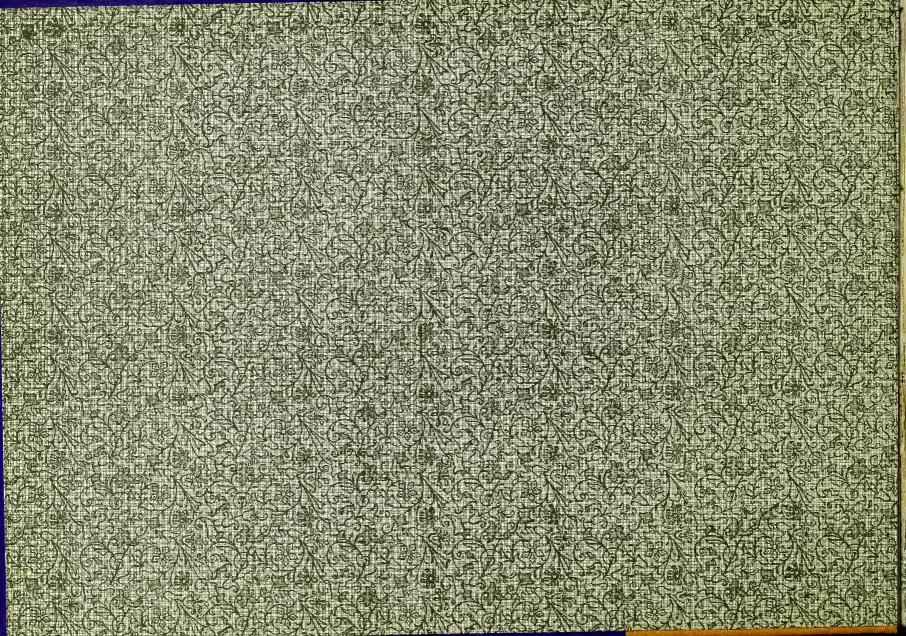
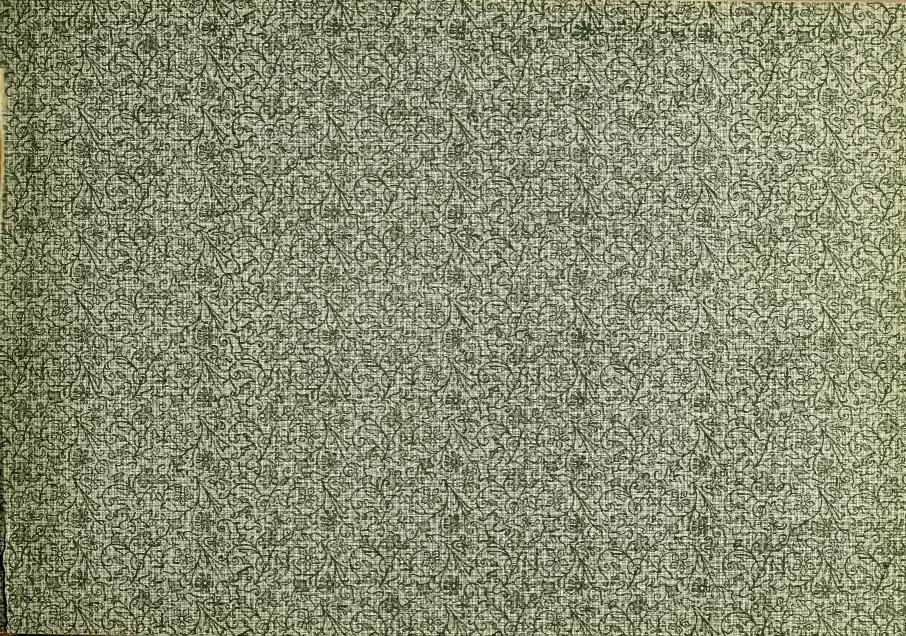


The RTEMISIA

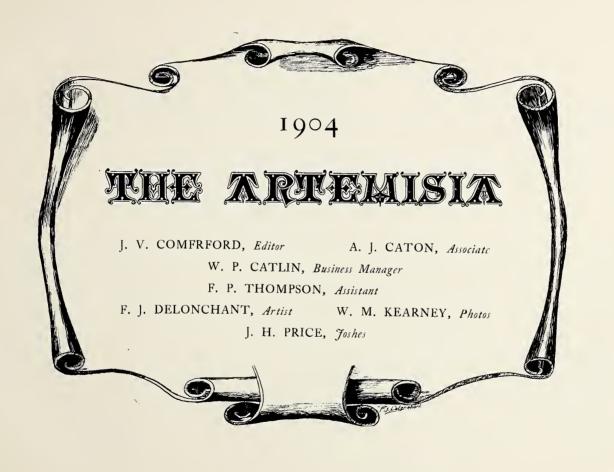
















the People of the State, to the Faculty and Student Body of the University, we present the result of our labor. We have endeavored to adhere to the primary idea of The Artemisia, which is to set forth as graphically as possible the various phases and incidents of our college life during the past year, so that, in the years to come, when our University will have broadened its sphere of influence and will be sheltering a larger number of students within its walls, they will be able to obtain an adequate conception of our struggles and triumphs, our aims and accomplishments, and to see what standard the University has attained at the end of its first thirty years of life. In attempting this, however, we have not lost sight of the present generation, and we trust its children will find as thorough enjoyment in a perusal of this work as we, ourselves, when separated by accumulating years, hope to find in the memories of the

past, called up by this tie that will always bind. If we have succeeded in accomplishing this, we will feel amply rewarded; if not, we will have the satisfaction of knowing that our best efforts were directed to this end, and as worthy as the end is, so also are the efforts to attain it. We regret that many adverse circumstances had to be met, but such as they were, we met them as well as we could, and we now place the book in your hands with the consciousness of having done our best.

то

Professor Roht. Lewers

Whose Kindness and Consideration for Others, Have Endeared to the Hearts of All His Students, This Book is Affectionately Dedicated by the Class of '04.







٠.



Class Colors:

Purple and Gold

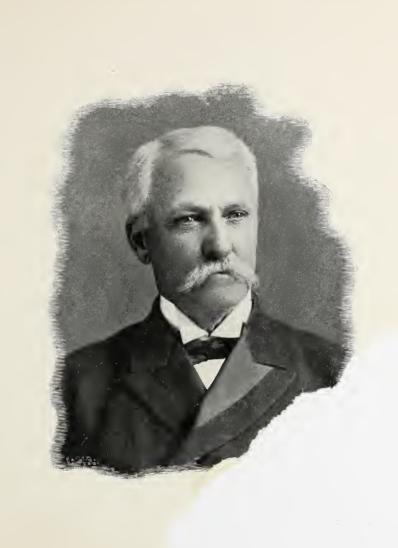


Boom-a-Chick-a-Boom!
Boom-a-Chick-a-Boom!
Boom-a-Chick-a! Rigger! Jigger!
Boom! Boom! Boom!
'04! '04!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN NEWTON EVANS was born in Defiance, Ohio, May 13, 1835. He died in Reno, Nevada, Saturday morning, November 14, 1903. Between the dates given his life reached sixty-eight years and six months. The most salient point of interest in the character of Mr. Evans is, that while he was one of the early pioneers of this State, he was likewise one of its later and most progressive citizens. Some men grow old at fifty and sixty and lay plans for retirement from active business. In this case it was not so. He was as keenly Some men grow old at fifty and sixty and lay plans for retirement from active business. In this case it was not so. He was as keenly Some men grow old at fifty and sixty and lay plans for retirement from active business. In this case it was not so. He was as keenly Some men grow old at fifty and sixty and lay plans for retirement from active business. In this case it was not so. He was as keenly Some men grow old at fifty and sixty and lay plans for its successful management, the questions of public welfare, at the day of his death, as at any time alive to his personal business, to plans for its successful management, the questions of public welfare, at the day of his death, as at any time alive to his personal business, to plans for its successful management, the questions of public welfare, at the day of his death, as at any time alive to his personal business. Some fear was expressed elected in 1900, he had accomplished seven years of highly useful service as President of the Board of Regents. Some fear was expressed when he came on the Board that his training might make him narrow, and his disposition might be in opposition to plans that were made to when he came on the Board that his training might make him narrow, and his disposition might be in opposition to plans that were made to when he came on the Board of Regents and to the President of the self, progressive in his plans for the University and most agreeable to his colleagues on the Board of Regents and to the President of the State Lind

The University in the death of Mr. Evans will miss his judgment and counsel, which have always been given for the good of the Faculty and students. It mourns him sincerely, and it will seek to enshrine his memory in some form that will make his work and worth known to those who shall come after him.





PECENIS CULTY



W. W. BOOHER

Regent



JNO. EDWARDS BRAY
Regent



RICHARD KIRMAN
Regent



DR. J. E. STUBBS

President



HENRY THURTELL
Dean



ROBERT LEWERS

Registrar



N. E. WILSON
Professor of Chemistry



J. E. CHURCH, JR. Professor of the Classics



R. W. BROWN
Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds



MISS LAURA de LAGUNA
Professor of the Modern Languages and Literature



G. F. BLESSING

Professor of Mechanical Engineering



MISS J. E. WEIR

Professor of History



PETER FRANDSEN Professor of Zoology and Bacteriology Professor of Botany and Horticulture



P. B. KENNEDY



L. W. CUSHMAN Professor of English Language and Literature



S. B. DOTEN Instructor of Mathematics and Entomology Professor of Mining and Metallurgy Instructor of Military Science and Tactics



G. J. YOUNG



C. T. BOYD



W. HASTINGS
Instructor of Band



J. A. REED
Instructor of Geology and Minerology



S. C. SCRUGHAM

Instructor in Mechanical Engineering and Drawing



MISS MILDRED M. WHEELER Instructor in Mathematics and German



G. H. TRUE
Instructor in Agriculture and Horticulture



MISS KATE BARDENWERPER
Instructor of Domestic Arts and Science



C. R. FITZMAURICE

Instructor in Chemistry



B. A. ETCHEVERRY

Instructor in Mining and Civil Engineering



ROMANZO ADAMS
Professor of Pedagogy and Sociology



MISS E. S. STUBBS
Office Secretary



MISS CAROLYN BECKWITH

Assistant Office Secretary



MISS F. E. SHORT

Matron Manzanita Hall



I. AYRES

Librarian



78.00 1010



PIONEERS OF THE UNIVERSITY



PON the occasion of the Commencement Exercises for the Class of 1904, it is expected to assemble here all of the pioneers of the University, who in the early days of efforts to create an institution of higher education in the State gave to it their best energies. I say all of these—not that it is possible for all the good and true men and women who have been conspicuously identified with the building of the University to gather here at the same time, for some of these have already passed the portals that divide time from eternity, and others have made their homes in distant States and foreign lands. But even these we believe will be here in spirit, for a man's best thoughts become so wrought into the work of his hands and the creations of his brain that their force is felt and appreciated through all the changing days and years that follow. Upon this Commencement occasion it is intended

to do fitting honor to the men to whose wisdom and guidance the University owes its existence and such measure of prosperity and success as has attended it.

It is my purpose to mention here only those who are not now connected with the University and with whom it has been my good fortune to be personally acquainted. If the words that I shall write take the form of personal impressions and reminiscences of the persons and events considered, and if I am not quite able to avoid the use of the personal pronoun in this writing, I beg to be forgiven the apparent bad taste. The years of service, during which the University's best interests have been my highest aim and strongest desire, have given me much more than an impersonal feeling toward everything that makes for her success or failure.

My connection with the University began October 1st, 1891, and at that time the buildings owned by the University were but four in number—Morrill Hall, Stewart Hall, the Mining Building and the Experiment Station Building. They were not an imposing set of buildings, but the buildings are only a small part of what goes to make a University. The power that existed in the faculty of the University and in the students who came under their instruction was the vital and effective principle.

The faculty consisted almost entirely of men in the prime of young manhood, not so full of learning as the faculties of older institu-

tions, but full of vital energy and ambition devoted to the University and alive to every opportunity to advance what each beleived to be for the general good. As a whole, the faculty were not then always united in opinion concerning the various matters that came before them for consideration. The discussions in these faculty meetings were animated and exhilerating, but did not always result in the substantial unanimity of conclusion that might have been expected from the length and strength of the arguments advanced.

However, the vigor of debate and the warmth of rejoinder and repartee seldom were allowed to make unpleasant the social good feeling that prevailed between the different members. Here was a University in process of being constructed, put together by men trained in widely different schools. Each man had his own ideas, gained by experience, or acquired without experience, of methods and manners of accomplishing desired results. Each was somewhat tenacious of his own opinion and some were more or less impatient of the opinions of others, but out of these long and occasionally spicy discussions grew the policy that has made the University what it is to-day.

The students of that day were few in number. The class in college algebra was transferred to me upon October 4th, 1891. The entire class numbered six. Professor Caine of Elko, Professor Anna Martin, Miss Jennie Sherman and Miss Stella Webster were members of that algebra class. The class in the same subject this year was a little smaller than usual, but numbered sixty persons. Mr. Albert Lewers was the only Senior in the School of Mines, Mr. Charles Brown and Mr. Smith Swan were the only Juniors in the same school. Mr. Fred Stadtmuller, Mr. William Barney, Miss Blanche Davis and Mr. Albert Lewers constituted the entire graduating class. As future years have brought added strength and power to these students of these early days, unconsciously one institutes a comparison between the students then and now and is forced to the conclusion that these of the present must stir themselves most actively to equal or exceed the achievements of their predecessors. It is profitable sometimes to look back and contrast past with present that we may discover sources of weakness and not rest satisfied with less than the best that we are capable of doing. Each change should be an improvement. Each class should be a little better than the last, but such is not by any means always the case.

As among the pioneers of education the people of this State should ever hold in grateful esteem the name of Miss Hannah K. Clapp. Her breezy, kindly manner and brave face, her loyal friendships, her general efficiency and her long service in the University have made for her a lasting and an honored place among the builders of the institution. Conspicuously identified with the University from its opening at Reno in 1887, first as Professor of English Literature for four years, and afterwards as Librarian until her resignation in 1901, she gave to

the University the best she had from a life rich in experience, from a mind splendidly endowed, from a heart that was patriotic, unselfish and brave.

Stephen A. Jones was President of the University from 1890 to 1894, which time constituted a large part of the formative period of the University. Methodical, conservative, cautious, kindly and considerate in his dealings with faculty and students, he was perhaps an effective balance wheel among the imperfectly conspiring forces that were then building the University.

25~

Among the names that should stand high as one of the builders of the University is that of R. D. Jackson, Professor of Mining and Metallurgy from 1889 to 1900. His best energies were thrown into every thing he undertook. He labored to make the courses of study entrusted to him as thorough and efficient as possible. He may justly claim the distinction of having organized the Mining School at the University and pushed it a long way on the creditable career it has enjoyed. His was an enthusiastic, optimistic temperament, and this went a long way towards inspiring his students with hopefulness and confidence in themselves. The many men who have gone out from the Mining School and are now filling places of trust and responsibility with efficiency and satisfaction are the best argument for the course of study in which they acquired their training and for Professor Jackson, under whose tuition many of them took the work in mining and metallurgy. This brief sketch would be very incomplete without mention of the kindly and gracious hospitality that distinguished his home and made it a rendezvous for kindred spirits. For many years Professor Jackson exerted a strong influence upon University affairs of all kinds, and his long service, efficiency and generous and kindly traits caused him to be held in very high esteem.

Soon after the University first opened its doors at its present location in Reno, the faculty consisted of LeRoy D. Brown, President; Miss Hannah K. Clapp and Walter McN. Miller. Professor Miller came to the University in 1887 and resigned in 1899. Through a large part of that time he was Professor of Biology and Geology, a position that he filled with great distinction. He was a natural teacher—efficient, logical, enthusiastic, kind hearted. He had a keen sense of humor and he loved a good story and told one well. His method

of preparation was thorough and exhaustive and he strove to inspire each student with the same spirit or thoroughness, the same love of knowledge and truth for truth's sake that dominated him. As a friend, Professor Miller was one of the most genial and lovable of men. Professor Wilson, Professor Miller and myself once took a trip to San Francisco on our wheels. Professor Wilson knew the road, and with his optimistic temperament was inclined to tell us fairy stories about the quality of the road and the number of hills that lay before us. After we had ascended our third long hill on a road that Professor Wilson had told us resembled a billiard table and saw stretching out before us hill upon hill to try our fagged muscles, Professor Miller turned upon our Ananias and delivered a lecture upon the fate of prevaricators that I hope fell upon good ground, but I have always had my doubts.

Dr. J. Warne Phillips came to the University in 1889 and for the next eleven years occupied the chair of chemistry and physics. Of all the men who have held positions in the University, no one perhaps ever entered upon the duties of his position more thoroughly equipped for service than he. He set a standard for his work and rigidly exacted compliance with his requirements. But the requirements were not placed beyond the capabilities of the students who exerted themselves earnestly, and while many failed to come up to the standard set by him and were obliged to take the course of study a second time or quit, I have yet to meet the student who will claim that this was any one's fault but his own.

The course in chemistry was made thorough and practical and entirely in keeping with the needs of the different courses of study. The students of the Mining School particularly need for actual practice in their chosen profession most complete and efficient instruction in chemistry. This instruction Dr. Phillips was able to give and took great pride in all work which came to his hand in connection with the University; in fact, it would not be too much to say that he made the courses in chemistry what they were brought to be-of great value and interest to every earnest student. He was an enthusiastic sportsman and delighted in every out-of-door sport that could be participated in in this locality. He organized the Faculty Football Team that went down to defeat before the Student Team on the old Fair Grounds in 1895. That was the starting point of football at the University and did much to stimulate interest in that royal sport. In baseball, tennis and wheeling he always took an active part. For honest, efficient, effective work, for long service, for devotion to duty and to principle, Dr. Phillips has won and held an honored place among the builders of the University,

Professor T. W. Cowgill came to the University in 1891 as instructor of English Language and Literature. He resigned in 1899

From first to last he gave himself most earnestly to the task of making his courses of study thorough and efficient. He never seemed to know what is was to quibble in order to make what he had to say more palatable. He never swerved one little bit to right or left in order to be popular, and any students who took his courses of study were held to a high standard. He was an earnest advocate of electives and was very desirous of seeing a large part of the Liberal Arts Course made elective. He wanted his own work, in the main, to be given that way and desired that no one should take work of him without a strong desire for and interest in that work. It was an effective expression of his faith in the sound sense and good judgement of the majority of students. The work that he did at the University was thorough and poesessed of verile quality. He was always controlled by a sound, reasoning, thinking brain and apparently never allowed himself to be swayed by sentiment or emotion. It seemed that few persons were ever allowed to come inside the pale of his confidence, to penetrate the crust with which, voluntarily or otherwise, he seemed to have surrounded himself. To such as he chose to honor with his confidence, he discovered a kindly and a considerate disposition. As a builder of the University he was a distinct power—able, courageous, forceful.

Fred H. Hillman was Professor of Botany and Entomology in the University and in the Experiment Station from 1889 to 1900. He had few classes in the University, for comparatively few students have taken an interest in these branches of science. The students, therefore, knew him but little, neither was he always pleasant in his manner toward the students or the other members of the faculty. These were, however, but mannerisms, habits of speech that had clung to him from a remote past. Underneath a preoccupied exterior was a kindly heart that was ready to take up and champion any cause that he counted just and to befriend any one whom he believed needed a friend. I went to his house to a Thanksgiving dinner and my fellow guests were three students with whom I had no idea he had any acquaintance. After that I took occasion to learn about these boys and found that they were boarding themselves in some old cabin on the fringes of town, cooking and caring for themselves as best they could. He had learned of this, and believing that good dinners were scarce in that cabin, had invited them to come and have dinner with him. He was probably the most tireless worker that has ever been in the service of the University. The bulletins that he wrote and the drawings that he made for purposes of illustration in these bulletins constituted a real and permanent addition to the literature of the subjects and received marked attention from one side of our great country to the other. He was for many years closely identified with the University and justly takes a high place among its builders.

John M. Neall came to the University in 1890 and left in 1894. He was Professor of French and of Mathematics as well as of

Military Science and Tactics. He was a man of extremely alert mind, and grasped an idea with astonishing quickness. He prepared himself regularly and thoroughly for the duties of his position. One day he asked me if I had ever had occasion to seek a solution of a certain geometrical problem. After a few minutes conversation he said, "I sat down at 8 o'clock last night to prepare that geometry lesson; in about fifteen minutes I ran up against that problem. I got a solution at just 6 o'clock this morning, but there were several hours in between

when I was undecided whether I would be sick to-day or resign." It was characteristic of the man to take great pride in his work, and the idea of a class asking the solution of a problem that he was unable to give was not to be tolerated for a minute. Lieutenant Neall brought the drill to a very high standard of efficiency. The boy who absented himself from drill faced a very stern eye when he next appeared in the ranks. It is related of a laggard, who had a room in the old shop and who was negligent of his duty, that one day he played sick. Lieutenant Neall went up to his room. The boy was in bed. The Lieutenant sized up that part of the boy that was visible, then asked, "What's the matter?"

"I'm sick."

"Been sick long?"

"Yes, all day."

Lieutenant Neall reached out, took hold of the bedding and stripped it off-the boy was fully dressed. "Get up; double time to the company!" came the crisp command, which called out an exhi-

bition of lively sprinting from one set of lazy bones. As an officer of the University and as a Professor, Lieutenant Neall was a man of rare ability and power, and his name will long be remembered by all students who came under his instruction. He set a high standard in all branches of teaching that were under his control. This has been and will continue to be helpful to the University through all succeeding years.

Mary W. Emery came to the University in 1890 as Professor of Pedagogy and resigned in 1903. She gave herself unsparingly to her tasks, and continued in her duties up to and beyond the limit of her strength. She worked early and late for the good of the Normal School, and improvement of its courses of study. Probably two hundred and fifty persons have graduated from the Normal School during



Mrs. Emery's term of service and these all came under her tuition. They have gone out from the University to teach in every remote corner of the State and have exemplified her methods of teaching in hundreds of different places. Their success or failure in the whole or in part means success or failure to her. She has been one of the University builders and can well afford to stand on the record she has made.

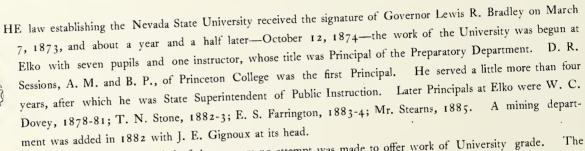
The men and women of the present Faculty build upon the work of the past. The records and traditions of a University are a part of its heritage. Every professor and every student who has done good and valuable work in a University adds something to its greatness and its power. Though a man may have ceased to labor in his accustomed place, what he has done is indestructible. He has set standards and created ideals that will produce effects through all the years that follow. It has been my purpose thus briefly to sketch out what seemed best worthy of mention in the character and work of the men who in former years directed much of the work of the University. That which was strong and efficient in each is worthy of our admiration and honor. Each no doubt had his faults, but let the man that is without fault call attention to these. These men worked during a period of changing and of stringent times. The chief industry of the State was declining steadily and no other seemed to be growing to take its place, but through it all they helped to keep alive an interest in and desire for higher education such as the University was able to furnish.

