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L—anguages like

L—atin - - - see?
E—ach unveils a
G—lamorous mystery;
E—ducation - - - dowry!

—W. S.

★ ★

ONE WAY

SOPH: Where do you think you
are going?

FROSH: Who, Me? I'm going over
to the cemetery to dig up a girl for
the dance tonight."—*Wampus.*

COMPETITION

A Chicago actress came into a law-
yer's office and said, "I want a di-
vorce."

"Certainly," said the lawyer. "For
a nominal fee I will institute proceed-
ings."

"What is the nominal fee?"

"Five hundred dollars," he replied.

"Nothing doing," retorted the
lady. "I can have him shot for ten."

—*Friol.*

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One on every street corner.
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Saying, "Merry Christmas,"
Laughing and shouting, "Merry
Christmas,"
And the same to you.*

★ ★

We had chicken for dinner last
Sunday.
Croquette?
Sure. Did you think we ate it
alive.

★ ★

THE SEARCH

"I'm looking for a small man with
one eye."
"If he's very small, I guess you bet-
ter use both eyes."—*Purple Parrot.*

GUESS WHO?

MR. WILLARD (telephoning):
Hello, Jack?
MR. DEMPSY: Yeah. Who's this?
MR. WILLARD: Jess.
MR. DEMPSY: Cut out the baby
talk, and tell me who you are.

★ ★

PHILOSOPHER

"I could never be a widow's sec-
ond husband," announced friend of
the man who was marrying one.
"Well," the groom murmured,
"I'd much rather be her second than
her first."—*Frivol.*

★ ★

SHE: "I was operated on last sum-
mer."
HE: "Oh, yeah?"
SHE: "Yes. They gave me a local
anaesthetic."
HE: "The hell. I didn't know they
made that stuff here?"

★ ★

TA' HELL WITH THE EX-
PENSE! GIVE THE CANARY
ANOTHER SEED!—*Blue Bucket.*

**CIRCUMSTANTIAL
EVIDENCE**

Mother (examining daughter's
wardrobe): Did you go to the
Prom this year, my dear?
Daughter: No, mother, I ripped
that shoulder strap playing tennis.

★ ★

CLAIRVOYANT

The night was supreme. Old Luna
was beaming down in all its glory.
John pulled up to the pavement and
sighed, "Two minds with but a
single thought."
"You brute," cried lil' Nell, "Let
me out this instant!"—*Wampus.*

★ ★

THE DIFFERENCE

First Co-ed: Let's go to lecture
now.
Second Co-ed: This isn't a lecture
course!
First Co-ed: No, but it will be
when prof finds out that we haven't
the assignment.—*Wampus.*

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SMALL TOWN STUFF

A TRAVELLING MAN dropped off of the train at a tiny village and walked up to a native who was holding down a baggage truck on the platform.

"How far is it to the State Hotel?" he inquired.

"Fourteen blocks," replied the native.

The salesman was baffled. "Why," he remarked, "there aren't fourteen blocks in this town."

"Just the same, it's fourteen blocks to the State Hotel."

"But isn't that it down there in the next block where the sign is?" It was. The salesman turned away angrily, and seeing the station agent, walked up to him.

"Is that fellow over there the village idiot?" he asked, pointing at the gent whom he had just finished questioning.

"No," responded the ticket chopper. "That's Jamie MacTurkle, the taxi driver."

A SMARTIE

"Do you know of any good way to make money?"

"No, but I know of a bad way to make good money."—*Octopus.*



"How did you get your hands so dirty?"

"Oh, I was looking for Exchange jokes."—*Columns.*



She had no principles, but, God! how she drew interest.—*Octopus.*

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HE WOULD

Virgil: Has that girl lost her dress, or am I seeing things?

Varsity: Both.—*Blue Bucket.*

★ ★

How did that hypnotist get beaten up that way?

He tried to change the subject.

I've had the same thing happen to me, but what was this case?

Well he charged a large fellow four bucks to hypnotize him, and tried to short change the subject.

POOR ROYALTY

They're always pickin' on royalty. How come?

Here's a guy guilty of assault on three counts.—*Octopus.*

★ ★

"What was that woman I heard in your room last night?"

"That was no woman. That was my radio."

"Well, tell your radio not to trample her lipstick into the rug."—*Black and Blue Jay.*

LATE

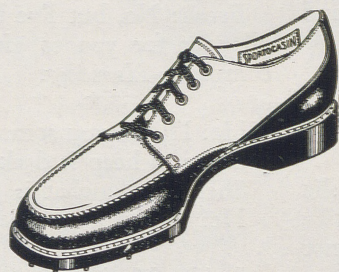
St. Peter was interviewing the fair damsel at the pearly gate.

"Did you, while on earth," he asked, "indulge in necking, petting, smoking, drinking or dancing?"

"Never!" she retorted emphatically.

"Then why haven't you reported sooner?" said St. Peter. "You've been dead a long time."

—*Zip 'n Tang.*



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SAVED!

"Congratulations, my boy!"
 "But you just said that I flunked out of medical school."
 "Ah, but think of the lives you have saved!"—*Purple Parrot.*



MY MAN

Mother (entering room): Why, Mabel, get right down from that young man's knee.
 Mabel: No, I got here first.—*Whirlwind.*



PAPER HANGER

Fresh: Why was that immigration inspector fired?
 Fresher: For passing a bum Czech.—*Pitt Panther.*



OR ELSE

"Want to take a blind date Friday?"
 "Oh, my deah, haven't you heard? I'm going to be married Friday!"
 "That night? Well, how about Saturday?"—*Frivol.*



What is it that four men can do that two women can't?
 I don't know, what?
 Play bridge.
 (Bet a lot of evil minded people were fooled that time.)

MARVELOUS DIGESTION

He: "Are you hungry? What do you say we eat up the street?"
 She: "No thank you, I'd rather have a steak than asphalt.—*Southern California Wampus.*



CHEAP SEAT

"I saw a splendid picture at the galleries the other day."
 "Is that so? What was the theme song?"—*Phoenix.*



THEN WHAT?

SOPH: "Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up. I'll get you a date."
 FROSH (cautiously): "Yeh, and suppose you don't get the date?"
 —*Punch Bowl.*



When a lady says "No," she means "Maybe."
 When she says "Maybe," she means "Yes."
 When she says "Yes," she is not a lady.—*Sniper.*



Rod Smith: What'cha been drinking?
 Rob Rope: Carbona.
 Rod Smith: My Gawd, man, that's cleaning fluid.
 Rob Rope: Yesh, I had spotsh in front of my eyes.—*Skipper.*

OH, PROFESSOR, LOOKY!

Betty Co-ed says that after sitting through a certain lecture class she knows how that Philistine felt who was slain by the jawbone of an ass.—*Purple Parrot.*



BIG ORDER

"Shall I bring you a brother or sister, sonny?"
 "If it's all the same to you, doc, make it a Shetland pony."—*Mercury.*



She (at Prom): Wait for me here, Bill, while I powder my nose.
 She (three dances later): Been waiting long?
 Frosh: No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact.—*Humbug.*



He: I'll tell you something of you promise to keep it dark.
 She: I will, what is it?
 He: You've a nice parlor.—*Claw.*



Inside: May's dress seems to have seen hard wear.
 Outside: Hardware is right. She has had six fraternity pins.—*Puppet.*



Is that the dean of women over there?
 No. That lady just tasted some cider that had turned to vinegar.

NEW YORK LIFE

BOB FARRAR '14

THE STAFF



The Nevada Desert Wolf is a quarterly published by the Associated Students of the University of Nevada

Volume VIII Number 3
February 25, 1931

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Subscription Price: \$1.20 per year, 30c per copy.

Entered October 28, 1923, as second-class matter at the Post Office at Reno, Nevada, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance authorized for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917.

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Charter member of the Western Association of College Comics

CONTRIBS



Walt Clark, literary editor of the magazine, is the star of this issue, with his touching ballad, should it be epic, of western life. It probably gripes the good poetic soul of Walt to its very roots to turn out this sort of thing, but he is a real trouper, and sacrifices all in a good cause. And he does it well, too, or maybe we're wrong.

It's a bad sign when the magazine has to pick on the alumni and ex's for copy, but we have a private opinion that Joe McDonnell could break in no matter what the company. Anyhow, he has been one of the most faithful contributors to these columns this year, and is back again with a Western that is a Western.

The cover, which is the first two-run coat the Desert Wolf has had in Lo these many years, is the product of Betty Anderson. Incidentally, it is Betty's first artistic contribution to a publication on this campus, but from the looks of it, it is the start of the career of a Hill artist.

Hoppie Rigsby, well known as an artist to our readers, has his first literary endeavor in these pages. While we don't quite understand "Spring," we think it's good.

Other contributors include Peggy Johnson, Alicemae Atkinson and Dorothy Cooper.

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*So, your a cow girl, eh?
Well, why not? My father was an elk.*





NEVADA DESERT WOLF



BETWEEN THE TWO OF US

Bid Day



A STRANGER in town would have wondered at the sight of many University women hiding behind trees and driving casually by the Pan-Hellenic lawyer's a few weeks ago. The most evidently forced nonchalance of these women was remarkable. The street was almost worn through with the many cars driven over it so many times. However, there has been no murder committed in the neighborhood. In fact, it was nothing more exciting than Bid Day, and these women were only trying to get the last minute "dope." Every sorority had its faithful representatives stationed someplace in the near vicinity.

What with the bets running high and last minute decisions being made the excitement was intense. The Theta's and Gamma Phi's were picked to win but there was a very good possibility of a dark horse appearing on the scene. These bets were all upset when the Tri-Delts came out ahead with thirteen pledges. So they and everyone else thought, and the triumphant women saw a derby drowing their heads as a reward, but the vision was soon snatched away.

The list of "cinches" for each house was so long that if they were

laid head to foot they would have reached from here to Sparks. Evidently, judging from the rumors running around, everyone was going two or three houses. One sorority announced that they had seventeen all "sewed up" but pledging ceremonies found them with only eleven. Another house said things were "looking fine" and so they weren't. The best success was shown by the house which said that "things were coming along slowly but very surely," only the girls knew how sure, for they certainly played their trumps well in the end.

Anyway it is all over and each house has the "best bunch of Kiddays" on the campus.

A Stroke of Genius



AGAIN THE Theta's come out ahead. Displaying a new and, heretofore unknown kind of rushing, they managed to win the Derby by acquiring three pledges half an hour before pledging ceremonies were held. So sudden and unusual was the attack of the women in the brick house that the Gamma Phis and Tri-Delts were left

gasping for breath, and lost pledges. Evidently the Thetas had to win the derby so the boy friends would win enough money to take them to the

show. Well they won it, only to discover a Pan-Hellenic Council, prodded into life by the injured houses, snatching their glory away from them. This long dormant body of young women was soon awakened and the fireworks began. The Thetas found themselves lacking three maidens who would have been useful in helping to clear up the mess left from rushing. However, they still are gripping tightly with greedy hands the little hat they snatched from the mourning Tri-Delts. Anyway they have good prospects for the next year with three "chitches" already "on ice," so the Thetas aren't so far behind anyway, for evidently these three freshmen know at last, which house they want to go.

Reform Movement Strong



ARE THE Sigma Nus out for reform in a "fair" way, or is it just one of their members who is causing a dark haired young lady by the name of Dromiack to take that first drastic step towards the grave, "reform?" Who has reformed and still been able to hold up their end? We could mention several people who have disappeared from scandal columns because of this. Little did we know that the Sigma Nus were leaning away from the bar and all the evils it might hold. Who is it

that caused such a big reform movement to get started and does it include the whole house?

So far has the movement gone that it is rumored that Miss Dromjack humbled herself so much that she apologized for her appearance at a certain fraternity dance. Even yet, however, the damsel cannot resist the temptation of picking up some poor lad who happened to be trudging his way to school. This, we hear, has caused grief and sadness already in the best of some of our families. Evidently the young lady is not only a reformist but a cut-throat of the highest type.

