Dick and I had just sat down to breakfast in our bachelor quarters when Jerome, our colored housekeeper, brought in an envelope addressed to Dick. A look of surprise came over his face as he glanced at the contents, and suddenly he broke out, "Well, of all things! An invitation to the coming out party of old Dunlap's daughter, Cordelia. We are both invited and we had better decide right now what to do."

If I had been suddenly informed that my rich aunt had died and left me her fortune, I should not have been more surprised. Why had we been invited to the "coming out" party of Cordelia Dunlap? The only reason I could think of was that when Old Dunlap was a struggling farmer in one of the "back" counties, Dick's father and mine were on friendly terms with him. Oil had been discovered on the Dunlap farm, the result being that Dunlap, his ambitious wife, and only child, Cordelia, moved to the city.

She was a freckled-faced school girl of fourteen, with big blue eyes and curly red hair. When I began to picture her dressed in "decollete," ready for the party, I could not help but smile; so I said to Dick, "Well, it does not make any difference to me whether I go or not. It is just as you say". Dick replied: "You see, if we don't go, Old Dunlap will feel hurt. Perhaps he will think that we consider ourselves above his class of society and I would not do anything to make the old fellow feel badly. He was good to dad and the folks when he lived near the old farm, and I'm going whether you do or not." Dick's argument was too strong for me, so I decided to accompany him.

The night for the party finally came. Dick and I donned our evening togs and, calling a cab departed to the scene of action. The Dunlap mansion stood in the wealthy district of the city and many people, who were not acquainted with the Dunlaps, claimed that it was the most expensive residence in town. When the carriage came to a stop in front of the place, we were amazed at what we saw. There were no lights visible and everything seemed quiet. Dick began to feel nervous and suggested that we had given the driver the wrong address. However, we hurried up the front steps and rang for admittance. There came to the door a maid who was dressed in kitchen attire. Upon being asked if Mr. Dunlap lived here, she answered, "Oh yes, come right in. Hang up your things over there (pointing to some hooks fixed in the wall) and sit down and be comfortable. I'll light the gas and I suppose Cordelia and Mrs. Dunlap will be down in a minute." After lighting the little gas jet she disappeared, and left us alone to entertain ourselves.

In the glimmering gas light, I saw the plagued look on Dick's face. He began to suspect that he had been "sold," but he tried his best to be calm. We seated ourselves on a couch in one corner of the room and began to look around.

The room in which we sat led indirectly from the street. It was papered with a red flaring design of wall paper and a carpet of greenish hue covered the floor. Upon the walls hung some family portraits done in oil and also a dozen or more photographs of prize Jerseys. In the center of the room was a little old table upon which stood a silver water pitcher and several glasses. A grand piano filled up what would have been a gaping space in one corner of the room, and chairs arranged at frequent intervals took away a little of the bare aspect.
Dick said nothing; the fact is, his looks were enough to tell you he was greatly disappointed. I reminded him that he was about to meet a future society belle, and at this he began to cheer up.

In a few minutes we heard footsteps on the stairs and as Dick and I arose to our feet, in swept Mrs. Dunlap and the debutante, Cordelia. The good lady recognized us, and rushing forward greeted us with a hearty hand shake. She said she was so glad to see us; it seemed like the old times when Dick and I ran bare-footed with Cordelia. Strangely enough this reminder did not seem to please Dick in the least.

Cordelia was then presented to us, and we all seated ourselves. Mrs. Dunlap began to resurrect incidents that the past had long buried. Dick and I said little attention to what she said, but sat there gazing at mother and daughter.

Cordelia was the same red haired maiden. The freckles were gone, and sorry to say, in their place was a coat of Pozzoni. Her eyes were as blue as ever, and the same innocent look which characterized her years ago was on her face. She was clad in a yellow gown and sported jewelry galore.

Mrs. Dunlap wore a blue silk dress, trimmed with artificial flowers. There was the customary low neck and short sleeves. Apparently her husband had bought out a jewelry store, for on her an immense chatelaine watch and numerous rings and bracelets were visible. As she sat before us, I could see that she was still the ambitious women she was of yore, but I soon found that she had learned a sad lesson from her experience in town. The best society had failed to respond to her advances; and now, determined to introduce her daughter to the social whirl, she was forced to a makeshift, pathetic in itself, but in the end extremely interesting to us.

Mrs. Dunlap talked on, unconscious of the revelation she was making, telling us that she had invited just a few of the old family friends, and as they were the only ones to be present, we would surely have a good time. Dick began to twist and turn and looked decidedly uncomfortable. Cordelia was looking blankly at the grotesque figures on the green carpet. Dick and I were embarrassed, and just as I was about to ask Cordelia to play on the piano, a knock was heard at the door.

Quickly Mrs. Dunlap arose and said, “There comes the rest of the company. Cordelia, open the door and have them come in and take their wraps off.” Poor Cordelia tip-toed toward the door and opened it. In came the “rest of the company.” And such a company! There were the greetings of “Howdy do,” “Good evening”, “Pleasant weather”, and as the guests separated themselves from their wraps, we—Dick and I—were introduced to them.

First came Squire Hutchinson, who wore a “swallow tail” and was decorated with a bright new tie and a bandana handkerchief, which hung purposely out of his vest pocket. In rapid succession we met the village postmaster, the deacon, the town constable, the school trustees and the younger men from Mrs. Dunlap’s home town. Next, the wives, the daughters, and the sweethearts of the aforesaid came forward and were presented to us.

I could not help but smile when I saw the guests at Cordelia’s party. Dick and I had come expecting to meet the elite of the city and found instead the natives of our old home town. We adjusted ourselves to the circumstances, and, joining in all the games, soon began really to enjoy ourselves. There was no formality and everybody was having a good time.

The old “kissing games” were played. Dick acted as postmaster in the “post office” game and I was favored with the handkerchief in “Drop-the-Handkerchief.” Dick always chose the postmaster’s buxom daughter to be his partner in the games. Her complexion, her eyes, and her physique were enough to make her city sisters green with envy. No, I didn’t blame Dick in the least.

Thus we romped until midnight, and then it was that Old Dunlap himself put in his appearance and announced that refreshments would be served in the next room.

How grotesque the old man looked in his
latest style Tuxedo. I should have much preferred to see him in his old "missionary" coat and rough cowhide boots. I suppose, though, his good Frau was responsible for his appearance.

When we finally seated ourselves at the table, the good deacon arose and fervently thanked the Almighty for the food before us. When "Amen" was said, we "lit in" on the spread. Never before did chicken salad taste so good. We ate and ate of it, and only stopped because the host frankly announced that there was no more of it. The bread and butter reminded me of home, and when a glass of good rich milk was offered me I took it and then asked for another one. The good wholesome food tasted better than the delicacies of Delmonico or Tony Faust, and when a dish of ice cream (made out of genuine cream, too) was set before me, I concluded that when I wanted good things to eat I should always attend one of the Dunlap parties.

Dick was doing full justice to the feast, and when called upon to make a speech he declined the honor, saying he was too hungry. At last the apple cider was served, and this time Dick drank a toast to the debutante and the country lasses in general. How I wish Dick's set could have seen him drinking that toast. They would have been amused to see Richard Huntington, a reputed swell, lauding the charms of the country maidens. This much for Dick; he meant every word he said.

