've seen them."

"One of them," the Professor continued, "is that in that year of work there can be no hours of failure."

Stuart smiled cheerfully at Professor Burney. "Truly, a fine rule," said he.

"Must you graduate this year in order to receive the position?" queried the Professor.

"Yes," said Stuart.

"The same with the inheritance?"

"The very same," said Stuart.

"But, my young friend," and the Professor made the motion with his hand of one who slaps a very high card upon the table, "you won't graduate!" And he sat back, after this announcement, and watched to see how his visitor took this bit of news. Much to the Professor's disappointment, he took it very calmly.

"I won't? Why won't I?"

"Because," returned Professor Burney triumphantly, "you are failing in my course and there isn't a chance that

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I'd let you through. Not a chance—do you hear that?" And he tilted far back and gazed at the ceiling in an ecstasy of joy. Let him answer that! "Ah, Brown," he went on, "I've seen through you. I've seen you gazing out of the window. I've seen your flashes of stimulated interest. Ha! Brown, never did I have such an indifferent student. Let me repeat—you won't graduate because you'll fail my course."

He tilted back to a normal position with a jerk and a bang, and looked at Stuart, expecting to find him white and trembling. Possibly, if the pup would let his daughter alone----Fudge! What was this? The jackanapes was yawning in his face!

"Oh, yes, that course," responded Stuart, patting his gaping mouth with the back of his hand. "I beg your pardon, sir, but it makes me sleepy to think of it. You see, I'm not registered in your course. I went to the first lecture and then withdrew. You signed my withdrawal card yourself, sir."

"What----?"

Like a fish that has died with its mouth open, Professor Burney sat still in his chair, his arms dangling limply at his sides, while his mind went racing back a good four months. Brown and Smith—entering and withdrawing—or was it the other way 'round? He remembered something about a Lion's Club luncheon and a frightful hurry. Mixed?

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Something about a frowzy girl. Yes, of course. Smith was still in the class—in the other section. His book—he'd forgotten to fix his book.

That boy was still talking. As from a very great distance he heard him say, "----and I tried to tell you that night at your house, sir, but you wouldn't let me. And then I was afraid I'd hurt your feelings so I kept on coming to classes, but I couldn't do the reading, sir, because I had too much work of my own to do."

Stuart had risen and was standing by the window where he could look out and see Lucia sitting in his car, waiting for him.

"----it makes you sleepy----after the first lecture----"

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mumbled the Professor, and then asked, thickly, "And there has been no value in it for you, Brown?"

No value? Stuart looked again at Lucia, waiting quietly. No value? He looked at the Professor shrunken in his chair. Then he said, slowly, "I may have looked pretty bored in class, sir, because I hadn't done the readings and didn't usually know what you were talking about, but I think now, sir,—I think it has been one of the most valuable courses I ever took. I'm sorry----."

The Professor stood up and squared his shoulders. "Don't apologize, my boy," he said, "It's quite all right. Once more, the ace takes the lady, but this time I have no more trumps. God bless you both."

—Nevada Wolf—

Boss: What you doin' Joe?

Insane Clerk (knocking over cans of 3 in 1): Strikin' oil.

—Nevada Wolf—

Angry Father: Sir, all that my boy learned at your school was to drink.

Impossible! When he was here there was hardly enough for the faculty.

—Nevada Wolf—

English Senior: Do you know, you seem to have a subtle understanding of my thoughts. We must have a great deal in common. Are you a literary woman?

Dancing Partner: No, I'm a kindergarten teacher.



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To act a part we can't abide—  
Those graduating seniors.

Perhaps they think that in their name  
We recognize an erstwhile fame;  
Without them that the campus' game  
Can never be again the same—  
Those graduating seniors.

We like them well, 'tis very true;  
It's only that their swag's taboo—  
You see acquaintance is not new;  
We know them pretty well, we do—  
Those graduating seniors.

—A Tribute.