Explanation Please

NOW WE WONDER! Soon the Pi Phis are to build a new house. In the near future. All well and good. Also we understand that they have found a way to place their domicile on the lot so it will not run over into the Theta's side yard, but we can't understand what they are going to furnish it with! On good authority we have it that a man from a store in town which makes a specialty of heating plants, gayly walked up to Artemesia immediately after the publication of the plans for the Pi Phi mansion, in search of business. Innocently he suggested to the women that he be allowed to help them in their heating arrangements and give them estimates. Not that these girls need any heating facilities, but he was just being nice. Much to his surprise he was told none too gently that his efforts were wasted. They

(the Pi Phis) were not even thinking of furniture for their home let alone the heating, and furthermore they did not intend to build for a long time. Now then, tell what does this mean? Of course these girls would not fool us would they?

Power of the Press

SOME TIME AGO, the editorial columns of this book spoke severely on the aesthetic value of pipe fences strewn helter-skelter about the campus, particularly on the



one next to the Hall of English which forced a detour through a mud puddle all through the long winter.

Now, it can be noted that a slight improvement has at length been made. A lovely iron bar, which is suspected of having started life as one of those things used in reinforcing concrete has been added at the south end of the gym, thinly dis-

guised by a coat of white lead. Oh, yes, and the sun has dried up the puddle and maybe the winter is over, and we won't have any more wading to do until next November.

It just goes to show the power of the press, and that the pen IS mightier than the sword. Just try and make the sun come out and dry up a mud puddle with a sword. And if someone wants an editorial campaign started to accomplish something on the campus, just drop in the office.

Obituary

THE THEME SONG for this little sketch might well be "The Letter Edged in Black," the "Vacant Chair" or any of those cheerful balads of other years. For this is the sad story of the passing of an old friend. Alas, the Mardi Gras is no more. Once the bright spot in the year for drudging journalists, who for an evening forgot the grim struggle to supply the world with news, and went with smiling faces and holiday attire to make merry with their fellows; the old familiar carnival now takes its place among those bright memories of former years.

Meanwhile its slayer, the Student Affairs Committee goes about its business in a heartless manner, leaving the faithful few to mourn the demise. Untouched by the tragedy, they choose to ignore their heartless deed entirely, and even issue invitations to some of the old friends of the Mardi Gras to attend their gatherings.

And why did the Mardi Gras fall before the ax of the execu-

FAILURES OF OTHER CAMPI



The knock-kneed gent at Texas

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

tioner. Because people, seeing college people in costume, bent upon the freedom of pleasure derived through the loss of identity, were construed by the broader-minded element of the village to be drunk. But, did THEY ever think what a swell alibi such a dance gave the University? Now if a stiff shows at a regular brawl, he's a stiff, and the college has no out. But, if any one should, by some chance, show up at the costume affair after too many green rivers or cherry cokes, the administration could laugh it off. "One of OUR students tight?" they could laugh, "Ho! Ho! He was only acting in the spirit of the occasion. Good actor, eh?" Oh well . . . we can't all be smart.

Minds of the Masters

DO THE THETAS think the Taus haven't even water in their house? Or yet a little coffee with which to make that delectable drink for their initiation banquets? What caused the Thetas to bring them food and drink during their recent quarantine? Were the Thetas trying to make the Taus think maybe they weren't quite so callous as recent acts pointed them out to be?, or was it in behalf of politics? But maybe these women aren't quite so cold and "snooty" as people make them out to be.

On hearing of this master stroke of genius on the part of the Thetas the Tri-Delts couldn't be left behind and sent magazines up to the house on the Terrace. Joy came to the Taus, not for the magazines, but they were out of quarantine.

Collegiana



AND NOW, WE have on our hands the annual high school basketball tournament. Goody, goody, at last the campus will look like a campus. Lots of the kind of things that college men are supposed to wear being worn, lots of the kind of things college men are supposed to do being done. It is most refreshing, after these long tedious weeks

that have passed, with all the freshmen already acting like old inhabitants.

Wonder, (by the time this is published, we'll know) if any of the kiddies will bring along mandolins or guitars, and stroll down the streets singing glee club anthems.

At least the tournament does one thing. It teaches the campus at large that bad as it is, young as it is, the present crop is on the whole, a pretty fair lot. One doesn't appreciate, quite, the sophistication and worldly wisdom of a freshman until one has observed, at close range, a cross section of high school life. Does one?

Not Nice



THE COSTUMES and conduct of the participants are not what they should be. This is the last nail hammered in the coffin of the long-doomed Press Mardi Gras. This dance, which is looked forward to for such a long time has previously been the one one dance where everyone showed his good spirit and dressed and drank to suit the occasion. It has been much speculated upon whether the sight of tuxedos and long dresses will dampen, or rather dry up, the spirits of many. Formals seem to have a sobering effect on everyone, but there is much doubt about this one having such an effect.

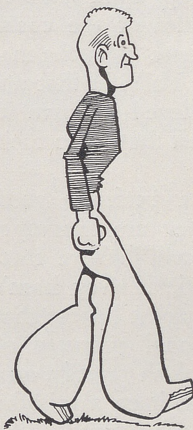
Miss Mack has waged war against this dance for many centuries and has finally succeeded in having it abolished. The costumes, my dear, the costumes are immodest, the dance is immoral, this is the stand taken by many people, so this brilliant social affair will be heard of, and talked about no longer.

Jitney Crawl

AT FIRST GLANCE, the Pi Phi Jitney Crawl gave promise of great financial success, for several of the fraternities forced their members to attend. However, some of these members were fortun-

ate enough not to have been out of practice jumping rope, thus saving themselves some hard-earned dimes.

Mysterious Disappearance



ONE HEARS little of the Phi Sigs these days. Are they planning suddenly to astound the world with some daring feat, deep and dark, or are they simply basking in the light being so bright it makes them sleepy? Perhaps the feat had better be performed soon or the Phi Sigs will pass into oblivion. One spot which will never forget them, however, is the Little Waldorf, (adv.) this place, beloved of all college students, will still ring with their laughter and demands for "more ice" and the tinkle of their nickels in the slot machines.

Another house one hears little of are the S. A. E.'s. However, they are not keeping themselves to themselves so much as the Phi Sigs, but they are keeping their own business to themselves more than any other house. Some things however, they make quite a point of getting advertised. Anyway we hear one of their members is seen no more around the house because of the size of his ears, certainly the E. A. E.'s cannot afford to be choosy with their members at a time like this.

Yes, Who?

ONE HAS TO BE so careful of what one sends out to the laundry these days. And also, it is a good plan to open the returned bundle with the utmost of caution and secrecy. Otherwise, the revelation may prove embarrassing. Take the case of two Sigma Nu roommates, who, with careless abandon, garnered the soiled laundry about the room and sent it off for laving. Undaunted by the momentous occasion, or maybe the very strange-

ness of the thing was the cause, they became most careless.

At length, after due time, the bundle returned. And there, nestling among an assortment of towels, sheets and pillow slips from some of the leading hostelrys of the coast, were a pair of those whatcha-macallems that the Pi Phi's, in that ancient hymn, are alleged to leave in the hope chest when they have their annual dance.

Now Bob has a perfectly good alibi. He says they are Harvey's, and some people will believe that. On the other hand, Harvey hasn't a chance to make anyone believe that they are the personal property of Bob. He can only blush prettily, and say there must have been a mistake some place. Well, why not? The question is, "Why made the mistake?"

Political Situation



NOW IS the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party. (And this isn't just a typing exercise either.) Yes, lads and lassies of A.S.U.N., that strange odor you have noticed lately is due to the well-known Politics that begins to permeate the atmosphere about this time every year. Election time draws nigh, and a little campaigning now and then is not beside the point. Fritz Wilson blossoms forth frequently and impartially with dates; Eddie Cantlon has a smile and a sweetly-drawled, "hello," for everyone; fraternities and sororities consider their "eligibles" and try to pick a winner for the office they want. Combines oil up their rusty machinery and add, eliminate, or bolster up weak parts. There are conferences among the Powers That Be, and secret meetings to distribute the dope among the chosen ones, meaning looks and portentous snatches of conversation between various members of the combine. It won't be long now till the opposing factions are fully organized and voters receive their final instruc-

tions as to which men must be elected.

Cinches



FOR THE enlightenment of our readers, we are giving various meanings of the word "cinch." 1. There is the "cinch" dear to all sorority women, that is, the guileless freshman who answers "I do" to the "Oh, Promise Me" of the rushing captain. 2. There is the "cinch" dear to all college-goers (here we have avoided the obnoxious term students)—a course in which a passing grade is given for almost no studying at all. 3. Last, but not least, there is the "cinch" used to designate an insidious thing with which we are all familiar—the innocent-looking slip of paper which informs us that we have not been getting away with sleeping in class. (To avoid this evil, wear dark glasses.)

It Looks Like Rain

*"Darling, you are like stick candy
Just as hard, and twice as dandy."*

SO ONE OF THE youths on the campus crooned softly as he sat in class. This budding young poet, felt as everyone did when we had a few days of warm weather. The imitation of spring was perfect. The only thing lacking in making those few days really spring were the golf knickers. Everything else was present. There were the couples walking, slowly, hand in hand. There were the men standing on the bridge, censoring every woman who passed under their eyes. The light spring dresses, showed to everyone that the blessed spring was here.

Many ne wlove affairs blossomed out and the old long established ones took on a new vigor. Profs had the hardest time trying to keep the attention of their classes. The only fraternity pins safe are those already adorning some fair lady's heaving bosom. All others are ready to fly off at the slightest touch. Even those men who have hidden behind locked

doors all the semester stuck their noses out and talked, blushing to some women for a few seconds. The library was well crowded, all the women wondering if by any chance their heroes would walk home with them. Many were the longing glances cast across table and aisle.

The Punch Mystery

ARE CHAPERONS necessary? Evidently they are, at least as far as the powers that be are concerned, as some sixty souls on the Campus will testify. And if you don't think the sixty are experts at testifying, you haven't heard the things that are being bandied about by the gossips.

But it was really a good clean party, even if there were no elderly couples cluttering up the choice parking places, and yawning with that air of boredom that only chaperons of long training can attain. And there's always the chance that if the chaperons had tasted the green punch, they wouldn't have been greatly bored either. Reports have it that the punch contained all that it takes to make a party interesting. Of course, this is denied by all the attendants, but they do say that someone spiked it.

And to go on about this punch, in spite of the fact that hours were spent in its concoction, it was a decided failure. Nobody drank more than a glass or so of it. What happened to what was left, no one knows. It must have been thrown out on the ground. In fact, we are informed on good authority that quite a bit of it was thrown on the ground.

Precarious Position

UNEASY LIES the head that wears a crown, and if only the head of the News Bureau had a crown, he could be uneasy too. He should be anyway, for of all precarious posts on the campus, the directorship of the bureau is the champion. Mortality for the present year is particularly high, with two of the boys beating the shoe by just one jump.

Does the director have to be one of those kind of fellows to get the job, or is it the atmosphere of the

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

blue office that works the change? At least, both tenants of the north-west suite in Publications Hall have had their fun. C'mon boys and girls; let's go out for the news bureau, and rapid graduation.

Tattle-Tale

AMONG THINGS to note with interest is the near resumption of the Sagebrush silence campaign. Of course we all remember last year, when local publicity hounds could get their names in the paper by simply being bad in the library, and violating the sacred rule of silence.

Which suggests that this method of discipline, on a larger scale, might be used for all offenses. For instance, when the Librarian fails to find a book which is oh so important, a notice might be thrust into the sheet proclaiming her shame to the masses. When the near-sighted Dean fails to raise his hat until he is several paces abaft the acquaintance meriting the salute, a sly reference to Emily Post among items of the weeks news might prove no end effective.

