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## Student Life, November 1906, Vol.5, No. 2

Utah State University

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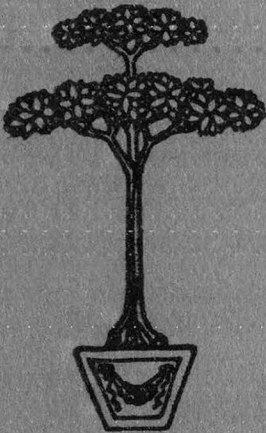
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# Student

# Life

Utah  
Agricultural  
College



VOLUME FIVE  
NUMBER TWO

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SON, JOHN H. ANDERSON, JOHN A. HENDRICKSON.

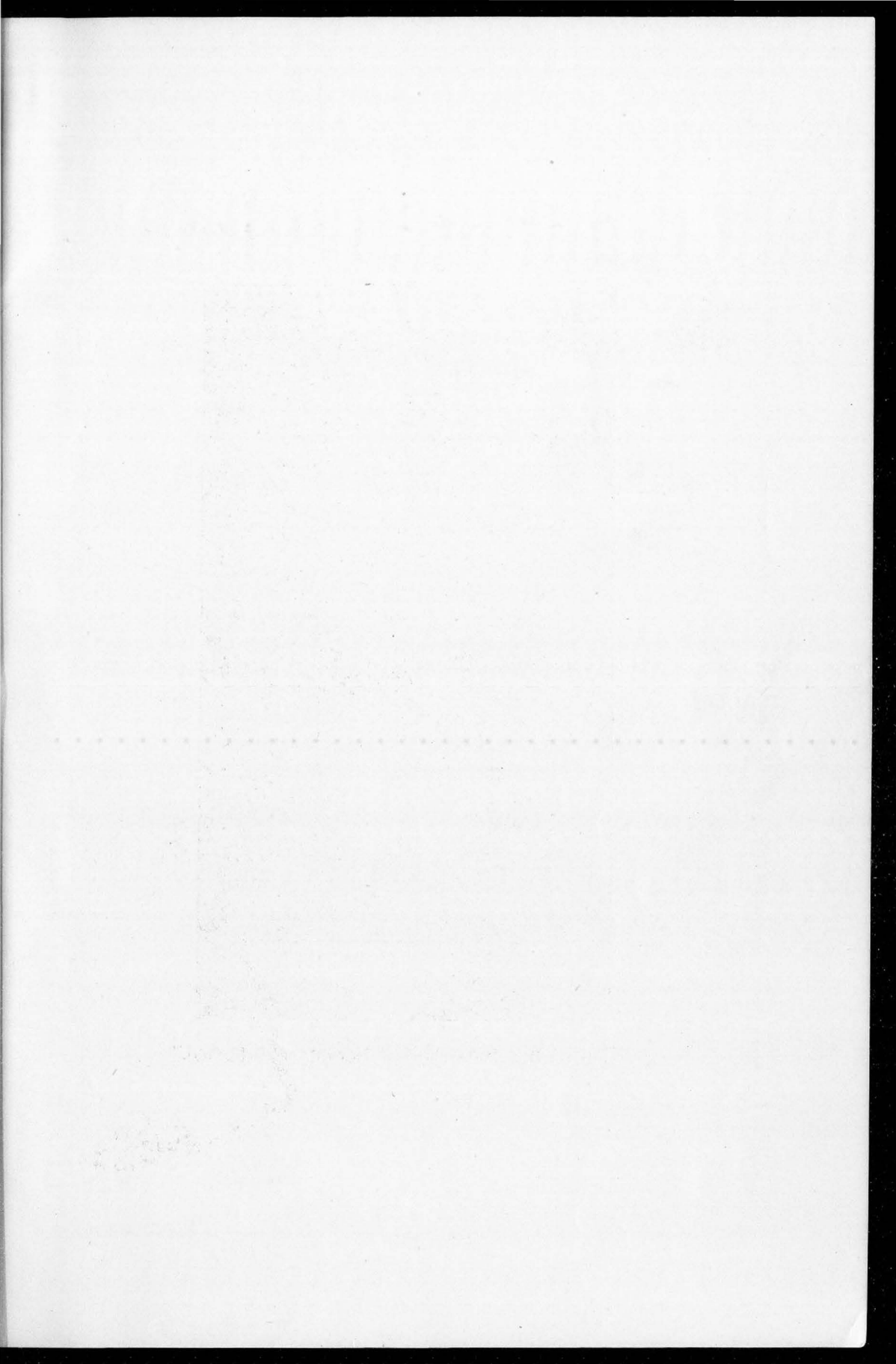
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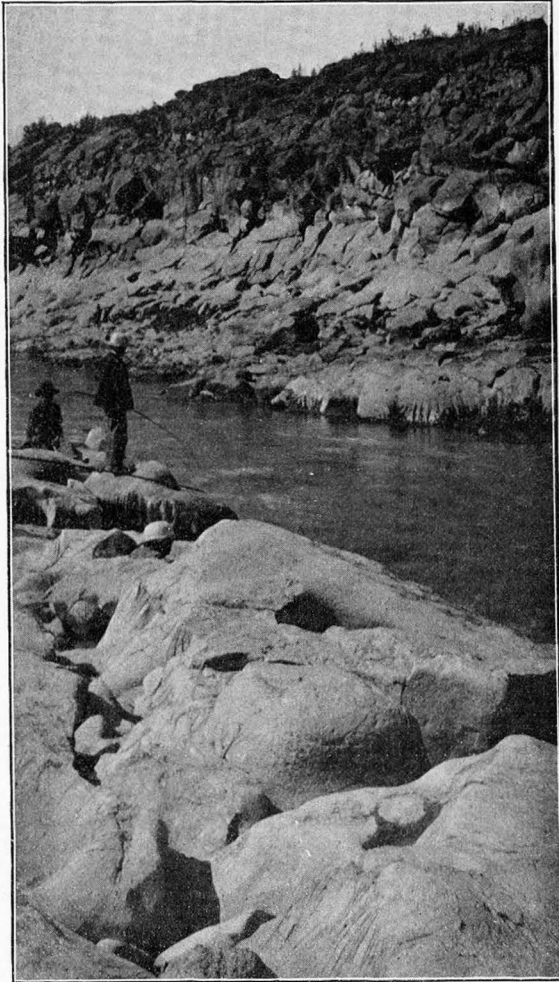
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ity