The men who served the State as Regents of the University during this period of time were Hon. R. K. Colcord, Hon. J. D. Torreyson, Hon. C. E. Mack, Hon. E. T. George, Hon. Henry Fish, Hon. H. E. Starrett, Hon. W. E. F. Deal, Hon. J. Haynes and Hon. J. N. Evans. These men have all been persons of manifold business interests, which they have cheerfully laid aside as occasion demanded that their time and thought might be given to the direction and furtherance of the University. These men have received no salary for their services, have never neglected their duty (which was not always pleasant), and not one dollar of University revenue under their control has ever been diverted from its purpose to compensate them in any manner or by any means. The State has been singularly well served by these men of the past decade and they have established a standard that will be influential for good through all subsequent years.

HENRY THURTELL.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

A HISTORICAL SKETCH



During the Elko period of eleven years no attempt was made to offer work of University grade. school was officially designated as the Preparatory Department. There was not even any real demand for work

of High School grade as yet. The attendance never exceeded thirty-five students, and most of these attended only in the winter. Practically all of the students were residents of Elko and came from the grammar grades of the Elko Public Schools, and few of these remained in school for two years.

Principal Sessions, in a contribution to Thompson & West's History of Nevada, accounts for the smallness of attendance as follows: "But few pupils in Nevada, unless their parents were wealthy, proposed to pursue a higher course in the liberal studies. These, of course, compared the school at Elko, a one-teacher institution, with those of California and of the Eastern States (where in many instances their relatives and friends had been taught), having a professor devoted to his specialty in every department of study. Long established seats of learning have a prestige and halo about them which place them beyond the competition of schools, like that at Elko, struggling under difficulties to get a foothold. Besides, though the expenses of a pupil at Elko were as small as possible, they were less almost any where else."

Just twelve years to a day after the founding of the University, the Governor signed the bill changing the location to Reno. The

first floor of Morrill Hall was completed in February, 1886, and school began with Mr. J. F. McCammon as Principal of the Preparatory Department. Mr. McCammon served but one year. The first President of the University was LeRov D. Brown, 1887-89. Later Presidents are Stephen A. Jones, 1889-94, and J. E. Stubbs, 1894 to the present time.

The enrollment for 1889 shows a marked growth in the University, there being 127 students in attendance. This was, no doubt, due in part to its more central location, but it was still to be noted that about four-fifths the students came from Reno and vicinity, thus making the University in reality Reno's high school. But another and more potent influence than location was at work. There was growing up in the State a real demand for higher education; first for high school and then for University work. The early settlers of Nevada between 1860 and 1870 were chiefly miners, and most of them did not bring families. The State was not a State of homes. It was not until about 1890 that there was a considerable number of children of high school and University age.

During the early period of the University's life at Reno the school made considerable growth in numbers or students and instructors and in equipment. It was during this period that it first received the benefit from the Hatch Act, 1887, appropriating \$15,000 annually to the Experiment Station, and of the Morrill Act, 1889, appropriating \$25,000 annually to the work of instruction in subjects related to agriculture and the mechanic arts. By previous Acts Congress had given to the University 132,000 acres of land, the interest on the proceeds of which now amounts to about \$6,000 annually,

The last ten years, which is the period of President Stubbs' administration, has been a time of marked progress in several directions. The attendance has increased from 189 in 1893-4 to 342 in 1900, the year of largest enrollment. Similarly the faculty has increased from 19 to 30 members. These members, however, do not show the whole gain. In the earlier period very few of the students were doing work above high school grade. The entrance requirements were but little above those of our best high schools to-day. This could not well have been otherwise at that time. By a gradual process the entrance requirements have been raised and the high school has been organized as a preparatory department. Over two-thirds of our students are now doing work of college grade.

Ten years ago there were but four buildings on the University campus—Morrill Hall, Stewart Hall, Experiment Station Building and the Mining Building. There have been added Manzanita Hall, Lincoln Hall, the Mechanical Building, the Chemical Building, the Gymnasium, the Hospital and the President's Cottage.

What of the University's future? Whatever uncertainty there may be, this much is certain. Its future is intimately linked with that of Nevada. The almost certain large gain in wealth and population of the coming years will bring added means and an increasing number of students to the University, and as the educational ideals of the State advance, the University will have to meet increased demands. To fulfill its function properly as the head of the educational system of the State, it will need not only a larger teaching force and better libraries and laboratories, but most of all, a faculty, a student body, an alumni and a citizenship full of loyal enthusiasm for the University and the thing for which it stands.

THE TRI-DECIMAL CELEBRATION.

On Wednesday of Commencement Week this year the University will celebrate the completion of its thirtieth year's work. It is proposed to make it an occasion for assembling as many as possible of the men and women who have contributed to the making of the University. Among these are the surviving members of the Legislature which established the University, former members of the Board of Regents, former Presidents and members of the faculty, the alumni and other old students. It is expected, too, that many citizens from various parts of the State will show their interest in the University and the cause of higher education generally, by being present.

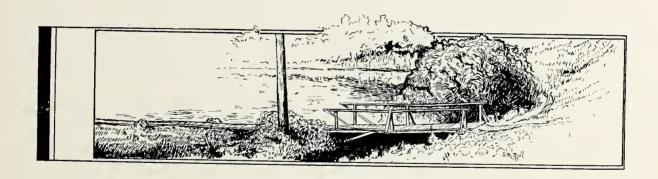
The celebration naturally calls attention to two things—the past and future of the University. As an institution increases in age, interest turns more and more to its early days. From the vantage point of years we are better able to see the significance of the beginnings and to appreciate the spirit of those who made the first effort when there was but little encouragement.

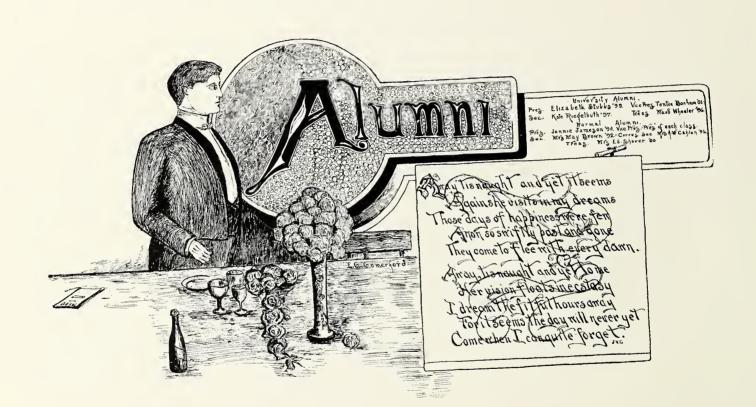
Thirty years is not a very long period as counted in the life of the institutions of an older country, but it is a long time in a State where history has been made as rapidly as in Nevada. If time may be measured, not by the number of years, but by the amount of change, by the things done; then, truly, do we celebrate a long period.

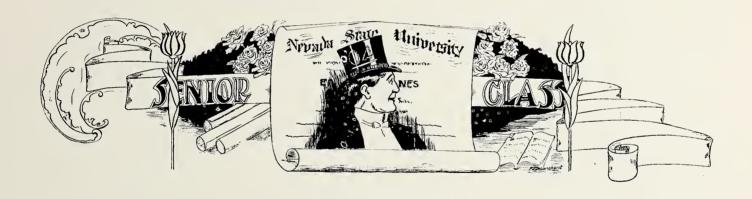
Most of the men, to whom is due the credit of founding the University, have passed away. Only a few of the members of the Legislature of 1873 are living, and several of the old Regents are no longer with us. All honor to those who foresaw the need of the State and wisely provided for the future.

The University of the future depends upon the ideals of to-day. If we are to build wisely upon the foundation laid by the pioneers, we must, like them, be guided by a foresight as to the future needs of the State. What sort of opportunity for higher education should the future citizens of this State have? To answer this question is to state the demand placed upon the University. The celebration will help to crystalize this demand into definite and practicable form.

Romanzo Adams.









FRED JOSEPH DELONCHANT, Mines.

"Men of few words are the best men."

Reno High School '00; First Lieutenant Co. A. (4); Art Editor of Artemisia (4); Crucible Club (3-4); Sigma Alpha; Treasurer of Crucible Club (4).

Reno, Nevada.

JEANETTE EVELYN CAMERON, L. A.

Of all the girls of Mauzanita Hall; She's the best at juggling the basketball.

Virginia High School '00; Delta Rho; Class Secretary (2); Sec. Student Body (3); Executive Committee (3); Philomathean (2-3); 'Varsity Basketball (1-2-3-4); 'Varsity Basketball (2-3-4); Tennis Club (4); Class President (4); L. F. G.

Virginia City, Nevada.

WILLIAM MAXWELL KEARNEY, Mines.

Whenever students gather, he is there With his questions, who, which, what, where?

Carson H. S. '00; T. H. P. O.; 'Varsity Football (2-3); 'Varsity Track Team (2): 'Varsity Baseball (1-2-3-4); Class Baseball (1-2-3-4); Captain Class Baseball (2); thought to be in love (3); Business Manager Student Record (4); Photographs, Artemisia (4).

Empire, Nevada.



ALLEN SAMUEL EDE (Bach), Mines.

"Of all the girls that ever I knew, I never saw one that I thought would do."

Class Debating Team (3); Class Football Team (1-2); Class Baseball Team (2-3-4); Debating Committee (4).

Reno, Nevada.

MABEL HAYWARD BLAKESLEE, L. A.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Reno High School 'oo; Delta Rho; Class Secretary (2); Vice President Class (3); Y. W. C. A. (2-3); Secretary Y. W. C. A. (3); Basketball Manager (4); Executive Committee (4); Tennis Club (4).

Reno, Nevada.

BEN ALLAN EVANS (Poy), ex. '01, Mechanical Engineering.

"The world may come and the world may go, but I go on forever."

T. H. P. O.; T. N. E.; Class Treasurer (4); 'Varsity Football (1-2); Tennis Club (4). Reno, Nevada.



WILLIAM BRYANT THOMPSON (Willyom), Mechanical Engineering.

Post breve tempus ad officium majoris venit.

Class Baseball (1-2-3-4); 'Varsity Baseball (3); Sigma Alpha; Theta Nu Epsilon; Class President (3); Captain Co. B (4); Major Batallion (4); Tennis Club (4).

Reno, Nevada.

MARY ALICE RUDDELL, L. A.

"There are times in a man's life when the companionship of a woman who listens is a great consolation."

Y. W. C. A. (1-2-3-4).

Lovelock, Nevada.

FRED AUGUST NATHAN (Patsy), Mechanical Engineering.

Shy as a Freshman, he used to be;
But as he mounted higher.
It seems to me, aye, verily,
He became Shier, and Shier, and Shier.

Sigma Alpha; T. N. E.; Class President (2); Football Manager (4); Class Treasurer (2); Class Baseball (1-2-3-4); Class Football (1-2); Executive Committee (4); Captain Co. A (4).

Reno, Nevada.



JOSEPH HENRY PRICE (Twilight, Regal, Doc.), Mines.

"The sun sank slowly in the west, at the close of one fatal day,"
And Regal Twilight did the rest when he said "It's too dark to play."

Virginia High School '00; T. H. P. O.; Scholarships (2-3); 'Varsity Baseball Team (1-2-3-4); 'Varsity Baseball Captain (2-3); Class Baseball Team (1-2-3-4); Class Baseball Captain (1-3-4); Artemisia Staff (4); Student Record (4).

Virginia City, Nevada.

AGNES PEARL GIBSON, L. A.

"Never a care on her brow impressed,"
Never a dream of a thought confessed."

Reno High School '00; Class Secretary (3); Class Treasurer (4); Philomathean (1). Reno, Nevada.

' NATHANIEL DAVIS WRIGHT (Farmer), Mechanical Engineering.

A heart so large—that many a girl's image has found room therein.

Sigma Alpha; T. N. E.; Class Baseball (1-2-3-4); 'Varsity Football (2-3-4); Class Treasurer (1); Bum (1-2-3-4).

Reno, Nevada.



FRANK PHILSON THOMPSON (Duke), Mechanical Engineering.

Ye noble knight with ye fiery hayre, Who always chaseth ye ladye fayre,

T. H. P. O.; Theta Nu Epsilon; Football Manager (3); Class President (4); Executive Committee (3); Tennis Club (4); Assistant Business Manager Artemisia (4).

Pioche, Nevada.

GEORGIA RAMMELKAMP, General Science.

"The Gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul.

L. F. G. (1-2-3-4); Y. W. C. A. (1-2-3-4).

Dayton, Nevada.

ALBERT JOSEPH CATON, Liberal Arts.

Born in an age when jokes were rare, This funny man found them everywhere,

Class Baseball Team (1); Class Football Team (1-2); 'Varsity Track Team (2); Student Record Staff (3-4); Vice-President Student Body (4); President Student Body (4); Associate Editor of Artemisia (4); President Executive Committee (4); President-Manager Nevada Academic League (4).

Gold Hill, Nevada.



MABEL GRANT PLUMB, General Science.

A demure little miss, talking of this, talking of that, Who alwas ends up with the words "my frat."

Theta Epsilon (1-2-3-4); Y. W. C. A. (1-2); Class Secretary (1). Tuscarora, Nevada.

GEORGE FRANK WEST (Hi), Mines.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

Class Treasurer (4); First Lieutenant and Adjutant (4); Crucible Club (3-4); Secretary Crucible Club (4); Class Baseball (2-3-4).

Yerington, Nevada.

ANNA BELLE WOODWARD, L. A.

"There's the sunshine of the country, in her her face and manner too."

Class Secretary (3); Treasurer (3); President Y. W. C. A. (2); A. T. P.; Secretary Philomathean (4); L. F. G.

Tuscarora, Nevada.



JAMES VINCENT COMERFORD (Sunny Jim), L. A.

"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man, and writing, an exact man,"

T. H. P. O.; Editor-in-Chief Artemisia (4); Football Manager (4), resigned; Editor of Student Record (3); Independent Association (2-3); Second Eleven Football Team (2-3); Class Football (2); First Lieutenant Co. B.

Here, There, Anywhere.

LAURA ARMANDA ARNOT, L. A.

Many a suitor this fair maid had, But cared not a rap for any lad; But there'll come a time, so the prophets say, When she for a "hubby" will fondly pray.

Delta Rho; Secretary A. A. (2); Executive Committee (2); Class President (3); 'Varsity Basketball (1-2-3-4); Y. W. C. A.; Philomathean (2-3-4); President Philomathean (4); A. T. P.; Tennis Club (4); L. F. G.

Markleville, California.

WILLIAM PRINCE CATLIN (Choppie), Mines.

"Go and succeed, thy rival's aim despise, For never, never, wicked man was Wise,"

Carson High School '00; T. H. P. O.; Track Manager (4); Business Manager Artemisia (4); First Lieutenant and Adjutant (4); Captain Co. B (4); 'Varsity Track Team (2); Executive Committee (4); Class Treasurer (2); Wise all the time.

Carson City, Nevada.

CLASS HISTORY



OUR years ago, in the early fall of '00, there appeared on the U. of N. Campus about fifty lads and lassies, fresh from the farms and mining camps of the State. With the help of the Juniors they were organized into the Class of '04 and launched out upon the sea of University life, which is at times tossed by the tempests of the gods and again smoothed by the tranquility of goodfellowship. Whatever timidity they may have felt in their new surroundings, was soon dispelled through the kindly offices of some benefactors, who chose to keep modestly in the background, while they shoved to the front an unassuming dummy, who awoke one morning to find himself dangling from the chimney of an uncompleted building, and the center of attraction of a group of wrathy students, some of whom desired a more intimate acquaintance with him and others who thought he looked better where he

Since he bore an '03 upon his manly bosom, the Sophs took it much to heart that he should be so exalted, for they were averse to rising above earthly desires. So while the innocent Noughty-fours were deep in the meshes of College algebra, one of the Sophs, a mighty youth, picked his way to the effigy's side, and cutting the rope, allowed him to drop with a sickening thud to the ground. Immediately a mighty cry arose; the Freshies poured from the class-room and forthwith mixed with the Sophs. The Prex, guided by the noise of battle, reached the scene, and with the expenditure of many words and some force from his good right arm, dispersed the combattants and peace prevailed.

The cane rush followed in a few weeks. Thirty seconds after the rush started the cane was in our possession, where it remained for half an hour, and we were declared the victors. However, we do not deserve a great amount of praise for this achievement, for we largely outnumbered our opponents.

A football game was the next athletic event to which our rivals challenged us. This was something that fairly tested our respective abilities. The tide of battle surged back and forth, up and down the field for two twenty-minute halves, without either side scoring.

However, most of the game was played in the Sophomore's territory, and we were only prevented from crossing their goal line, after working to within a foot of it, by two costly fumbles on our part. The final score stood o to o, which was very satisfactory.

At Thanksgiving time we had our Freshman Glee, at which the Sophs were our guests. It was our first attempt at entertainment, and was very successful. All enmity between the two classes was sidetracked for the evening, and nothing occurred to mar the good time.

On a balmy morning in early spring our peace and tranquility was again disturbed. During the night a voyager appeared on the pond before Lincoln Hall. He was tall and ungainly, and wore a cadet uniform, with corporal's cheverons on his arms. To preclude all doubt of his identity be bore a placard upon his breast which proclaimed him a Soph. The Sophs took exception to so much popularity and sought to drown their brave brother. The Freshies were unwilling to see him go to a watery grave, and the dispute that ensued lasted long, and could have been heard for several rods beyond the campus. The Prex and his favorite henchman presently appeared. He was much wrought up, but was soon master of the situation. The trusty vassel built a raft and, setting forth upon the deep, succeeded, after a hazardous voyage, in bringing the much misused corpse to land. As a result of this clash of arms the Freshmen were inveigled into a portentious chamber, where they received much fatherly advice, and finally agreed to take part in no more rushes.

However, a few weeks after this, a jackass with very long ears and bearing a painted '04 on each side, was found in the early morning in the tennis court. Very naturally, we objected to such notoriety, and so abducted the beast with the intention of obliterating the '04's and painting a few '03's here and there. The Sophs got wind of the proceeding and another lively time was



on. In the mixup the "jack" displayed a degree of intellectuality worthy of a Sophomore, by taking his departure very slyly and making for the foothills. We contrived, after much difficulty, to capture him again, and very neatly painted over the '04's, so that he looked like a white "jack" instead of a red one. The end opposite his head was bare of paint, so on this we painted a very artistic '03 and led him back to the campus. Another mixup resulted; again the Prex appeared on the scene. This time much wrath burned in his eyes. Both classes were informed that they could sleep anywhere that night except on the campus, and we betook ourselves to the village. We spent two very pleasant days doing nothing. The two classes lost all feeling of enmity when they were thrown out together into the cold world. They held a very amiable convention, and, upon deciding to do no more rushing, were once more admitted to the halls of learning.

Shortly after this the interclass baseball games commenced. The '04 class were the final victors, defeating even the invincible '01's, who had never before gone down to defeat.



The final exams thinned our ranks very considerably. The following September when we entered as Sophomores some of our best athletes were missing. The cane-rush with the '05 class was our first defeat. We fought as well as we could, but we had not the power to force the cane the 110 yards necessary to a victory.

The football game with the same class resulted in a tie score. After the ball was kicked off our team secured possession of it and worked it down to within twenty or twenty-five yards of the goal. A place kick was then tried, but, being at too great an angle, was missed. The halves were very short; the officials were poor, so that neither side had a chance to show what it could do. Had the game been played under as favorable circumstances as the one of the year before, the score would have been anything but what it was.

The Sophomore Hop followed in due time. We maintained

the favorable reputation as entertainers that we earned the year before. In the spring baseball tournament we again carried off the pennant. The games were very interesting and exciting. More spirit was manifested this year than ever before. The game with the Freshmen was hotly contested, and we were not certain of victory until the last ball had been pitched. The final game was with the 'oz class, who had succeeded in defeating the Juniors. At the end of the third inning the score stood 27 to 0 in our favor, and the Seniors gave up in disgust. During our Freshman and Sophomore years we played six games and won all of them.

The final examinations bespoke the death knell of some of our most prominent members—those who had upheld us honorably ir social way. Moonlight walks and the god Cupid were undoubtedly to blame for this; but, perhaps, it is not for us to criticize. For, is it not better to tread the shady lanes, breathing in the sweet scent of the roses and violets, and holding the tiny hand of a blushing maid in thine, with none but the moon looking on—is it not better to spend our youthful evenings thus than to dig out the mysteries of Euclid or follow the raving of Hamlet? Memories of those evenings will remain and we will live them over long after the hand that traced the circle or the square will be withered and useless. Two years of our college life had gone by, and we realized with a little flutter of the heart that we were upper classmen.

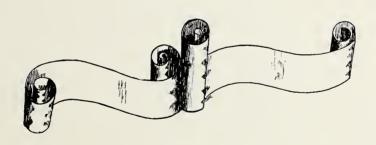
Our Junior year was quiet, yet, perhaps, the most satisfactory of our course. Our two hardest years were past, and having by this time become accustomed to all phases of life at the University, we made the best of our time and managed to make the year seem like a day. At Christmas time we made the Prom a fitting end to the happy-go-lucky semester preceding.

In the spring the easy life of the months just past began to tell, and we manifested a woeful lack of interest in baseball. This was all the more surprising because we always considered baseball one of our strong points. It was entirely due to our listlessness that we put up such a poor game against the Seniors and lost. This year's baseball team has shown some of our Freshman spirit. We have already qualified for the finals by defeating '05, and while we realize that in the deciding game we have a hard team to go against, yet, should we be victorious, we would accept the pennant with becoming modesty and without the quiver of a lash. Altogether our record is very satisfactory. We have to our credit one cane-rush, two baseball pennants; have tied two strong classes in football, and out of eight baseball games have lost but one.

As Seniors we have been conservative, yet democratic enough when it seemed fit. A disposition to look serious y upon life pervades the remnant of our ranks. This speaks well for our future, for it is our earnest desire to make successes of our various callings.

Whatever efforts we have put forth this year have been for the success and advancement of the college as a whole, and we would like nothing better than to see it become a more and more powerful factor in our national education.

Our Alma Mater will ever be dear to us. Its destined success and advancement will cause us to rejoice. As time passes on and our number gradually becomes smaller, we will be happy to think that some part of the world will have been benefited by the ideals we have formed in the four years of goodfellowship that constituted our college life.



Members of Normal Class

MISS DOLLIE BLEVENS
MISS ELOISE ELLIOT
MISS EMMA REGLI
MISS EDNA HAMLIN
MISS SARAH CHASE









CADET OFFICERS

Commandant, CAPTAIN C. T. BOYD, U. S. C.

Major, W. F. Graham (Resigned); W. B. Тномряон. Adjutant, G. F. West.

COMPANY A.

Captain, F. A. NATHAN.
First Lieutenant, F. J. Delonchant.

COMPANY B.

Captain, W. P. CATLIN
First Lieutenant, J. V. COMERFORD.

BAND.

Drum Major, Otto F. Heizer. Instructor, Walter Hastings.







MILITARY ACTIVITIES



IVING due consideration to the progress made by the Battalion under Captain C. T. Boyd during the fall of 1902 and 1903 and the confidence given to the cadets by the consequent good report at inspection, the progress in military affairs has been remarkable. A healthy spirit of rivalry which has arisen between the two companies has in a large measure helped to improve drill and to prevent any unnecessary "deadbeating" on the part of the cadets. So, at the present time the battalion is in as good, if not better, condition than it was under Captain Neal, and gives every indication of perfecting itself. The companies have been practiced in all the phases of squad and company drill, in setting up exercises, and every Wednesday in battalion drill. Friday has been devoted to guard detail. During the rainy days of February the drill hour was devoted to the study of tactics and to lectures on army and campaign life by Captain Boyd. Each company was divided into four sections, each of which was put under the charge of a commissioned officer.