And why not eliminate the cop at the dances and replace him with an inquiring reporter. The reporter would probably have to wear a baseball mask, but his findings, if published, should increase reader interest in the paper enormously. But care should have to be taken to get an upright young gent, for the job offers unlimited possibilities for corruption.

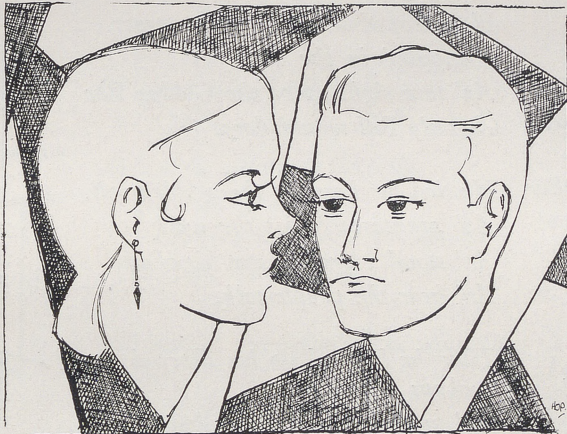
Efficiency

HAVE YOU MET Mr. Mackay, of the Mackay School of Mines? Of course that isn't his name, but, he's the gent who wears the army shirt and long-shoreman's overcoat, sometimes termed a vest, who prowls the halls and rooms in search of what-soever he may find. He really isn't hard to meet. Simply speak above a whisper, slide down the banister, toss a cigarette butt on the floor, or commit any other breach

and there he is.

Here is the true spirit of co-operation. With this man's aptitude for doing other people's work, what a Utopia this joint would be. He not only does his own job, but is suspected of acting as curator of the museum, and librarian, and possibly as director of the school of mines.

If this attitude only prevailed, Mr. McFadden might be seen behind the counter of the Registrar's office, handing out withdrawal slips and mailing cinches between trips on the University truck. The crew of gardeners would lecture at odd hours between planting seeds and cutting lawns. The whole university: Ad-



*I told him I wanted either a canary or a police dog,
and he gave me the bird.*

ministration, faculty, and students, could be cut down to a few luckless individuals, who would do the work while the rest of us went out and played pool, or golf, or something. The thing has certain appeal these spring days.

More Politics

ALL OF WHICH brings us to a discussion of the Combine. Ah, the Combine. That noble instrument of politics. Without it, people on this campus would actually have to think about elections; they would have to make up their own minds, from their own observations, as to the relative merits of the candidates for office, rather than the relative strength of the fraternities they belong to. The Umpty Gammas put up a man for an office, and the

rest of the Umpty Gamma combine votes for that man, whether they ever heard of him before or not, or whether they like him or not, or whether they think he will make a good officer or not. I doesn't follow, necessarily, that the best man *never* wins, because sometimes the Umpty Gammas put up the man who is the logical one for the office. But too often this is not the case, and a man gets an office on backing rather than on backbone.

And woe to him who breaks faith with his combine! **THEY** know, when this happens, and although **THEY** may not be certain just who is guilty, **THEY** have devious ways of finding out. Judgment descends, swift and sure, and not only is the offending party made to feel how thoroughly low he is, but his fraternity (or her sorority) loses caste, and is thereafter looked upon askance when the time comes to combine. It does seem sad, though, doesn't it, that one can't exercise one's own judgment—.

But people moan, and continue to write editorials and articles, and make speeches about the evils of the combine system, and it gets them nowhere. You haven't a chance to fight a combine, and you might just as well hang in with one of them—whichever one you think will win—so you won't be left out in the cold entirely.

Ignorance

SEZ THE GOOD old advertisement, "Quality rather than quantity." Sez the Thetas on January 29th, "We craves quantity." And they goes after it, and they gets it, by fair means or foul. But they also brought all the wrath of the Greek Gods down upon their heads! The local Pan-Hel Council has finally come alive. We hear that they are revising the Constitution and studying the National rules. Never again can an erring member plead ignorance. Theta's excuse will now go down among the "Famous Last Words."

THE BALLAD OF BLOODY BILL

By WALT CLARK

Down the narrow windin' road
From the sagebrush hill,
On an ornery cayuse
Rode Ol' Bloody Bill.

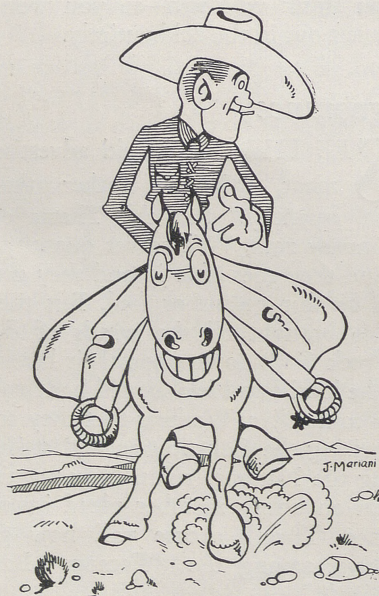
The stars were bright, the moon was
half,
The sky seemed very near,
An' as he rode ol' Bloody Bill
Was heard to whistle clear.

All week he'd been a-wranglin' steers
Upon the open range,
An' he was ridin' into town
To find a little change.

He'd found a change a month before,
A likely little skirt,
Who hung her hat at the Golden Bar
An' called herself just Gert.

An' now he'd found the change he
wished
No other change to be,
He knew that with the same old
change
He'd feel at least as free.

His Stetson hat was brushed up neat,
His silken scarf was bright,



An' he twirled his waxed mustachio
As he trotted through the night.

When he got down to the edge of
town
He whipepd the cayuse up,
An' yelled aloud an' drew his gun
An' shot a passin' pup.

An' all along the street the folks
Rushed out to stare at him,
A-ridin' in so bold an' gay,
A-settin' straight an' slim.

He galloped down the dusty street,
A-shootin' in the air,
An' tore right up to the Golden Bar
As only Bill would dare.

He tied his horse to the nibbled rail,
An' sauntered 'cross the walk,
An' stood a time to spit his chaw
An' hear the people talk.

Then he hitched up his silvered
chaps
An' pushed the swingin' door,
An' stepped into the shinin' light
On the Golden Bar room floor.

He smiled upon the gayety,
An' lofty looked around,
An' suddenly his charmin' smile
Was gone, an' black he frowned;

An' silence fell on all the room
Beneath Bill's awful glare,
For there was someone doin' what
They thought no one would dare;

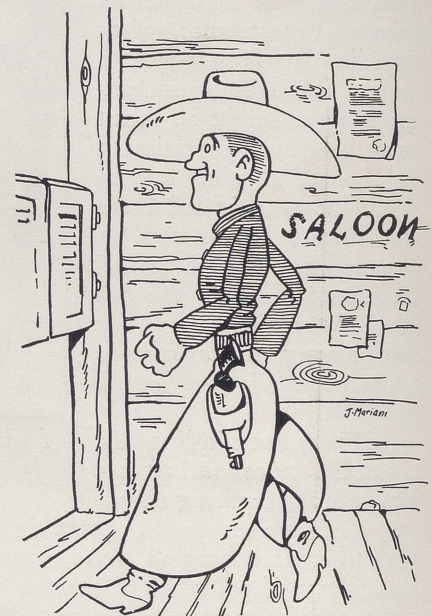
There was a little stranger who
Was settin' at a table,
An' makin' eyes at Bloody's Gert
As deep as he was able,

A bird with sickly city clothes,
An' hair slicked down with oil,
Who looked as though he'd never
done
A day of honest toil.

An' Gert herself was settin' there
Within the stranger's arm,
An' lookin' up at him with all
Her big-eyed, tender charm.

The stranger's back was turned to
Bill,
An' he could only see
The little squirt with dancin' Gert
Was makin' awful free.

The two were drinkin' from one
glass
An' singin' silly songs;
Bill swore a mighty dreadful oath,
"He'll go where he belongs!"



Bill drew his gun an' started down
The suddenly quiet hall,
The folks pushed back an' he went
through,
Menacin' and tall.

He slowly stalked an' all was still,
Ah, such a dreadful face,
The stranger'd done a foolish thing
In comin' to this place.

The man behind the shinin' bar
Ducked down his polished head,
There'd be one guy at least alive
When someone else was dead.

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An' someone dropped a liquor glass,
An' someone laughed in fear,
An' still the measured walk kept on,
An' Bill kept drawin' near.

At last he stood in deathly still
Behind the singin' pair,
Who seemed because they didn't
know,
As though they didn't care.

An' then Bill growled "Get up you
pup,
I'm givin' you a chance;
If you can't draw before I do
My boy, you'll have to dance.

An' when you've danced a little
while
You cur, you'll have to die;
You've got one chance to save your-
self;
Get up an' make a try!"

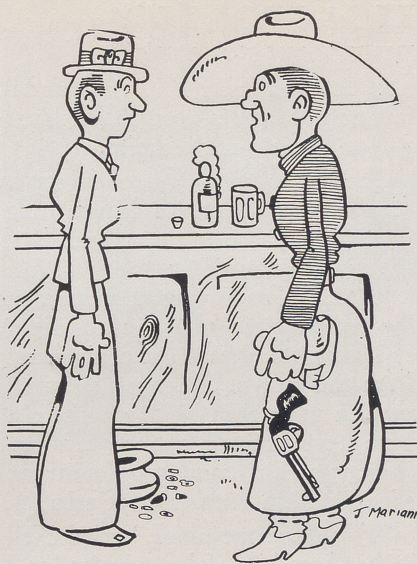
The stranger slowly set the glass
Upon the table top,
An' not a whit his fingers shook,
He never spilled a drop.

He laid his hand on Gertie's hand,
An' rose up in his place,
An' turnin' stood to Bloody Bill,
An' eyed him, face to face.

Then Bill turned white as any sheet,
An' dropped away in fear,
An', moistenin' lips with clumsy
tongue,
He whispered, "What, you here?"

The stranger smiled an' nodded cool,
"Yes, Bill, I'm here you see.
An' since you're here I s'pose there's
words
You'd like to have with me?"

Bill looked upon the bleached out
face,
His own was still more pale,



It seemed as though he'd seen the
end
Of some old ghostly tale.

At last he muttered huskily,
"I guess I'd better go."
The stranger smoothed his oily hair,
"Yeh, Bill, I reckon so."

Bill backed out through the swingin'
door,
An' scarce a second passed
Till poundin' hooves went down the
road
An' faded out at last.

The stranger smiled his secret smile,
An' Gertie laughed aloud.
An' finally the talk broke out
Within the nervous crowd.

The bald head popped up past the
bar,
An' drinks flowed free again,
An' speculations passed between
The ladies an' the men.

"The way Bill rode I'll make a bet
We'll never see him more.
That was the last time Bloody Bill
Will push that swingin' door."

"What kind of man's this stranger
guy,

That just his ashen face
Should drive ol' Bloody Bill away
At such a fearful pace?"

The barkeep took another tray
Of glasses to Gert's table,
An' set them down an' took the old
As slow as he was able.

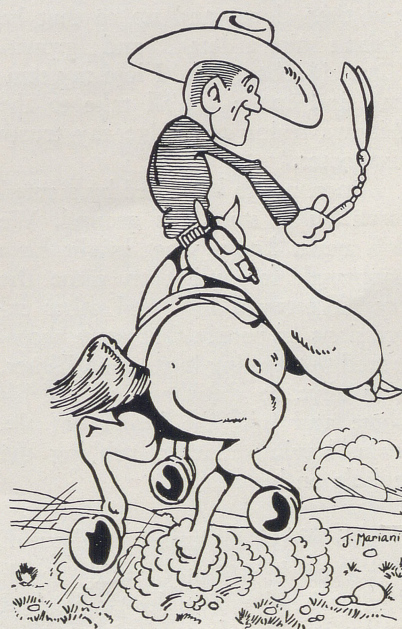
He stood a while with towel in hand
An' finally he dared,
"I say, stranger, I never saw
Ol' Bloody Bill so scared.