"The Jones Kids Played Hookey and Fished."

## “Fish?”

Old Jack and I were holed up in my den the other night. He travels for a wholesale meat house and gets back here only once in a while, but when he does, he always camps with me, and he is the kind of “stuff” that it is good to have around. He had been in town several days so that we had most every thing of importance talked about and had settled into the calm enjoyment of pipes, the printed page, and the rich companionship of two fellows that have done things together. The lights were nicely adjusted, the fire was just right, and there was just enough evidence of rough weather outside in the occasional banging of a window or long drawn out whistle of the wind to make the room seem even more comfortable than it was.

I was in a good story in a new magazine and Jack reclined luxuriously in the big rocker with a volume of my Shakespeare propped up on his knees. It takes considerable nerve to break in on a man deep in Shakespeare, with comments on a modern magazine story, but I was about to interrupt his reading with a paragraph that struck me as being nearly a good enough excuse with which to appease my growing hunger for spoken words, when he began reading aloud himself.

It was the speech of Hamlet, “A man may fish with a worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed on that worm.” Then he smiled at me apologetically and said: “That reminds me. I don’t think I ought to break into this evening with that kind of a story, but it reminds me.” I laid my magazine face downward on the table and assumed an “O well, if you’ve got to, go ahead” expression and tried to conceal my satisfaction. He shut up the book and began:

“I ran onto it up the river a few trips ago. There is a place up there where the river narrows down to get through a crack in the Bozark lava flow, and they have built a town, which has grown to the importance of six or seven meat markets, on the edges of this crack. I got in there about noon one day and finished everything but old Jim Sullivan’s place before supper. He lives next to his shop, and when he isn’t home I always know where to find him. It’s a hard town to kill time in unless you have help. He is a sociable old chap, so there was no disadvantage in taking his order that evening. Before supper, when I was getting my orders into shape to mail, the fact, which I had overlooked before, that I had been getting no orders for fish, struck me

as being peculiar, for fish orders up there, despite the reputation of the country as a fisherman's paradise, were usually heavy.