When grim hunger was chased away, we all returned to the room papered in red. Here we sang and danced until completely tired out, and when "Home, Sweet Home" was sung, Dick began to regret that there was such a song. Heartily bidding one and all good night, and wishing Cordelia many happy returns of the day, Dick and I reluctantly set out for home.

Dick did not say much on the way; he must have been involved in serious thought, but finally when we turned out the lights for the night and were preparing to enter into the land of Nod, I managed to hear him mutter, "Cordelia's 'coming out' party, eh? Wish to the devil that the girls in the city weren't so
d—formal. Cordelia and her red hair are all right; so is the postmaster's daughter. Good-night, old man."

B. F. R. JR.

The Art Theories Set Forth in Fra Lippo Lippi.

MRS. JOHN FRANKLIN ENGLE.

According to the popular distinction between art and nature, the idea of art includes only phenomena of which man is the cause, and that when he acts not spontaneously but with calculation. Arts are divided into useful, mechanical or industrial and liberal. The fine arts are Poetry, Music, Architecture, Sculpture and Painting. The last named is the art of which Browning sets forth theories in his poem entitled "Fra Lippo Lippi." The fundamental conception of art theories in the poem is the distinction between Realism and Idealism. Realistic art is the imitation of nature, its photographic reproduction. Idealistic art may be best explained by contrasting the actual and the ideal. The doctrine that the most successful art is a successful imitation of nature is erroneous. Merely to copy the actual is to degrade if not to falsify it. The actual world of form, color and life is always changing, and the supreme function of art is to divine what underlies the kaleidoscopic change, and to incarnate it in a product which combines several of its moods in a representative unity which transcends each one of them. Thus it is that the artist modifies and works upon every reality before him, for the purpose of bringing out some ideal or transcendent unity. He instinctively adds something to nature in one direction and takes away something in another; overlooking this kind of fact and insisting on that; suppressing many particulars which he holds irrelevant, in order to bring into prominence others which strengthen the idea that he wishes to portray.

Raphael taught that the most successful artist is he who departs from the literal and the actual and who presents to us a synthetic truth which is higher than the analytic truth unfolded by the literalist. Hence his perennial charm for posterity. As Goethe put it, "Art is art
simply because it is not nature," and the artist is an artist because he sees more than the most perfect camera can register. Having seen it, it is his aim to make that which floated before his "inward eye," but was invisible to the multitude, visible to them. Because the artist produces that which he sees with his "inward eye," the most perfect pictures cannot be reproduced and preserve the ideal features. It is for this reason that copies of the great masters are as a rule so disappointing. A work of art may be radiant with expression and suggestion (with idealism) as it issues from the artist's mind, but as soon as it is reproduced it sinks to the level of the actual. In the strictest sense, however, a purely realistic, as also a purely idealistic art, is impossible. Pure realism would have no meaning to appeal to the mind, and pure idealism, if interpreted to mean that sensuous material shall not be used, is impossible; for an ideal unembodied would have no meaning whatever. Mrs. Browning expresses this thought in "Aurora Leigh:"

"Without the spiritual observe
The natural's impossible: no form,
No motion! Without sensuous, spiritual
Is inappreciable:—no beauty or power:
And in this two-fold sphere the two-fold man
Holds firmly by the natural, to reach
The spiritual beyond it,—fixes still
The type with mortal vision, to pierce through,
With eyes immortal, to the ante-type
Some call the ideal, better called the real."

Thus we see that the realistic and idealistic features in art are so necessary each to the other in an artistic production, that it may be difficult to understand how one class of painters should be considered as realistic and another class as idealistic.

This further distinction between the two might be made. The realistic class of painters make a special study of the mental and mechanical aids to their profession. They obtain a complete knowledge of the human form and study to imitate the various effects of nature in color and in light and shade, with no other motive than that of giving pleasure by the representation of beauty. The idealistic class of painters use art as a sacred vocation and the representation of beauty as a means, not an end. A thorough study of nature is made and used only as the embodiment of the highest, holiest, and purest ideas in heaven and in earth. To the former class belonged Fra Lippo Lippi; to the latter Fra Angelico, who according to the poem, was regarded as one of the "true painters" whose method of painting the Priors wished Fra Lippo to adopt. Fra Lippo Lippi's first art productions were purely realistic. He painted "every sort of monk, the black and white,*** the fat and lean; then folks at church—from the good old gossips waiting to confess***to the breathless fellow at the altar foot fresh from his murder." This manner of painting brought forth loud praise from the monks in such words as these, which show how true to life were the paintings.

"That's the very man!
Look at the boy who stops to pat the dog:
That woman's like the Prior's niece who comes
To care about his asthma: it's the life."

This loud praise was soon stopped by the learned prior who instructed Fra Lippo not to make his figures true to life, to use figure only to express the idea. He urges that art must have an ulterior aim—an ethical purpose and yokes idealism with morals. According to the poem the prior says,

"How? What's here?
Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all!
Faces, arms, legs, and bodies like the true
As much as pea and pea! it's devil's game!
Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay,
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.
Your business is to paint the souls of men***
Give us no more of body than shows soul!"

Fra Lippo answers, observing first that the Prior's theory defeats its own end. In other words, to repeat a statement already made, an idea unembodied would have no meaning to appeal to the mind. He further observes the possibility of reconciling the two stand points,

"Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
Both in their order? Take the prettiest face,
The Prior's niece—patron saint—is it so pretty
You can't discover if it means hope, fear,
Sorrow or joy. Won't beauty go with these?
Suppose I've made her eyes all right and blue,
Can't I take breath and try to add life's flesh,
And then add soul and heighten them three-fold?"

The dignity and worth of mere beauty and
the mission of this beauty in elevating the soul
is expressed in these lines:
"Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—
(I never saw it—put the case the same)
If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents;
That's somewhat; and you'll find the soul
you have missed
Within yourself, when you return him thanks!"

The worth of mere beauty is also beautifully
expressed in Emerson's 'Rhodora,'
"In May when sea-winds pierced our solitude.
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
There might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,

And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora! If the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being;
Why then wert there, O rival of the rose?
I never thought to ask, I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self same power that brought me there
brought you."

While we all feel and acknowledge the power
and elevating influence of beauty, does not the question arise in our minds, "What is beauty?"
Art has ever been defined as "such activity as produces beauty." Much has been said on
this subject from the time of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle to the present time, yet no one
has arrived at a universally accepted conclusion as to what really constitutes the beautiful.
Two definitions of beauty, together, seem to me to give a very comprehensive idea of beauty
in art. Shaftesbury says,

"That which is beautiful is harmonious and proportionable, what is harmonious and proportionable is true, and what is at once both beautiful and true is of consequence agreeable and good." According to Hegel, "God manifests himself in nature and in art in the form of beauty. God expresses himself in two ways, in the object and in the subject, in nature and in spirit. Beauty is the shining of the idea through matter."