"You never had no gun or knife,
Nor said no meanin' word,
How come you then to fright away
That rootin' tootin' bird?"

The stranger smiled a thoughtful
smile,
An' took another drink,
An' looked at Gert, an' Gert at him,
An' they exchanged a wink.

"I'll tell you how it is, my friend,
The secret of Bill's life,
Wild William ran away from home,
And I know William's wife!"

THE END



WESTWARD HO! HO! HO!

PUMPKIN CENTER is in an uproar. The first wagon train in the history of the hamlet is about to leave for the West. And the scout for the train is no other than that fearless youth, known as Elmer. His full name is Elmeritus Darétodo, but as he hasn't had breakfast yet, he is only Elmer for the present. Elmer is busy getting his horse in shape for the long, hazardous journey that lies ahead.

"Well, well, well, old horse, how are you feeling?" Elmer asks the horse, more to be polite than anything else. Not receiving an answer, Elmer, with a sigh, walks toward the back of the train to see if everything is in readiness, for they leave within the hour, Central Time.

Finding nothing that looks suspicious or forgotten Elmer again turns his steps toward the front of the train. His passage is suddenly blocked by a huge hulk of a man known locally as Pete Flatpan, the town's bad hombre.

Elmer carefully surveys the situation and then, with courage to spare, says, "My good man, do you realize that you are blocking my way, or maybe you haven't noticed it. Unless you move I shall be forced to take drastic action."

Flatpan not being a very pleasant mood looks Elmer up and down and then down and up so that he doesn't miss a detail, and growls, "One side, boy, befo' I lose my tempah and make you'all take to the willows trying to dodge my trusty sixshooter."

Elmer, not to be cowed by a small town bully, stood his ground. We will never know what might have happened, for just then came the cry, "Westward Ho" and other expressions of people that were accustomed to traveling in wagons. Elmer, ever alive to duty, ran to get his horse and join the leaders of the train, leaving Flatpan rubbing the stubble on his chin.

THE WAGON train moved out of Pumpkin Center amid much dust and noise. But the people had smiles on their faces, for were they

not pioneers, Elks, Moose, Slavonians, and Swedes, people on their way to carve a new empire.

The train wasn't three days out of Pumpkin Center, when trouble started, with the unruly element of the train comprising most of the Elks and a few Swedes. It seems that the fight started over the affections of Nell, who always got a big hand from the crowd. She was a demure maiden untouched by human hands, have been created entirely by machinery under sanitary conditions. (See the Pure Foods Act of 1766 $\frac{1}{4}$).

"You leave me alone," cried Nell in her best high falsetto voice, or I will cal out for Elmer."

"Go ahead and call," said Ned Baxter, "and then see how far you get with me."

"But I don't want to go very far with you," Nell said, looking at the ground and blushing furiously.

At this point Ned made a lunge for Nell, who eluded him by using the flying mare hold, which was quate popular in wrestling circles at that time. Ned, not to be outdone by a frail, kept trying till he finally got hold of her where it hurt most. (The reader will have to use his or her imagination.)

HELP! HELP!" cried Nell, still fighting hard to get out of the villain's clutches.

By chance Elmer heard the call and sped to Nell's rescue.

"Take your hands off that little

gal, before I am forced to beat you to death," said Elmer with that do-or-die look in his eyes.

"You'll make one move and I will blow your head off," said the bully, who by this time had Elmer covered with his hoss pistol.

Elmer lunged at the bully, taking him by surprise. Grabbing the gun, he threw it away and let go with a vicious uppercut, which caught the bully on the chin. Ned dropped like a sack of oats, or maybe it was barley.

"Had enough, you trifler with women?" Elmer asked using his best-known sneer.

"Not yet, you pup," answered Ned, getting to his feet and starting to fight. The battle raged back and forth, with Nell standing on the sidelines crying, "Fight fiercely, Elmer, fight fiercely for little Nell who has been shamed by this brute."

But Elmer wasn't doing so well; he was tiring fast while Ned seemed to have unlimited strength to spare. Above the din made by the shuffling feet could be heard "Ouch, ouch, oink," and other expressions of pain.

FINALLY, ELMER, by restoring to trickery, got the upperhand. He waited until the bully got close enough to get hold of his neck and then by wiggling his ears and giving his body a quick jerk he caused Ned to go sailing through space for a loss of about ten yards.

"Oh, Elmer, you have saved my life. How can I ever thank you?" asked Nell with a coy look on her face.

"Tis nothing, fair lady, 'tis nothing," Elmer said with admirable modesty. "I would go to H—I and back for you if I only had half a chance. What do you say if you and I get hitched when we get to Cold-deck, North Dakota?"

"Oh, Elmer, oh, Elmer—" was all the answer Nell could manage.

In the meantime the wagon train had kept moving and by now was a mile or more away, just entering a narrow canyon. Elmer and Nell caught up with it when the train was about half way through the narrowest part of it.



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SUDDENLY THE path was blocked by a rock slide, let loose from above by the Escrow Indians, a fierce tribe of renegades and cutthroats. Instantly the train was in an uproar. People crowded one another looking for a hiding place.

"Everybody take cover," cried Elmer, grabbing a blanket for himself and Nell. The Indians let loose a hail of arrows most of which found their mark in one way or another. Here was a woman pierced through the heart with the wound oozing blood; a baby was pinned to a tree on the end of a six foot arrow. Up and down the canyon it was the same way. People were being killed like rats in a trap.

"What re we going to do?" Nell asked in a timid voice.

"How do I know," answered Elmer in between shots (that is, gun shots.)

"But we can't stay here. We will all be killed, and I do love you so much, Elmer, that I don't want to be separated from you for one minute if it can possibly be arranged."

"Don't worry about us, little Nell, we are going to be all right. And now don't speak to me for a while, because I am going to think of some plan to get us out of here and save the train."

"All right, Elmer darling, you know best, so I will just go sit in the corner and be very still," answered little Nell.

Things were growing worse every moment; something had to be done quick or the wagon train would be a total loss.

"Ah, I think I have it," cried Elmer, jumping to his feet.

"What is it, darling, what is it? Tell me quick before I die from curiosity."

"Well, here is the plan. These Indians have never had the blindfold test pulled on them yet. So I am going out carrying a white flag and speak to their chief. I will tell him about this wonderful test and tell him if he and all his people will consent to take it why we will surrender and they can save all their arrows for another wagon train."



SO ELMER walked out waving his shorts on the end of a long pole. The Indian Chief, Athletic Foot, came half way down the cliff to meet Elmer and see what he wanted. Elmer told his story, to which Athletic Foot instantly agreed, not having had any entertainment since he killed his wife.

The survivors of the bloody battle all followed Elmer up the cliff, and gathered around him for instructions.

"Now here is the lay of the land, men," pointing to Nell, "after we get all the Indians blindfolded, herd them to the edge of the cliff and at a given signal push them over."

One by one the Indians were blindfolded and moved to the edge of the cliff.

"Thar she blows" cried Elmer, and as one the good people gave a truly tremendous shove and with a whoop and a yell down went the Indians.

"We are saved, we are saved," Nell cried, "and we owe it all to Elmer."

"Really it was nothing, folks. Just a little head work, that's all."

"My hero!" cried Nell. "Let's get married at once."

"Is there a preacher in the house," asked Elmer in a bold voice.

"Thar certainly is, and the ceremony will take place just as soon as I find my book."

So Nell and Elmer were married,

and raised corn, wheat, potatoes, three boys, a couple of girls, and a few billygoats and lived happily ever after.

Moral—Don't get caught short without a blanket in an Indian raid.

THE END

♦ ♦

WRAP UP A DOZEN

He was just a small town boy out for a good time in the big city, and in his pursuit of pleasure, ran afoul of the law. He was hailed into the night court on a mashing charge.

"He grabbed a girl in the park, and kssed her, your Honor," charged the arresting officer.

"That will cost you five dollars," thundered the outraged justice.

Hauling out a roll of bills, Hiram peeled off a few from the outside, and proffered them to the bench. "Here's fifty, Mr. Honor," he said meekly, "send down a blonde tonight. Same place."

♦ ♦

THE X-RAY EYE

Prof: I've noticed some change in you lately, Jones.

Stude: It's those darned pennies I swallowed last week.

—College Banter.

♦ ♦

EASY

"Do you find any difficulty in getting money out of your husband?"

"Not at all. I simply threaten to go home to mother and he forks up the fare at once."—Orange Peel.

THE COLLEGE BOYS ON THE RANGE

OR

The Western Romance of a Divorcee

THE ONE HORSE shay pulled up at the door of the ranch and a man in the gorgeous clothes of a page blew a long blast on a silver horn. Over the heads of the horses, pardon me cayuses, a bunch of feet, hands, and a head were thrown. Disentangling herself Nothyne Butt Synne sat up and burst into that well known ditty "Give yourself a Pat on the Back." She breathed deeply of the mountainous air and said in tones used for tragedy:

"Ah the wild west, where men are men and women—" She hesitated. The prompter whispered in her ear. Nothyne blushed and asked to have the lines changed and the Board of Directors called a special meeting.

Three cowboys came galloping the corner on discarded brooms, They stopped at the "Stop" sign, sign, struck at their steeds with a feather, shifted into second and drove up to where Miss Synne sat. They waved their hats in the air and started singing "My Rosary" with banjo accompaniment. At the conclusion of the second verse a chorus of scantily clad cowgirls came around the corner and started throwing hats and legs into the air.

"My heroes have rescued me already," the divorcee said. Indeed the three men looked handsome and any women would have been proud to have said the same of them. Somehow they look familiar. Ah yes, these lads, who so gallantly rode to the rescue are none other than our friends of past adventures, Billy, Jimmy, and Johnny. We first heard of them in "Mud Balls" and later in the "Report of The Student Affairs Committee." Those of you who have met them before need no further introduction so we will continue with the theme song.

Dancing a little spring song, the boys finally managed to get Nothyne to her feet.

"Oh, you handsome men you, I'll give you each a kiss," and she gave them each a goober such as they never had tasted before, and may never get another chance to.

"My Pal!" they all shouted, whereupon there was a display of mysterious handshakes, and the chorus sang "Sunny Boy." And every one cried and kissed each other saying:

"Oh, I'm so glad that you're one of us now, I know you'll be happy."

The scene changes, we see the interior of a roughly built house. Our three heroes are sitting around a table playing Old Maid and drinking Cokes, cap pistols lay on the table beside them. Nothyne watches them intently, sometimes clasping her hands in excitement as the game waxes thrilling. Suddenly there is a shot, "you louse you, you cheated, you hid the old Maid." It is the stern voice of Bill, the leader, he is addressing a bull necked gentleman, who tries to escape. He is captured and strung to the nearest tree. In this way the three college boys showed their dislike for any thing which was tainted. As a reward for their bravery the chorus sings, "Me and The Boy Friend," after which they all disappear to their respective beds.

The next scene is in the bunk house. There is only a candle burning low, down at one end. Voices are heard, the enemy of these three brave boys is outside, he is talking to Nothyne. Six fists are clenched in the dark. This necessitates a close up. Playing with their girl was he, well they'd fix him.

Billy, the leader, rose in his bed.

"My Brethren," said he, "outside yonder is a fair lady, in much danger of what is often called worse than death. That bully Watcheem Knecker, hasn't got such a hot rep on this campus. He is quick with the reparatee, also the fist. Who will volunteer to go out and save the young lady?"

Loud cheering is heard, and with heads bared they sing in quavering voices, "Just Before the Battle Mother." "Six" are given for the team and coach, also in a fine show of school spirit they give "three" for Watcheem.

In a sobbing voice Billy says, "Who will go?" Everyone suddenly decides that they have 7:45's in the morning so sweet Nothyne was left to her fate, with only the knowledge of what her mother told her.