Owing to the fact that Company B won in the competitive drill contest in the spring of 1903, it held the right of line until March of this year. At that time Major Warner C. Graham resigned and was succeeded by W. B. Thompson, until then captain of Company B. He was succeeded by W. P. Catlin, then adjutant, and F. A. Nathan was promoted to the senior captaincy, making Company A the ranking company.

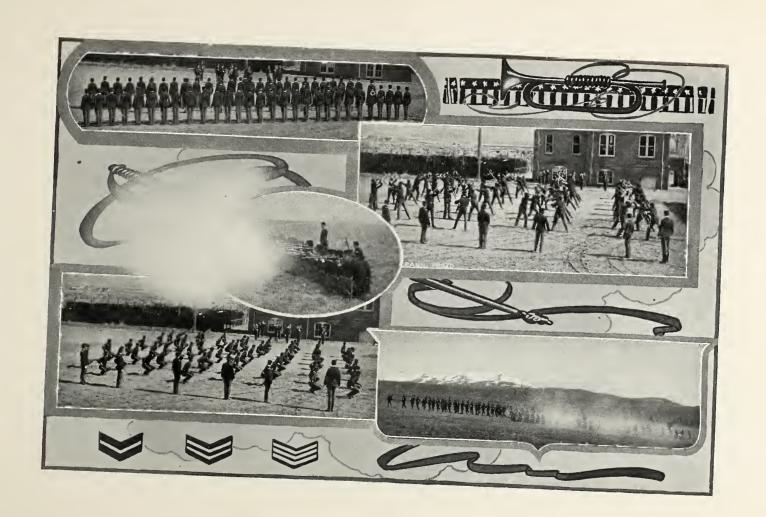
In those lectures where methods in regard to the rescuing of drowning persons and the carrying of the wounded from the field of battle were given, the cadets were made to put them into practice. This tended to create a good spirit among the students, and is a vast improvement over the old method of having the companies simply listen to the lectures. For, by putting the rules into practice, they learn as they never could by mere listening. One of the requirements which has been most strictly adhered to is that each and every member of the battalion know his general orders.

One of the greatest factors in helping to improve the battalion has been the excellent music furnished by the University Band, under

the leadership of Walter Hastings and Otto F. Heizer, drum major. The band during these two semesters has been the best in years and deserves great praise for its efficient work and for the improvement it has given to the battalion at all inspections, parades and guard mounts.

Taking into consideration the marked improvement in the companies as units and as a battalion, the question naturally arises, what has been the cause of this improvement? The answer is simple. There have been five chief factors at work. First is that a keen but friendly rivalry has existed between the companies which has made every member feel personally responsible for the good appearance of his company. Second, the oncoming inspection which the battalion knows it will have to undergo every spring, and the desire for a good report. Third, the excellent music furnished by the University Band, with the consequent spirit it infused into the warlike breasts of the cadets. Fourth, and by no means the least factor, has been the lengthening of the drill period one full hour, and the extra hour of drill per week. Along with these considerations others of a different character must not be passed by. They are the ability of the commandant, Captain C. T. Boyd, to understand the needs of the cadets and to devise means to satisfy their demands. Still another factor is the ability of officers and non-commissioned officers in the line of file closers.













the early 90's the first members of the T. H. P. O. Fraternity banded themselves together in a band of brotherhood and kindred good-fellowship. They realized the meaning and necessity of fraternity life to the upbuilding of character and true manhood. They endeavored to their fullest power to reach the high standard which they set and for which the word fraternity stands. Bound up in the mystery of their four initial letters they are still struggling, still aiming towards an ideal which seems always beyond the power of man to reach.

But they have not been struggling alone. A few years later another body of loyal and determined University men bonded themselves into the Sigma Alpha Fraternity, with high ideals and a kindred spirit of brotherhood and goodfellowship. In the passing years both fraternities have surged ahead with an irrepressible and resolute perseverance, and some day the fruit of their labors will be to possess a national chapter.

A universal spirit of friendship exists among all of the fraternities as bodies, as well as among the individual members. Perhaps this is one reason why fraternity life in the University of Nevada has made a steady, consistent There has been harmony in all branches of fraternity work, and friction between bodies is an unknown factor. For all a friendly

spirit of rivalry exists among the different frats, and each tries to draw within its fold the best available material.

Snobbishness is a thing unknown and the blaze air so common in the larger universities is a thing which has never made its appearance in our little college community. Moreover, non-frat men and women on the hill are treated with the courtesy and consideration due them. The word "barbarian" is a thing unknown here, and any member of any fraternity or sorority who would essay to use it would meet with the keen disapproval of fellow members. In closing, let us remark that we think the fraternities have lived up to the ideal contained in the true definition of the word fraternity: "A banding together of kindred spirits for mutual benefit." It is safe to say that the secret workings of these orders are along those lines which tend to bring about the highest type of manhood and womanhood.





T. H. P. O.

H. R. M. J. 1st, Cassius Smith. H. R. C. W. 2d, C. W. STARK.

SENIORS

J. H. PRICE W. M. KEARNEY

F. P. THOMPSON

E. I. LEAVITT

O. F. HEIZER

J. V. COMERFORD

W. P. CATLIN

JUNIORS

Cassius Smith

W. J. O'NEILL P. J. O'HARA

JOHN WRIGHT

CLAUDE SMITH

C. W. STARK

SOPHOMORES

JOHN SMILEY

Gus Hoffman Juan Brambilla

HALLY UPDIKE

FRESHMEN

CARL WHEELER









SIGMA ALPHA

SENIORS

WARNER GRAHAM

NAT WRIGHT

FRED J. DELONCHANT

F. A. NATHAN

W. B. THOMPSON

JUNIORS

HALLIE BULMER

FRED BLACK

WILL PEARSON

HARRY WILKERSON

DEAN BRADLEY

WILL POPE

JAMES NESBITT

HARRY CHISM

SOPHOMORES

STANFORD WEATHERS

CHESTER TAYLOR

HARRY JONES

BONNIE McBRIDE

HARRY DAVIS

FRESHMEN

CYRIL KNOX

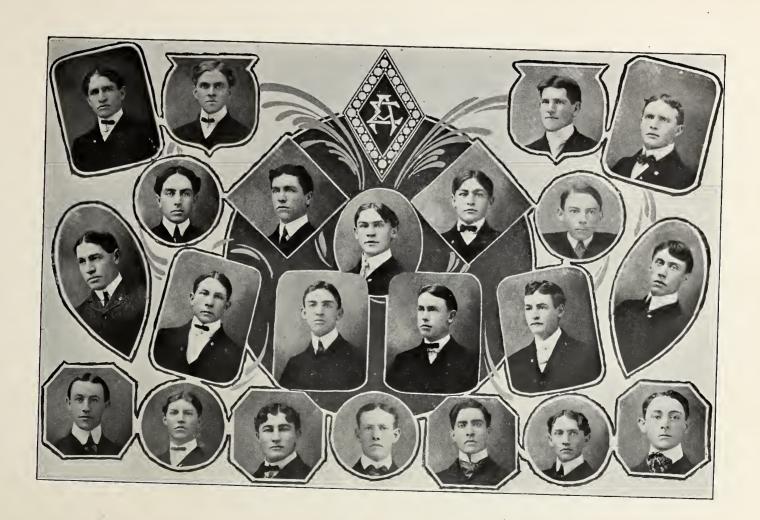
ALEC BOYLE

JAMES HART

SPECIAL

CHARLES SPARKS









SIGMA NU EPSILON

FACULTY

G. F. Blessing J. G. Scrugham

SENIORS

B. A. Evans

W. B. THOMPSON

F. P. THOMPSON

F. A. NATHAN

JUNIORS

W. O'NEILL

C. W. STARK

HARRY WILKERSON

HALLIE BULMER

SOPHOMORES

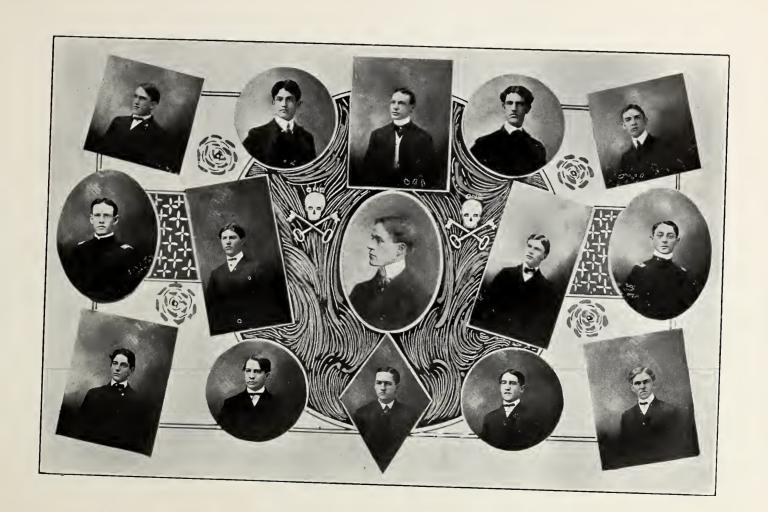
JUAN BRAMBILLA

Gus Hoffman

HALLIE UPDIKE

STANFORD WEATHERS







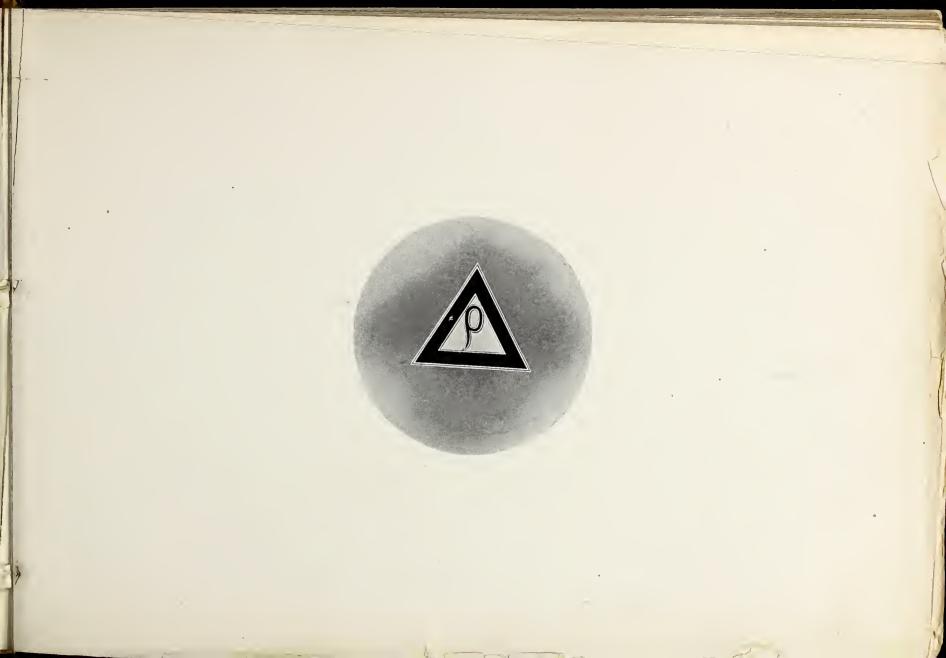
SOR ITES

HE Delta Rho sorority was the first of the two sororities of our University to come into existence. The first members were girls who had grown to womanhood in our own State, and consequently had seen and experienced the hardships of every-day life, and through this experience came to a realization of the real meaning of true sisterhood and mutual protection even before they banded together. So the result of their labors was the organization of the Delta Rho sorority, containing among its members some of the

The next sorority to come into existence was the Theta Epsilon, which, like the Delta Rhos, was founded by the best type of womanhood that the west could produce. The present members stand as living examples of the falsity of the so-called maxim, that beauty of face and form is the outward sign of fickleness, and still cling to the pure ideals set for them by its charter members.

Let us revolve the kaleidoscope of our fraternity life and take a glimpse at the young ladies of the University who are banded together with the same high ideals and noble purposes as the fraternity men under the seal stamped with the expressive word sorority. They, too, perhaps, are banded together for the creation and upbuilding of character. Their influence and purpose is keenly felt by the new girls upon entering the University. They are not only in a fit position to advise the new students, but do in a marked degree encourage and help them when they first begin the struggle of their University life.





DELTA RHO

OFFICERS

JEANETTE E. CAMERON, Omega Iota Sigma LAURA A. ARNOT, Omega Lambda Lambda IVAN E. SESSIONS, Kappa Omega Phi

SENIORS

MABEL H. BLAKESLEE

JEANETTE E. CAMERON

LAURA A. ARNOT

JUNIOR

ALICE MAXWELL

SOPHOMORES

ETHEL LOUISE MARZEN

ALMA L. GOBLE

SADIE J. WEEKS

FRANCIS PIKE

AILENE GULLING

MAUD A. HOBART

SPECIAL

CLEVE PIKE

LAURA SHIER

RESIDENT MEMBERS

Anna Sunderland Kate Bender Mrs. D. W. Hayes

Maude Nash Mrs. J. B. O'Sullivan

Mabel Richardson Beatrice Sunderland

Elizabeth Stubbs Delle Boyd Mabel Sunderland

Aimee Sherman

Maud Patterson

Ivan Sessions

HONORARY MEMBERS

Katherine Reigelhuth Mrs. J. M. Fulton

PLEDGLING Hepburn Michael

78







THETA EPSILON

FACULTY

MILDRED MAUD WHEELER

SENIOR

MABEL GRANT PLUMB

JUNIORS

MARY ELIZABETH COOKE

CATHERINE HAND

MARY ELLA BACON

OBELINE SOUCHEREAU

SOPHOMORES

MABEL FRANCES SNAPP

REINE Ross

BEULAH HERSHISER

FRESHMEN

IRENE MACK

ZITA MADDEN

EDNA SOUCHEREAU

SPECIAL

MYRTIS DUNAWAY









.

A. T. P.

OFFICERS

LUCY R. BRANNIN, T. K. O. H. OLIVE N. WISE, T. W. P. LAURA ARNOT, T. C. G.

SENIORS

Anna B. Woodward Laura A. Arnot

JUNIORS

LUCY R. BRANNIN CATHERINE HAND OLIVE N. WISE ELIZABETH COOKE

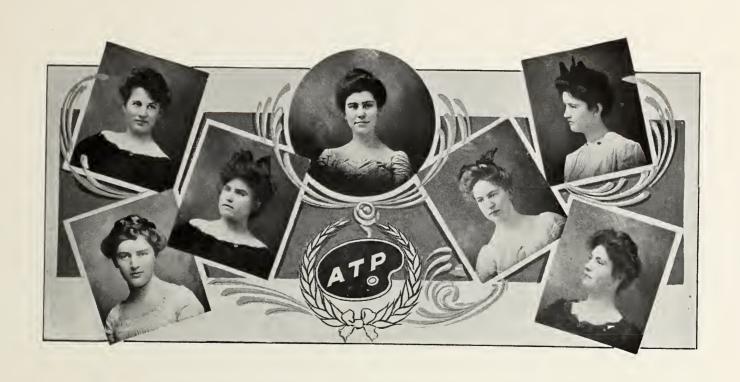
NORMAL

ELOISE ELLIOT

RESIDENT MEMBER

Mrs. J. T. Taylor









PHILOMATHEAN

OFFICERS

LAURA ARNOT, President

ELIZABETH COOKE, Vice President

Anna Woodard, Secretary

POST GRADUATE

PEARL SNAPP

SENIORS

LAURA ARNOT MABEL BLAKESLEE

JUNIORS

CHAS. BULL

Margaret Mayberry
I. X. Steckle

LUCY BRANNIN

A. H. STECKLE

Louis Spellier

SOPHOMORES

ETHEL MARZEN

LAURA McDermott

BERTHA KNEMEYER

Ed. Comerford

Mabel Snapp

ALVINA SIELAFF

ADA MORSE

REINE Ross

LULU McMULLEN

FRESHMEN

ALEX BOYLE

BERTHA PECK

EDNA COLL

NORMALS

EMMA REGLI

ELOISE ELLIOT

LILLIAN WALKER





THE INDEPEDENT ASSOCIATION

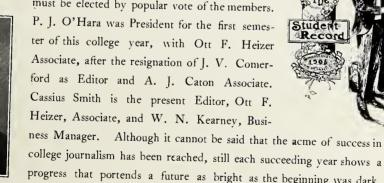


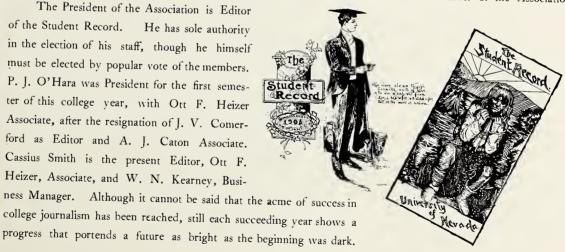


HE Independent Association, since it came into existence, has lived a varied career, but like the ninelived cat, it still lives and thrives. It is under the management of this Association that the Student Record is published. Though a thing apart from the University, as it was so written in the constitution by the charter members, it is now so closely connected with student life and affairs as to be almost indentified with them.

The Artemisia was founded by the Independent Association, which later gave permission to the Senior Class of each year to edit the books with the one consideration that the editor be a member of the Association. The President of the Association is Editor

of the Student Record. He has sole authority in the election of his staff, though he himself must be elected by popular vote of the members. P. J. O'Hara was President for the first semester of this college year, with Ott F. Heizer Associate, after the resignation of J. V. Comerford as Editor and A. J. Caton Associate. Cassius Smith is the present Editor, Ott F. Heizer, Associate, and W. N. Kearney, Business Manager. Although it cannot be said that the acme of success in





CRESCENT CLUB

OFFICERS

NELLIE MAYO, President

HARRY HOLLAND, Vice President

Louise Bryant, Secretary Georgia Nelson, Treasurer

MEMBERS

George Daudel Paul Arnot Roy Leidy

Archie Bell Charles Keo Wm. Middleton

Harry Holland Vernon Westfall Dolph Wertheimer Charles Roeder

Elmer Wedertz Austin Cheatham Nellie Mayo

Etna Petree Louise Bryant Agnes Harvey

May Wilson Grace Stewart Isabelle Miller Louise Barker Hattie Irish

Mildred Brown Phoenie Holmes Georgia Nelson Viva Wilson







THE COURSE IN PUBLIC SPEAKING

By IRVIN W. AYRES, Instructor



EFORE a student can be expected to make a creditable speech, he must know something about speech-making and the characteristics of a good speech. For this reason the course in Public Speaking begins with a theoretical consideration of speech-making in general. The training of the faculties necessary for success is considered—the cultivation of the power of thought, imagination and emotion, and the improvement of language, voice and gesture. Then attention is paid to the question of the preparation of a particular speech, the different methods of speaking being discussed, and the extemporaneous method recommended. By the extemporaneous method it is meant that the speech shall not be read, nor recited from memory, the choice of words being left to the inspiration of the moment; but that it be preceded by

careful study and elaboration of the subject, the logical arrangement of ideas, and careful consideration of the most effective method of presenting the desired thoughts. The different parts of a speech are considered separately, the different methods of introduction and conclusion analyzed, and the purpose of each explained. In this theoretical consideration of the subject, which occupies the first semester, William Pittinger's "How to Become a Public Speaker" is used as a text. In supplementary lectures the instructor explains, elaborates and illustrates the principles of the text, and adds suggestions drawn from his own observation and experience.

The work of the second semester consists of the application of the principles previously considered. Every member of the class is required to make several speeches on different subjects. As far as time permits, the subject-matter, its arrangement and method of presentation, and the delivery are criticized, and suggestions made for improvement in the direction indicated. As far as possible, the students are made to feel at ease, and to express their thoughts freely, without fear or restraint owing to the presence of the instructor or of other members of the class.

Practice in speaking, especially debating, is eminently calculated to promote quickness and accuracy of thought, to improve one's bearing, and to teach control of one's faculties under distracting and embarrassing conditions. Such, in brief, are the ideals of the course in Public Speaking.

ALPHA BETA

MEMBERS

ALLAN EDE . JOHN WRIGHT H. MASSEY ALFRED HAMLIN MARK KELLEY

Fred Freeman M. Davidovich

HAROLD LOUDERBACK

WAITE BORDEN

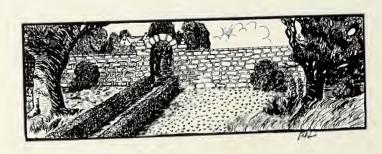
SARAH CHASE

LAURA McDERMOTT

Edna Hamlin

MARY ARMS

EMILY BERRY









Y. W. C. A.

HE Young Women's Christian Association of the Nevada State University was organized on March 25, 1898, with nineteen charter members. It is the only religious organization in the University at present and has a membership of about thirty-five young women, twenty of which are active members and the remainder associate members.

Last year, through donations of friends, the young ladies fitted up a very pleas ant meeting room in Stewart Hall. This room is also used as a rest and study room for young ladies who do not live on the campus.

Miss Harriet H. Brown, Coast Secretary, has paid several visits to the Association during the past year. She was accompanied on her visit in January, 1904, by

Miss Mary Bentley, General Secretary of the Association at Berkeley. Daily meetings were held by these workers, and through them the spiritual life of the organization was strengthened. Three bible study classes were organized at that time. The work in these classes, under the leadership of Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. Etcheverry and Mrs. Adams has proved very beneficial.

At the first of each year receptions are tendered in the gymnasium to the new students. By means of these receptions the new students have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the faculty and old students before the regular work of the University begins. A very pleasant feature this year has been the afternoon teas held each month at the homes of friends of the Association. It has been the custom of the Y. W. C. A. to hold some kind of an entertainment during the second semester of each year for the purpose of raising funds to send delegates to the annual convention held at Capitola, California.

The officers of the Young Women's Christian Association are Miss Beulah Hershiser, President; Miss Ada Morse, Vice President; Miss Lillian Walker, Recording Secretary, and Miss Ollie Wise, Treasurer.

CRUCIBLE CLUB

FACULTY

G. J. Young J. A. Reid

SENIORS

WARNER GRAHAM Fred Delonchant William Kearney OTTO HEIZER ALLAN EDE J. H. PRICE G. F. WEST

JUNIORS

CLAUDE SMITH C. W. STARK Cassius Smith WILLIAM POPE JAMES NESBITT DEAN BRADLEY H. B. BULMER HARRY CHISM William Pearson Walter Palmer

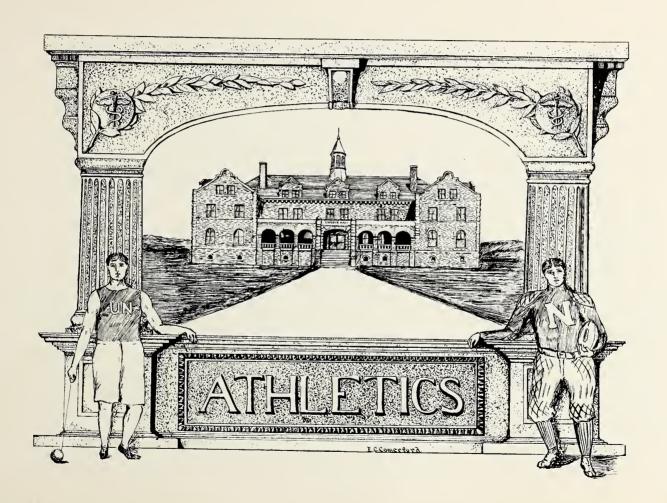
SPECIALS

F. D. BLACK F. LANGHORST









FOOTBALL TEAM

DR. A. C. STECKLE, Coach

F. A. NATHAN, Manager

FRANK SMITH, Captain

FRANK FRIESELL, Right Half

I. X. STECKLE, Left Half

JAMES HART, Full

C. Knox, Right End

B. C. LEADBETTER, Quarter

F. SMITH, Left End

C. HART, Right Tackle

H. Menke, Right Guard

WM. LAWRENCE, Left Guard

E. I. LEAVITT, Center

A. H. STECKLE, Left Tackle

SUBSTITUTES

N. WRIGHT

G. Hoffman

H. STANDERWICK

HARRY CHISM







FOOTBALL AT THE U. OF N.