In general it is conceded that beauty exists
both in nature and in the mind of man; that
the extrinsic elements of beauty are the harmonious and the pleasurable. Since our minds are so constructed that no two faculties have the same degree of strength and vigor, it follows that the extrinsic elements of beauty appeal differently to each one of us, while the intrinsic or spiritual element exists for each and all. If we do not perceive it—it is because some are less highly trained than others in the understanding and appreciation of the beautiful. Besides the extrinsic elements of beauty we also find beauty in movement and change. The flower is not loveliest when cut, but while it is growing and developing fresh loveliness as it grows. If we could imagine such a gem as the opal to be alive and giving forth light by the movements of its molecules instead of flashing its colors only when mechanically turned in the hand, its beauty would be trebled. It is said that the strongest impressions we receive from Guido's "Aurora" are of brilliant color and vigorous action. "Aurora, goddess of the dawn, flies thro' the air, scattering the purple clouds of night, and showering roses and dewdrops, rainbow colors and rosy clouds over the sleeping earth. Her garments are filmy, blown by the wind into moving whirls of rainbow hues, that add to the feeling of motion without impeding her flight. She looks back toward Phoebus Apollo, the sun-god, who drives the chariot of the sun, guiding the restless steeds in their impetuous haste. Around him are the Hours eagerly hurrying on either side, every figure alive with vigorous action."

Fra Lippo surely acknowledges the existence of the spiritual, the harmonies, and the agree-
able, as well as that of movement and change, as being necessary elements in the production of a beautiful painting, when such a conception is pictured as is described in the last forty-seven lines of the poem, beginning with the lines, 

"Give me six months, then go, see
Something in Ambroges! I shall paint
God in the midst, Madonna and her babe,
Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel brood,
Ladies and vestment, and white faces sweet."

From the selections quoted, you will observe that Fra Lippo recognized the fact that by nature he was not one of the spiritual class of painters, that he was so only as the result of his instruction. He tells us that his first realistic painting was loudly praised by the monks—"till checked—taught what to see and not to see."

Later in his career he says,

"And yet the schooling sticks, the old grave eyes
Are peeping over my shoulder as I work,
The head shakes still—Its art's decline, my son!"

As a reason for his natural inclination toward realistic painting he says,

"To me, I think I speak as I was taught.
I always see the garden, and God there
A-making man's wife; and my lesson learned,
The value and significance of flesh,
I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards."

In such an artistic conception as the following, which seems to be such as Fra Lippo's inclination would lead him to paint, every principle of art is embodied. The artist's skill may be exercised in the reproduction of the various forms of nature into a harmonious whole with suggestions of life and motion and behind it all the highest ideals of the creator.

"You've seen the world—
—The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises,—and God made it all!
—For what? Do you feel thankful, aye or no,
For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
They are the frame to? What's it all about?
To be passed over, despised, or dwelt upon,
Wondered at? Oh, this last of course! you say,
But why not do as well as say,—paint these
Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
God's work—paint any one and count it crime
To let a truth slip. Don't object, "His works
Are here already; nature is complete.
Suppose you reproduce her (which you can't)
There's no advantage you must beat her, then.
For don't you mark? we're made so that we
love
First when we see them painted, things we
have passed
Perhaps a thousand times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for
that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

The First Night of a Play.

The young people in the little town of Blake
ly once gathered together their bits of talent
and good looks and decided to exhibit them to
the public in a play called "Down the Black Canyon." A great deal of rehearsing was done
and the town people were worked up to a high
pitch of excitement before all was ready.

The evening of the play was a pleasant one
at the time of the year when darkness does not
come till late. Men came home from their
work earlier than usual, and housewives served
easily prepared suppers so that they might
have more time to dress.

About a quarter of eight by the clock, the
crowd began to gather.

The opera house was in the second story
of a livery stable. It was newly built and still
had the odor of pine about it. The theatre
part was ordinarily used for a dancing hall and
you entered it by a dark, narrow stairway on
the outside of the building. Its capacity was
just great enough for the people of the town.

The stage had been erected for the occasion
from loose planks and props. Although it was
nailed in places, it looked very frail and I fanci
ed I saw it tremble when the villain got into a
rage. As the seats were used only on such oc-
casions as this, they were also loosely constructed. They were planks placed on low saw-horses. The saw-horses were long enough to support two planks and every other row of seats was closed at the end. It was very amusing to watch the young gallants help their ladies over the ends into the seats.

Long before the elders came, the two rows of seats nearest the stage were crowded with small boys who had come early "to 'old de seats down." This was a delightful experience for them and they eagerly watched the gaudily painted curtain and longed for it to rise.

The ladies of the audience were arrayed in their very best, but very few of the men had thought it worth while to dress up very much and had just put on their best coats with their common vests and trousers. The boys went farther than the men and wore "Sunday ties." Some of these would have served well as footlights.

The crowd was very appreciative and eagerly watched each hole in the curtain and crack in the doors, for the chance to see a painted face whose owner might desire a glimpse of the audience.

After a great deal of confusion and buzz of excited whisperings behind the scenes, the curtain rose on the opening act. With this, men applauded, girls expressed their opinions of the stage settings, etc. and small boys stamped and whistled.

The first scene was in a western farmhouse with a family and some cowboys seated around a table. "See that pretty girl there!" asked a small boy at my elbow. "Yes," I answered. "She's my sister Louie, and the villain and her beau are going to fight over her. Levi's her real beau too, and sometimes he acts out of the show like he does in it." With this he looked out of the corners of his eyes to see if I grasped the point in his story.

The play progressed very nicely except that one time the deaf and dumb boy forgot to keep quiet, and the funny lady's paper dress came near taking fire from the candle foot-lights. Love scenes, scenes between irate father and disobedient daughter, lovers' quarrels, and duels all took place in their order.

One act opened with a darkened woodland scene. To the playing of soft music, the hero came into view and, unmindful of what he was doing, began to tell his love affairs to the audience. Then, unknown to him, the villain, a large man with a dusky skin and heavy black moustache, entered and heard all the hero's plans as he rehearsed them to himself.

When the hero found out what had happened, he became enraged and said something so rash that the villain's anger was aroused and before the hero could help himself, the villain fired a pistol at him. But alack, the shot was fired too low and the poor hero's face was filled with powder. He fell to the floor groaning.

The audience had had a hard time to contain their spirits this night and now it was as if a lighted match had been touched to them.

The leading lady rushed screaming on to the stage arrayed for the next scene in an elaborate ball gown. The actor papa and mama dropped whiskers and wigs in their hurry. The audience lost all control of themselves. Two women fainted with fright, others wept and had hysterics, and still others rushed wildly about telling all to keep cool, as the hurt was not a serious one. The men thought themselves to be the only ones who were doing as they should. They sternly demanded order which they did not get. They commanded children to keep out of their way, and humbly begged the women to keep their senses. The villain stood aside too perplexed and bewildered to do anything. He knew that something dreadful had happened and that he had been the cause. Some of the people sympathized with him, others reproached him for his carelessness in aiming. He almost went mad when a little woman near him who was violently weeping said, "To think that Ephraim should have turned out to be a murderer."

After an hour of this commotion and confusion, the crowd cleared away and the injured man was taken home. He felt himself to be a hero indeed and when he found that his hurt was not a serious one, he quite enjoyed the situation.