"And to think," said Jimmy, "I hung my pin on her."

"What did she do?" softly asked Johnny.

"She sent it back."

"How did you take it?"

"I," the strong body shook with grief, "I took it to the nearest pawn shop."

Author's Note:—It being time to get to the point of this story I have decided to hand in my resignation. Let me add for those who would be interested to know that Watcheem married Nothyne one minute after her divorce was granted, while the chorus sang "Lay My Head Beneath a Rose."

Thus ended the Romance of a woman in search of the wild West as the talkies have made it.

The fade away shows the three heroes with one foot on the bar of the Little Waldorf, singing Home Sweet Home, with the chorus doing the Charleston behind them. Let me add that the chorus had old clothes on and faces made up with India Ink. As the curtain falls, with one accord everyone cries "Mammy."

—j. g.

★ ★

THE FORMULA

Two professors chanced to meet outside of the Faculty Club. Of course there is no Faculty Club, but they were absent minded professors, so they had forgotten that there wasn't one, and went there.

First professor: They tell me your course is a great success. Now I just can't get people to go to mine. What is the secret?

Second professor: Easy. Courses should be obscene and not hard.

SPRING

SPRING IS a horrid word, if it be used prematurely, but the weather, practically balmy, the couples on the tram at dusk and the young buds surging through the hard winter casing of the trees, all seem to intimate that one might venture to say spring.

So the unidentified young man thought as he stood on the tram watching a tawny moon languish across the clear night sky. "It seems almost like spring," he said, and breathed deep of the night's fresh prohesies.

The young thing at his side fluttered and looked off to the dim mountains at the right where the snow lay calm and luminous in the night.

"The snow," she said. "Look, the snow. It can't be spring. The cold snow," and she moved a bit closer to the masculine thing who stood beside her.

"I know," he said, "but the snow will melt and the rivers will run high. We will dream in the classroom and the professor will look out the window and yawn while we dream over our knowledge, while he yawns for having to give it to us. Yes . . . the snow, the cold snow will melt and the rivers will run high." He put his arm about the fluttery, little thing as if to assure her of the words he spoke.

"The ice," she said. "Look, the ice. It can't be spring. The cold ice." And she moved a bit closer to the masculine thing who stood beside her.

"I know," he said. "But the ice will melt and the swans will swim on the warm waters and the students will stroll more slowly without their coats."

She looked up at him and saw the moon over his shoulder, so tawny and warm. "Yes it must be spring," she said and they stood closely wrapped together for some time, while the luminous snow looked frigidly at them from where it rested on distant Mount Rose and frozen Manzanita below them gleamed and

leered in icy scorn at their folly, but the tawny moon and the composite shadow on the tram only laughed and cried, "Spring."

PROBLEM

The drunk leaned over the railing of the bridge and gazed perplexedly at the reflection of the moon on the water. A policeman walked by. "Say officer," called the inebriate, "is that the moon down there?"

"Of course it is," answered the law.

"Then how'd I get up here."—*Punch Bowl.*

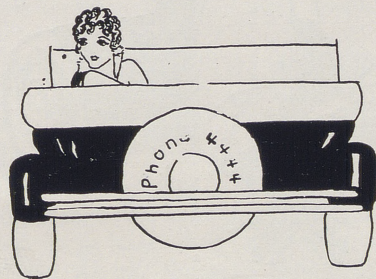
I'D DYE FOR THE MAN OF MY DREAMS

Women are awfully dumb about men—I'm a woman, and I ought to know. But I'm not any more. Want to hear about it? Gather around and lend me your ear, the good one if you don't mind.

When I entered college I fell for a big brute of a football man. But he must have been a gentleman because two weeks later I lost him to a blonde. Now my hair is just hair, no particular color, but I figured if the men like blondes then I'd be a blonde. After all, peroxide isn't so expensive.

The next man I went with hung his pin on me and was I happy? That is, I was until that red-headed junior took him away from me. But I didn't waste any tears over spilled fraternity pins, I just hied myself down to the beauty parlor and had a henna pack.

The new boy friend liked my auburn tresses well enough until a slinky brunette divorcee lured him



The girl who adopted the taxicab idea.

away. You'd think I'd have gotten discouraged, but not me. I immediately became a blackhead. In a nice way, of course.

Well, to make a short story shorter, I didn't seem to get over any better, and the current boy friend drifted away. But now everything is kayo. I've got a new one that's a honey and I don't have to worry over losing him, in spite of the fact that I've let my hair go back to its original mousy color.

Why don't I worry? That's easy. I got smart. I got me a guy that's color-blind.

—d. c.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

ENDOLINE WAS the last of eighteen children. Her dear ma and pa were also dead. Cold and hungry she wandered over the wharves. She had been without food and work for a month. Suddenly she saw a sign:

"Wanted — Girl for General Work."

Not knowing who General Work was (which is a very poor and old pun), but willing to do anything, Endoline made her way to an old house, where the man lived. Outside two men were talking.

"Well, have you gotten your girl," said one.

"No, I guess I am unlucky. I had a girl before that did whatever I said, that was down that a way," and he pointed towards the East.

"Jamaica?" asked the other.

"Yes," was the answer.

Endoline remembered her seventeen brothers and sisters and her poor mother and continued her way down the wharves.

—j. g.

TAKING NO CHANCES

Farmer's Wife (to druggist): Now, be sure and write plain on them bottles which is for the horse and which is for my husband. I don't want nothin' to happen to that horse before the spring plowin'."—*Texas Ranger.*

DANIEL FAILS TO PLACE

IT WAS the day set for the baiting of the Royal Bull, and all the courtiers were in the courtyard throwing wisecracks in each other's faces, puns at that time being unknown. Then appeared Daniel, champion bull baiter of the world. He was to do the baiting on this day, and had the bait in his hand, ready to go to work, for he had spent the whole morning digging worms.

Daniel was a heavy favorite with all the people, and was smart enough to know it. He started at once to cut huge capers, so that all might see and applaud. The appearance of the King at this moment in the narrative did not daunt him in the least, for he reasoned with a deep and ponderous meditation: "The peoples like this stuff. Aha. Then maybe the King likes it too, and there will be more gravy on my vest."

But the King was not so dumb, as it was afterwards found that he was supporting a Harem on the side. He walked up to Daniel and thundered in a thundering tone which wakened even the slumbering locusts, and that is why we have locust swarms but that is another story. After he had thundered for some thirty minutes, he cooled down to a roar.

"What are you up to?" he roared at Daniel.

"I'm up to my ears," Daniel shot

back, and the whole courtyard roared with glee, for the populace believed Daniel to be a very droll fellow.

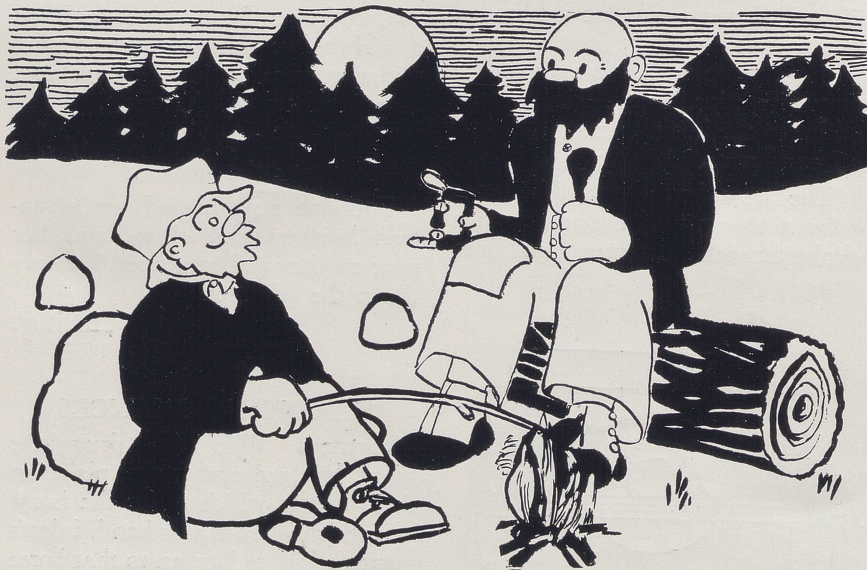
The King was not taken in by this remark, and made some very choice statements which cannot be printed here because they would be censored. The upshot of the matter was that Daniel was cost into the Den of Lions.

THE NEXT SCENE opens with Daniel in the Lion's Den. Daniel may be distinguished as the one with the green umbrella over his shoulder. (No, it didn't read that way in our version either.)

Friend King, after a night of rest, arose, and gathered all his court about him. He wished to work up an appetite, so he strolled down to the cage and glanced through the hard iron bars. What was his chagrin to see Daniel happily astride the oldest and the fiercest lion of the crowd. But Daniel went him one better, and picked up little Lizzie Lion in his arms, not caring a whit that little Lizzie had chewed the head off the Keeper of the Zoo on the day preceding.

Striding closer to the cage, the King snarled at Daniel.

"You were a very lucky fellow this time, Daniel," quoth he.



Go right ahead and eat, Pinkert, before it gets cold. Don't let's stand on ceremony.

"You never did better yourself sir," said Daniel.

"Watch me," cried the King, and fifty thousand courtiers took out their sun dials and watched to their utmost, for the King's word was Law in that dim and distant day.

Whereupon the mother lioness came up and took a great swing at his highness the King. Seizing his chance, Daniel exclaimed: "You need someone to watch you." Then all the courtiers roared with glee, for they knew that Daniel had scored another touchdown for his alma mammy. And the King also chortled merrily, for he knew that on the morrow he could have Daniel's heart.

"Come forth!" cried the King. But Daniel tripped on his shoelace and came fifth, and was therefore out of the running.

THEN ALL adjourned to the banquet hall for feasting and wassail, only there was no wassail, for prohibition had come upon the land, and the guests had to resort to an inferior drink known as Applejack. It is reported that someone slipped Daniel a quart of Corbys, but that will ever remain a secret.

Everyone was in the banquet hall but the princess, who got little mention anyhow, except from our hero Daniel. On this occasion, the little gal was left holding the sack as she had to keep company with the Cobras.

"But what of the princess!" cried Daniel.

What the King said to this one has not been recorded, but it must have been good, for fifty people were killed in the rush. Whereupon the King hied him to the great forest, and may be there to this day. And Daniel ruled over all the kingdom, and to make the thing complete it was he who married the princess.

WHO WOULDN'T

"George broke up my party the other evening. He started to tell a naughty story and I had to send him home."

"Well?"

"But all the rest followed him home to hear the end of it."

—The Medley.



And do you actually punch the cows.

HE COULD

THE OLD JUDGE was giving a smoke by the name of Sam an intelligence test, the ultimate objective of which was to determine whether or not the colored fellow was to be sent to the state home for the feeble minded. Sam, however, was not aware of this fact, having had experience of another nature at the bar of Justice.

"Sam," asked the Judge, "can you use tobacco in a sentence?"

"Deed, I can, thank you Jedge," responded Sam, "and the longer the sentence, the more tobacco I can use."

ONLY FAIR

SHE: "Do you think it's fair to kiss a girl that's engaged?"

HE: "Oh, fair." —Voo Doo.

ILLEGAL OPERATION

DR. CHUZBERRY didn't want to save his office. In fact Dr. Chuzberry looked with distinct disfavor on the idea of going out on any errand, no matter of what grave import. Yet, the voice which cooed to him over the telephone was so pleading that the adamant will of the great surgeon was shaken. But-toning his top-coat tight about him, he went out into the night, and steered his expensive coupe into the stream of traffic. Little did he guess that his errand of mercy was to end in the cold cell of the civic jail. Yet, that was indeed the case, as witness

a bit of conversation overheard on the street corner the next morning.

"Did you hear about Dr. Chuzberry being arrested for an illegal operation?"

"No!"

"Yes. He was arrested for operating an automobile while under the influence of liquor."