"It had grown dark and was storming, one of those first of the season snows, when I started out to find Jim. A passenger train was just pulling into the yards, and a long, thin ribbon light, through which small incandescent specks were falling, seemed to stretch indefinitely off into the darkness and to radiate no light from itself; just a long hole with a definite boundary through the darkness. I stopped dodging protruding nailheads in the sidewalk to look at it, and discovered that three or four other engines in the yards were sending out the same kind of ribbons, and that they were all crossing each other at different angles, making the most unique illuminating scheme I had ever looked at. There was about it all, that calm, satisfying, though somewhat lonesome feeling that sometimes goes with that kind of storm. I was enjoying it, as I always do, but I could not get the slump in the fish market off my mind, so my first question, after I had found old Jim and had my tab and pencil ready was: "Fish?" "No," he replied, "I couldn't use any this time. It may be a long time before I can." "I asked for an explanation, but he was reluctant, pleading to my further mystification that it was too soon after supper.

"Well, I wrote his fishless order and we strolled out and found some of the boys and went down to Bill's place for a quiet little game. Everything worked out nicely for a pleasant evening, but I kept wondering what in the world could have happened to fish. Finally, I pleaded a nearness of train time and begged for the story, although I had half come to expect the solution to be a joke on me. It was a new thing to one of the other boys and he added his entreaties to mine.

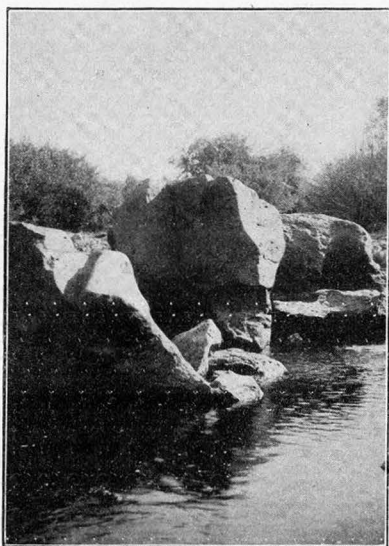
"Old Jim rang for Bill and made rather more elaborate preparations for the telling of the story than I thought justifiable, and this made my joke theory seem more plausible. But I had been wrong in my anticipations.

"A bleary eyed stranger had floated into town the winter before. Back of that, nobody ever got any information regarding him. That he had more than plenty of money was much in evidence, for he displayed, frequently, large amounts of both currency and gold. He boasted during periods of semi-intoxication (and he never seemed to pass that stage, no matter how much he drank) that he carried larger sums of money than any man in town, that he had more cached where it was easily accessible than any man in town owned, and that he could take care of it successfully without the aid of the banks. The boys who sat in poker games with him always did so to

their sorrow. A widow with more kids and trouble than she could take care of was the only person in town who ever got any of his money without giving value received, and he had insisted on her promising not to give him away. He spent money lavishly

heavy platinum skeleton, a piece of work unusual enough in its way to cause considerable comment among the local dentists.

"His method seemed to be to make no friends, and in this he succeeded admirably, for it came to be that almost no one, except



"There were numerous pot holes"

on himself, however. His rooms were richly furnished, his clothes, after his first day in town, on which he had discarded a very shabby outfit, were the best he could get, and he was fastidiously elaborate in his eating. He had a half dozen missing teeth replaced, and insisted that the dentist tax his ingenuity to make the job as expensive as possible, the result being a bridge of gold teeth on a

a hardware dealer named Grow, would tolerate his presence or even speak to him. But Grow, who was a card shark himself, very frequently played with him, though it was doubtful if he ever won any of the much displayed money and it was rumored that he had at different times lost rather large sums to the bleary eyed stranger. It was thought by some, too, that his business was



in a bad enough state that he could ill afford either the money he lost or the time he spent with the man who kept his money and his secrets to himself and boasted that he would never work again.

"But the stranger grew tired of the town, announced, with numerous depreciatory remarks regarding the town and its inhabitants, that he intended to leave, settled up his affairs and met Grow for a final game and debauch, which lasted far past the ordinance time for closing the town up.

"Next day Grow said that his weak eyed friend had taken an early morning train. And once more the hardware business began to get his undivided attention, with the result that it picked up immensely.

Honeycombed into the lava which forms the bed and walls through which the river runs at this point, are numerous "pot holes." A stone large enough to resist being rolled by the current, or perhaps merely a pebble at first, locates itself, say on the flat level surface of the lava, and the water with a current not quite strong enough to dislocate it will rock it gently for a few thousand years until a slight depression is made. Then another rock, perhaps a larger one this time, will

get into this depression and be rocked until it increases the size of it a little more. The rock wears out. Another rock, rolling with the current, tumbles into the depression, wears out and its residue washes away. Repeat this process for a few million years and you have a pot hole.