The poor villain after finding that he could be of no service, went out into the warm star-
lit night, regardless of paint and moustache, and began violently to chop wood. The opera house was in a most disordered state when the crowd left. Wings had been pushed out of their places and some had almost fallen down, stage makeup and costumes were scattered about, and the footlights had almost all been extinguished. Those that had not, were burned to their sockets. Off the stage, candy and peanut bags with half eaten contents were scattered about, saw horses had been knocked over and loose planks lay about the floor.

LAURA NEBEKER.

STUDENT AFFAIRS.

Midsummer Night’s Dream,

If there has been anything in the history of the Agricultural College which should convince those who are working for its advancement that they are succeeding, it is the performance of the Shakespearian comedy by the members of the Sorosis Society. If there is anything which has endeared the Sorosis Society to the students of the Agricultural College, it is their excellent rendition of the above named comedy. Their excellent showing was the result of months of hard work and their success was well merited. They reflected credit on the institution and placed themselves in the enviable position of being honored and respected by all who witnessed their effort. We of the laymen found our sole happiness in their success and in the knowledge that we belonged to the same institution as they. It certainly was a time when all our latent spirit began to assert itself. It was something to tack our loyalty to, something we can refer to with pride. It is the greatest thing of its kind the college has experienced—a noble aim nobly executed.

“In this poetic comedy of pure delight, there are three distinct groups of characters: the romantically unreal Athenians, the clownish artisans, and the fairies of good old English folklore. The main plot concerns itself with the difficulties of the Athenian lovers. Hermia, ignoring her father’s command and rejecting the suit of Demetrius, has given her heart to Lysander. They escape together from the city, but Demetrius, followed by his jilted sweetheart, Helena, pursues them. Oberon has quarreled in the woods with his queen, Titania, and has secured, to punish her, a magic herb which, touched to the sleeper’s eyelids, will cause him to love madly the first creature on which his eyes open. Puck is sent with this to reconcile Demetrius, and by mistake anoints Lysander, causing him to love Helena and desert Hermia. Meanwhile Titania, impelled by the herb, has settled her affections upon the swaggering weaver, Bottom, whom Puck has appropriately fitted with the head of an ass. Attempting to repair his wrong to the Athenians, Oberon causes Demetrius, too, to dote on Helena, and Hermia finds herself entirely alone. One by one the lovers wander to Titania’s bower and fall asleep there. The queen herself soon appears, stroking the fair large ears of her new-found lover and soothing him to slumber. Oberon seizes this opportunity to restore harmony all around, and the morning horns of Theseus awaken the Athenians to the dawning of their marriage day. The thrilling tragedy in which the strangely fortunate Bottom stars so nobly, is a feature of the nuptial ceremonies.”

Theseus, Duke of Athens, maintained well the dignity which he represented and carried off the honors of being the best “man” in the show excluding the artisans. His love-making was beautiful and his general demeanor praiseworthy. Egeus, father of Hermia, carried an extremely hard part well. The haughty pride of a prosperous Athenian father could hardly
"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."
be supposed to emanate from a blushing lass whose views could not but be contrary to those which he represented. Notwithstanding this the sire frowned, scolded, and carried admirably the dignity of old Greece. Lysander and Demetrius labored under the disadvantage of making love in the wrong direction,—an effort contrary to their previous experience. Their embraces lacked the closeness and fervor of true love but their speaking was fine. Had they taken a Pointer from the audience, their appeals would have been more Rich. Hippolyta appeared to advantage in a consistent representation. She gained, aside from all cultural and disciplinary value, invaluable experience in the dreamy art which time will make use of. Hermia, daughter to Egeus, did a fine quality of work. Her part was difficult and her rendition commensurately excellent. Helena compared well with Hermia and the two did the emotional parts exceptionally well.

The comedy of the play found able expression in the two principal artisans, Bottom and Quince. Bottom demonstrated a wonderful affinity for the grotesque in life,—a fact explained by her experience in the early part of the present school year. Her representation of the weaver was a decided feature and greatly enhanced the attractiveness of the performance. Quince did nobly and combined with Bottom to make the comic element undeniably paramount. Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling all united to make their part an enjoyable one.

The dance of the Fairies was perfect. The brilliant costuming and still more brilliant stepping surpassed anything ever seen in the town before. It was something new and went far towards making the evening supremely enjoyable. Puck comes in for a good share of praise as the cause of all the misunderstandings and heartaches. Oberon, King of the Fairies, did remarkably well as the leader of the winged host. His queen, Titania, united to the quality of able expression, a surpassing beauty made more transcendent by the glamour of fairy land. The two, king and queen, with their following, shed an indescribable atmosphere of beauty around the whole performance.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Theseus, Duke of Athens........Nellie Hayball
Egeus, father to Hermia........Myrtle Nebecker
Lysander In love with May Nobeker
Demetrius Hermia Mildred Fergeon
Philostrate, master of the revels, Ella Maughan
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus........Maud Egbert
Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with
Lysander.................Geneve Egbert
Helena, in love with Demetrius, Bertha Mattson
Oberon, King of the Fairies......Ella Maughan
Titania, Queen of the Fairies.....Josie Munk
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow......Myrtle Barber
First Fairy..................Nellie Barber
Quince, a carpenter................Hazel Love
Bottom, a weaver.............Carmen Stoddard
Snug, a joiner..................Claude Hughes
Flute, a bellows mender.........Jennie Reid
Snout, a tinker................Lurena Nebecker
Starveling, a tailor..............Louise Thomas

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta

On to Richmond.

A month or so ago there was a whole bevy of sprightly damsels around the A. C. U. pinning for a life of glorious activity behind the footlights. One Tuesday afternoon late in March, when these same damsels awoke from a long daylight session of the sleep of the just—well, times had changed. Thereby hangs a tale. After their remarkable achievement with Midsummer Night's Dream, the Sorosis wisely decided not to hide their light under a bushel. So they went barn-storming to Richmond, and put it in a peck—of trouble. Monday, March 30, was the day fixed for this unique performance, and for a time everything seemed to work together for the good of those concerned. Swendsen and Taylor had gone ahead to boom things up, and returned with glowing visions of success. Swendsen knew every man, woman, child, and tomcat in the place, and whom Taylor didn't know he soon convinced that they had missed something. Conservative ones of the oldest inhabitants estimated an audience of at least a hundred and seventy-five,
if the aisles could be filled with chairs and a few small boys suspended from the gas-jets.

Promptly at 1 p.m. the brilliant procession left Logan, the sun shining, banners waving, horns blaring, and the saner and more dignified members of the troupe devoured peanuts. There had been one accident already, but nobody counted that. The Master Mechanic, the Property Man and a few more officials had been gathering in the calcium-lights, and, attempting to drive through an innocent-looking mud-puddle in the street, had dropped down the crater of an extinct volcano and been extricated with the derrick the city council keeps for such purposes. The fifteen miles to Richmond may be summed up in one expressive word—noise. Everybody sang everything she knew and a great deal she did not, until even Taylor was persuaded to give up his customary lethargy and join in the chorus. Once in a while, when people stopped for breath, the Stage Manager could be heard, pleading tearfully with the principals not to ruin their voices for the show.