"Poppa, what makes people walk in their sleep?"

"Twin beds, my son!"

—Yellow Jacket.

ANOTHER INTERLUDE

A COUPLE OF FELLOWS were standing on the corner, killing time. Not that they had anything against time, but a swell murder now and then is diverting, and they really were bored. So they stood there watching the parade, for it was the Fourth of July, and people were parading in honor of the United States having defeated Belgium in the Olympic games, and cheering as floats representing Charlie Paddock and Bert Wheeler filed by.

At length one had a sudden inspiration, and turned to the other. "How about playing a few chuckers of Tennis?" he asked.

"Okeh, let's do," chortled the companion, who was easily pleased.

"What court will we play on?" asked the first.

"How about the police court? I know the judge."

"That'll be swell. Have you got a racquet?"

"Sure. I run beer in from Truckee."

POOR RUDY

RUDY: Do you mean to say you got that gun for a song?

BORED LISTENER: Yes, for the very next one you start. —Rice Bowl.

GOD BLESS YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN

THREE RATHER INEBRIATED young gentlemen clambered out of a taxi which had stopped in front of the stage entrance of the Rialto Theater. They paid the driver three times too much, but they didn't care because it was

Christmas Eve and they were drunk. One of the gentlemen assumed the role of leader.

"Brothers, we must hurry or the Baby will have beat it with some other guys," he said.

"Ay, ay," chorused the other two.

At last they reached the door of the Baby's dressing room. They brushed each other's coats solicitiously because they had had a slight scuffle with a couple of stage hands. Being gentlemen they knocked and were admitted.

"BABY," spoke up the leader of the trio, "we have come many miles from our homes to bring you gifts."

"Yeah," interrupted Baby, "I was wondering if ya'd come across."

"We did," went on the leader. "We've brought you jewels, perfume, and opened a bank account for you."

"Ay, ay," chorused the other two.

"God bless you, merrie gentlemen," replied Baby sweetly, "and now get the hell out of here because I've got a date."

—P. J.

FIRST CLASS OR NOT AT ALL

"Your daughter is expecting to come around alright, sir; we are giving her artificial respiration."

"My God! She's all I've got; give her the real thing."

—Harvard Lampoon.

A PLUCKY LASS

FIRST CHRONIE: "The leading lady sure did get a lot of jewelry from her rich boy friend."

SECOND SAME: "Yeah, dearie, it looks like she plucks her high brows."

—Massachusetts Tech Voo Doo.



No !!!



*Do you think she'll remember you?
Sure. An elephant never forgets.
And what makes you think she's an
elephant?
Boy, just take a look at that trunk!*

THE LAST AMERICAN

(Of Irish and Italian descent)
Apologies to Zane Grey

THE COVERED wagon train creaked slowly out of Omaha. The train was fairly large—about thirty wagons in all. Several other wagons had turned back at this last place of civilization. (Reminds me greatly of several people on the Nevada campus. No guts).

The covered wagon train creaked slowly along across the prairie. The train was small, about ten or twelve wagons in all. The Cheyennes had killed the others back on the trail. Everybody seemed sad and discouraged because of the recent loss of life and property. (Migawd I feel badly about this, but I had to get rid of them somehow).

The covered wagon train creaked slowly along across the desert. The train was very small, about five or six wagons in all. The Piutes had gotten the others back on the prairie. Everybody seemed terribly sad and discouraged because of the recent loss of life and property, and the lack of water. (I've tried to keep in the atmosphere of this story but my will power fails me here. I'll be back in a few minutes.)

The covered wagon train creaked slowly along over the Sierras. The train was very, very, small only three wagons in all. The Blackfeet had killed the others up in the mountains. (They and Athlete's feet.) Everybody seemed frightfully sad and discouraged because of the recent loss of life and property. (The more

I write the worse I feel, and so will you, but I don't give a damn.)

A covered wagon creaked slowly along. Just one left from the great train that six months ago had started out from Omaha. (Isn't it terrible, my dears, the awful things one reads about.) Just one man left. The Last American. His name was Pedro Ginsburg McGilicuddy. An American. Father came over on the Mayflower, and all that. Mother came from Back Bay Boston. Away back, so says Uncle Isadore. Well, anyway, young McGilicuddy saw a nice little squaw and he married her. And, Baby, she was some Indian squaw for McGilicuddy was the last American. All the rest were Indians. KI YI YI YI WHOOPEE—

—P. J.

TWO TURKS TALK TURKEY

A couple of Turks met outside of the seraglio, and got to talking things over.

"Why," queried the first, is it that the Sultan calls his fat wives Chesterfields?"

The second was baffled, but wouldn't admit. "Because," he hazarded, "they satisfy."

"You're wrong, Abdul," snorted the first Turk. "It's because they're overstuffed."

Pretty hot stuff, but a good coal fire is better these winter evenings.

JUST CAUSE

JEEZ, WOMEN are beautiful, but they sure are dumb," said a world weary fraternity man.

"Yeah, take the dame I had out the other night, Gawd she smelt the cork and passed out, now she says I'm not her type so she won't go out with me any more."

"Uh, huh, I had out a bag that said her mother told her not to let anyone hold her hand, but anyway she would be kind to dumb animals, so we got along all right, until I tried to kiss her and then she slapped my face and walked home."

"Women," continued the man as if he had not been interrupted,

"know so much they are not what they used to be. They are secretive no longer, they hide nothing from us, me at any rate."

"Gosh no" murmured another, "look at the dress my woman had on last night."

"God made women beautiful so that we would love them," boasted a small lad.

"Yes and dumb so that they would love you," was the comment of a woman passing by, whereupon the men feeling squelched, crawled off to their beddy beds and listened to Uncle Bob tell them bed time stories.

SURE PROOF

"Do you think you can predict a boy's future by his hobbies when young?"

"Certainly. My boy has a hobby of saving old magazines."

"And so you think he will be a journalist?"

"Oh, no; a dentist."

—Punch Bowl.

THE CURSE OF STRONG DRINK

(A Melodrama)

(For the benefit of those who will come around and tell us that this is an old one, we know. We just don't care.)

The scene is one of those buildings which used to be termed Saloons. Only the bartender is in the room.

Voice of a child, (off stage): Is my father in there?

Bartender: Get away from them swinging doors.

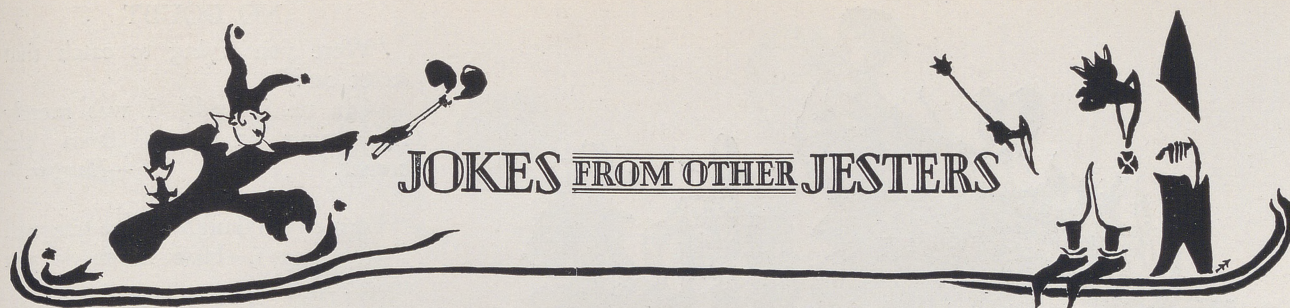
Child: Is my father in there?

Bartender: Nope. There's nothing in here but an old battered beer keg.

Child: Oh, mister: That's my father.

CURTAIN





RECOVERING

Two old maids were in an insane asylum for years, always knitting and knitting.

"Gee," sighed Mayme one day, "I wish some tall handsome man would wind his arms around me and squeeze me until I gasp."

"Now you're talking sense," from Hattie. "You'll be out of here in a few days." * * —Bison.

11:30 SATURDAY NIGHT

SIG. ALF: "What time do you have to be home?"

BETA ALF: "How much money have you?"

SIG. ALF: "Fifty dollars."

BETA ALF: "Thursday." * * *

NEWLYWEDS

HE: "Who spilled mustard on this waffle, dear?"

SHE: "Oh, John! How could you? This is lemon pie."—Buffalo Bison.

—The Wet Hen. * * *

Flashing light, swirling figures, syncopated rhythm—she looked up into his face as he held her close.

"So you really have Professor Woodstuff in Biology 30?"

"I do," was the reply; "and of all the mentally-crippled flat tires, he is the unrivalled hat man."

"Do you know who I am?" she spluttered.

"No," he countered. "Tell me or I shall guess."

"I, sir, am Mary Woodstuff, the professor's only daughter."

"Do you know who I am?"

"No, but—"

"Thank Gawd!"—Yale Record. * * *

Him—Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?

Landlady — Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman.—Dirge.

ATHLETIC GIRL

"What's the matter, dear—why all the tears?"

"Oh, John kissed me again."

"What did you do about it?"

"I—I—I— struggled the best I could."

"I'll tell that simpleton something."

"You can't do it now, dear."

"Why can't I do it now?"

"You'll have to wait until he comes to." —Cornell Widow. * * *

PROGRESS

In times gone by they used to give the youngest child the neck of the chicken and put him in the trundle bed. Now they give him the last drink out of the shaker and put him in the rumble seat.—Yale Record.



A former cyclist about to obey that impulse—Sun Dial

ADOPTED OF COURSE

The census taker approached a little tumble down shanty on the outskirts of Savannah and pushed his way through a bunch of little pickaninnies who were playing in front of the door. He knocked. The door was opened by a large lady of color. After the usual preliminary question the statistics gatherer asked:

"What's your husband's occupation, Liza?"

"He ain't got no occupation. He's dead. He done passed away fo'teen yeahs ago, suh," replied the negress.

"Then who do all these little children belong to?"

"Dey's mine, suh."

"Why I thought you said your husband was dead?"

"He is, but 'ah ain't."

—Jack o' Lantern * * *

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Blue eyes gaze at mine—

Vexation.

Soft hands clasped in mine—

Palpitation.

Fair hair brushing mine—

Expectation.

Red lips close to mine—

Temptation.

Little body close to mine—

Aspiration.

Footsteps—

Damnation.

—West Pointer. * * *

He: Hello, baby.

She: I'll have you know I'm nobody's baby.

He: Aha, an orphan. —Puppet. * * *

The Old Maid: Has the canary had its bath yet?

The Maid: Yes, he has Ma'am. You can come in now. —Skipper.



First Cowboy—Naw, I ain't never going to buy me one of those autymobiles—they ain't safe.—Utah Humbug.

THE CAUSE

OUTSIDE THE storm raged — fiercer and fiercer. The thunder rolled and lightning tore the air. (Business of rattling sheet of tin and turning lights off and on.)

Where are we—oh, yes—

Inside sat a man (looked like his mother must have made an error some forty years ago. But it's too late to think of that now. The man can't help how he looks—even if it is terrible. And then, another thought—maybe he was kicked by a horse. No, that isn't news. Ah, ha, we have it—he kicked a horse and the horse evidently didn't like it.)

Well, we've at least got this man inside, out of the storm—and he is sitting down. To go on—and on—and on—indefinitely—.

He seems to be brooding over some deep grievance. A light of revenge gleams in his eye (the right one, the other seems to be glass.) Suddenly he jumps to his feet and begins striding back and forth across the room.

(Business of more thunder crashing and lightning.)

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Low mutterings escape his lips—
“I'll get him—ha-haO (in a very guttural tone)—and I'll show him—yes! I'll show him . . . !”

The voice rises to a scream.

“I'll teach that butcher to send chops when I order steak.”

—b. b.

What's the matter with you?

I just got a large dose of quinine. Quinine? I didn't know that you had a cold.