By Cassius Smith



BOUT ten years ago, through the untiring efforts of Dr. Joseph Edward Stubbs, President of the Nevada State University, and members of the faculty, we were introduced to the grand old game of football. Perhaps never before in the history of Nevada athletics was there to us a more welcome acquaintance made. A team was organized, and without the assistance of a coach the elementary principles of the game were studied and put into practice. This was the infancy of our football career. The members of that pioneer team are to-day scattered throughout the world, perhaps little realizing that their initiative and fundamental efforts in this branch of education is to-day appreciated in the University. While the result of their introductory work did not perhaps fulfill their expectations, they established a strong foundation for future success. The many disadvantages under

which they labored, followed by disappointments and bitter defeats, were not discouraging to them. They laid out their work with the purpose in view that in future years it would be emulated by the brawn and sinew of the University. During that first season Belmont College defeated us 70 to o. Since that time up to the present there has been a steady, consistent advance in this field of work, and to-day we can proudly say that we are recognized as a redoubtable football aggregation. While we have not always been successful, we take pride in saying that we have been victorious over the University of California, Leland Stanford University, University of Utah, Santa Clara College, San Jose Normal School, Chico Normal School, University of the Pacific, Fort Baker Artillery team, and repeatedly the Reliance Athletic Club of Oakland. Firmly believing that some day the great universities of the west would come to recognize



our ability as football players, we labored. Now that our expectations have been transformed into a realization we are happy. It required years of faithful work, followed by repeatedly changing coaches, to accomplish this end. President Roosevelt, in his recent speech before the people of Reno, stated that "the greatest happiness attainable by man, the greatest joy that can come to a human being, is a concentration of one's efforts toward a worthy end." This, our honored President said, "was the crowning happiness of life." Now, this is ust what Nevada has been doing, and we have reached that end.

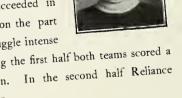


The opening of the 1903 season was characterized by a sufficient number of both old and new men to insure spirited competition for all positions on the eleven. Later on this vigorous competitive spirit lagged, and to a careful observer it was plainly evident as to who would be on the first team. The first game of the season was played in Reno with the Nevada Alumni. The Alumni eleven was composed of "old stars" who showed superior headwork, which resulted in winning for them a victory. The final score stood, Alumni 5, Nevada 0. On October 15th the second game of the series, with the Fort Baker Artillery team, was played on Evans' field. Nevada proved herself to

have far the better team, winning easily by a score of 45 to 0. At no time throughout the game was Nevada's goal in danger. In offensive play the 'Varsity showed a marked improvement over the game

with the Alumni, but on defensive play it was plainly demonstrated that the team needed more work.

The third game of the schedule, with the Reliance Athletic Club of Oakland, was also played in Reno, on Evans' field. The men from the City of Oaks, by clever headwork and sureness in handling the ball, succeeded in making the only touchdown of the day. Nevada played the best offensive game, but repeated fumbles on the part of the 'Varsity lost them many yards. Throughout the entire duration of the struggle intense



excitement on the sidelines prevailed, the final score always being in doubt. During the first half both teams scored a field goal. The club men were badly winded, due to the great change in elevation. In the second half Reliance forced the ball over for a touchdown, making the final score, Reliance 11, Nevada 5.

As a result of these preliminary games, the season did not appear any too prosperous. We had lost two games, and the last one was to be immediately followed by games with the two greatest universities in the west. The Oakland team had repeatedly been defeated by both Stanford and the University of California, and as we had

expected to beat them, and failed, gloom reigned throughout the college halls and dormitories. Our men, however, were not discouraged, and a week later the team departed for the city of palms and roses to compete with the Leland Stanford eleven. In this game Nevada proved herself superior to the Stanford men in generalship. Throughout the entire fray neither team was able to score. Nevada had a slight advantage in both offensive and defensive play. The final score was, Stanford o, Nevada o. We had tied the Stanford eleven.



Our team was certainly showing a marked improvement—the result of faithful work. The eleven at once returned to Reno and were given a thorough grounding in both offensive and defensive play.

After two weeks of faithful, conservative practice, the team was ready for the fifth game—the University of California. The sound of the referee's whistle, indicating that the time for battle had come, found twenty-two well-trained athletes crouching in their various positions on the U. of C. football field at Berkeley. The pigskin was booted far out into California territory, and the game was on. All during the first half neither team was able to make a consistent advance. Silently, desperately, and with dogged determination the two rival

elevens struggled. Nevada played strong. On the other hand, California realized that she might meet defeat. The second half was opened with just as much fire and dash as had characterized the previous part of the game. The Berkeley rooters thundered encouragement to their struggling players. Early in the half California had forced Nevada down near her goal. It looked as though the California giants could not be denied a touchdown. Nevada clinched her teeth and played ball, the result being that California was held for downs. A few minutes later came





the play in which the pride and glory of the University of California was trodden under foot.

Nevada, after the Michigan style, executed a terrific mass-on-tackle play, which netted several yards. Again, the same formation being used, California expected the play to be repeated, but, instead, the old-fashioned quarter-back fake was executed, with the result that Nevada got away and ran seventy yards to a touchdown.

There was gloom in the Berkeley bleachers. There was a noticeable huskiness in the "Osky, wow! wow!" that followed. Nevada's half dozen sympathizers went wild with joy. Nevada, for the first time in her athletic history, had scored against and might defeat the pride of Berkeley. Throughout the remainder of the game California would

rush Nevada down the field and try for a place kick. Nevada would kick up the field, and California would promptly return it and repeat the attempt for a field goal. Once Nevada was forced back for a safety. The game ended with the final score, Nevada 6, California

2. The best play on both offense and defense was done by the California team. Nevada excelled in headwork. The victorious team, upon their return to Reno, were tendered a proper and fitting reception, which only showed in a weak way the deep appreciation the



In the meantime several games had been arranged with the best teams in the northwest—namely, Washington University had for their work. State University, Oregon Agricultural College and Puget Sound University. It was quite an undertaking to send our team as far north as Seattle. The trip was too far, and the players to a certain extent were weary upon their arrival. However, arrangements were made, and late in November the Nevada eleven found themselves comfortably ensconsed in a Pullman sleeper and were speeding toward the Canadian boundary. It required three days for the men to reach their destination. At last the time came, and the train thundered into the Seattle depot.

The team was at once taken to the finest hotel in Seattle and well cared for by the University of Washington students. The following afternoon the game was played. The northern papers pronounced it the most beautiful game of ball ever seen in that city. Washington was remarkably strong on defense, while Nevada showed superior work on offense. The only score of the game was a safety, and Washington scored this. From all fair accounts, the two teams were evenly matched, and although Washington won, she had met opponents just as worthy as herself.



After the game the boys were given a royal banquet by the Washington State University. Many prominent citizens of Seattle were present, and an enjoyable evening was spent. The next day the eleven departed for Puget Sound University, where the seventh game was to be played. The game with the Tacoma giants was fiercely contested throughout, there being much rivalry between Puget Sound and the U. of W., and as a result Puget Sound wanted to roli up a larger score than did Washington. The game ended with Puget Sound the victors by a score of 10 to 0. The team immediately departed for Corvallis, Oregon, where the last game of the schedule was to be played. Corvallis received Nevada with open arms. The following day upon the beautiful Corvallis field

the game was played, resulting in a victory for Corvallis by a score of 15 to 0. 'This series of games had required almost two weeks away from class and college, and the boys at once returned home.

Looking back over the season's work, Nevada had played eight games, had won two, tied one and lost five. While the result of the games in the north did not fulfill the expectations of the players, the Nevada State University is satisfied. Our representative football team had done their best.



A large share of the success of the season's work belongs to the faithful second eleven. They devoted the entire season toward helping develop the 'Varsity team, and as a compensation for their helpful service they received only a trip to Chico, California. The glad news was not made known to them until the 'Varsity team was in the northwest playing their final games. The game with Chico was a most sportsmanlike affair, and was won by Chico. Score, Chico 12, Nevada 5. After the game the hospitable Normals gave the boys a magnificent reception. The second eleven returned home feeling that they had been right royally treated, and with many

good wishes for the Chico Normals.

The helping benefits Nevada has received from football are many and varied. We are living in an age of activity—a commercial age. Our youth go forth into the world physically strong. They are capable of putting up a strong resistance and battling with strong competition. We must be able to think and act quickly, and this is one of the helpful lessons received from football. "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day." Football





games are never postponed, never put off. As a result, we systematize our work. We know just what will be done at a certain place, and at a certain time. The football player is taught to work—not to work blindly on, but with a purpose in view, and not to become discouraged when forced to defeat. The football man developes a coolness of nerve which is of inestimable value at critical moments; and, lastly, the moral effects of football do more to elevate society than any other function of college life. Men are taught to care for their physical being. An active mind and muscle go hand in hand. Where the physical being is undeveloped, the intellect is to a certain degree sluggish. Build up the physique, and the mind will find additional nourishment. Of the many foot-

ball players Nevada has graduated, not one has been a failure. They are taught to work, and find an everlasting pleasure in working with a purpose ahead. It is hoped next year's team will continue with the same vigor and determination as those who have gone before.

THE '03 TRACK TEAM

Dr. A. C. STECKLE, Coach

JAMES McVicar, Manager

Cassius Smith, Captain

Hundred-yard Dash-Friesell, Hoffman, I. X. Steckle

220-yard Dash-Friesell, Hoffman, Wrinkle

440-yard Dash-I. X. STECKLE, BRAMBILLA, STANDERWICK

880-yard Run-Spellier, Claude Smith

One-mile Run-Taylor, Claude Smith

120-yard Hurdles-Friesell, Luke

220-yard Hurdles-Friesell, Luke

Broad Jump-Barker, F. Smith, Friesell

High Jump-F. SMITH, FRIESELL

Pole Vault-BARKER, J. HART

Hammer and Shot-Bull, Cassius Smith, A. H. Steckle







Track Athletics in the U. of N.

RACK athletics in the Nevada State University is as old as the college itself. Advancement in this branch of college sport has been remarkably slow, but, at the same time, very consistent. The conditions under which we labor are adverse in many ways, and consequently the growth has been retarded. The first drawback is our isolated position, which results in our inability to secure meets with outside clubs and universities. The second is the limited number of track men in the college; and the third is the lagging interest manifested by many who, if they would, might become good athletes. There is no better exercise to bring about a well-rounded physical development than running, jumping and weight-throwing, and whatever advance we have brought about in this sport is simply due to the personal worth of the few individuals who have taken hold and kept the sport alive. As time rolls along so will we continue to advance, but it will be slow, as is any undertaking that is not properly supported.

M. C. Murphy, the greatest authority on college field sports, says: "He who conquers himself is greater than he who conquers kingdoms." He goes on to say that the successful athlete is he who sees to it that his physical condition is perfect. Students should study their own frame and the laws that regulate each separate part. Each man who goes in for track and field honors should know exactly what to eat, how long to sleep and what exercise to take in order that he may feel at his best.

In future years more determined efforts to get meets should be put forth. By starting in two or three months ahead of time, it is possible for us to arrange games with Stanford and U. C., as well as Washington and Oregon. When this is done and our schedule made out, the spring months would no doubt witness many more ambitious, progressive athletic aspirants on the field.

TRACK RECORDS

100-yard dash, 10 1-5 seconds, Caine '93, Moorman '01, Friesell '06. 220-yard dash, 23 2-5 seconds, Moorman '01. 440 yards, 53 seconds, Moorman '01. 880 yards, 2:08 3-5, Case '02. One mile, 4:45 1-5, Jameson '00. 120-yard hurdles, 17 seconds, Luke '03. 220-yard hurdles, 26 1-5 seconds, Friesell '06. High jump, 5 feet 8 inches, Ward '01, F. Smith '04, Friesell '06. Broad jump, 21 feet, 11 inches, Friesell '06. 16-lb. hammer throw, 144 feet, C. Smith '05. 16-lb. shot-put, 41 feet, C. Smith '05.

The '03 Basketball Team

JEANETTE CAMERON, Captain

FLORENCE KENT, Manager

GOALS

ELIZABETH COOK

LAURA ARNOT

KATHERINE HAND

GUARDS

PHINIE FINK

MAUDE WARREN

CARRIE ALLEN

CENTERS

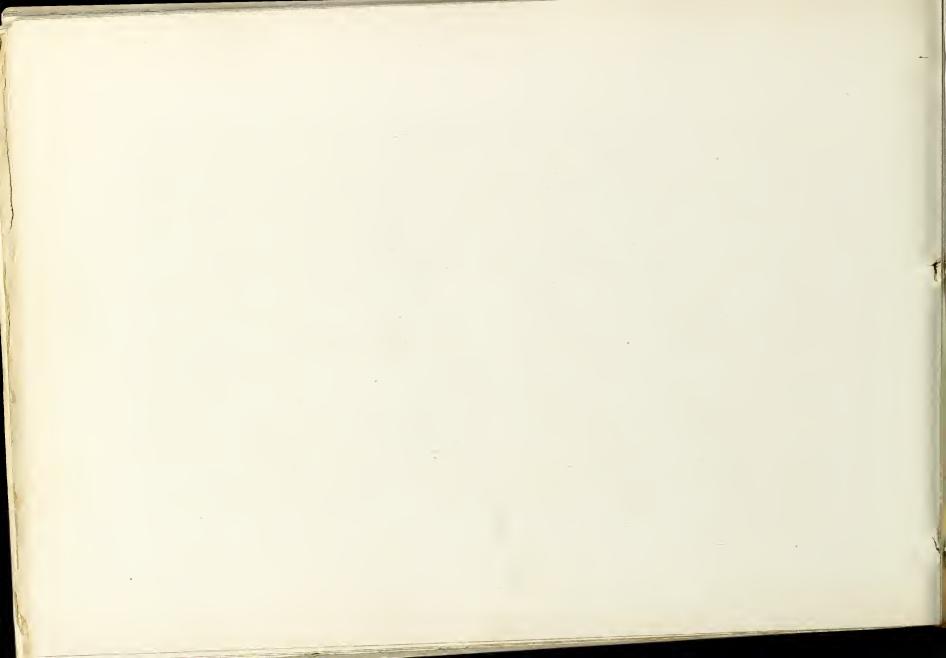
OLLIE WEATHERS

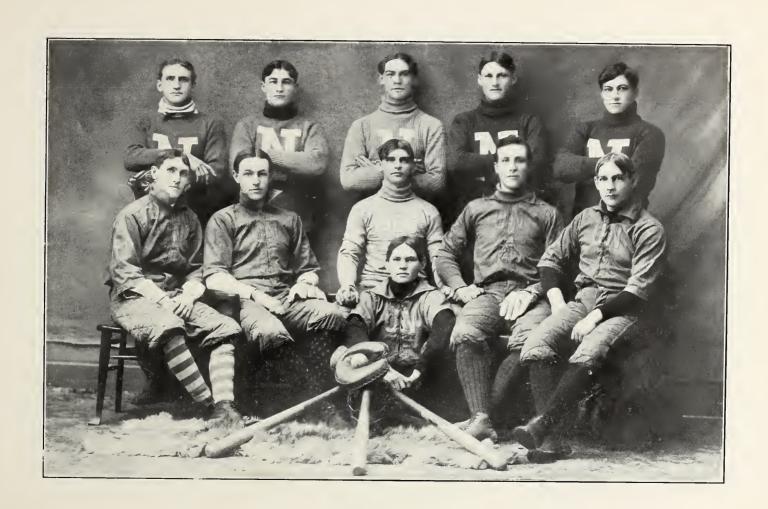
JEANETTE CAMERON

LILLIAN ESDEN











U. of N. Athletic Association

ACK in the early days of the University, after it was removed to Reno, an association of the students was formed for the purpose of fostering athletic sports. The records of the earlier meetings are lost, the minutes for the year 1895 being the oldest now extant. Upon reading over these minutes one is led to wonder if, in these days of advancement, the Athletic Association is really keeping abreast of the times or retrograding. Certain it is that in those days more meetings of the Association were called and more business was transacted than at present. This is something that the students of to-day would do well to look into, for only in unity is there strength; and the desire to cut meetings short and to shift whatever responsibility which may fall on the individual members, will, unless corrected, ultimately defeat the very end for which the Association has been founded.

The Association at first did not consist of all students of the University, as it does at present; but only those male students who should pay one dollar entrance fees and a monthly assessment of thirty-five cents. Now, since the Association was made to consist of all students, male and female, of the University, the fee is regulated by the Executive Committee of the Association and the Faculty Committee on Athletics, and is usually two dollars, paid at the beginning of each semester. The Executive Committee comprises the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer of the Association and the managers of the different athletic teams. It has full power to transact any business for the Association and to act in place of the Association at any time.

The benefits of such an association of the students are many and varied. Since each one has a voice in all matters pertaining to athletics, he or she takes a vital interest in the successes of the various athletic sports. A concentration of capital is attained, without which it would be impossible to carry on athletic contests, since we are comparatively isolated from other colleges. By this concerted action on the part of the students, and by this alone, is it possible to foster athletics, and thus make our presence felt in the athletic world.

On reading over the old minutes one is struck by the following entry on November 22, 1895: "Received a challenge from the Faculty to play a game of football on Thanksgiving day; game to commenced at 1:30 sharp. Accepted." That was the birth of athletics in the University, at a time when the institution was very little known, even within the boundaries of our own State. Since that time the successes of our teams on the gridirou have made us a factor in the athletic world.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF A. A.

A. J. CATON, President

ELIZABETH COOKE, Secretary

I. X. STECKLE, Treasurer

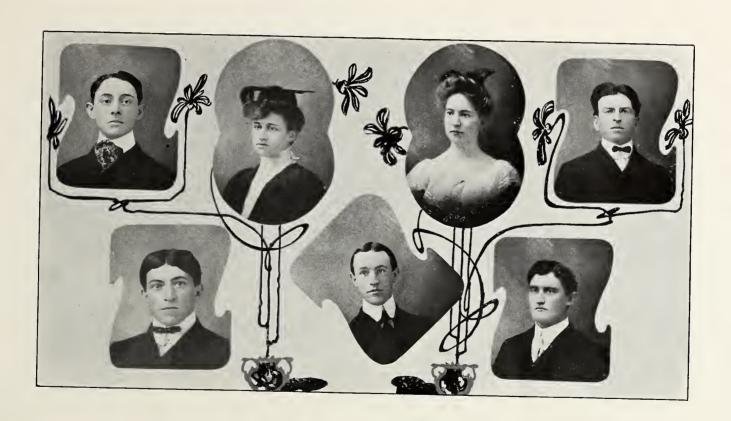
F. A. NATHAN, Football Manager

W. P. CATLIN, Track Manager

W. F. Graham, Baseball Manager N

MABEL BLAKESLEE, Basketball Manager







DEBATING

By Harold Louderback

HE Student Body, following the tendency of the last few years, the ultimate end of which is complete student management of college affairs, put debating at the beginning of the present college year under complete student control. We find at Nevada a more complete control than at any of our neighboring institutions, where the Faculty must be consulted in regards to "outside" debates. It was hard at first, but the wisdom of putting the tender plant of debating under such experimenting hands as those of the

students has shown itself a success. College debating is a far more sturdy plant than those best acquainted with conditions had reason to expect.

Under the control of a representative committee of the University it has struggled through a slough of various misfortunes. Our outside relations, which we were so anxious to have continue and to extend, due to internal opposition, could not be attended to until late—and when too late, we could not get debates for this year. Stanford and California were eager to debate us, but would not offer representative teams, and, as we but had a representative Nevada team, we offered to contend as equals, but not otherwise—such was the decision of the committee.

The nearness of the end of the first term, when the committee came into power, was
the cause of the putting off, for that semester, of the class debates. After quite a wait, it was discovered that intercollegiate debating for this year could not be had; it was then that the class representatives showed a spirit of action
which we cannot too much commend. With but two months or so of the college year left, they voted to have the
class debates. Each class has loyally done its part, and certainly extra praise is due the Seniors, who, although so near
to the end of their college careers, yet loyally responded and contested in order that the series of class debates might go
through. With this strong spirit of class debating, we have a precedent, if followed, which assures us of a force and
source on which we can draw for our future intercollegiate contests and assures us of that which will keep us to the

fore in debating. The Senior-Junior Debate—Resolved, "That Mormonism in the United States Should Be Abolished by Law," was held in the Gym March 30, 1904. Miss Anna Woodward and Allen Ede represented the Senior Class and Miss Emily Berry and Harold

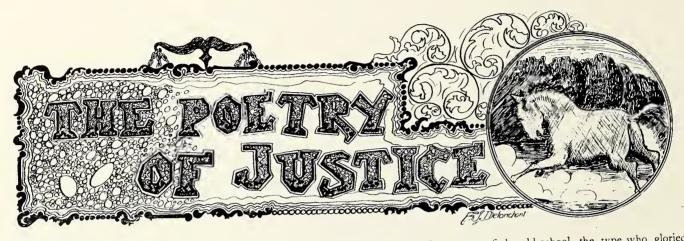
Louderback the Junior. The Sophmore-Freshman debate, Resolved, "That it is to the best interests of civilization that Russia wins the present Russo-Japanese war," was held in the Gym on April 13, 1904. The final debate between the victors for the class championship will be held about the middle or last of May.

Debating has not had the start or support that athletics has, but it is rapidly diminishing the distance, and we have but to look forward a few years when it will be abreast. It is something that our numbers should not effect, as they do track and football contests. May we not hope for a foremost place? The more prominent we become as a college the more debating will be forced to the front. Athletics give an "N," but not the less to be proud of is the debating pin which we can look at and wear with pride in later years.

The organization of the Debating Association for the present year is as follows: Miss Isabel Miller, Special; Miss Edna Hamlin, Normal; Mr. Milar Davidovich, Freshman; Mr. Harry Cazier, Sophmore; Mr. Harold Louderback, Junior; Mr. Allen Ede, Senior, and manager of debating, Mr. Harold Louderback.









IM GARRETT was horse-wrangler for the I. X. L. outfit. He was one of the old school, the type who gloried in conquering a horse for the pure animal enjoyment of the combat, just as their ancestors of the Stone Age had conquered the animals of their day with little save their own strength and cunning. For twenty years he had ridden all that had come his way and had yet to be thrown. His skill was the salt of his life, and his reputation as a man who had never yet been thrown known throughout the range.

One day when the bunch of extras was corralled for fresh mounts a stranger was noticed among them. It was a black stallion of unusual size with a curious white blaze over one eye. As soon as Jim saw him he said, "He is mine." Pete, a Mexican, with no mean reputation as a bronco-buster himself, looked the new horse over, noted the blaze over one eye, piously crossed himself after the fashion of his race, and muttered: "Mucho diablo, no good." Jim only laughed, with the observation that "a Greaser's nerve wouldn't stand for much 'cept shooting jack rabbits,

anyhow." But he called the stallion Diablo, and announced that the next Sunday morning he would "twist him."