Arrived at the "show grounds," the Advance Agent performed his greatest piece of diplomacy. One hotel had made a 20c rate for all meals; the other rated adults at "two bits" and children at 15c. The principals were driven rapidly to the first establishment, while the fairies were tucked under protecting arms, whisked off to the bargain counter, and cautioned to be sure to eat their money's worth. During the afternoon the rumor was current that the performance must be postponed because the Stage Manager found it absolutely impossible to satisfy his appetite, but at 6 o'clock—at the request of the landlady—he appeared on the scene of action. And such a scene of action! The Official Artist was ruefully inspecting the array of "back drops," trying to determine whether they had been painted with diamond dye or Patton's Sun-proof; the Mistress of the Ballet was anxiously figuring how many fairies could gracefully execute "jig-steps" on a stage just 6x10; and Hermia and Helena, as usual, were off in a corner arguing which was leading ady.

After a while, order arose out of chaos inside, and then the elements decided it was their time to contribute. From nowhere in particular a whole brigade of storm-clouds came chasing each other across the sky, with all sorts of thunder and lightning in their train, and the rain came down in torrents. The audience that had already gathered looked wise, while most of those who had not, looked wiser and remained at home. However, it was a comfortable audience of Richmond's best people that greeted the rise of the curtain. Then the fun began. The bugler, though from Logan, was a trifle slow, and, just as he was settled to blow a mighty blast, the end of the curtain struck the bell of his cornet, driving all the notes, most of the horn, and several teeth well down into his anatomy. He is reported to have remarked "I'll be blown!" but on good authority this is disputed.

The production moved on with its usual vim and attractiveness till the appearance of the fairies. Then the orchestra, for some reason or other, failed to connect, and the ballet presented for a few minutes a charming imitation of a man trying to walk the hurricane deck in a heavy sea. They rapidly collected themselves, however, and worked out their own salvation amid thunderous applause in which the heavens joined. Another pathetic feature of this episode was the frantic attempt of the Business Manager to juggle the calcium light. The best he could do, all evening, was a poor, wavering light spot of green light on the backs of two fairies. Finally the machine gave a despairing sputter and went out altogether.

The hoodoo lifted until the fourth act, and then it worked over time. The stage was so small that the various sleepers piled up like cord wood, in no very realistic manner. Next the ass's head, partaking of the spirit of mischief, positively refused to leave the head of Bottom, though Puck, always determined to do her duty, almost succeeded in performing an act of decapitation. Meanwhile the Official Artist had been preparing to distinguish himself as understudy to the disabled bugler. Out in the rain, with a fish-horn as his instrument, he had been practicing all sorts of trills and flourishes, and was letter-perfect, ready for his
cue. "Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns!" rang out the stentorian voice of Theseus. Actors and friends were waiting for the sweet notes of the bugle, when there crashed upon their ears a blast—a fearful, mighty blast, harmonious as the foot of a locomotive and loud as the blaze that shook old Jericho. The sleepers could think of nothing but the judgment day. Everybody behind the scenes was convulsed, but somehow or other the actors kept their composure; and soon the tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe came to relieve the strain and complete the play. The audience was more than pleased, and the performance, as a performance, was another huge success.

There is a certain optimistic professor who often remarks cheerily in the face of ill fortune "This is nothing; yet; this is just the beginning!" Never was his remark more appropriate than on this momentous night. Contemplate, if you please, the pathetic condition of these aspiring barnstormers. Midnight was fast approaching; the rain was still pouring down at frequent intervals; there was a darkness that made the proverbial stack of black cats look like a burning sunset; the roads, rough but dry in the afternoon, were one seething, mucky mass of the blackest, nastiest, stickiest mud that ever devoured a dainty little maiden's overshoes; and last and worst, Logan was just fifteen miles away.

Off in a bunch! The fairies at once took the lead, and the Advance Agent was left behind to square up accounts and care for the orchestra. After all, it wasn't so bad in those hacks. You could sing and gossip to your heart's content, and if you were very sly about it, you could sleep just a little bit. At least, you could keep dry. Yes, little maiden, if you might only have stayed there! Everybody drove at a snail's pace, and even that seemed like reckless rapidity. One minute you seemed to be rising on the crest of some great wave, and the next you were dropping down with a jerk and the whole hack about to pile up on top of you. It was a thrilling experience. First one hack would lose the road, and then another would stick like grim death in a mud-hole. Then somebody else would get his harness pulled to pieces or amuse himself by breaking single-trees. Occasionally, just to vary the monotony, a whole hack-load would be piled out in the mud, while the Mistress of the Ballet amused the company with the latest thing in high dives. The driver got involved in a friendly squabble with a barbed-wire fence, and came out looking like a war-map of China. The fairies seemed to have a special grip on the hoo doo at this point in the program. Time after time, something went wrong with their outfit, and the helpless little innocents huddled together like a flock of bedraggled sparrows and sang "Out in the rain, wet to the skin," as if life depended on it.

All the good things of life end some day. Even men who walk ahead with lanterns finally pilot their cargoes into port. Just as the morning light was dawning, chill and gray, the procession filed slowly into Logan, and six long hours of darkness and storm and vexation of spirit were completed. Principals, fairies, officials—everybody scurried to protecting homes and long-deferred slumbers, while the Stage Manager prepared to conduct morning chapel.

Engineering Ball.

In order to maintain the dignity of the department, and convince people that there really exists an "Engineering Society," the above-named club gave a ball in the college gymnasium Saturday evening, April 4. Unlike the annual "hop" of the class of '04, the event was not the grandest of the season. The "Baseball Association" anticipated a new supply of apparatus from the proceeds, but alas! the society treasury was called upon to pay the musicians. Socially the affair was all that could be desired and since this was the essential aim, there was no reason for complaint.

Before Judge Pyle.

On Monday evening, April 6th, the Star Literary Society was converted into a court room and the case of Henry Gleed vs. Maude Egbert
was brought before Judge Pyle. The case was a suit on the part of Miss Egbert against Mr. Gleed for $5000 damages, the cause being alleged Breach of Promise.

The plaintiff was represented by Mr. Fisher and Mr. Hillman, while the defendant's cause was ably championed by J. J. Fredrickson and W. H. Kerr.

The first evening was entirely taken up in the selection of jurors, but at the meeting following, the case proper was called. There was a large crowd in attendance, and throughout the evening, the rival attorneys were rewarded by vigorous applause.

Several times it appeared as though they would come to blows, but thanks to the commanding height of the judge,—there was no bloodshed.

The case was handed to the jury about 9:30 o'clock and after a few moments, deliberation they returned a verdict of not guilty. Consequently Mr. Gleed was acquitted.

Feeling that they have mastered the tricks of the court room, the members of the "Star" have decided to hold a citizen's congressional convention. Work along this line will continue throughout the year and will certainly prove of value to those who take part.

Debate, A. C. vs. B. Y. C.

The challenge of Leon B. Stoddard and Walter Porter of the "Law Club" to meet them in debate was accepted by students of the B. Y. College. The latter submitted the question, "Resolved, That the White People of the South are justified in using any peaceful means in maintaining supremacy over the Negro." Our boys chose to argue the affirmative. The meet will take place in the B. Y. College auditorium May 15. The question will be decided by three judges consisting of one member from the faculty of each institution and a disinterested person chosen by the above two. Argument, delivery and English will be considered in giving the decision.