—Nevada Wolf—

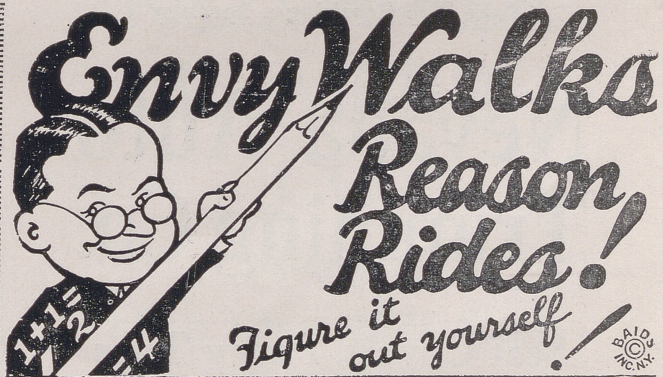
Student: Did you make your pile in Weepah?

Prospector: Yes, by placing little pieces of wood on top of each other.

—Nevada Wolf—

"I'm to be a bouncer here during the whole tournament," said the proud little basketball to the big white backboard.

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"But I hate that stuff."

"Well, you said you wanted to see a show terribly bad."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

—Nevada Wolf—

Judge: What's the charge?

Cop: Impersonatin' an officer, Your Honor. He took a coupla bananas from a fruit stand.

—Vassar Vagabond.

—Nevada Wolf—

He was only a doctor's son but he knew his D. T's.

## The Fable of the Man Who Talked Himself Up One Side and Down the Other

(Apologies to George Ade)

Six months after Tommy Smith opened his eyes on the home of the brave and the land of prohibition, he could chirp "mama" and "papa" quite distinctly. Even the neighbors admitted it.

Besides that he could jabber away from morning till night, and his proud "ma" and "pa" swore they understood every word. The neighbors were not so sure about that. But without a doubt, Tommy was a natural born speech-artist.

By the time he was six years old, he found that he was able to talk his playmates out of their marbles and other treasured possessions without going to all the trouble of winning the things. He talked his teachers into letting him through grammar school and out of high school. He did the same at college. There his book education ceased.

Then he idled around home for awhile convincing his father and mother that he was not strong enough to work.

His real career started one day while he was out for a walk. A tourist passing through the country had got his 'third-hand' automobile stuck in the mud. Just to keep himself in practice, Tommy convinced the man that it would be a wise move financially and morally to leave the thing to its fate. Then he went over to Farmer Brown's place

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and talked that person into lending him a team of mules.

Thus our young speech-artist secured his first automobile, and started to climb the ladder of success.

During the next few years, he managed, by a process of talking and trading, to become the owner of a fine, shiny limousine with plush cushions and a cigar lighter on the dash board.

His activities had not passed unnoticed. A local automobile dealer offered him a job as salesman. The business for that dealer increased so rapidly that the man's wife went out for the title of the Best Dressed Woman in America.

But Tommy was too good to last in the place of his birth. He was grabbed off by a national manufacturing company in a nearby city. There he cut the buck with a vengeance, and at the age of twenty-five he was made sales manager. He called all the biggest business men in the country his "very dear friends," and smoked fifty cent cigars in a mahogany-furnished office while he kept two stenographers flying at top speed with his line of chatter.

In the old home town, people pointed to him with pride, and, when he dropped around, the village fathers fought each other to get seats next to him at banquets. Folks talked of his success, and broadcasted the news to the wide world that the town had produced a genius.

It was inevitable that Tommy should tune in on this news about himself sooner or later. When he did it gave him a shock at first, and then he began to believe it.

After that he devoted most of his energy to telling

people who he was and why. At every business conference, he would open his speech with a brief review of his career, after which he would go over the wonderful success he had made of himself in detail. He finally carried the story to the president's office. That person shook his head sadly at seeing such a promising young man going to the dogs. His advice, however, fell on deaf ears. The great speech-artist had discovered he was a genius.