The whole camp turned out to see the fun. Diablo was roped, thrown and saddled in a trice and the broad leather blind pulled down over his eyes. He scrambled to his feet and stood trembling with legs braced far out, rocking to and fro as does a new-born calf. There was something hard and strange and cold between his teeth, a broad band as of a thousand needles across the soft, tender skin of his belly, a heavy weight on his back and all was dark. He jumped forward, there was a keen sting across his shoulders; then something sharp cut into his flanks and started the warm blood trickling down his sides. He started running, fast then faster, and stopping suddenly with all four feet bunched and head low, rocked swiftly to and fro. There came a cry in his ears and the sharp sting on his shoulders. He reared up, striking out wildly with his forefeet, jumped, kicked and plunged, but still he could not free himself. What was this on his back? Was it a wild beast about to tear him? Every savage instinct of self-protection was aroused. He threw himself backward to the ground and



Every savage instinct of self-protection was aroused. He threw himself backward to the ground and rolled, but scrambling to his feet was again assailed. Again came the tear of its claws on his sides and its cry in his ears. It was a battle royal between beast and beast. Then he remembered the trick he had played years before when the wildcat had dropped on his shoulders as he passed under the rocks in the canon. He trotted a few steps, stopped, and then, with an angry snort, sprang high into the air and with one twist of his sinuous spine turned completely in his tracks. As he felt the ground there was a yell, a sudden lessening of the weight and he was free.

Twenty feet away Jim slowly rose from the dust. He took the good natured gibes of the boys in silence, but all could see that he felt that his pride was broken. That night he had nothing to say around the camp fire, and the next morning at breakfast the cook reported that before daylight Jim had come to him for a couple of days' grub and that he had seen him, just as the sun rose, riding off leading the black stallion. Jim's departure excited but little comment, as it was customary for a

"wrangler" to hunt a new outfit after being "piled" before all the boys.

At the rodeo next year two cows broke from the bunch and headed for a small mesa above the river. In turning them, one of the boys rode close to a lone pinon tree. He stopped and, in response to his call, his partner rode over to him. Sitting against the tree and bound to it by three wraps of stiffened rawhide was the skeleton of a man and about twenty feet away lay the bones of a horse with the

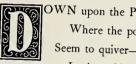
noose of the riata still about its neck. A hunting knife, still in its sheath, with "J. G." cut into its handle told who had owned it. It was evident to them that Jim had picketed Diablo to the tree and sat down to watch him struggle himself to death. He had dozed, and Diablo, in his terror, had circuited the tree and bound him to it so he could not free himself and both fettered in a living death had slowly starved.

The next Sunday all of the boys from the ranch came out and Jim was buried under the tree, and one of the boys, who had but lately arrived from the outside, spent his spare moments in carving on the end of a cracker box, which he nailed on the tree over Jim's grave, IIM GARRETT. Died May, 1880. The poetry of justice.





By Shelley Sutton, Boise City, Idaho.



OWN upon the Payette river . Where the porphry cliffs arise— Seem to quiver-seem to shiver-In the cold inclement skies.

> Where the stream is sleeping calmest And the willows softly wave Sings a robin, vernal psalmist, O'er a lone sequestered grave.

There are many who remember Her who sleeps beneath that tomb, And when winds in chill December Whistle through the wintry gloom.

When the snow lies deep and hoary And the river banks are drear, They will pour the doleful story In the list'ning stranger's ear.

> They will tell how little Allie Lived and lost and loved and died, Sweet Syringa of the valley Sleeping by the river's side!

How she loved the young vaquero Who would ride across the plain In his chappes and broad sombrero Through the blizzard or the rain. Just to meet the rancher's daughter,

Just to see the valley's pet,

Down beside the dreaming water,

Down beside the calm Payette!

How one night they rode together—
(Was it fate, or was it chance?)
O'er the mountain; o'er the heather,
To a distant village dance.

How she met the handsome stranger—
How her lover vainly tried
To convince her of the danger
She was in while at his side.

How her youthful heart was gladdened

By the jealousy she wrought,

While her lover watched her—maddened—
In a soul consuming thought.

How he passed at midnight from her
Out into the silent night,
While the amber moon of summer
Bathed him in its mellow light.

How his broncho swiftly bore him
Onward to the valley dim,
How he paused, and, reaching o'er him,
Tied his lasso to a limb.

How upon the morn they found him Swinging ghastly to and fro— Wild syringas blooming round him And the river just below.

They will tell how little Allie

Mourned above his coffin lid—

Illow she wandered up the valley

In the vesper shadows hid.



How she paused upon the margent
Of the silent, sleeping stream,
Gliding, like a flood of argent,
Through the valley's tranquil dream.

How she raised her arms above her
With a low resounding wail—
Heard the whisper of her lover
In the waters of the vale.

How they found her on the morrow—
Found her in the river's bed—
Freed from every earthly sorrow,
Rigid, silent, cold and dead!

Down beside the silent river,

Down beside the cold Payette,
In that sleep that lasts forever,

Lies the valley's young coquette.

She is sleeping—she has perished— Where are now her artful wiles? Where the beauty that she cherished? Where her heart-alluring smiles?

There are many who remember

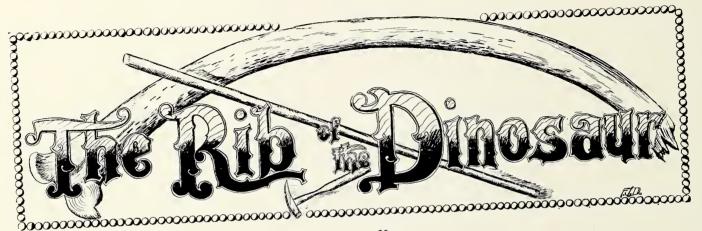
Her who sleeps within that tomb,

And when winds in dark December

Whistle through the wintry gloom.

When the snow lies deep and hoary
And the river banks are pale
They will tell the doleful story
Of "Syringa of the Vale."





By John Harold Hamlin.

ROFESSOR SCREEDS rubbed the one fragmentary patch of hair on his pink scalp; the manner in which he did this bespoke deep meditation. The cause of his perplexing thoughts lay on the desk before him in the guise of a blue tinted sheet of note paper quite filled with a dashing style of chirography.

The professor had read what was written thereon twice through—he now scanned it a third time, and while he lingered over the three signatures at the bottom a bell clanged forth the period for his geology class. Then came the students—seven men filed in with an air no varsity man can assume until the fourth year has moulded him into a Senior.

Scarcely were these male dignitaries seated when a trio of co-eds tripped into the room and fluttered to three chairs directly in front of Professor Screed's desk.

A noticeable

The last bell rang; whispered communication ceased; roll call read, and the Senior geology class marked all present. A noticeable lull followed, during which the professor resumed the rubbing of his thinly thatched crown, seeming to gather courage while so doing.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said briskly, "before we begin recitations this morning I have an announcement to make. To-morrow the class goes on its practical investigation jaunt. Heretofore, the young ladies have been excluded from these trips; to-morrow they may accompany us if they so desire. Mr. Stevens' what can you tell us of the Jurassic period?"

Mr. Stevens evidently had not recovered from that startling announcement, for he merely stated, "Well, wouldn't that jar you?"

Probably a current of sympathy passed from professor to student, for the former neglected to reward this explosive answer with a "goose egg" as he put the question to Miss Loveman, who rippled into a nervous discourse on the culminating period of the Mesozoic era.

As a whole, the recitations were ambiguous and decidedly off color; the men inclined to be sulky; the ladies visibly excited. So unsatisfactory was the session that the professor dismissed the class with a reprimand to come better prepared next time.

"Better prepared for what, I wonder?" growled Pete Bliss before he got fairly out the door. "Suppose he means better prepared to hear we're to drag a bunch of silly girls up nills and down canons. Huh! Not in a thousand years."

"Wouldn't it jar you!" exclaimed "Quiz" Stevens.

"Believe you said that before, Quiz, but you must mean it, for it sure does jar us," remarked Clarence Allen.

"What puzzles me, fellows, is how the old boy got such a weird notion into his head," and Jerry Brown's looks upheld his words.

"Oh, those girls have been bugs to go with us from the first. They've turned some of 'em loose on the professor and he could'nt say 'Nay, nay, Pauline,'" said chubby "Spot" Allison, whose Senior dignity was cultivated and hard to maintain.

Mr. Lane possessed a susceptible heart along with a stratum of chivalry, and he dared to express his views. "Let the girls come if they want to. Why, it will be jolly good fun-rather a picnic." James Miller hadn't the courage to side in with Lane, for everybody knew how wofully Miss Loveman's adorable eyes had him ensnared; yet he alone refrained from lending a hand in the prompt rolling of

Meantime the three co-eds implicated were holding a victorious consultation on the steps of Morrill Hall. Miss Theresa Loveman's purple eyes sparkled more brightly than ever. "He's a dear, girls, a perfect dear. But I was confident he could'nt refuse that petition we laid on his desk."

"Those horrid boys, though, Tessie," spoke Estelle Whitney, scathingly. "They're so hateful about it; I know we'll have a

nasty time to-morrow."

The third co-ed, pretty Cloy Bemis, irreverently remarked, "Oh, I am going to wear my new walking skirt and that lovely blue shirt waist and my chic cowboy hat and-"

"Shut up, Cloy," interrupted Miss Loveman, "you had better wear your oldest respectable things. This isn't to be an afternoon stroll. I'd don my basket-ball suit if I dared."

Miss Whitney sniffed-"I don't care enough for those boys to fix up a bit, and I'd go now just to spite them." Wiss Whitney was not the belle of the college, not even a dancing girl, so the men figured but slightly in

her scheme of things.

"We shall certainly go, whatever be our motives, and, above all things, don't keep the expedition waiting on us to-morrow. There's the last bell and I prophesy three flukes in Latin," said Miss Loveman in a matter-of-fact tone.

Miss Loveman sat on a gray boulder partially screened from the sun by a greasewood brush. With a stick she was prodding out small stones from the chalky ground and aimlessly observing their down-hill course and the resultant splash as they plumped into the waters of the Truckee river.

"You are tired, Miss Loveman, and its useless to deny it." James Miller made this assertion decidedly, though with much solicitude, as he gazed into the girl's purple eyes.

"Well, then, I won't deny it. It has been an awfully hard trip, and Estelle's shoe is torn nearly off her foot and Cloy turned her ankle, and I know those girls positively can't walk back; yet they won't give in, they're determined not to." Miss Loveman resumed the prying loose of rocks with renewed vigor after this heart-rending avowal. Her companion let his gaze wander past those adorable eyes to the yon slope of the canyon where Professor Screeds and the remainder of the expedition were busily engaged in following a strata of fossilbearing chalk.

"Miss Bemis seems chipper enough. She is sure gritty for a girl with a sprained ankle," said he after watching the fair geologist clamber over a rocky knoll.

"Yes, but think of that terrible climb to the bridge and a six-mile walk to town! She isn't saving herself for that as I am, and neither she nor Estelle will be equal to it; you'll see." And the wise basket-ball captain sighed dolefully.

"We boys forded the river just around the bend the last time we were up here and caught the swing train at Laughton's switch. We expected to do so this time, but-"

"Oh, yes, of course you can't do it now because the girls are along," sniffed Tessie with scorn.

"Some of the boys will. You see Bliss, Allison and Jerry Brown are billed for the hop to-night and have got to get back in time," said Miller apologetically.

"The social! Why, I am going, too; so is Cloy. Mercy, I never thought of that-let's start right away."

"We could'nt make it, even now, afoot, and the train is due in about an hour," explained Miller.

Miss Loveman looked skyward. The sun had shown so joyously that morning now glowered sullenly from a cloud bank resting on the Sierra's crest. The afternoon zephyr took on a hurried air and blew brisk and cool from the north. "Oh, how disgusting it has all been," pouted the girl, emphasizing her remark with a fierce little jab at a projecting stone. Suddenly her disgust changed to curiosity; the object which had resisted the repeated assaults of her stick took on a strange form. She began to dig away the soft dirt zealously, even calling on Miller to assist with his geologist's pick. Together they unearthed a token of some bygone era from its bed of chalk. Miss Loveman, well posted in booklore, pronounced it the rib of a dinosaur. Mr. Miller wasn't sure; he suggested the summoning of Professor Screeds, and the excited girl forthwith hallooed to the party down in the gully:

"I found a rib! Do come and see it."

This declaration brought a ready response from Professor Screeds, who, with the class, hurried up the hill and all circled about Miss Loveman and her wonderful discovery.

"What is it, professor? Do asy it's something rare and prehistoric," breathed the girl ecstatically.

"Er-now-I wouldn't care to pass judgment upon this-er-rib without due deliberation, but it assuredly is rare; it's ancient,

too, and probably the balance of the skeleton lies buried near by." Thus did the professor pass upon Miss Loveman's find, and somehow the feeling of annoyance cherished all day long by the boys gave way to respect and perhaps a wee bit of jealousy, for none of them had ever found anything more noteworthy from a geological standpoint than a petrified beetle.

"A bully god relic, all right, Miss Loveman," said "Spot" Allison, cordially.

"And say," remarked Jerry Brown, "we'd best gather up our spoils and strike for home—it's growing

"Why need you hurry, Mr. Brown? Are not you going to ford the river and board the train?" late." sweetly interposed Miss Loveman.

Brown shot Miller a wicked look. "Yes, I am. I've got a date for the social; can't miss it, y'know," he replied.

"Even so have Miss Bemis and myself; but we cannot very well ford a river, I imagine."

Brown muttered something about girls who would intrude and then kick up a rumpus. Miss Bemis was on the verge of tears and Estelle Whitney's face paled perceptibly. It was an unpleasant moment for the entire party, and the three women began to realize that they were just a little out of place on this arduous expedition. Professor Screeds contracted his brows; he went so far as to rub his scant thatch of hair. Perhaps he felt he was to blame in permitting the young ladies' venturing on this trip. It seemed that an inspiration always followed when Professor Screeds caressed his scalp lock. At any event, his eyes brightened as he pointed out a horseman riding down the faint trail that led to the ford. Three pack animals ambled sedately in the rear of this horseman.

- "Girls can you ride?" he asked, breathlessly.
- "W-what, sir?" stammered Miss Bemis.
- "Can you ride? I say; for there's a prospect of getting home by way of ford and train for all of us.



Halloo! Hey, there!" The professor's sudden war whoops startled his class even more than the sheepherder and his pack train. It had the desired effect on the latter, though, for the same cavalcade came to an abrupt halt. The dawn of hope that spread over the faces of the students resembled a burst of sunshine from a cloudy sky. Not a lagging step marked any as of doubtful mind regarding this sudden solving

When broached by the professor the loquacious shepard said in substance: For a certainty his burros could and would transfer the senoritas over the river. He, the senor, felt a thousand honors to so favor the worthy professor and the lovely senoritas.

So down the trail trooped the Senior geology class in the wake of the long-eared burros—the men profoundly thankful, the girls equally gladsome, but proportionately nervous as they surveyed the funny, fuzzy donkeys. At the edge of the ford, where the waters flowed in a swift, shallow sheet, the Mexican dismounted, tightened the girths of the pack saddles and smilingly bowed to Miss Loveman. "You

Theresa clasped her precious rib firmly in one hand and, with the assistance of the Mexican, easily mounted the meek burro. Miss Bemis and Miss Whitney were aided to their respective pack saddle seats and the caravan stood in readiness.

"O-oh, arn't you boys afraid?" gasped Cloy, when the shepherd spurred on his horse and the boys bravely lead the way into the icy waters. Huh! We're used to trifles like this," snorted Pete Bliss, striding ahead with as much dignity as possible.

"Why, look at Jerry Brown-he must have a cramp!" cried Miss Bemis in alarm.

"A cramp! Not for a minute; but there's the whistle of our train, It's a race for our lives, I tell you."

The alarm caused a panic. Every man jack of the wallowing waders splashed through the ripples and eddies with the momentum of stampeding buffaloes. Another blast of the swing engine's whistle urged them even faster—urged all but the burros; the excitement upset their stock of deliberate sense. Miss Loveman's steed balked outright. The two following burros were consequently stailed; the Mexican's horse proved unequal to the towing of three stubborn donkeys through the waters.

"Kick them, senoritas, kick—a their ribs!" shouted the guide. The senoritas obeyed with a vim. Tessie Loveman began belaboring her mount with the prehistoric rib, soundly and for a purpose. The burros turned and squirmed as the current sucked at their legs, but nary a forward step would they take. It was an awful predicament—it became wildly dramatic when the puffing engine hummed its

string of cars around the curve not an eighth of a mile away. The men, Professor and all, were too strenuously engaged in their own dash for terra firma and Laughton's switch to notice the foundered pack train.

"We are deserted! We'll be drowned!" wailed Estelle Whitney.

"Kick him, Stelle. kick him hard," ordered Cloy Bemis, setting the example vigorously.

"Oh dear, what awful stubborn things," cried Tessie Loveman between thwacks of dinosaur rib against donkey rib.

"Twist—a the tails, senoritas? Twist—a the tail mucho hard!" shouted the Mexican wrathfully.

"Did you hear, Tessie? He says twist their tails!" shrieked Estelle.

"I-I can't reach it," cried Tessie almost in hysterics.

"Those mean, nasty boys, why don't they come back and help us. Help! Help!" screamed Cloy.

Then something moved—it was Tessie's burro; and yes, Tessie had twisted and still was twisting its tail. With both hands, too, letting that prized specimen of a by-gone age whirl giddily amongst the 20th century fishes that swam the Truckee waters.

They moved, but alas! That delay had wrecked the well laid plans of a speedy trip home. Wrecked it for Professor and Tessie, Estelle and Cloy. "Oh, oh girls, the train is going!" cried Cloy in utter dismay.

Too true, the toot-toot echoed a hundred times throughout the canon seemingly to emphasize a very bitter fact.

"Professor, oh Professor, are we left?" questioned Tessie, leaping from her saddle the moment the burro struck dry ground.

"It appears so, Miss Loveman - the boys thought they could get the conductor to hold the train until you arrived, but ----"

"And they went off without us?" demanded Miss Whitney.

"I told them I would wait for you—told them to delay the train for you," explained the Professor.

"You wish to shield them, to make light of their cowardly desertion," snapped the irate Miss Bemis.

"Did Mr. Miller run, too?" inquired Tessie, a dangerous glitter shining in her purple eyes.

"He was wet, thoroughly drenched—he would have caught his death of cold," apologized the Professor.

"And what of ourselves, Professor Screeds? Did they consider three helpless girls on three treacherous mules in mid-stream perfectly safe? Oh, it's shameful. I shall never, never speak to any of them again!" spoke Miss Loveman indignantly.

"Nor I!" chorused Cloy and Estelle.

"So be it," added Proffessor Screeds. Then through chattering teeth he proposed applying at the adjacent farm house for a conveyance.

"The miserable burros are at the senoritas' command. I go to Reno at once," smiled the gallant Mexican.

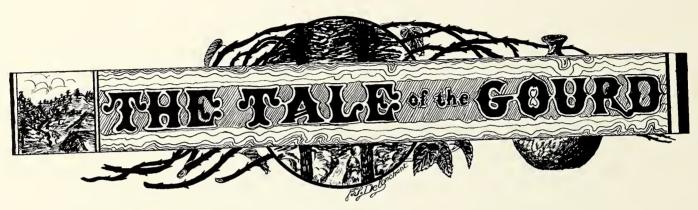
"You are a kind and a thorough gentleman, sir-but I am sure we shall not have to trouble you any more."

But they did have to trouble him again; for not a wagon of any description was available at the ranch house, and only one horse that would bear a saddle. This the Professor secured and the ladies, ungraciously, it is feared, mounted the pathetic little burros that slowly ambled down the dusky pike homeward bound.

It was just at the outskirts of Reno, and at an hour whose lateness was betrayed by the myriad stars, that a roomy spring wagon, driven by a wholesouled farmer, overtook this strange caravan and rescued the girls from such an uncanny entrance into civilization.

Did Bliss and Brown and Allison attend the social that night, you ask? To be honest, they did, a fact speedily learned by the fair geologists. And not until the pipe of peace was passed around on class day did the feud amongst the members of that expedition lose any of its intensity. Even then it almost renewed its bitterness when Spot Allison gloomily asserted that it was too bad '04 hadn't been able to donate a dinosaur's rib to the Varsity Museum as a trophy for coming classes to behold with reverence and respect for the donators.





By A. J. CATON.

HE dulcent strains of music rose above the humming conversation of the throng, the yellow light of the electric incandescent gleamed from the shimmering blue and red of the ball gowns, the contrast of the white and black of the evening dress lent the one thing necessary to the beauty of the scene; the dancers formed in line, the march wound in and out with gliding, sinuous movement,—and the Senior Ball had begun. Freshmen and Sophs were there; the former rejoicing that they were one year nearer the goal of their desire, the others beginning to taste the, as yet, almost imperceptable bitterness of the future separation from their Alma Mater. The Juniors, who were happy in thinking that so far success had crowned their efforts, still felt a vague uneasiness as they thought of the year just passed and wondered if it would not be better were they at its beginning and not its end. The Seniors paused in their merry-making as they realized that this night, when the last dancer left the hall and when the slender threads of fire in the electric bulbs would fade into darkness, they would pass out into the cool air of night and forever turn their backs on the life that for four years had been full of sorrows and happiness, but whose sorrows were now forgotten and whose happiness would always linger in their memories as a

sweet and pleasant dream. The Alumni were there, faintly grasping at this fitful shadow of the past, striving as they fought against fate, to connect the old days with the present and live their youth again.

As the evening wore away and fatigue chained feet to the floor, many sat out their dances, content to talk of past or future. Half reclining on a couch in a corner sat a girl, black haired, dark eyed, with ruddy lips, and features piquant and charming. Every line of her countenance proclaimed a joyful heart and a nature bright and happy. Before her stood a youth, tall and straight, and whose eyes and mouth bespoke determination. He was talking to her and her eyes followed his every gesture.

"Inez," he said, "tomorrow I leave for Mexico. I should have gone a week ago, but I could not think of leaving the dear old place before tonight. This will be our last ball for some time. You will probably be at the one a year from now, while I will be tramping the hills with the Mexican guide they have promised me, studying the geology of a wilderness. Two years it will take, so the representative of the mining company says. Inez," sitting down beside her and taking her hand as she turns toward him, "tonight will be the last time I shall see you for two long years. I will not be able, even, to write to you, for I shall be miles away from any town. But, at the end of that time, I shall come back if alive and successful. I ask no promise from you now, but you know how happy it will make me if you are waiting here to meet me then."

Throughout all the time he was talking the girl sat calm and motionless, slightly turned away from him and looking at the floor, her long dark lashes fringing her olive cheeks. He had asked for no promise but, as the sweet strains of the "Blue Danube," rising and falling on waves of melody, filled the ball room, they arose and, turning toward him, she placed her hand in his. Out on the floor they glided, still in silence, but he knew by the pressure of her hand that her silent promise had been given.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Up a steep and rocky canyon two men were laboriously climbing. Between them a pack-mule, more sure footed even than they, plodded stolidly along. High above them on each side towered rocky cliffs torn and ridged by centuries of tempests and rain. Higher still, so high that they pierced the cloudless heavens, rose tapering pinacles of granite, whose needle points seemed to indicate a goal that poor man, an atom among the giants of nature, could never reach. They walked in shadow for, excepting a brief half hour at noon time, the suns' rays never penetrated this gloomy abyss. Far out from her rocky nest a condor soared, then circled back, and round and

round, viewing the human ants in their slowly upward toiling and seeing in the patient mule prospective carrion.