This will be the first time, at least for several years, for the students of the Agricultural College to meet students from other institutions in debate. Whether they win or lose, the members of the "Law Club" manifest the proper spirit and merit the hearty support of the student body.

Arbor Day.

Arbor Day at the College passed off very successfully. "As the twig is bent so the tree will grow," seemed to be the maxim of the participants at the exercises on April 15th.

At ten o'clock a throng of students, faculty and visitors assembled in the large auditorium and listened to a program that was rendered very satisfactorily.

The College orchestra was first to lead out. For a few moments the listeners thought they were attending "Ringling Bros. Show," but in a short time were brought back to the real sense of the occasion by a well selected reading by Miss Pike. Professor Hutt then gave a brief address on "The Tree." He told of its utility and its beauty, and followed it from the embryo to the magnificent structure of a full grown giant of the forest. This was followed by an attractive comic recitation given by Miss Love.

The assembly then went to the campus where the respective classes each planted a tree. To entertain those who could not use the shovel, while the dirt was being placed about the tree, the band played some excellent selections. Following this a short speech was given by some member of the class.

This ended the exercises until 2:30 in the afternoon when a large crowd attended the matinee given in the gymnasium. The music was furnished by the College orchestra. The house was crowded almost to an overflow. In fact it seemed to be one of the greatest attractions of the season, because perhaps it was something new, or, more probably, because it was free. At any rate, all enjoyed themselves exceedingly well.
The Commercials and engineers have come to the conclusion that it costs too much to do their flag rushes in the building. Hereafter all their flag rushes will occur on the farm where nothing more valuable than an arm or leg can be broken.

The Business Manager reports thirteen lady subscribers for Student Life, and yet we thought we were fairly good looking fellows, in fact, good all around chaps. It very nearly broke Taylor's heart; but let that pass. Ten of them were members of the Sorosis Society. There is some consolation in that fact.

Mr. Eugene Santachi, who two years ago won in a competitive examination a cadetship to West Point, has left school to make preparations for his departure. With Mr. Irvine at Annapolis and Mr. Santachi at West Point the Agricultural College is well represented in America's great military schools. Mr. Santachi was one of the most brilliant students the college has seen and his friends predict a bright future for him. He leaves our halls with the respect of all and Student Life takes this occasion to wish him a prosperous and happy career.

One might be tempted to say that the societies of the school exist only in name. This, however, would not apply in all cases. The "Sorosis Society" cannot be too highly praised for the spirit manifested by its members. They are always ready to aid any worthy enterprise. In fact they enjoy ceaseless toil. April 14, it was rumored that spring had come and the Sorosis were "moving northward," but on investigation it was found that the furniture had been removed in order that the room might be papered. This improvement added to the coziness of the corner makes the society room a credit to its occupants and to the institution.

Annual Election of Officers.

In accordance with the constitution of "Student Life" a meeting for the election of officers to edit and manage the paper during the coming school year was held Tuesday April 21. In addition to the officers provided for in the constitution, it was thought advisable to have an Assistant Business Manager to be chosen by the Business Manager and responsible to him. As for the other officers, those who are at present acting were re-elected. The "Staff" wishes to express their appreciation of the hearty support given them by the subscribers.

For Next Year.

Next year several changes will be registered in our faculty and some other arrangements will be completed. At the spring meeting of the College Board five schools were established in the Agricultural College: a School of Agriculture, a School of Engineering, a School of Domestic Science and Arts, a School of General Science, and a School of Commerce. Final arrangements were made for completing the college buildings and erecting new ones. A new poultry building will be constructed and in addition a new hog house. These arrangements will make possible better work along these lines than has been done be-
fore. Near the Mechanic Arts Buildings a foundry is to be built where more extensive work in iron and steel can be carried on. The extreme popularity of the blacksmith department will necessitate the building of an extension to the forge room. In addition to these changes, work will be resumed on the cattle and sheep barns, so as to have them in perfect running order by the time school convenes next fall.

In the faculty also a number of changes will be made. Prof. Burchell who has so ably managed the School of Commerce this year will return to the East at the close of school. The position that his resignation makes vacant will be filled by Prof. Boxell. The Chair of Modern Languages will be occupied by Professor A. E. Wilson of the Ogden High School. Dr. Moench, as was announced in our last issue, has resigned to accept a position in Missouri. The Ogden High School furnishes us another instructor, as the Classicum stated in its last issue, in the person of Miss Elizabeth Wyant, who will labor in the English Department. Miss Wyant will take the place of Mr. Hill who will go East next year to continue his studies. Mr. Hill has made numerous friends while in the institution and all those who have labored with him know him to be a thorough conscientious teacher. On behalf of the student body, and personally, the staff wishes to express its regret at Mr. Hill’s leaving. Miss Amanda Holmgren, an Agricultural College graduate of 1902, will also act as instructor in the English Department next year. Miss Lydia Holmgren, who will take a degree this year, will confine her attentions exclusively to the Domestic Science and Arts Department hereafter. Mr. McLaughlin who has labored this year and previously in the class room will devote all his time to the Station work next year.

The Engineering Department will lose Professor Swendsen at the end of the present school year. He has accepted a government position but does not expect completely to sever his connection with the college. He will do some work “on the hill” next year. Mr. J. W. Jensen ’00 has been engaged as assistant professor of Civil Engineering. Mr. Charles Brown, a graduate this year, will also be an assistant in Engineering. In addition to the force already in the shops, two new assistants, one in wood work and one in forging, will be employed.

The additions to our teaching force combined with better facilities make our prospects next year brighter than ever before.

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

Commercial Notes.

Barrack is considering the advisability of remaining in Logan during the summer. Whether this is for the purpose of finishing his corporation set or for other reasons is unknown. Ask him and he will tell you.

Harry Bennett, who has been with us since the holidays, has discontinued. Harry is always welcome at the old stand where he has made many friends in past years and the best wishes of the department are with him now that he has left us.

The class in Telegraphy is meeting regularly once a week and through persistent individual practice those taking the work are making good headway.

S. Grover Rich is confined to his room with an attack of the mumps and has consequently not reported to classes of late. He has endeavored to keep this a secret but someone “let the cat out of the bag” unwittingly. He fears that should it become generally known, all his lady acquaintances would be rushing down to see him and from his appearance they might get the impression that he has the swelled head.
The damage done in the last clash between the rival departments has been repaired and once more the Commercial room presents a decent appearance and everything is running smoothly as if no such things as Engineers ever existed.

The class in Book-keeping II have discontinued their study of "Funds and Their Uses" on account of not having time to finish the work outlined. It is unfortunate that this very useful course had to be dropped as some of the boys certainly need instruction along those lines.

One remarkable incident of the fray was the way one of the standing desks was broken. It was an amusing sight, when it was all over, to see Fredrickson and Coburn sitting forlornly on their stools while the dilapidated desk was on the floor below their feet. They certainly looked lonesome though they said they were happy.