His business descent was rapid. In six months he was washing cars in Joe Hunky's garage.

MORAL: When you're born lucky be satisfied, and don't waste your time trying to make people think you're particularly bright.

—By Whom.

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Within, all was confusion. Men's laughter and the tinkle of glass mingled with the mechanical sound of busy slot machines. I entered, to be choked momentarily by thick tobacco smoke.

Then came that terrible moment! Someone behind me cried out in a loud, drunken voice, "SHOOT!"

Great fear gripped my heart and seemed to hold me in its grasp. I turned, but alas---I was too late. The brute had shot.

Once more the poor proprietor's billiard balls were spread out all over the table!

—Nevada Wolf—

Terrified Senior: Please prof., don't pass me in this course. If you do it will kill me.

Mystified Prof.: But your work has been fairly satisfactory.

Senior (Ringing his hands): Why didn't you warn me. If you pass me, I'm certain to graduate.

Prof: What! You don't want to?

Senior: No, no. If I do, Father will put me to work.

—Nevada Wolf—

"I say, my good man, have you ever been in love?"

"Naw, not me. I ain't never had a chanct ter git out o' Californy yet. Wot kind of a place is it, anyways?"

—Nevada Wolf—

"Well I'll be switched," exclaimed the locomotive as it arrived at the side-track.

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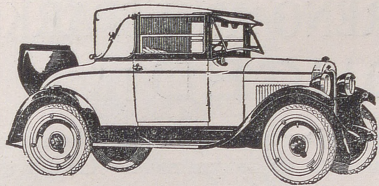
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Found he had tuberculosis:

He was very wiggly-waggly in the knees.  
Such a pity it did seem  
(He was only seventeen).

To hear his sniffing-snuffling sort of sneeze.

At the age of fifty-one  
He had never had no fun;

His life was spent in moaning-groaning pain.  
So to hasten up the matter,  
He tried chewing plug tobaccer,  
And he made it splitter-splatter like the rain.

Still the years passed o'er his head  
While he wished that he was dead;  
So he started prowling-howling out at nights.  
Bootleg gin and corn he drank,  
Till they called him the old tank  
As he wiggle-waggled round in search of fights.

Then at last they laid him down  
In the dirt so warm and brown,  
With many a woeful-doleful, sad lament.  
He was only a hundred and five,  
And they said he'd be alive  
If it wasn't for his shilly-shally, reckless temperament.  
—By Dirty Dan.

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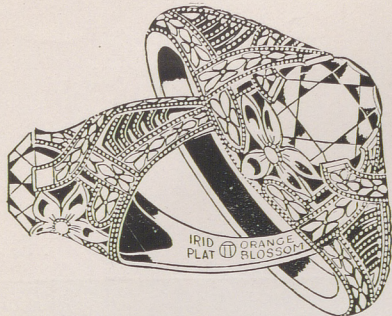
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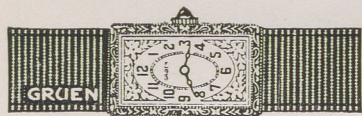




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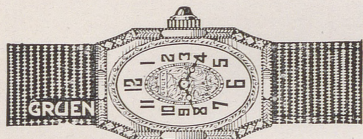
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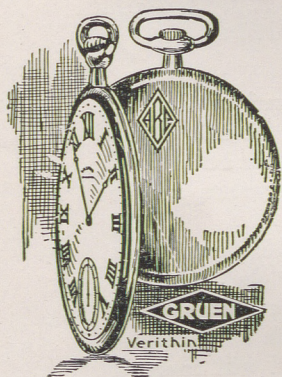
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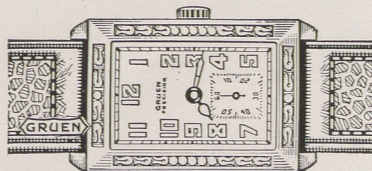
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