Both the men were dressed in brown kaki suits and wore broad sombreros and high surveyors boots—costumes, that for the heat, would be unendurable at the sea coast; but which were just comfortable up among the high peaks of the Sierra Madres. One was a beard-



less youth; the other an old Mexican, thin and wiry, whose services of fifty years as guide in these regions had made him strong, supple and almost impervious to disease. The practiced eyes of the young man took in the geology of the country as they went along, and from time to time he made but brief entries in a note book, for the canyon they were passing through proved rather uninviting from a mining standpoint. However, one thing he noticed in particular was that at one time a mighty torrent must have torn its way down the canyon, for huge boulders were torn up and rounded off as by the action of water.

"How much farther to the cave you were telling me of, Pedro? I am becoming rather tired. Although I have been tramping these mountains with you now for twenty months, I cannot yet endure fatigue as you can."

"In about an hour we will be there, Senor," the guide said in perfect English, for he had piloted many an American expedition among the mountains. "We will soon come out on the plateau."

The plateau was broad and hemmed in on all sides by mountains. From the head of the canyon the Mexican turned almost at a right angle to the left and, following the base of a low range of hills, came presently to the large open mouth of a cave.

"We will camp here for the night, Pedro; tomorrow we will explore the cave and then my work for the company will be finished.

And then —and then, Pedro—home once more, where the prettiest and dearest girl in the world is waiting for me."

They arose early in the morning and, leaving the mule picketed some yards away, entered the cave. They carried dark lanterns, a little food, and the guide had a long, slim manila rope wrapped around his body. In all his fifty years in the mountains he was never without

a strong rope, for experience taught him that it was one of the necessary things in mountain climbing. For over an hour they traveled on into the darkness. At last the guide halted. "This is as far as I have ever gone," he said. "Beyond this point I have never ventured."

"But we will have to go farther," the youth explained. "As yet the cave has revealed nothing to me. So far it is composed of lime and clay only. There is not, I think, an indication of gold anywhere and that is what I am to look for. My employers would not be at all satisfied with me, if, after my success in Chihuahua last year, I should make a failure of this trip."

The Mexican said no more, but taking a candle from his pocket and lighting it from the flame of his dark lantern, went on into the darkness that was neutralized by the shafts of light from the lanterns, but which engulted them again from behind as they proceeded. At times he would stop and blacken the wall in spots with the candle flame. He intended to use these marks in finding his way out, because large galleries opened at intervals on both sides and the course they were pursuing was so devious that without something to guide them they would be unable to retrace their steps.

At noon by their watches they ate their lunch. Then they again went on. Suddenly they entered a large chamber. The very abruptness of their entrance startled them. They advanced several hundred feet and, coming to the edge of a large body of water, stopped. They threw the light from their lanterns far out over the water, but there was a point beyond which it would not reach, yet it revealed only water. The underground lake might be miles in extent and, to their imaginations, distorted by the wall of darkness, it seemed as if the other shore were in another world. The youth turned slowly around and, following the ray of light from his lantern, examined the road over which they came and then turning his eyes upward surveyed the roof. He discovered that they were in a large ampitheatre. Far above him millions of stalactities reflected the light in many colors. They proceeded along the shore of the lake, but had to pursue a somewhat erratic course, the stalagmites making it difficult to walk. As they went along the guide walking on ahead alternately cast the light upon the water and back again upon the land. Suddenly he paused and, peering out across the water, said, "Do you see that, Senor?" Following his gaze the youth described an object floating upon the surface of the water.

The guide removed his clothing and advanced cautiously into the lake, keeping in the path of light made by the young man's lantern. To his surprise the water was shallow and his progress was often blocked by stalagmites under the surface, which seemed to indicate that the water had come there long after the cave had been formed. He presently reached the object, seized it and tugged at it, but it ap-

peared to be fastened. On examining it more closely he saw that it was an Indian gourd woven of some strong material and apparently water tight. It was tied with a small rope which reached down into the shallow water. He gave a stronger pull and the rope came up bringing with it a small rock on which it had evidently been caught.

"You see, Senor," he said, on returning to shore, "this is an old Indian gourd made years ago; nothing like it is made by the tribes today. I have heard my grandfather talk of the gourd-making of the Aztecs. It seems to be one of the lost arts of those ancient people. How it got there I don't know, but I do know that no one but ourselves in these days has penetrated as far as this into the cave."

The youth took the gourd, examined the stone stopper, and, seeing that it was sealed by a gum or pitch that the action of the water had not injured, scraped it away with a knife and removed the stopper. The mouth of the gourd was about two inches in diameter. He inverted the vessel and a tightly rolled piece of parchment dropped from it into his hand. He partly unrolled it and saw that words of a strange language were written upon it. The writing was very dim and appeared to have been written with yellow ochre which composed parts of the stalactites that had fallen to the floor of the cave.

"Well, well, Pedro, this is strange. Evidently somebody left this here as a record of a visit to this part of the cave, hoping someone would find it some day. But I can't make out the writing. It is neither Spanish nor English. I wonder if it can be Aztec. We will take it and the gourd along with us and when we get back to civilization we will see if we can have it transalated."

Three days passed and they were still in the cave. After the young geologist had finished his examination and they had decided to return to the outer world, they discovered that, in their wanderings in the large chamber, and, despite the precautions of the guide, they had lost all knowledge of their place of entrance. As a countless number of passages led out in all directions from the ampitheatre they were at a loss to decide by which they entered and at the end of three days were no nearer the solution of the difficulty than at first. Already they were assailed by the pangs of hunger and thirst,—thirst all the more maddening because of the lake, which continually suggested a means of satiating it, but whose waters, tainted with arsenic, contained a death-dealing monster instead of a health-giving blessing.

"Senor, there is one more chance. You observed that the gourd when we discovered it was tugging slightly at the rope which anchored it. That would indicate that there is a current flowing through the lake. If this current is caused by a stream flowing from the surface we may be able to follow its course to the world above. If it enters the lake under the surface of the water, then indeed our chances

are slim. Let us look for it."

They followed the shore of the lake for nearly a mile when, turning a corner of the wall, which at this place rose almost abruptly from the edge of the water, the Mexican gave a cry of delight, for, on looking up, a small patch of sky could be seen through an opening which started at their feet and ascended by a steep incline of some two hundred feet to the surface. This opening was jagged and rocky as if torn by some mighty force of nature. Through it flowed a small stream of water which found its way to the lake.

The Mexican, more practiced in mountain-climbing than the youth, and not so fatigued from hunger and thirst, went ahead and, obtaining a foot-hold on some irregularity on the rocky bottom, would cast back the rope to his companion. In this way they climbed to the outer air. They followed the bed of the stream until it opened into a large basin about a mile in diameter.

"Why, this is an old lake-bed, Pedro. It was shallow but contained a large amount of water, and see there is the source of the stream, a small pond in its center. Years ago the lake must have broken its barriers and flowed down into the cave through the opening we just ascended, Yes, that must be right, and it explains the smooth boulders of the torrent scarred canyon. It must have overflowed suddenly for some reason I cannot now see, filled the cave with water to its very roof and, passing out through the large gallery by which we entered, plunged down the canyon."

"Come," said the more practical Pedro, "let us find a spring of pure water."

The slanting rays of the afternoon sun were playing among the leaves of the willows and poplars growing on the bank of the silently flowing river. Beneath their shade and on the edge of the stream a youth and maiden were sitting. The youth was talking and the pleased look in the black eyes of the girl showed that his words were dear to her.

"You have kept your promise, Inez. For two years you have waited for me and for two years I have toiled and struggled in a foreign land with your sweet face ever in my memory and an inspiration for me in my darkest hours. Many a night in Mexico when I lay beneath the starry sky I thought of our last dance and the silent pressure of your hand that bade me hope. Tell me, Inez, are the dreams that came to me among the rocky steeps and broad plateaus of the Sierra Madres—are they to be fulfilled?"

And soft her answer fell upon his ears, "Doesn't the fact that I have waited for you tell you—yes?" The sun was just sinking

behind the snow-capped peaks of the mountains beamed a silent benediction upon them; a fish leaped up in sportive glee from the shallow waters of the stream, and a belated linnet warbled his happy song from the branches overhead.

The youth took a large envelope from his pocket and drew from it several pages of writing.

"I told you of the manuscript I found in the gourd, Inez. This is a translation of it. I took it to a noted linguist in San Francisco and had it translated. It proved to be written in one of the dialects of Old Spain. I will read it to you."

THE MANUSCRIPT.

"Anno Domini, 1520, July 20. Little did I think when I selected this sheepskin in one of the shops of Spain that it would record



the last days of myself and my companion, Vasco de Flores, instead of the conquests of Cortez as I intended it should. The trip from Spain, the landing in Mexico, the battle and the defeat of the army of Cortez, the second battle and the fall of the City of Mexico, and the defeat of the forces of Montezuma will some day be a part of history, so I need give them no place here. It was after the battle of the 7th of July that the misfortunes of myself and Vasco began. We belong to families of some prominence in Old Spain and, believing that our death is at hand, I commit the history of the causes that brought it about to this piece of parchment.

"Vasco and I became separated from the forces of Cortez during the heat of battle, just after the city had fallen and, being

pursued by Aztecs, had to flee to the mountains, even dropping our weapons in our flight. Time and again we thought we had baffled all pursuit, only to see, sooner or later, a half dozen short and stocky Indians following our trail through the rocky canyons far below us. Higher and higher we ascended the steep mountains as the sight of our relentless pursuers spurred us on, until, on the afternoon of the fourth day, we reached a plateau. We turned to the left and followed an almost indistinct trail along the base of the hills on the southern edge of

the mountain plain, looking for a place to hide. Presently we came to the mouth of a large cave which seemed to offer the opportunity we sought. At the entrance was a small bundle of torches which were composed of a substance very like pitch and which were undoubtedly made by human hands. After much patient effort we were enabled to light one with the aid of a sun glass. It burned slowly but dripped a great deal, the melted drops soon becoming solid again upon contact with the cold air.

"Up to this time we had not suffered from hunger nor thirst for we were fortunate in securing several day's provisions and a large gourd of pure water from an old Indian hag at the foot of the mountains. Now however all our food was gone but there was still some water left in the gourd. The fact that the torches were piled at the entrance to the cave showed us that it must have been the custom of Aztecs to visit this place, probably for religious worship. So we were not surprised when we saw the six Indians filing around the hills, over the trail we had just traversed.

"Taking several torches we sought safety in the cave. They followed us closely and, forgetful of the consequences, we plunged wildly on into the interior of the earth, thinking only of avoiding pursuit. After traveling for quite a while we abruptly entered a large chamber, to the roof of which hung long, pointed rocks, resembling icicles, and whose floor was covered with lumps of the same material. From this time on we saw nothing of our pursuers; whether they, too, lost their way or our trail in the mazes of the galleries which open in all directions, I know not.

"July 24. We have tried to find our way out but we are hopelessly lost. We have tried gallery after gallery and we have wandered on and on, only to come back again to this damnable hole from which there is no escape. Hunger is driving us mad. The last drop of water was poured on the ground, for we fought for it like crazy men. The gourd lies over there. It will be of use yet. With my last strength I will put the parchment into it and seal it with the dripping from the torch. My strength is failing; strange fancies seize me; horrible forms are grinning at me from the walls and roof; I am dying, dying—O God! what new terror is this? I must have slept, for I saw the banquet board of Old Castle. The wine in the glasses was red, red—the viands covered the table until it groaned. We ate—a large company we were—and the banquet hall rang with laughter and song—the song of the wine cup, the song of the Moors at Grenada and the dark eyed senoritas clap as the song is finished. There, I see it again and the light from the candles is gleaming from the glass and silver goblets and I eat, eat, eat—O! may the stars in heaven have mercy! the picture fades; there is no banquet hall; the faces come back

again; the gnawing pains of hunger have not been appeased, there is no song, no laughter; it is the quaking of the earth. Feel it tremble! But I don't care. Why should I care? Am I not nearly dead? Great blocks of stone are falling around me. Would to God they would crush me; but no, no I must preserve the parchment. O! the earthquake, the earthquake, I must flee -- I cannot flee. My weakened limbs refuse to move. My withered hand can scarcely write. Vasco is crazy, crazy. See his eyes, his hair. Hear him moan and cry and pray. Why are we tortured thus? Why is it that the madre in Old Spain will never see us again, the madre so kind and so good. O! my withered heart bleeds for Vasco. His groans and tears are terrible. He rolls upon the ground, he tears his hair, he staggers like a drunken man. See! he is climbing up the wall. Suicide, suicide, he will kill himself; he will throw himself on the rocks. — Vasco and I are on a shelf several feet above the floor of the cavern. With my failing strength I could hardly climb the rough wall; but Vasco meant to commit suicide and I did not want to see him hurl his own soul to perdition. I have brought the gourd and the torch stuck in its neck. Vasco is sleeping—O God! what a shock that was; the whole roof must be falling in. It was with difficulty that I kept my place on the rock. Water is coming from somewhere, great volumes of water. I hear it rushing over the floor of the cavern. Now I see it, great waves of it, splashing high, and back and forth against the wall. It is rising swiftly; now it is only four feet below us. I must hurry. Vasco is awake. He is standing upon the edge of the shelf. The light of insanity is shining in his eyes. He utters a low despairing cry and leaps far out into the turbulent waters. He struggles feebly and forever sinks from sight. O God! I am alone and death is certain, but not by starvation as I thought at first. But I don't care now, I don't care, if it would only hurry up and come. O madre, cara madre, why should your boy die thus, away from you, alone and powerless while death creeps on. See! the water is creeping up the wall, only three inches and it will touch my feet. O! the misery of it all. I am crazy, crazy—and—I must pray.

ANTONIO FERNAN DE CADIZ."

"The story is finished, little girl, and it is gruesome enough. What! you are crying? Because you are thinking of how near I came to sharing the same fate? Yes, I did, and when I think of those three awful days spent in the cavern where those brave fellows met their death, it makes me shudder. Yes, God was good to Pedro and me, and perhaps the prayers of the black eyed girl at home, were the instincts that guided the feet of Pedro up the water-way to the old lake-bed. Come let us go, Inez, it is growing late and cool; the moon has already risen. The youth moved back and leaned against the trunk of a poplar tree; but the girl still sat on the river bank looking wistfully

out across the silent running waters, which reflected the light of the moon—the same moon he had often seen slowly rising above the sharp peaks of the Sierra Madres—the same moon that centuries before looked down upon the short, stocky figures of six Aztecs silently retracing their steps down the mountain side to the valleys below.

A cricket was chirping his evening lay as though life for him would go on forever. The zephyr, stirred to life, when the sun had faded from sight, scarcely moved the soft green leaves of the trees. The perfume of the roses and violets, wafted on the summer's evening breeze, carried with it to the youth a suggestion of eternal life, as he stood beneath the poplar and dreamed of the future, which was always to be brightened by the maiden sitting by the water's edge and around whose hair the moonbeams cast a golden sheen.





By J. V. COMERFORD.

IVE me opium, fair opium, dreamland of the angels, paradise personified, heaven, earth, hell, everything. Give me opium and I will tell you of Don Fernando Calveriz who loved the Madonna Manyado, who loved opium. Give me but one taste of the drug and I will tell you the story of his love as he raved it one night in an opium dream with its ending as I witnessed it in the Stone Pit Morgue.

"Don Fernando, I believe, was a vaquero who haunted towns but little and lived much among the wild flowers and in the wide plains. His knowledge of life was varied, however, and of his past no man knew. It is strange I cannot recall more of him, I, who met him when he first came to the city, I who knew him better than any living man, I who loved him with the love grown out of long association. But my memory is growing dim. The night we spent over the green absinthe and the moments of wild dreamings we spent under the influence of hasheesh, these alone burst open to my imagination with the keen pleasure or pain of the true perception. Still a train of

associations, at times broken and hid in the mystery of forgetfulness, as if portions of my brain were worn away, haunt me when the shades of eventide fall and the mysteries of night time creep into my sleeping champe.

"The large black and mysterious eyes of the Madonna Manyado, the large wistful eyes shaded with the long black lashes, turned so often with a wistfull look to the face of Don Fernando that his heart was touched and he loved her. And finding in his heart that he loved her he was deeply grieved; for he hated and shunned women with a bitterness of heart. But the Donna Manyado was so beautiful; her eyes shown as would eyes bathed in belladonna and her teeth were as white as the ivory of a mammoth's tusks. Her form was so stately, so slender and graceful, that he found in his heart that he loved, adored the Madonna Manyado. So the days, from the first of June even to the last, burst each morning in the east with a silvery splendor. The odor of foliage and the singing of birds were emblematic of prosperity for Fernando who, erect and restless, was ever astride his saddle as the sun rose, watching, tending and cursing his magnificent herds in the plains of grasses. In the days of June from the first even to the last the sun sank with a reddened hue. And, while its fading tints still flickered in the Western heavens, he looked far beyond them and saw in his imagination in a little Mexican village the sad eyed Madonna.

"Yet Fernando had carried with him from his deeply mysterious past a habit doomed to be the curse of his life. He loved and used opium. As yet the cruel power of its indomitable will had not wrecked the forces of his body nor checked the strength of his soul. Yet his soul, overcharged with the bitterness of his mysterious past, was again beginning to be allayed by his tender affection for the Madonna. The craving for opium seemed to cling to him in his love with even a more villainous clutch than in his past recklessness. Time after time he resolved to break the bonds of its passion and live in the love of the Madonna. But all in vain! He alone, of all men, knew the unconquerable passion of his body for the poison of oblivion and vain dreams. She alone, of all women, loved him and trusted him and hoped for him.

"During the bours of the day, from its dawn until its close, he tended his herds and in the evening he smoked the dried juice of the poppy. So his rest was often broken by fantastic dreams. Yet above and around it all was his soul's vain struggle to break its thraldom and his soul's fierce passion for his love, Madonna. One night he slept deeply and did not awaken. Yet he had dreamed a dream which was exceedingly strange, and when he at last awoke, still felt its sweetness and horror running through his veins. In his dream he had stood in a deep cell in the ground. A strange people surrounded him and gave him to eat a brown drug. After he had eaten he

forgot the cares of life and felt the bliss of heaven. For, after he had eaten, there arose before him as in a vision the sad eyed Madonna. Her eyes gazed with a strange brightness and her smile seemed wrapt in a stranger sweetness. She beckoned to him and he arose. Yet, ere he could start toward her he was strangely shackled. Great and small interlocked links of brass and iron held him to the floor, to the walls, to the ceiling, to the very air. And she seeing this, wept, and his heart ached him to see her crying. And anger burst from his lips in accents of revenge. For a shadow took her by the hand, a hand as delicate and slender as that of Psyche. And another came and slit her throat and in a mighty goblet caught the lifeblood which dripped from her neck and shoulder. And after drinking they tore out her eyes which still shown with the brightness of ebony. And the darker shadow strung them on a string of gold and put them over the neck of the other and they departed. Then did the Madonna arise and, with those sightless and bleeding orbs still fixedly turned toward him, take up the bowl of blood and pour it over him. Then the chains which bound him began to melt and fade away and he cried out to her; but she had fallen and lay still as death. So he leaned over her and wept in the sorrow of his heart. When he awoke he heard the lowings of his cattle. He felt the warmth of the sun. He heard the songs of the birds. All was life, activity, beauty, joy. Yet, why did his dream still haunt him and what did it mean to him?

"When or where I first met Fernando or when or where we first tasted opium together, or when or where Fernando first met Madonna I cannot distinctly remember. All that I now recall is that she loved him tenderly and gave herself, body and soul, to him; that she watched him in his illness and supported him in his afflictions; that she plead with him to forego his weaknesses and to live again in the nobility of his manhood. True, those who knew her shunned her for her wrong. The stately Madonna, it was whispered, had given up home, parental love, all for the sake of an eater of opium, and, withal, a pale American with a Spanish name and a past hid under clouds. Still, the love of Fernando, the love of an opium fiend was as pure as the stars. He could not withstand the slurs and insults cast upon his idol. Yea, he would go away and the dreams and madnesses of these days would be oblivion. He would tear them from his heart and the Madonna would again return to her parental fold, where all would be forgiven, where all would be forgotten. He would leave the Madonna and live alone. He could not now give up opium, the curse of his life; he must give up the Madonna, the complement of his soul.

"Once it seems he sat under the shadows of a dreamy, tropical sky, and, as the sun dropped low, listened to the words poured into his ear; listened to the words that burned holes in his brain and enhanced the agonies of his soul. No, the Madonna would not leave him.

No, she would never return to her parental portals to ask forgiveness for having loved an opium eater. Rather would she drop into the waters of the silent stream; rather would she forego the blisses of heaven and suffer the tortures of hell. Fernando should reform. Fernando should show that his love for her was a stronger passion than his love for opium. If the passion were her's, she would wring it from her and cast it into the dust. The Madonna's tender heart felt that he would drive the past from him, would pluck out the reptilious pangs of the habit and return again to the flowery fields where she would accompany him; back again to the herds and fields of grasses. Reform! the word hit strangely on his ears. It wrung his soul. No, he would not, could not reform; could not, would not give up his passion of sin, not even for the love of the Madonna! Love burned a fiery heart into his soul and the temples she had reared fell crashing to the ground. Fernando wept bitterly now. He repented sincerely. Yea, he would rebuild the temples of his love so rudely shattered. He would tenderly nurse the scarlet wound he had struck into the Madonna's heart. Again the vision of the darkened chamber swept over him and seemed to be fed from his slow flowing pulse. Again the spirits, the shadows of his former dream crept stealthily upon the idol of his life. Again the Madonna's life blood melted the chains which bound him. * * When he awoke the moon was high in the sky and the Madonna really spilled her life blood for the love of him? The soft southern breezes seemed to whisper: Yes, once when she left her home, Fernando, and to-night for the love of you—'Yet she smiles and hope beams from all her features.' And the winds answered and said: 'It is the way of woman. What she suffers no man knoweth.'

"My memory still fails me, for the hard cruel light of many days shown down ere my narrative of Fernando again begins its course. His struggles to resist the fiendish craving of his body for the sake of the love of his soul's desire had again proved fruitless. The plans long planted had at last burst into life and Fernando sailed away to the North, to a large city; away from the Madonna; away from the hope and strength of her love.

"No more do we deal with the warmth of Southern skies; no more with the love of a faithful woman. The opium fiend's last strength of love had departed and with it his hope of reformation. Opium had conquered; love was cast into the dust.

"Still the Madonna lived and loved. The waters of the sea could not separate her from Don Fernando. The strength of her soul would not break. She would find her lover and would live with him and the barriers of hell could not stop her. After all it was the drug

which drove him from her and not the waywardness of his own passionate soul.