I didn't; the cow did and the doctor told me to blow some quinine in her mouth, but she blew first—
Skipper.

INSULTING

CALLER: “I wonder if I can't see your mother, little boy. Is she engaged?”

WILLIE: “Engaged, hell! She's married.”—*Malteaser.*

*Girls, when they went out to swim,
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a bolder whim,
They dress more like her cupboard.*

—Tiger.

NO DOUBT

“Were you trying to catch that street car?”

“Oh, no indeed! I was merely frightening it away from the corner.”
—Ranger.

Farmer (to daughter just returned from college).—How much do you weigh now?

Farm Angel—I weigh 140 pounds undressed for gym.

Farm.—And just who the hell is Jim?—*Mountain Goat.*

Did you hear something fall in the gutter?

No.

Must have been my imagination.

Yes, it has a way of doing that.—
Yale Record.

Boo—Are you going down to see the basketball game?

Hoo—No, just to razz the referee.
—*Wampus.*

ENOUGH

Do they have any restrictions at your university?

Only one.

What is it?

Don't get caught.—*Kitty-Kat.*

Tom Thumb: “I know a girl who swallows swords.”

Tom Tacks: “That's nothing. I know a girl who inhales Camels.”
—*Jester.*

Tommy: “Why are beer and the sun alike?”

Rot: I'll guess with you.

Tommy: They both rise in the yeast and set in the vest.—*Humbug.*

Surely you remember the woman driver who stripped her gears to cool the motor.—*Humbug.*

She: You remind me of the ocean.

He: Wild, romantic, restless—

She: No, you just make me sick.
—*Malteaser.*

Sophisticated Maid (trying to arouse interest of indifferent Yale senior): Look out, Johnny, I'm going to scare you. (Kisses him). Now, Johnny, you scare me.

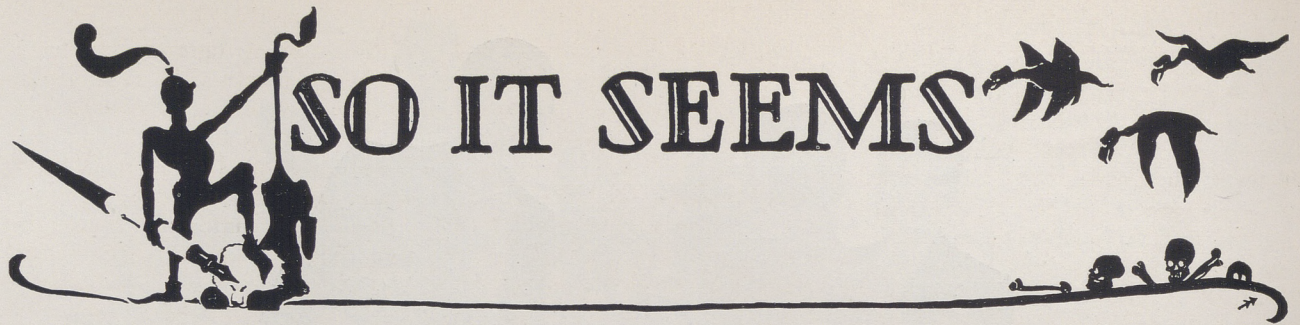
Senior: Boo!—*Record.*



The smoothest incense to the green-eyed goddess since the introduction of Cutting In . . . *cigarettes that really SATISFY!*



Chesterfield
MILDER . . AND BETTER TASTE



TAXATION

OUR ESTEEMED contemporary, the Nevada Sagebrush (and the by, has the fact that the sagebrush is an indigestible and comparatively useless weed that flourishes in desert places anything to do with the name, we wonder) comes forth with the plea that fraternities should be spared the burden of taxation. And all the reasons. Dear, dear, dear.

Of course it would be a good and noble act on the part of the legislature to let the fraternities cease paying taxes. We always contended that nobody should pay taxes. In fact we never have, if you'll forget about those two cents that used to be added onto ice cream sodas away back in 1920 when we were buying a second hand war. Incidentally, we never got the war we bought, but we have gotten hell often, and as Mr. Sherman says it's the same thing.

But at least it shows how much more enlightened and liberal are our policies than those of the Sagebrush. Fraternities shouldn't pay taxes because of the money they save the State in not having to build more dormitories to house the students. Boarding houses do the same thing, so they shouldn't have to pay taxes either. Neither should apartment houses where students are alleged to live.

We can go even further. If there weren't railroads to carry students to school, the state would have to build them, so railroads shouldn't be taxed. And the state would have to build pool halls and shoe shine parlors on the University grounds if there weren't any in Reno, so the assessor should pass them by, too. We could go on with this indefinitely, but what's the use. You probably are

convinced by now that nobody should pay taxes.

Oh, yeah, and we know that a Wolf is a predatory and often mangy sort of animal, so the Sagebrush needn't mention that.

CHANGE FOR BETTER

AND NOW, AT LAST, it looks like the student court is a reality due, no doubt to the unusual activity of the Student Affairs committee in the current semester. The question is, how much of an improvement over the old method is the new? And, to be brutally frank, very little if any looks like the answer.

For it is the method, rather than the body itself, which should be indicted. The substitution of a younger for an older group would appear on the surface to be an error, for it is a well-known fact that people become more tolerant with age, and toleration is a desirable quality in a body with the function of a student affair board.

Further, the duty performed by this group is an administrative function which should not be passed on to any group representing the students. Whether the students like to realize it or not, they are being educated at the expense of the taxpayers of the state, and it is the duty of the administrative control of the university to see that the taxpayers get an even break. Obviously an undesirable student is wasting state funds, and as such, should be disciplined by the faculty or administrative department rather than the student body.

Where the objection lies is in the

method of operation of both the past and present bodies. The student coming before the body should be accorded at least as much of a break as is given a criminal in a court of justice. He should be considered innocent until proven guilty, should be confronted by direct evidence, should be allowed to cross-question witnesses appearing against him. Hearsay and rumor should be discarded as evidence. If such were done; if the stool-pigeon, third degree method were discarded, there could be no possible question of fairness in any disciplinary action.

What we really strive for is a Utopia where everyone keeps his nose clean, and all students enter a university for educative purposes only. But, with that Utopia far in the distance, we can at least be big enough to discard a system which puts a premium on falsehood, allowing the liar to escape while the honest man is punished.

Also, the present system encourages the type of rat who tells. That such a condition should exist among the type of people, supposedly the cream of American youth, who attend a university, is slightly amazing. That it should be encouraged is abominable.

At least the first step in a reform could be the informing of the defendant of the charge which he is to face. Not that he doesn't usually know, but simply to put the whole business on a slightly more adult scale. Under the present system, there appears to be an attempt at intimidation which is a cross between the third degree of fiction and the shutting of a small child in a dark closet until fear forces a confession. On the whole, it is rather crude. The result is much more likely to be lies and evasiveness rather than truth.

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

EAT YOUR SPINACH

(Elsie Robinson in Call-Bulletin)

Do you know what happens when a man stops eating? That man begins to LIVE ON HIS OWN BODY. The hungry body consumes its own excess fat. If the man's very fat, that's all very well—for a while. But pretty soon he begins to weaken. Little by little he uses up his reserves. Then instead of becoming healthy hungry, a dreadful lassitude sets in. He loses his appetite. He doesn't want to eat any more. He only wants to lie still, sunk deeper and deeper into apathy. He gets queer notions. He wants to be left alone. Actually, he is dying BECAUSE HE IS EATING HIMSELF UP.

—Chapparral.

THE TIME ELEMENT

"Where'd you get that black eye?"

"I kissed the bride."

"But I thought that was the custom!"

"Not two months after the ceremony, it isn't."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

PARLIAMENTARY

"Well, I think I'll put the motion before the house," said the chorus girl as she danced out on the stage.

—Washington Ghost.

ADDING INJURY

A Scotchman was engaged in an argument with the conductor on a street car. It seems the Scotchman believed the fare was five cents and the conductor insisted on a dime. After a long drawn argument, the conductor became disgusted, and, seizing the Scotchman's suit case, threw it off just as the car was passing over a bridge which crossed a small stream. The suit case landed with a loud splash. "Mon," screamed the Scotchman, "isn't it enough you try to overcharge me without drowning my little boy?"

—Purple Parrot.

DOCTOR (AFTER HAVING PAINTED PATIENT'S THROAT): "Three dollars, please."

MR. LANE (INDIGNANTLY): "Three dollars! Why, last week I had my kitchen painted for two-fifty."

—Lafayette Lyre.

B. I. O. N.

Ripley, in his famous, "Believe It Or Not" column, tells of a gentleman who wore the same collar button for forty-nine years. Why, that is nothing at all. If Wall Street keeps acting as it has, much longer, people will wear the same collar button for forty-nine years, IN THE SAME SHIRT!

—Medley.

SUBSTITUTE

"But, my good man, you're not blind!"

"I know it, lady. I'm woikin' for me brudder; he's sick today."

—Sun Dial.

HOW DOES HE KNOW?

"My sugar goes to bed in her working clothes."

"Howzat?"

"She's an artist's model."

—Mountain Goat.

What are the young man's intentions, daughter?"

"Well, he's been keeping me pretty much in the dark." —Chapparral.

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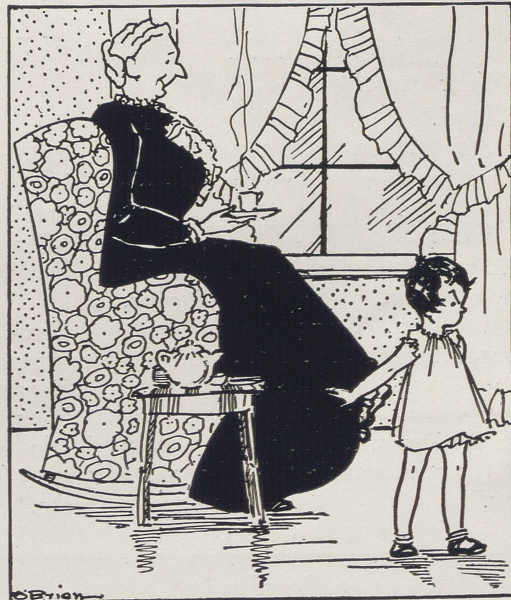
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IN NEW YORK

"Your name?"
"Boyd."
"Any relation to the explorer?"
—Ski-u-mah.

OLD SPANISH CUSTOM

Listen, smartsies, what's Spanish for chaperon? Well, it's *duenna*. And why? Because, they don't *duenna* thing. Get it? Yippee!
—Chaparral.

"He sings with feeling."
"Yes, and sometimes he forgets to sing."
—Wampus.

"She is a nicely reared girl."
"Looks good from the front, too."
—Texas Ranger.

Girls are known by the company they are unable to keep.—Wampus.

YAH! CYNIC!

"I hate dumb women."
"Aha—a woman hater!"
—Beanpot.

FAIR ENOUGH

DOCTOR: "Say you charged me five dollars to fix my carburetor and it's just as bad as ever."

MECHANIC: "Well, so's my asthma, Doc, so let's call it square."
—Texas Ranger.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

"Say aren't the leading man and leading lady of this show a dizzy pair?"

"Yeah. I suppose it's because they been goin' around together so much."
—Sun Dial.

NOT QUITE

VISITOR TO PITTSBURGH HOTEL: "This wall is so thin that you can almost see through it."

HOTEL MANAGER: "That's the window you're looking at."
—Pit Panther.

OH, HOW TRUE

"Mister, when water becomes ice, what is the greatest change that takes place?"
"The price sir."—Annapolis Log.

ACTION

BALD STUDENT: "You say you can recommend this hair restorer?"
BARBER: "Yes, sir. I know a man who removed the cork from the bottle with his teeth, and within twenty-four hours he had a moustache."
—Lafayette Lyre.

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THE BRUTE

"What's a matter, girlie? Whatcha cryin' about? I haven't said anything out of the way, have I?"