On Friday, April 10, a permanent organization of the Commercial Club was effected. The following officers were elected to serve for the remainder of this year: President, Leon B. Stoddard; Vice President, F. D. Farrell; Secretary and Treasurer, Mildred Forgoon; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Gardner. The Club stands for the interests of the Commercial Department and its work in that relation will be analogous to the work of the Engineering Society and Agricultural Club in their respective fields.

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**Engineering Notes.**

The accompanying sketch is the ground plan for the Mechanic Arts Building as it will be next year. The present forge room will be lengthened 46 feet and the foundry and the carriage shop added as shown in the plan. The power room and testing laboratory will be added as stated in our last issue. The first order for cement testing apparatus has already been made. The cost of the machine is about $160; moulds, selves and accompanying apparatus will make a total of $350.

Among the important additions to the equipment of the Mechanical department, will be a modern gas or steam engine and a power hammer. There will be $10,000 at the disposal of the department for general engineering equipment during the next two years.
Agricultural Notes.

The efforts of George C. Whitmore, one of our new trustees, who is assisting the work of locating the arid farms, is to be commended. Mr. Whitmore is well acquainted with every part of the state and is making many new friends for the college.

The work of putting in the spring crops on the College and Greenville farms is progressing rapidly. The experiment station is doing more work this year than ever before. Every department is growing and great effort is being made to bring the farmers of the state in closer touch with the station.

The classes in botany are beginning the work of classifying plants and collecting material for their herbariums. Each student is required to collect, mount and classify at least fifty specimens of flowering plants. Groups of students can be seen almost every afternoon on the foothills around the town eagerly searching for plants.

The class in soil physics are conducting a number of experiments with a view of determining the effect of rainfall upon the moisture stored in the soil between the depths of three and ten feet. This work will be followed by a series of experiments on field crops. The large tanks in the vegetation house will be used for these investigations.

April 29. Profs. Widtsoe and Merrill returned from Southern Utah last night where they have been locating the arid farms provided for by the last legislature. Only two of the five to be established have been located—one near Parowan and one near Nephi. The professors are very favorably impressed with the outlook and feel that the arid farming will be the redemption of thousands of acres in the southern part of the state.

The work of improving the college campus is progressing rapidly and when complete will add very materially to the college surroundings. About eight acres of land lying between the main building and the orchard have been seeded to grass. An effort was made to plant grass there last year, but owing to the dry weather the seed failed to grow. It is to be hoped that this year's effort will be successful. Grass has also been sown between the new front and the wings of the main building and two large flower beds have been laid out in front of the west entrance.

The diseases of sugar beets are being investigated by the Experiment Station in cooperation with the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. Prof. Hutt has selected one acre of land in Greenville and one acre in Smithfield for this purpose. The farmers of this locality will be brought in very close touch with the department at Washington and with the State Experiment Station. Another co-operative experiment with sugar beets is being carried on with Mr. McNeil of Greenville. The question to be studied is the effect of commercial fertilizers on the yield of sugar beets. It is being carried out on a much larger scale than usual.

Breves and Quavers.

The band has lost an efficient member on account of Ben Gordon, snare drum artist, discontinuing. He has been succeeded by Perkins and B. F. Riter, Jr., is distinguishing himself as a soloist on the bass.

The boys did good work on Arbor day in playing during the time the trees of the different classes were being planted.

The college orchestra made its debut on Arbor day, rendering a number of selections during the indoor exercises. The matinee in the afternoon at which the music was furnished by college players was thoroughly enjoyed by those participating. It is proposed that the orchestra give regular weekly matinees in the gymnasium, charging a small admission fee with which to purchase music and other supplies.

Mr. Page now does stunts with the baritone, succeeding La Munyon who has quit the band on account of other work which conflicts.

The orchestra now numbers ten pieces, a flute has recently been added and is ably played by Mr. Ellison. The instrumentation now is, piano, trombone, two cornets, two violins, two drums, clarinet and flute. Any other players in the college who wish to join are solicited to do so and will confer a favor in informing the manager of their desire to become members.
LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Ask Reno for samples of "Blue Ribbon."

Miss Roberts is now acting as assistant librarian.

A typical excuse: "Couldn't walk up the hill fast enough."

The Senior Engineers are now grinding on the "theory of the elastic arch."

Miss Munk—in Biology—"Prof. Ball, did you say that was the right article of the heart?"

Fisher is preparing some sympathetic ink. His purpose is unknown.

Myrtle—You net your life I'll get married too when I get to be nineteen.

April 18—Miss Millie Lowe, a former student, is shaking hands with old friends at the college today.

Darley, Reno and Clark have moved to the south end of the town, about three blocks from the Sugar Factory.

Dr. Moench's farewell chapel talk was such a brilliant success that Stephens has decided to book him for a return engagement.

There will be dancing in the gymnasium every Saturday afternoon from now until June. The college orchestra will furnish the music.

Adams—(After the disturbance over the flag) "If it weren't for the fact that Ella is a commercial student, I'd quit the gang and join the engineers."

Miss Forgeon—(In debate)"My opponents argue that the women cited are exceptions. I am sure there are exceptions among the men," (glancing slyly at Pres. Farrell.)

Mrs. Goodwin has just recovered from a serious attack of La Grippe. She was compelled to remain away from her accustomed place for more than a week.

Director Widtsoe and Prof. Merrill are still in Southern Utah on Station work.

Soil moisture determinations are being made in the Experiment Station laboratory.

April 18—Quite a number of the students from the New Jersey Academy are visiting at the college today.

April 17—Prof. Jensen spoke to the Engineering Society on the structural and mechanical properties of wood.

Some of the debates in the English & Debating Club would probably have been more interesting if the girls had set the pace earlier in the year.

Mr. Orbison has been compelled to discontinue school on account of typhoid fever. His fellow-students are unanimous in their expressions of sympathy for him.

That William Jardine has done very good work in the Agricultural course is evident from the new honor he has received. He has been employed by the college as assistant agronomist.

Arbor day was observed by the college in a very appropriate manner. Trees were planted by eight different classes, and representatives from nearly all the classes gave some very neat little speeches. The college band also did much to make the day a success.

Owing to the improvements which are being made, we fear our former students will not be able to recognize the college and grounds when they return Commencement day. The lawns are being extended, the campus improved, the walks widened, and many other things are being done which will eventually make the college hill one of the most delightful places in the State.
Mr. Homer finds that his laboratory work keeps him busy until after Sorosis.

Ella M: “When we went to Richmond was the first time I ever sat up ALL night.”

Melvin Merrill is again able to be at school. We wish him better health in the future.

Some of the Richmond people said on seeing Taylor that they heard the fairies were all little girls.

Barrack—(During the dance) “This is a splendid dance.”

Blanche—“Yes, it’s a nice tune.”

Rev. Clemenson conducted chapel April 28. His talk was interesting and suggestive, especially to members of the faculty.

The catalogue for the coming year is under preparation. Copies will probably be ready for distribution before the close of school.

The thirteenth annual report of the Experiment Station is out. It gives a brief summary of the work done by the Station during the past year.

Miss Moench—(at the “Dream”)—“Come fairies, we’re ready for you.”

Miss Watts—“Yes girls, come even if you have one stocking on.”

Ella M—(in the midst of debate).—“Another reason is that it gives her better chances to get married. I will deal with that later on.”