"Through the streets of the city the Madonna wandered. She had hunted long and her search had been fruitless. Fernando would not be found. Had he died? No, no, she knew he lived. Still the thought of his death sent agonies through her heart. She could hunt for him and find him if it took her forever. Fernando, her Fernando, all the world could forsake him; but she would find him. Up and down through the streets of the city, in an ever endless search, she wandered. All the faces were strange to her and Don Fernando could not be found. Then she came here to the Chinese quarters and with the aid of a guide searched the opium dens. But all in vain. Yea, all in vain until one day, by bribing the guide, she was admitted to the secret den of the white opium eaters. There she found him, and I saw her press her lovely lips to his, all opium stained. Then I saw the marks of fever on her flushed features and as the guide led her away and as she sobbed silently, I followed her. For Fernando was my friend and this beautiful Spanish lady loved him well. The next day I whispered to Fernando what had happened and all the afternoon he ate no opium, though I saw he suffered much. Late in the evening a morgue wagon came with a message for him to go to the Stone Pit Morgue. I went with him for he was my friend. As we walked into the morgue Fernando saw for a third time the vision of the dark chamber; again he saw the brown drug; again the shadows flitted through the cell and slit the throat of the Madonna and drank the life blood which dripped from her neck and shoulder. For a third time the interlocked chains bound him. He heard not the voice of the coroner asking 'Do you identify this girl?' But as he held onto the marble slab he sobbed 'Madonna, Madonna, I have been untrue to you.' 'Yes, yes, you have been untrue to me' she said and wept and picked up the bowl of blood. The holes in her head where eyes did once inhabit were now only bleeding holes in a skull. Yet they gazed upon him strangely as before. 'You have been untrue to me and I would have been your true love. You have deserted the wine of life for the juice of the poppy. You have shunned the true love for the false love and vain dreamings. Yet, for the third time do I pour my life blood upon you. It is the last. And as he felt its warmness pouring over his head and shoulders the bonds that chained him were loosened and he held out his arms to embrace her. But she lay cold and white in death, in a morgue, in a great city and among strangers. And he leaned over her body and wept. 'Yea, Madonna,' he cried, 'I have been false to you. I have shunned the wine of love for the juice of the poppy. And, as I drank its awful sweetness, as sure as its poison has filled me, I know that three times you have spilled your lifeblood over me. And now as I find you so still and white, so pure and still in this awful place—in this great city and among strangers, I tell you, I whisper it to you as you lie so white and still, that I love you and you alone, the lovely, the black-eyed, the Madonna Manyado.'

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"The patrol wagon rolled through the streets of the city. It stopped in front of the morgue.

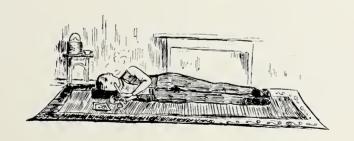
"A maniac, did you say?"

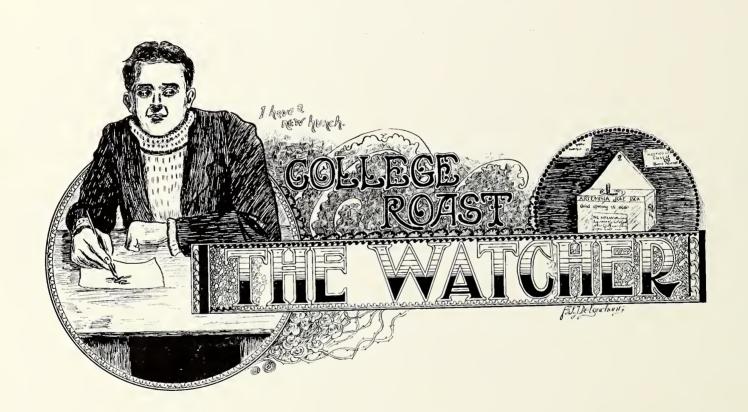
"'Yes a maniac and an opium eater. He is sleeping now. She told the nurse at the hospital that he would identify her—the poor little Spanish beauty.'

"A maniac, did you say! Why, he is dead; a good subject for the medical students. And the patrol wagon once more rolled through the streets of the city."

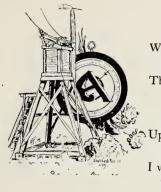
"If a star should wed a flower, it must fall from its nest on high,
And the flower to reach the star must droop on its stalks and die.

'Tis thus with woman's love; for by her love she lives;
And like the star or the flower, she would die for the love she gives."





The Waterloo of an Old Association.



I wonder that the bull frogs,

'Tis said it was in summer

And gave unto the cottage

Who on summer nights do call,

To their own "Manzanita Hall."

They spilled the old champagne,

Haven't all got up and left them

WAY with the college co-eds
They always want a man.
They will hunt and keep a hunting
'Till they get him if they can.

Upon the dear old campus

They have done a heartless thing.
I wonder now they've done it,

The meadow larks still sing.

I don't think they'd have done it,

If they felt like you and me.

Don't call her "Manzanita,"

Build another if you will;

But let the dear old cottage

Be the "Cottage on the Hill."

Of a day that used to be.

The tender recollections

But there's no use of talking
To creatures so perverse;
Even if we mentioned it
In language much more terse.

They all call her "Manzanita,"
Some things cannot but be;
Yet 'twill always be "The Cottage"
To you and me.

No we have not quite finished,
A word before we go
To show you fair young ladies
A thing or two we know.

Because the thing has happened
The scientists have found
A new kind of creature
A wandering around.

In form 'tis like the blow fly,
A strong and graceful bug,
Whence the Manzanita co-ed
Gets the Manzanita Hug.

To think that they have done it In the good old summer time;

A name, a name, a name.

But then I hear they never sing
The old sweet memoried rhyme.

TO JEANETTE.

Of all the plays of basket ball

The grand stand suits her best of all.





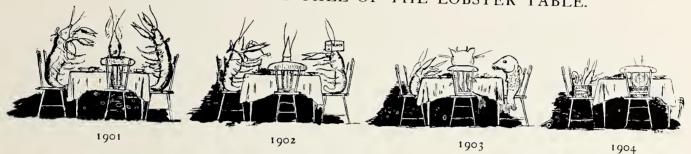
MARZEN.

A flirt she is, 'tis sad to say,
Yet rejoices in the appellation;
But beware, beware my lads so gay,
At heart she's worse than Carrie Nation.

She is a mighty charioteer

And many a stubborn man she's driven;
She'd lead you around by one long ear,
While a smile to someone else she's givin'.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE LOBSTER TABLE.

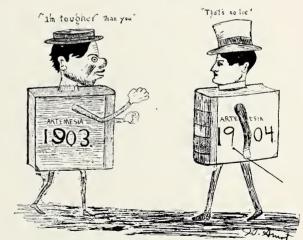




UP IN WASHINGTON.

Waiter: "Will yo' habe a piece ob de light meat or a piece ob de dark meat?"

Chester Hart: "Gimme a big slice of both."



'Youse have the same name as me.'
'Yes but I am a child of better brains.'



THE RETIRED OFFICERS.

Little Miss Morse said "Of course "There's nothing going in on me.
"I've not been her long
"So how can it possibly be?"

COOKIE CONFIDES.

"Oh yes, I write to John and I write to Loyd, too. I don't know which I like the best; Loyd is awful nice, but I don't know him as well as I do John. Don't you know who Loyd is? Why he was manager of the soldier's foot ball team and wore brass buttons and a sweet smile. John is very constant and will be a senator some day and he says he will take me to Washington. Loyd is much more engaging than John. Oh no, he hasn't engaged me yet. He writes nicer letters than John, but John's letters come from an overflowing heart. I really can't decide which I like the best; I do wish this were Utah."



AN INVITATION.

The Artemisia will receive with wide open arms all the proud mammas and papas who will come to see their dear boys and girls graduate. Coffee and cocoa with sandwiches will be served after the fatiguing exercises. The old boys who desire beer will come in the back way. Please leave carpet bags and umbrellas in the entry.





There was a young man named O'Hara,
Who came from the County O'Mara.
His ship or his craft
Was a very poor raft,
So he fell in the water, begarra.

There was a young man named Brambilla,
Who lived over there on the Hilla.
He used for his craft
The very same raft,
And the rest—sure I never will tilla.

\$2.00 PLEASE.

One night an assemblage was held in a room in a large building. Many men sat around and conversed in low tones. Suddenly one who was excited and wild eyed burst into the room munching a large piece of candy, and bringing the important news that much of that teeth destroying mixture could be obtained for the asking in another part of the building. Forthwith a mighty rush began for the candy dispensary. One who had very, very much authority pursued them and writing their names with many an imposing flourish, in a ponderous volume, caused the mandate to go forth that two plunks would be charged for eating any such female concoction after 7:30.



YE IMPORTANT MAN OF YE STAFF.

Ye Business Manager, Choppie Catlyn, goeth forth with ye chest much expanded and ye eye glass on to gather ads for ye mighty publication. He wanteth ye petite and demure damsel to accompany him, but she refuseth to walk so many blocks, and so it cometh about that he hireth ye buggy as thou seest in ye photograph.



Are you aleader or

Trom a fond father's letter to be well made son - Bosco Drake

preyou being lead



So it came to pass that an assemblage of all the students was called. And an assessment of \$.35 was levied on each student. And an edict was given that the students should pay the assessment at the assemblage. And when the day and the hour for the assemblage came many of them hid in the brush and among the gravestones. So the master went forth and found them. And he said unto them "Come ye and pay your assessment." And they answered him and said "Lo, we are broke."

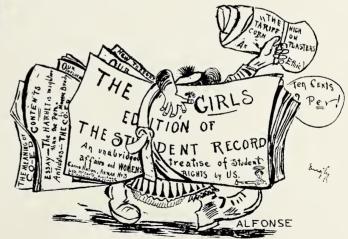
There was a young man named Fillup,

Who lived over there on the hill-up.

His thoughts they were tender
But his pocket-book slender
And he never could pay all his
billup.



"I've been a good ole wagon but I done broke down."



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO P. J. O. H.

"I would that the steams that I see in my dreams were mine in reality.

"Every cloud has a silver lining."





FORT DE LAGUNA.

The greatest female stronghold at the U. of N.

There was a girl named Plumb, Who sat at a dance looking glum. When asked for the reason She said 'twas the squeezin' She had before she had "kum." First Cadet (coming on the scene.) Did yer ever seen our Major, William B. Thompson? Wal, if he aren't ther darndest Major. He be so strict with us all ther time and terday he sees Miss Maudelle Hobart, ther president of ther naught six class and he escorts her and says: 'Guess we'll have ter disperse with drill terday fellers.' I tell yer, nobody ain't never saw nor ain't never knowed none of them officers what was never no good nohow.''



ARBOR DAY ON THE HILL.

(Rooster) "Say Miss Pullet, don't you think Professor Doten Whaatfed would look much better with a pick and shovel than taking pictures?" (Pullet) "Sh-h-h-h, he will make us all famous."

Dr. J. E. Stubbs: Before taking that bottle of your best liquor de champagne I was often in distress and the name "Cottage" stuck to me like glue. Some of the nicest boys of Lincoln Hall and down town never called upon me. After taking I find myself much improved and my name is now Manzanita Hall. Committee:

Miss Laura Armanda Arnot, Senior '04. Miss Jeanette Cameron, also '04.

The night was coid. The wind whistled drearily along Commercial Row and the biting chill ate into the marrow-of-bone individual on the corner. He gazed with envious eyes at the sleek, well-fed patrons of the nearby cafe. The world was cruel. Ay, very cruel and he was a victim of its cruelty. The cold drove him to desperation. A stealthy plan flashed through his brain and he resolved to carry it out. Softly entering the waiting room of the depot his eyes fell upon the spoil. No one was near. He seized it and hastened out the door. How comfortable and warm the coat was, and the grip—what did it contain? Conscience troubled him not and he enjoyed his splendor. But alas—not for long. The law soon placed its hand upon him and the combined force of the six stalwart blues finally landed him in the bastile. But the law had erred for instead of the rightful culprit, the unoffending Chester fell in its clutches. The accompanying portrait was secured by our war correspondent on the scene of action.



HOW WE WOULD RUN THE UNIVERSITY.



KEARNEY RAVES.

- "There are two songs I love to sing;
- "Of my life they form a part,
- "I sing them both the whole day through.
 - "There's a longing in my heart
- "For you Louise," and My Princess Lou,
 - " 'I do love vou;' but in my dreams
- "It sometime seems, as if my heart
 - "Were large enough for only one of you."



The trials of an editor with his staff are not unlike those of a Latter Day Saint.

On May 2nd Juan Brambilla came into the Artemisia office hunting hunches for the Hunch Bureau. "Bramby" went away smiling and muttering: "It takes the Hunch Bureau to find out what's going into the Artemisia." Where are your hunches today, Juan? Does the Bureau ever fail?

EXTRACT FROM A SENIOR

MINES EXAMINATION.

1

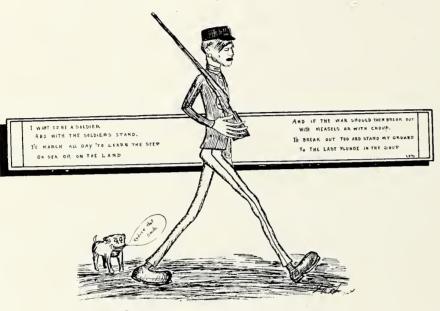
"What is a crowbar? What is it made of? What is a wheelbar-row used for? Draw outline sketch of a pick.

Answer the above fully; but do not go into details. Write answers on scrap paper. Then rewrite them over again.

One out of six senior mining students passed this examination. We will not mention his name, however. Notice the difficulty of the questions and judge the great brain power of the mining students.

QUIT IT, REINE.

Reine, O Reine, you may be fair; Yet strange it seems to me, Why do you always comb your [hair From nine until half past three?



HOW CAPTAIN BOYD GOT HIS START.

The saddest incident of the leap year is related of a poor student of Lincoln Hall. He had been a faithful escort for the fair maids of the University for many years in the past. When leap year came a change was noticed in him and remarked by many. One cold winter night he was found on the cottage steps—dead! a small arrow sticking in his heart. In his hand was found a piece of parchment on which was written the following verses. It tells it own sad story:

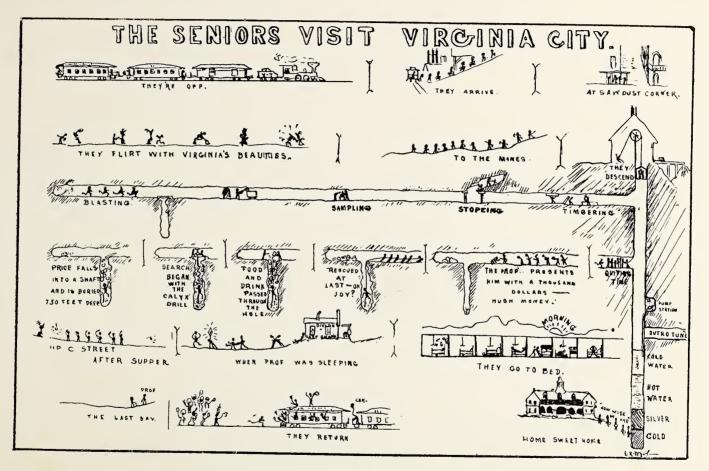
I am waiting, sadly waiting
On the steps of Lincoln Hall,
For some maiden, pretty maiden
To invite me to the ball.

I am sneezing, badly sneezing
Near the willows 'tween each hall,
For some maiden, any maiden
To invite me to the ball.

I am freezing, sadly freezing
And a tremblin' at my gall,
For some maiden, ugly maiden
To invite me to the ball.

I am dying, slowly dying
No one harkens to my call,
For a maiden, '04 maiden
To invite me to the ball.

Tell my mother, if you see her, That you saw me in my pall, For the maiden, leap year maiden Would'nt take me to the ball.



Cazier was a virtuous lad,
And never a bad habit had.
But he once took to chasing,
Alas, 'twas disgracing
And the end was awfully sad.

There is a weather bureau named Heizer, And no one in school is more wiser. I'm giving a hunch That he's a warm bunch And very much likes his Annheiser.

Miss Cazier, I sadly fear
Is sometimes very tryin'
When asked to pick the next president,
She quickly said "Oh Bryan" (O'Brien)

Brambilla was a ladie's man;
That's what he used to say.
But since he has his Myrtis, dear,
Now all is Dun-away.

There is a guy named Catlin,
Who has an awful case
Upon the winsome Ollie
Of blue eyes and charming face.
We wonder if Prince Choppie knows
That when he leaves the school
There'll be another fellow
A playing Ollie's fool.

There was an athlete named Friz
Who wasn't quite onto his biz.
When he'd make a star play
To the ladies would say,
"Oh girls don't you think I'm whiz?"

No doubt he was doing his best,
At least he would play with zest.
When the team was up north
He would swell and break forth,
"I'm the blonde-haired DeWitt of the
[West."

There is a gay Junior named Stark,
Who loves very dearly to spark.
He had quite a Snapp,
For such a small chap
And he heads toward the river at dark.

There was a young fellow named Taylor
Who tell in the hands of the jailor.
It somehow appears
Behind the bars he shed tears,
And when he came out he was paler.

Bill Thompson was seen tearing into small bits a piece of paper with the fair Maudie's name inscribed upon it. Some one asked why he was destroying such a pretty name and he blushingly confessed "Well, you see, I'm going to change it soon."

Barney McBride—"I wonder if I dare kiss you on such short acquaintance?" Ethel—"That is not where I am generally kissed."

ING, O sing thy mellow tune,

Meadow larks sing thy sweet song well;

For the bull frogs will croon

Neath the light of the moon,

In the pond down in the dell,

A sorrowful tune:

"So soon—so soon
'Tis coming to you, the month of June.
Farewell, happy days, farewell."

Make us torget that time will come,

While we make the best of these happy days;

For the songsters will croon

Neath the light of the moon,

Of the halls we love so well

A pitiful tune:

"So soon—so soon
"Tis coming to you, the month of June.
Farewell, happy days, farewell.

Cling to our memory, sweet meadow larks,
The sad song will cling too well,
Of the songsters who croon
'Neath the light of the moon,
Of the halls and the pond in the dell,
A pitiless tune:

"So soon—so soon
"Tis coming to you, the month of June.
Farewell, happy days, farewell."

—J. V. C.





THIS MEANS YOU





IN these Advertising columns you will find the names of business men and others of the State of Nevada and a few outsiders who, because of their interest in the University and everything connected with it, have advertised with us. Remember To Trade With Them! They have helped us and we ought to help them. We owe them a debt which we must pay. We must show them that our Artemisias are good advertising mediums if we intend to keep up the standard of our book. Some people turned us away with cold words for our book and our University. Do you want to trade with such as these? Be sure you do not, by trading only with our advertisers. The ones who rustled these advertisements pledged the word of honor of our school that the students would do their trading with the houses which support us. In order to show our appreciation of the advertisers' support, the first thing we should do is to go there and trade; but the credit for that is utterly lost unless we think enough of our University, its publications and its reputation, to speak up to the salesman and tell him that his Artemisia adbrought you there to trade.

TELL HIM THAT YOU SAW HIS AD. IN THE ARTEMISIA

To those classes which have yet to publish this book and to edit the Student Record, we pray you to take these words to heart. We go away with love in our hearts for our old Alma Mater and wish to see her publications flourish as well as her other branches of learning, and we only regret that our predecessor did not sound the note of warning which we speak to you to-day. To those interested in our University, to its friends and well wishers, we ask that you look through these columns, kindly and without prejudice, and that you trade with those whose names are inscribed herein. Mention also, if you will, that you saw their advertisements in the Artemisia.

Thanking you kindly for your attention, we are yours sincerely,

THE ARTEMISIA.

Don'T WALK



Get a Winton or Olds Automobile and ride. Hibbard & McPhail are agents for the State of Nevada. Send for circulars. Factory Prices. 31 East Second Street, Reno, Nevada. Telephone, Black 95.

Don'T Move



Buy a home in East Reno. We'll help you build. Lots from \$100 up; installments. Free Water; fine view; best educational privileges on the coast; healthy climate.— Address Hibbard & McPhail, owners, 31 East Second Street, Reno, Nevada. Telephone, Black 95.

You Have Another Guess



Unless you know that there are only three States in the Union larger than Nevada, and that Reno, its metropolis, will be a city equal to Denver in size and importance. An investment in Reno to-day may make you rich and your children millionaires. Don't delay, call up Black 95, and we will attend to it.

31 E. Second Street HIBBARD & McPHAIL ... Reno, Nevada

"THE MODEL"

HARRY DAVIS, Proprietor

Fine Stationery, Cigars and Notions

Indian Novelties, Cutlery, Playing Cards, Type Writing Supplies, All Periodicals, Fashion Publications, Toilet Sets, Sporting Goods, Etc. : : : : : : :

Phone, Green 313

RENO, NEVADA

Best Equipped Drug Store in the State

T. R. CHEATHAM, Prop.

Complete Line of Fine Toilet Articles : : Homeopathic Remedies : : Prescription Work is Our Specialty : : Mail
Orders Given Prompt Attention.

136 Virginia St.

Reno, Nevada

THE CANN DRUG CO.

...LEADING DRUGGISTS...

Books, University and Frat Stationery, Kodaks and Photo Supplies, Cut Flowers::::

Cor. Virginia and Second Streets, Reno

R. HERZ & BRO.

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry



Our 25 years experience enables us to give our patrons the most intrinsic value for their money. Class Pins to order. U.

of N. Souvenir Spoons a Specialty

235 Virginia St.

Reno, Nevada

Frank Golden Jewelry Co.

Dealers in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry

Cut Glass, Solid Silver, Plated Ware, Clocks and Optical Goods: Class and Frat Pins a Specialty All Our Work Guaranteed: Eyes Examined Free

Reno, Carson and Tonopah, Nevada

JOHN HENDERSON, Pres. H. Henderson, Cashier L. O. HENDERSON, Vice Pres. C. HENDERSON, Asst. Cashier

Henderson Banking Co.



Interest Paid on Term Deposits Correspondence Solicited

... Elko, Nevada



Donnels & Steinmetz

Furniture Dealers and Upholsterers

Mail Orders Promptly
Attended To

Reno, Nevada

BANK SALOON

MEYER & SANGER, Proprietors

Sharp Beer. Fine Lunch carson, NEVADA

February 7. The Senior Table orders a gallon of milk.

REESE & DUNCAN

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS



Always at Your Service

Open All Night

Our Motto: Accuracy, Purity, Prompt Delivery Phone, Green 541. Use It

Thoma & Bigelow Building Virginia Street

... Reno, Nevada

THE PALACE-

Dry Goods and Carpet House

New Goods Received Daily: : : We Carry the Largest Stock, the Finest Goods at Lowest Prices : :

BUTTERICK PATTERN AGENCY

Virginia St.

Reno, Nevada

Lovelock Commercial Company

... ONLY THE BEST GOODS IN STOCK ...

Hardware, Farming Implements

Of all Kinds, Dry Goods, Groceries and Lumber: A Complete Drug Stock with Competent Druggist in Charge

Prices to Suit the Times Try Us By Mail

Lovelock, Nevada

A. S. THOMPSON



General Merchandise, Groceries, Hardware, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Confectionery, Stationery, Patent Medicines: Headquarters for Hay, Grain, Flour, Pearl Oil, Candles, Powder, Fuse, Steel and Other Mining Supplies: : : Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Pioche, Nevada

April 20. Mme. De Laguna's excitement reaches fever heat. Mr. Caton allays her fears.

LAKE TAHOE There is but one in the world, and where in the world is there such a place for a day's outing. Train leaves Reno every Sunday morning and back in the evening. Cheap rates for the round trip.

December 12. Prince "Choppie" Catlin loses his sword at guard mount.

Gray, Reid & Wright Co.

PHONE, BROWN 285

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Hats

Clothing, Trunks, Ladies' Ready-To-Wear Garments We Make a Specialty of Mail Orders. Prompt Attention

Virginia and First Sts., Reno, Nevada

C. H. EATON CO.

-DEALERS IN-

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Etc.

Tinware and General Merchandise, Wagons, McCormack Mowers, Rakes, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators Only Best Stock Carried : : : : :

... Gardnerville, Nevada

RENO MERCANTILE CO.

INCORPORATED 1895

Hardware, Groceries and Provisions

Crockery, Tinware and Agricultural Implements, Hay, Butter and Produce, Bar Iron, Steel, Cumberland Coal, Lime, Plaster and Cement : : : : :

Commercial Row

... RENO, NEV.