"N-no."
"Or done anything?"
"N-no."
"Well?"

"Then w-why did you bring me out here?"
—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

SANITARY

PARK OFFICER: "Hey, come out of that pool. Don't you know that people have to drink that water?"

BUM: "Aw, dat's aw right, officer—I ain't usin' no soap."
—Texas Longhorn.

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NEVADA DESERT WOLF

BUSINESSLIKE COMMENT

Ole, the night porter, was testifying before the jury after a big bank robbery.

"You say," thundered the district attorney, "that at midnight you were cleaning the office, and eight masked men brushed past you and went into the vault room with revolvers drawn?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"And a moment later a terrific explosion blew the vault door off, and the same eight men went out past you carrying currency and bonds?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"Well, what did you do then?"

"Aye put down my mop."

"Yes, but then what did you do?"

"Vell, aye say to myself, 'Dis bane hell of a way to run a bank.'"

—*Tennessee Mugwump.*

SUBTLETY

"Shall we go outside for a little walk?"

"You boys have the funniest ways of saying what you mean."

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

DEAR OLD HAHVAHD

We hear that in the next Harvard Varsity Show they're going to hire some real chorus girls to give the affair a little tougher aspect.

—*Stevens Stone Mill.*

People who live in glass houses shouldn't take baths in the daytime.

—*Wampus.*

TRUE LOVE RUNS SMOOTH MY DEAR MISS DIX:

I am a healthy woman of 42 years. I have been married fifteen years and have ten lovely children. Now after all these years I realize that my husband never loved me. Oh, what shall I do?

WORRIED.

DEAR WORRIED:

You say you have been married only fifteen years, and have ten lovely children. You should thank God, my dear, that your husband never loved you.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

JUST A WASTE

"Do you use tooth paste?"

"What for, none of my teeth are loose."

—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

WHAT A MAN

SHE: "I love you! I love you! Take me in your arms! Hold me to your heart! I am yours!"

HE: "Er—er—"

SHE: "Divine man! The fire of love consumes me; I am yearning to feel your strong arms about me! Take me! Do as you will! I am yours!"

HE (GROWING RESTLESS): "Er—er—"

SHE: "I am burning with love! Take me! I can stand my passion no longer. I am yours, I say! I am yours!"

HE (ASSERTING HIMSELF): "Er—I-I—that is— would-would-would you mind if I kissed you?"

—*Sewanee Mountain Goat.*

WHAT MONEY?

A student was recently confronted in a dark alley by a yeggman.

"Hand over your money, or I'll blow your brains out," snarled the stickup artist.

"Blow away," was the calm reply. "You can go to college without brains, but you must have money."

—*Texas Longhorn.*

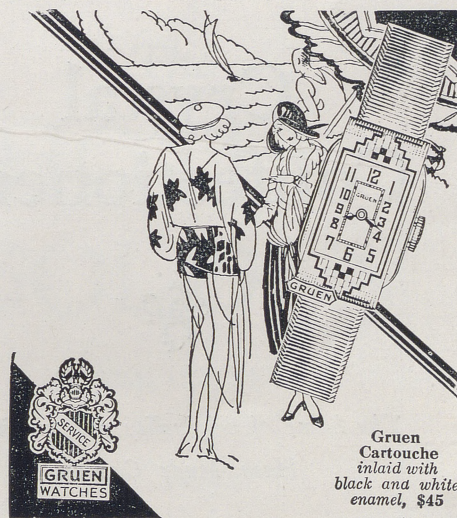
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EDUCATION OPPORTUNITY

"The judge gave my brother ten years for forgery."

"Well, with average intelligence, he ought to be able to pick it up in that length of time."

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

OH—ANYBODY'S

OLD BOY: "Son, isn't it about time you thought of taking a wife?"

LITTLE STUFF: "O. K.—whose wife shall I take?"

—*Siren.*

MEAN TO HIM

"My wife is much kinder to dumb animals than she is to me."

"Not really?"

"Yes, she buys dog biscuits and rat biscuits, but she bakes all the biscuits she feeds to me."

—*Kitty-Kat.*

THE RECIPE

RECIPE FOR A SORORITY: Thirty girls in all, eight grinds for grades, twelve hot numbers for popularity, five little sisters and five mistakes for blind dates.

—*Illinois Siren.*

THOSE DRUNKS AGAIN

DRUNK (ON TRAIN PLATFORM): "Shay, buddy, whuz time is it?"

SECOND: It's izactly Thursday afternoon.

DRUNK: Iz that so. Well, then, thish is where I hafter get off.

—*Virginia M. I. Sniper.*

IS THAT ALL?

Local lady suing for divroce tells court her husband spanked her, pulled her ears and hair, slammed the door on her arm, and locked her in the closet. She says she doesn't know why he did these things.

We do.

He was mad at her.

—*Boston Beanpot.*

MUST BE DURABLE

BOY (ENTERING A DRUGSTORE): "Say, mister, gimme a toothbrush."

CLERK: "Surely, do you want a brush with soft or stiff bristles?"

BOY: "Well, you had better find a good stiff one, because there are ten in our family."

—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

PHILOSOPHY

"Marriage is a great institution," said Oscar Entwhistle philosophically, "no family should be without it."

—*Colorado Dodo.*

GIRL MAKES GOOD

They are making a college movie of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, calling it, "How Hester Won Her A."

—*Arizona Kitty Kat.*

NO GOOD

STOUT WOMAN: "I want to return this washing machine."

SALESMAN: "Why, what's wrong with it?"

STOUT WOMAN: "Every time I get in the thing the paddles knock me off my feet!"

—*Rensaeller Pup.*

MY BABY SAID—

Little Daughter: "Why is father singing so much to night?"

Mother: "He is trying to sing the baby to sleep."

Little Daughter: "Well, if I were the baby, I'd pretend I was asleep."

—*Purple Parrot.*

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WELL, MAYBE

"The compass is broken, we're out of food, the guide ran away with the dogs, and the sun won't rise for six months. Shucks, I guess we're lost."
—*Yale Record*.

★ ★

SPORTING, EH?

During a grouse hunt, two sportsmen were potting birds from butts situated very close together.

Suddenly a red face showed over the top of one butt, and the occupant shouted, "Curse it sir, you nearly hit my wife."

"Did I?" said the man, aghast. "I'm terribly sorry-er—have a shot at mine."—*Stone Mill*.

★ ★

"I met a girl in a revolving door, and now we're going around together."

"Ho hum. That's nothing, I got engaged to a girl with a wooden leg and I broke it off."—*Blue Bucket*.

★ ★

R. I. P.

Inscription on golfer's tombstone, "THE LAST HOLE."—*Purple Parrot*.

BIG BUSINESS

Sam: "What am yo' doin' now?"

Bo: "I'se a exporter."

Sam: "An exporter?"

Bo: "Yep. The Pullman company just fired me."—*Yellow Crab*.

★ ★

WHEN DOES THE NEXT BOAT SAIL?

"I understand there's a rush of college men to the South Sea Islands."

"Yes. The grass crop failed down there."—*Kitty Kat*.

★ ★

REAL TALENT

"I know a girl who plays the piano by ear."

"Snothering—I know an old man who fiddles with his whiskers."—*Black and Blue Jay*.

★ ★

POLLYANNA

"Bill lost his memory."

"Isn't that terrible?"

"It could have been a lot worse than that."

"How could it have been worse?"

"He could have owed me money."—*Kitty Kat*.

AWFUL ACCIDENT

"The taxicab I was riding in this morning ran into a truck."

"Did it do much damage?"

"I should say it did; it knocked the meter up \$10.80."—*Kitty Kat*.

★ ★

BIG HELP

"What are college men doing to lessen unemployment in the United States?"

"Well, for one thing, I'm leaving for Europe next week."—*Longhorn*.

★ ★

THE REASON

"Just how did the accident happen?"

"Well, I dimmed my lights, and was hugging a curve . . ."

"Yeah. That's how most accidents happen."—*Frivol*.

★ ★

THAT WORD AGAIN

Professor (making graduation address at high school): "And now—who but the boys of yesterday have made the men of today?"

"The girls," replied the promising young man in the back of the room.—*Black and Blue Jay*.

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RENO

A LESSON IN FAITH

NEXT to a wedding ring, this was the most futile piece of twisted metal ever to come into my life. It was bought as a motorcycle; price one dollar.

It lay a forlorn heap in a back alley of the Cambridge negro section, its owners gathered about. A quick glance disclosed that this shapeless or perhaps pretzelinear gas engine was minus any sort of ignition switch. But a more detailed examination cancelled misgivings aroused by this observation, since the machine was also minus any sort of ignition.

"Magneto?" I asked.

"Das what we need," mumbled one of the entourage; "das what we need—a manneta."

Just then an aborigine came shambling up the alley with a gallon bottle of the very most special gasoline. I was about to protest as he poured it into the oil tank, but considered that the likelihood of that motorcycle's being driven by fuel in the gas tank was exactly equivalent to its chances with fuel in the lubricating unit, and said nothing.

"When are you going to put her on the road?"

"Oh . . ." drawled the negro who was manipulating the tools, "mebbe not till late this aft'noon."

I noticed that there was a break in the oil line, that it was the issue of 1915, the rear tire was gashed thru, there was no throttle, and agreed quietly, "mebbe not."

At this point the gasoline king shuffled in with another gallon of extra special, and emptied it into the machine. This aroused me to suggest that a motorcycle goes nearly fifty miles on a gallon of gasoline, and

wouldn't it be wise to see if she ran first?"

"Oh . . . we get her runnin' aright. Anyways, dis don't cost us nothin'."

I followed him with my eyes as he went for his third gallon, and saw him walk up to a sleek Packard roadster, with a siphon hanging out of the gas tank.

The man who squatted next to the motor had been working at a furious rate all the while. Now I saw him grasp a lead from the induction coil which normally connects to the far spark plug. There being no spark plug, the undaunted mechanic cut the wire to an appropriate length and bound it to the timer.

This, I considered, was a glorious gesture. How many of us—you, or you, for instance—could so nobly, and with such graceful nonchalance, abandon Newtonian physics, for the sake of what we feel, within ourselves, is truer than the truth? To throw off civilization's traditions, to say "I need you not" to the very bulwark of mundane stability, with an unquavering stroke of one's pen knife—c'est la quelquechose.

This unassuming negro taught me much that day. And, as he stood there, vainly knicking over the starter, repeating "Froze up; she's froze up"—I admired that man—*Harvard Lampoon*.

VISIBILITY GOOD

"But Freddy, underneath it all I'm an old fashioned girl."

"Oh yeah? Well, that's not hard to see."—*Sun Dial*.

REAL THESPIAN

Prof: "Who was the greatest actor of antiquity?"

Senior: "Samson. He pulled down the house."—*Wampus*.

SOMETHING SPECIAL

Everything may have a hidden meaning. Even the old red school house has something behind it.—*Buffalo Bison*.

PARENTHETICAL

"You say your girl's legs have no equal?"

"No, no. I said no parallel."—*Sour Owl*.

And they say Gilda Gray was the originator of the expression, "backfield in motion."—*Bean Pot*.

TURN ABOUT

Daughter, you shouldn't go through Bob's pants like that. Just suppose you caught him going through your—

Why, Mother!—*Texas A. and M. Battalion*.

You canalways tell a lady by the way she dresses.

Well, a real lady would pull down the shades.—*Purple Parrot*.

LIFE IS LIKE THAT

Bob met a wonderful girl up in Vermont last summer and had such a good time that as soon as he graduates this spring he's going to get a job in Peru.—*Stone Mill*.

AND WHY NOT?

Father: Why were you suspended from college?

Son: Constant interruptions prevented my studying.

Father: Interruptions? In what forms?

Son (reminiscently): Ah, those forms!—*Virginia Reel*.

The honeymoon is over when she wants a heater in the coupe to keep her warm.—*Wabash Caveman*.

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