(Adams blushes vigorously)

The final announcement of the Summer School is in the hands of the printer and will be mailed during the week. Every department of the school will be represented in the Summer Session.

First Student—Did you ever notice how Prof. Campbell, when he speaks, drops his “R’s”?

Second Student—That’s not so strange; when Blanche speaks she drops her “I’s.”

The “Invincibles” of the A. C. met and defeated the Fifth ward team in baseball April 27. Reckless playing in the last inning on the part of the college boys gave three runs to the visitors. Until that time the score stood A. C. 14, Fifth ward 0.

Miss Fisher—“People have to point to me to show what a real Senior is.”

Shaw—(In geometry) “What is that previous proposition they are always talking about?”

The English 6 students are holding their debates Monday evenings now instead of Tuesday afternoons.

The engineers have been trying rather hard to dream also, but for some reason their dreams will not come true.

The Physical Culture girls will give a ball in the gymnasium Saturday evening, April 25. All are invited to attend.

We would like to print what May thinks about cultivating Lemmons in such a Snowy climate but we might embarrass some one.

Students please take notice that the Sorosis girls did not plant those stakes Arbor Day but they merely mark where the trees are. You can see the tree if you look closely.

A Sorosis girl looking at the flowers after Midsummer Night’s Dream said, “If boys are not the best, loveliest things living.” Some boys may be anxious to know to whom this refers.

West—“Has Mamie been engaged by the college for the coming year?”

J. T.—“Yes, I believe she has.”

West—“Confound it: I wanted to engage her myself.”

The baseball enthusiasts of the college, despite many difficulties incident to poor equipment and meagre encouragement, have at last organized. C. T. Darley was elected captain and Mr. Thompson custodian. The management has good material to work with and should put a good team in the field. All they need is practice and, “to a man up a tree,” it seems that some improvement could be made in the present method of work. Instead of spending a couple of hours every day in unsystematic slugging, the players should be put through a fixed routine every night until each man is put in his most desirable position. Then they should be kept there and worked hard. Nobody doubts Darley’s ability both as a player and captain, and it is up to him to put some spirit into the work.
Carmen—(Viewing the campus) Oh, what nice grassy grass.

Work has now commenced on the new chicken house and chicken yards

The Seniors are trying to devise some means whereby they will be enabled to escape Commencement.

One would think from the way in which some of the girls handled shovels on Arbor Day, that they were taking the Agricultural course.

The new $800 equatorial instrument is now on its way to the college. This means that the class in astronomy will soon begin their star-gazing.

As the days are quite long now, some of the students seem to think five o’clock is a little too early for them to leave the reading room.

The Soros girls think they are “it” now. They have had their room papered and have purchased two fine pictures. They say this is the result of a Midsummer Night’s Dream that they have had.

The Law club has challenged the B. Y. College students for a debate on the negro question. The challenge has been accepted and the debate is expected to take place near the middle of May.

The friends of C. F. Brown will be pleased to learn that he has been employed as an assistant in the Engineering department for the coming school year. We wish the young man success in his new labors.

The engineering departments are growing. Next year there will be several rooms which will be thoroughly equipped as engineering laboratories. The forge room and machine rooms will also be extended.

“Where is Santschi?” is the question asked by a great many students here. We are really lonesome without Santschi. For the past four years he has been with us, and has always been most prominent in all student affairs. We unite in wishing him success in his coming life at West Point and hope that he will fill the position, as Utah’s Cadet with honor.

April 21—Myrtle Barber is looking extremely happy this morning. We see the connection between her and the diamond ring now.

We are very sorry to learn of the serious illness of one of our 1902 graduates, Miss Amanda Holmgren who is attending school at Chicago.

The greatest event of the year, so the girls say, will be the physical culture ball. The girls will drill with wands and they are practicing some very pretty marches.

Next time the girls go to Richmond, they will see that there is a supply of single trees on hand, or that the fairies’ wings are taken with the passengers.

Kim.—How do you spell “Representatives?”
Stoddard—“R-E-P-R-E-S-E-N-T-A-T-I-V-E-S.”

The Engineers and Commercial will meet on the College campus May 11 to prove the ascendency of one or the other department in athletic feats. The exercises will consist of running, jumping, tug of war, potato race, tennis and baseball. For the benefit of those who are not eligible to the above sports, there will probably be a “flag rush.”

Professors Swendsen and Jensen accompanied by the Junior and Senior Engineers expect during the coming week to make a trip through the Southern part of the State. They go essentially for the purpose of visiting the power plant and S. P. shops at Ogden, the smelters at Murray, the pumping station at Utah lake, and anything else that may be of interest to Engineering students. The few days necessary for the tour, we think, could not be more profitably spent.

DYING WORDS OF THE FAMOUS.

John A. Widtsoe: “I wonder what color my wings will be.”

Joseph Jensen: “Are there delinquents in Hades?”

George L. Swendsen: “A dam across the Styx—what a glorious idea.”
D. Earle Burchell: "This is the end, so to speak."

Karl R. Moench: "Ich werde mit euch nicht viel langer bleiben; schutze wohl das arabischen Rosz."

Sarah Godwin Goodwin: "Will they whisper when I'm gone?"

Peter A. Yoder: "Fifty per cent coal; forty per cent sulphur; two per cent calcium; eight per cent oxygen, applied by a blast, makes a —— of a hot fire."

Edward Parley Pulley: "I—am—glad—it—is—all—down—hill."

John Franklin Engle: "It is highly probable from this standpoint (lying in bed) that the brilliant, intangible, incomprehensible and indescribable phantasmagoria of a posthumous existence cannot be appreciated or understood until it is placed in juxtaposition with the heterogeneity of our sordid, mundane sphere. Calm yourselves, friends, for I only relinquish my claim to earthly honors to assume a position among congenial, homogeneous spirits."

Ruth Evelyn Moench: "Yes, I believe in celestial marriages."

Samuel B. Mitton: "Methinks I hear the divine harmony (?) of the departed shades of my band and choir."

Annie Pike: "I cannot pray tonight, I soon shall be Jack's girl; My spirit takes its flight Into another world!"

Herbert W. Hill: "I might have married one if I had not loved them all."

William Duke Beers: "Right forward, fours right; march. Remember, fellows, to present arms when we pass Pluto."

George PETER Campbell: "Now for a scrimmage with my namesake."

Mamie Morrell: (In delirium) "Oh, those pancakes—that burnt bread—that greasy soup—that lumpy gravy—* * * * and there's the angel food."

Will Jardine: "The last scrimmage; five yards to gain and then for the touchdown."

James Edward Barrack: "Good-bye boys; I must leave you now. Take good care of the dear, sweet ones."

Aquila Chauncey Nebeker: "I don't care if I do die."

Joseph Edward Taylor: "Will the angels pay their subscriptions."

James Jardine, of Student Life fame: "Who wrote that contribution."

Mildred Forgeon, of the Sorosis: "The dread of encountering Shakespeare overcomes me—fan faster."

Ray Homer Fisher: "Though my fondest earthly hopes have never been realized, I may be Janitor among the Stars."

Samuel Grover Rich: "The old man didn't go broke after all."

Josephine Munk: "Tell Howell that I forgive him. Now I die happy."