THE GOLDEN RULE

Clothiers and Men's Furnishers

All Orders Promptly Attended To



Hats, Caps, Furnishings Boots, Shoes, Neckwear

M. FRANK & CO.

Virginia Street

Reno, Nevada

December 28. Juan Brambilla makes the girls at Auburn press his clothes.

The Palace Bakery

FRESH BREAD, PIES, CAKES, BUNS

PHONE, GREEN 234

236 Virginia St.

Reno, Nevada



The Mason Reducing Valves

THE WORLD'S STANDARD VALVES

For automatically reducing and absolutely maintaining an even steam or air pressure. They are adapted for every need and are guaranteed to work perfectly in every instance. Write for full information and splendid references:::

The Mason Regulator Co. BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

The New Ritchford Hotel

WM. RITCHFORD, Proprietor

Tables are Always Supplied with Everything the Market Affords. Private Rooms for Ladies. Gents' Smoking Room

GARDNERVILLE, NEVADA

A Well-Equipped Livery Stable in Connection. Hay and Grain for Sale. Drummers Furnished With Teams at Reduced Rates. Horses for Sale or Trade. We do Business for Cash at Cash Prices

...THE INDEPENDENT...

W. W. BOOHER, Editor and Proprietor

DAILY AND WEEKLY

(Co

... Elko, Nevada

March 2. The Senior Pedagogy Class is given primary chart work.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF . . .

Men's Suits at \$15 and \$20



Fit Guaranteed Value Unsurpassed
Nobby Styles Good Goods

200 Virginia St., Reno ... The People's Store

The First National Bank

WINNEMUCCA, NEVADA

Cash Capital and Surplus, \$100,000

The Bank will receive deposits, buy and sell foreign exchange, do a general banking business

-OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS-

GEO. S. NIXON, President

J. SIBBALD, Vice President

F. M. LEE, Cashier

Geo. S. Nixon, J. Sibbald, F. M. Lee, R. C. Moore, H. Busch

DRORIN PAPER DRORIN PENCELS
FOUNTIN PENS, ERACERS
TEA SQUARES

WE CALL THEM CHEEP
WE WANT YURE TRADE

PORTEOUS DECORATIVE COMPANY



A DOLLAR

Carries away more goods from our store than from any other store in town:::

J. R. Bradley Co.

April 8, 8 P. M. H. Chism steals C. Smith's Bacon.

David W. Rulison, D. D. S. Helen M. Rulison, D. D. S.

... DENTISTS ...



Office Phone, Green 241
Res. Phone, Brown 451

Over Tassell's Store, 218 Virginia St. RENO, NEVADA.

ALFRED NELSON

Cigars, Tobacco, Gent's Furnishings, Notions, Cutlery Optical Goods, etc. : Free Employment Agency

Importer and Jobber 217 Virginia Street

...Reno, Nevada

WASHOE LUNCH COUNTER

JAMES CHRISTANSON, PROPRIETOR





Dealer in Groceries, Provision, Vegetables, Tobaccos, Cigars, Candies, Etc.



... RENO, NEVADA

North Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada

HODGKINSON

... DRUGGIST ...

Fine Line of Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, Cameras, Etc.

Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada

A. W. HESSON CO.

The Largest Hardware and Supply Store in Eastern Nevada

Dealers in All Kinds of Farming Implements, McCormack Mowers, Studebaker Wagons for Heavy Mountain Service. Heating and Cooking Stoves, and Steel Ranges of All Descriptions.

Commercial Street

Elko, Nevada



New Riverside J. Gosse, Prop.

The Gardnerville Hotel

J. C. LARSON, Proprietor



A First Class Bar and Livery in Connection With the Hotel: : A Modern Hotel: : First Class in Every Respect : : : Reasonable Rates



Gardnerville, Nevada

W. T. SMITH COMPANY

ELKO, NEVADA

Groceries, Hardware and Furniture

Agricultural Implements, Vehicles

G. W. PERKINS

G. R. OLIVER

.. PERKINS & OLIVER...

Funeral Directors and Embalmers

PHONE 231 MAIN

Manufacturers of Silver Medal Flour

226-228 Sierra St.

Reno, Nev.

Constantly Adding New Goods to Our Well Selected Stock of . . .

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Etc.

House Furnishings, Underwear, Hosiery, Corsets Suits, Coats, Waists. Our Prices are as low as any of the large city stores : : : : : :

Virginia City, Nev.

J. MORRIS

A. LIETZ COMPANY

Scientific Instrument Makers

First Class Facilities to manufacture highest grade instruments. Modern shop. Approved methods Established 1882 : : Send for Catalogue

422 Sacramento St., San Francisco

March 18. J. H. Price and W. M. Kearney steal a pie.

RITER'S ELITE STEAM BEER



Is the only Home Production on this market. Call for it. It is Pure and Wholesome. · · · Made From Hops and Malt Only

BOWERS' MANSION, the Old Historic Country Estate of Nevada, has been entirely renovated in the past two years and is now given to public use. Just the place to spend a quiet day with your family or friends. Excursions every Sunday.



.... HENRY RITER, PROPRIETOR

Dry Goods, Carpets, Cloaks

And Fancy Goods, Reliance Wrappers, Velvet Grip Garters: ::



All Kid Gloves from \$1 a Pair Upwards Guaranted

SOL LEVY

Phone, Brown 143

205 Virginia Street, Reno

John Wieland Brewery

EXTRA PALE LAGER BEER

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, St. Louis, Extra Pale Bottled Beer. Fredericksburg Brewery, San Jose, Export Lager Beer. Agent Shasta Mineral Water

ROCK SPRINGS CASTLE GATE COAL

Full Weight Guaranteed

Black 216 O. G. BENSCHEUTZ Wholesale Dealer

Reno, Nev.

February 14. Brambilla fails for the first time to visit "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

LAKE TAHOE for Fishing, Shooting, Sailing, Rowing, Swimming, Mountain Climbing and All Summer Vacation Sports, Visit This Unsurpassed Resort.......

The Railroad between Truckee and Tahoe follows the line on the Truckee River which makes a beautiful trip in itself

.... Sixteen Hours Only From San Francisco

By leaving San Francisco at six in the evening, you can lunch on the magnificent lake steamers the following noon For particulars, for regular and excursion rates, apply to any Southern Pacific Ticket Agent, or to

D. L. BLISS, Jr., Superintendent Tahoe, California

Get Supper at the New Tahoe Tavern on the return trip.

Douglas County Bank

... OF A. JENSEN ...



Transacting a General Banking Business Buy and Sell Exchange on the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe



... DEPOSITS RECEIVED ...

Gardnerville, Nevada

The Troy Laundry Co.

RENO, NEVADA

The Only Modern Steam Laundry in the State of Nevada

Telephone, Main 371

J. H. PRICE, University Agent

April 3. The "Naught Four" Class have a "rough house."

Spring Is Over...

The summer months with their heat and oppressiveness are here. Naturally you contemplate a retreat from the turmoil of the city. Business often prevents a vacation and you are denied the rest that would be so beneficial to you. With this in mind, the Southern Pacific Railroad Co. have established excursion rates to Lake Tahoe. These rates are within reach of every one, and there is no reason why you should longer deny yourself the holiday. These excursions will be held every Sunday during the Summer. For further instructions see

AGENT S. P. R. R. CO., Reno, Nev.

THIS BOOK WAS BOUND BY . . .

Silvius & Schoenbackler

Book Binders, Paper Rulers and

.. Blank Book Manufacturers ...

423 J Street, Sacramento, California

CLUB SALOON... E.

E. M. GUTRIDGE PROPRIETOR

Elko's Wholesale and Retail Liquor House

Anheuser and Budweiser Beer, Old Crow, Hermitage, Canadian Club, Cedar Brook, Shaw's Pure Malt and Cold Springs
Whiskies in any quantity. Wilson Whisky. That's all. Soft Drinks of all kinds. The Finest Line of Cigars Handled in the West. : All Orders by Mail Promptly Attended To

THE PATRONAGE OF THE PUBLIC IS SOLICITED

Eureka County Bank...



Opened April 1, 1904

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Transacting a General Banking Business

Elko, Nevada . . .

Elko Lumber Company



Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber Shingles, Doors, Windows, Mouldings Coal, Lime, Building Papers, Etc., Etc.

... Elko, Nevada

Reno Steam Laundry Co.

AND CLEANING WORKS

–J. Miramon, Manager––––

All Kinds of Washing and Cleaning by Experienced Help and Improved Machinery

Opposite N.-C.-O. Depot, Reno, Nev.

F.W. Braun Co.

(Successor to John Taylor & Co.)

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS

...And Scientific Laboratory Supplies...

18-20 Spear Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Fashion Livery & Feed Stable

T. K. HYMERS, Proprietor

First Class Turnouts My Specialty



COMPETENT DRIVERS FURNISHED

PHONE, MAIN 321

Second and Sierra Streets, Reno, Nev.

December 14. Choppie Catlin, Ollie's beau, guesses the Artemisia won't have a josh column this year.

P. L. FLANIGAN,
President

Jas. Dunn, Vice President S. M. SAMPLE, Sec'y and Manager

Flanigan Warehouse Co.

Wool Warehouse—General Storage

Salt, Cement, Lime, Sulphur, Paper, Coal, Flour, Etc. Sole Agents Bain Wagons, Champion Mowers, Hollingsworth and Tiger Rakes, Deal, Troy and Staver Vehicles

Phone, Main 253

East Fourth St., Reno, Nev.

C. M. SPARKS



GENERAL MERCHANDISE



... Wedekind, Nevada

REINHART CO.

Deal in Everything in Dry Goods, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Shoes, Hats, Silks, Etc.

Mack Brothers Company

-DEALERS IN-

General Merchandise

Groceries, Hardware, Dry Goods, Furnishing Goods, Coal, Iron Agents for Waukegan Barb Wire and Fish Bro's. Wagons

ELKO, NEVADA

Give Us a Trial

Gardnerville, Nev.

FOR AN UP-TO-DATE LINE OF.....

Men's Furnishing Goods

...Fine Boots and Shoes...

....GO TO....

JOSEPH PLATT

OPPOSITE THE CAPITOL, CARSON, NEV.

.... VIRGINIA....

Lumber Wood and Coal Yard

Cor. C and Mill Streets
VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA

O. LONKEY, Prop.

R. S. MEACHAM, Manager

Virginia & Truckee R. R.

General Offices, Carson City, Nevada

Local Pass.	Virginia Express	Miles	Nov. 6, 1901.	*Daily	S. F. Express	Local Pass.
P. M. *1 20 1 55 2 35 4 10 4 50 5 48 6 00 P. M.	A. M. *8 35 8 58 9 24 10 00 10 40 11 13 11 25 A. M.	0 11 21 31 41 50 52	Steamb Frankto Carso Mound H	wn	P. M, 7 10 6 41 6 16 5 50 5 05 4 31 *4 20 P. M.	A. M. 11 40 11 13 10 44 10 05 8 40 7 56 *7 45 A. M.

H. M. YERINGTON, Gen. Supt. E. B. YERINGTON, G.F. & P.A.

Gardnerville Drug Store

H. H. N. TODD, Druggist

Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Stationery, Cigars, Etc.

... Gardnerville, Nevada

April 30. Business Manager Catlin, Ollie's beau, decides to get out the contracts for the book.

After the Game Celebrate Your Victory or Down Your Sorrow at.....

THE WINE HOUSE



The Largest Sporting Palace in the State: Elegantly Furnished Suites and Single Rooms
The Best of Everything on Hand at All Times

Spiro Franicivich, Prop.

Commercial Row, Reno, Nev.

H. FRALEY...

. . . HEADQUARTERS FOR . . .

Women, Misses and Children's READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS

Remember this is the only exclusive Cloak and Suit House in the City of Reno.

Phone, Red 293

204 Virginia Street

STUDENTS

Phone, Brown 151

Nevada Steam Laundry

C. A. LAMB, Proprietor

121 West First Street, Reno, Nevada

O. F. Heizer is the author of "The Poetry of Justice."

Through an oversight, his name was omitted with the story.



A. H. Manning, President
H. M. Martin, Vice President
Washoe County Bank, Treasurer
C. T. Bender, Secretary
W. L. Cox, Asst. Sec'y and Manager

.CAPITAL \$200,000



The Most Completely Equipped
Mill on the Pacific Coast

RIVERSIDE MILL COMPANY

... MERCHANT MILLERS...

Manufacturers and Dealers in the Best Roller Process Flour for Family and Baker's use. : : Meals of All Kinds. : : Grain for Feed and Seed. : : : Mill Stuffs and Bags. : : :



...RENO, NEVADA

The

Emporium

CARSON, NEV.



Write for Prices on Piute and Washoe Indian Baskets, Bead Work, Etc.

TAHOE.....

Tahoe has been termed the Eden of the West, and rightly so, for no where in the west can a more beautiful spot be found. Situated as it is, high up among the snow-clad Sierras, a more enchanting place cannot be imagined. The ozone-laden breezes that sweep down from the snowy crests bring with them the delicious perfumes of the pines. The murmur of the waters on the white sandy beach makes one forget all business cares and dream of the Elysian fields. Would it not be well to take advantage of the excursion rates offered by the S. P. R. Company and spend a day at the lake?

The Oberon Sporting Parlors

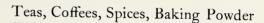


Milk Punches are Our Specialty Courteous Treatment Accorded all Our Patrons

Chas. Dreyer, Proprietor

Candies, Chocolates, Bonbons

GIVEN AWAY FREE WITH





...IT PAYS TO TRADE AT...

Great American Importing Tea Co's.

19 COMMERCIAL ROW, RENO

We sell Crockery, Chinaware, Glassware and Household Goods

I. Rosenbaum...

Men's Furnishng Goods

Agent for Schloss Brothers Clothes and the Famous Walkover Shoes

... Virginia City, Nev.

PRATER & MORGAN

. . . DEALERS IN . . .

Choice Groceries and Provisions, Poultry

Fresh Fish in Season, Farm Produce, Etc.

Virginia, Nevada

PETE GUGNINI...

Carries the Finest Line of

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

When in Virginia give him a call and enjoy his genial hospitality

South C St., Op. National Guard Hall

G. F. Turrittin, Pres. M. Scheeline, 1st Vice Pres. P. L. Flanigan, 2d Vice Pres. Eugene Howell, Cashier and Secretary

Daniel Meyer. G. F. Turrittin, M. Scheeline, R. L. Douglas, P. L. Flanigan Henry Anderson, A. G. Fletcher

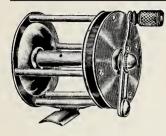
BANK OF NEVADA

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$600,000

Accounts of banks, corporations and individuals received on favorable terms. Interest paid on time deposits. Buy and sell exchange on all the principal cities of the world. Safe deposit boxes for rent

Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada

April 1. Art Editor Delonchant gets angry because he is not allowed to draw a red headed girl for literary.



M. A. Parrott

GUNSMITH

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS

All Kinds of Fishing Tackle, Ammunition and Sporting Goods

..... RENO, NEVADA

Nevada Mining and

PHONE, GREEN 551

Real Estate Exchange....

G. W. SHUTTER-COTTRELL, Manager

This is the Only First Class Office of the kind in the State. We have the best bargains in the State or city, county and mining property. We will build you a home, lend you money, rent your house or loan your money



. . . WIRE, WRITE OR PHONE US . . .

242 Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada

W. J. LUKE...

Telephone Green 371

PIONEER BLACKSMITH

ALWAYS RELIABLE

404 Virginia St., Reno, Nev.

STOP AT THE . . .

OVERLAND HOTEL

CHAS. J. SADLEIR, Proprietor

American and European Plan

FINE DINING ROOM AND GRILL....

Commercial Row and Center Streets, Opposite Union Depot, Reno, Nev.

May 10. Farmer Jones puts on a white collar.

TAYLOR BROS.'

BARBER SHOP IS THE SWELLEST



Yes, indeed. The swellest and best equipped tonsorial parlors in Nevada. Baths 25 cents. Haircutting 25 cents. Shaving 15 cents......

Smith Building

Reno, Nevada

H. LETER.....

_ _ Reno's Leading Clothier

Men's furnishing goods, hats, caps, boots, shoes, trunks and valises. Agency Henry Hilp Tailoring Company, San Francisco.

Commercial Row

.....RENO, NEVADA

...THE UNION BREWERY...

Choice Wines Liquors and Cigars.....



Agent for Milwaukee Beer.

J. L. Braun, Prop.

Virginia, Nev.

S. E. Fischer & Co.,

San Francisco, California

.....Art Engravers

Fine College, Party and Wedding Invitations

R. B. Hawcroft, Agt. Reno, Nev.

April 16. (2 P. M.) Curran, his room-mate, recovers from his fright and crawls out from under the bed.

John Ainlee & Son

DEALERS IN

Stoves, Ranges and Kitchen Furnishings



PLUMBING AND TINNING

20 Plaza St.

Reno, Nev.

THE NEVADA

CHAS. M. GRAHAM, Prop.

The Finest of Goods Sold Over the Bar

NEXT TO NEVADA HOTEL

Battle Mountain, Nevada



PAINTER, The Photographer

THE LATEST IN PHOTOGRAPHS

GROUPS ARE OUR SPECIALTY

Studio Over the Palace Bakery, Reno, Nevada

April 22. James C. is seen strolling about the campus with a young widow from Carson.

CHAS. L. KITZMEYER	J. & J. RAYCRAFT		
The Leading Druggist	Livery, Feed and Sale Stables. Horses Boarded by the Day of Week or Month at Reasonable prices		
CARSON, NEVADA	CARSON AND GENOA, NEVADA		
J. E. RICHARDSON	A. LIVINGSTON		
Manufacturer of Fine Candies, Ice Cream and Soda Water Ices	Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Be sure and give him a call when in Carson		
CARSON, NEVADA	CARSON, NEVADA		
E. J. DWYER & CO.	ROBISON & WILI		
Dealers in Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, and Men's and Boys' Fine Clothes	Groceries, Provisions and General Merchandise		
VIRGINIA, NEVADA	SPARKS, NEVADA		
The Magnolia Saloon H. Rosenbrock, Prop.	G. S. GARCIA ELKO, NEVADA		
Wines, Whisky, Brandy, Beer and Cigars Everything of the Very Best	Silver Mounted Bits and Spurs, Harness and Saddles Chapparells, Fancy Leather Pocketbooks, Belts, etc.		
County Building CARSON, NEVADA	Will exhibit a \$5000 Silver and Gold Mounted Saddle at Wolds Fair		

May 4 (Noon). The mining and mechanic students argue as so the relative merits of their professors.

ANDY TODD		
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars CARSON, NEVADA		
		S. JACOBS & SON
Clothier and Leading Gents' Furnisher. Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps Trunks, etc. Agents for M. C. Lilley & Co. Uniforms		
COMMERCIAL ROW RENO, NEV.		
AMERICAN BAKERY DRYSDALE & DIEDERICH, Props. 112 South C Street Bread Cakes and Confectionery. VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.		
The Horton Co. GENERAL MERCHANDISE BATTLE MOUNTAIN, NEV.		
H. F. PavolaThe Pioneer Boot and Shoe Make		

May 8. "Jack" Hand sees a joke which is going into the Artemisia and loses a box of candy.

Nevada Cycle & Manufacturing Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF NEVADA BICYCLE

Renting: Repairing: Enameling: Sundries

18 West Second Street

Reno, Nevada

MANHEIM'S

Candy and Ice Cream; Also Flowers

RENO, NEVADA

College Gowns and Caps

The Best Workmanship at Lowest Prices Silk Faculty Gowns and Hoods

Cox Sons & Vining, 4th Ave. New York



DAVE CASPER

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Furnishing Goods, Notions, Etc.

ELKO, NEVADA

"Walk-Over" and "Sorosis"

Shoes-Worn the World Around, \$3.50

CLEATOR-DEXTER CO.

237 Virginia Street

Reno, Nevada

F. C. SAVAGE

Sanitary Plumbing, House Heating, Pipe, Pump and Water Back Work. Sewers Laid. Plans and Estimates Furnished.

RENO, NEVADA

SIDNEY C. FOSTER

Tuxedo Suits designed by Foster command admiration at the theater, small dinners, stag parties and other informal dress affairs

Quinn Building, Virginia St.

RENO, NEVADA

MOTT'S BAZAAR

STATIONERY

128 VIRGINIA ST.,

RENO, NEV.

May 3. Phil O'Hara appears on the drill grounds-for drill.

			· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	
C. A. Coffin, D. D. S. DENTIST Office over Brookins' Store. Hours 9 to 12 a.m. 1 to 5 p.m. Reno, Nevada	Dr. F. P. Quinn, D. D. SDENTIST Office—234 Virginia Street Reno, Nevada	A. C. Steckle, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office—Over Farmers and Merchants Bank. Reno, Nevada	Dr. J. C. Hennessy, D. D. S. Office—Over Farmers and Merchants Bank. Phone Main 503; residence, Black 161Reno, Nevada	
Oberon Bowling Al	ley LON CHEEK. Prop. OF NEVADA.	Rosenthal & Armanko Dealers in Cigars, To- bacco, Etc. Magazines and Periodicals. News stand in connection. Virginia St. Reno		
Samuel Platt,	F. J. Steinmetz,	Frank Sullivan,	Dr. Pickard, M. D.	
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW	Finest line of Drugs, Toilet Articles and Photo Supplies in Carson.	Candies, Nuts, Fruits, Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc.	PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON	
Carson, Nevada	Carson, Nevada.	Virginia City, Nevada	Virginia, Nev.	
Nevada Mineral P Factory opposite The Mint.	aint Co. Mineral Paint in all Colors,. Carson, Nevada	Enterprise Grocery Corner Mill and High Streets A. P. Leroux, Prop. CHOICE GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS		
J. M. Davis,	The Crystal,	A. M. Cole,	C. W. Friend,	
Books, Toys, Etc. Agent for S. F. Call, Chronicle and Examiner.	Fine line of Wines, Liquors and and Cigars.	Druggist	Watch Maker, Jeweler and Optician.	
Virginia, Nevada	C. A. AHERN Virginia	South C St. Virginia, Nev	Carson, Nevada	

May 5. (6 A. M.) The Freshmen and Sophs have a little parade, but they take good care that no one gets hurt.

May 9. O. F. Heizer enquires about the coming Carson Carnival.

H. E. Stewart,	Leishman & Hummel,	C. F. Moore, D. D. S.	George Fee, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON	
CITY SURVEYOR	ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW D. Leishman N. A. Hummel	DENTIST Rooms 5 and 6 Bank of Nevada	Office—New Investment Bldg. West 2nd St. Phone Main 281	
Reno, Nevada	Reno, Nev. Wadsworth	Reno, - Nevada.	Reno, Nevada	
H. A. Waldo Notary Public U. S. Commissioner Reno, No.		Aintey & Son W	UMBERS AND TINNERS e have a fine line of stoves, ranges, 'Tinner's Material. Reno, Nev	
Winnemucca Hotel	Cheney, Massey & Smith	W. H. Hood, M. D.	J. H. Drips,	
D. GIROUX, Prop.	Attorneys-at-Law	Physician and Surgeon	U. S. D. M. S.	
Winnemucca, Nevada	Reno, Nevada	Reno, Nevada.	Reno, Nevada	



R. B. HAWCROFT

BOOK AND COMMERCIAL PRINTER

Bank of Nevada Building, Reno, Nev.

The 1904 Artemisia is a Sample of our work.