"Now, down near the low water mark, which, by the way, is some fifty feet from the high water mark, in this narrow gorge, is an enormous pot about five feet in diameter, and nearly as deep. It is so located that the current is deflected into it by a large wall. Well, the Jones kids, typical Americans, and full of American investigations and at times un-Christian devilment, found this hole during the low water season several years ago, and out of curiosity, bailed it out, first putting in lime, stolen from a nearby contractor's box, to destroy the odor. In the bottom they found a large stone, which, from the grinding it had received, was almost a perfect sphere. The boys carried a lot of junk into the hole and left it there for high water and developments. At the next low water period, the result was so interesting that they repeated the experiment. The autumn of the slump in the fish market, they, for some reason did not get to their pot hole until several weeks after the water had receded below the level of its mouth and they were much surprised to find it inhabited by an extra large lake sucker, a spe-

cies of the mullet which is sometimes caught in the river. One of the boys remarked that the fish should have been starved to death weeks ago, but as he was still alive and active, they proceeded at once to his capture. It was late in the afternoon when they caught him, and as one of the boys remarked, they "had had enough smell to last them for one day. On the way up the street with their capture they passed old Jim's meat market, and at his suggestion left the sucker and carried away a silver half dollar. Ten minutes later, Grow, the hardware man, passed the same shop on his way home, saw the fish, and, being fond of that kind, purchased it, and departed. This was on Saturday. On Monday, the Jones kids played "hookey" from school, carried some lime to their pot hole and proceeded to find out what had happened since a year ago. A half hour later, an excited pair of kids met the city marshal, and told him an incredible story. Nevertheless, after promising the

kids broken necks if they were "fooling" him, he went to investigate. One look into the pot hole, and he rushed to hunt up the coroner and incidentally collected a crowd. In the bottom, among the rocks, old irons, etc., was a more or less ground up human skeleton, to which shreds of bleached flesh still clung in places. The sucker's unstarved confinement was explained.

"In the jaw of the mutilated skull was a bridge of gold teeth on a heavy platinum frame. The bleary eyed stranger had finished peculiarly. To his ankles, a large lava boulder was fastened with a piece of "extra pliable steel rope," for which Grow was the "sole western agent." The body had been started with this weight to the reputed unmeasured depths of the great crevice, but had lodged in the Jones boys' pot hole.

"And Grow's '*piece de resistance*' at his Sunday dinner had been the great sucker from the Jones boys' pot hole, nicely baked.

"I missed my train."

Dauber.





A Series of Eight Stories in which is Evolved the Intangible Something Called College Spirit.

## II. Under the Postage Stamp.

In Bill's room at the cabin, there was a picture which bothered me terribly. It was a group picture of young men, who apparently were on the eve of graduating from college, for they were dressed in the conventional cap and gown of seniors. Bill's face was not among them, so it could not have been his class. The part of the picture which bothered me most was the fact that over one of the faces, a postage stamp had been pasted. I used to stand and wonder who that fellow was. When I would ask Bill about the picture, he would merely answer something about a class, which had fools like himself in it. That was all I got out of Bill. Once, while I stood looking at the picture, I saw Bill frown, and the next day the picture was gone. Of course, I knew that I

was interesting myself in some one else's affair, so I did not ask where the picture had gone. I simply began to study Bill.

I first met him about five years ago, this last summer. I had been up in the hills for several months prospecting, and had come down to old man Farley's store at Greenhorn for a "grub stake." Bill was leaning against the counter in the store as I came in, and, as soon as I set eyes on him, I saw the effect of four years at college branded all over him. It had been a long time since I had seen a genuine college man, and I was pining to see and hear another one, for five years from college had not entirely rubbed the glamor of "college life" off of me. I was hundreds of miles away from my college, buried in the wilds of Wyoming, and I yearn-

ed to see old familiar sights again.

When I first saw Bill, I just walked up to him and made myself acquainted *a la Western*, and that sufficed. While old man Farley was putting up my "grub stake" to take back to the cabin, Bill and I told each other who we were. Bill said he was out West for the purpose of getting a few million bucks. That settled it. I told him to come along with me, for I was out for the self-same purpose. That is how it came to pass that Nancy, the pony, had to ride double that night.

We went back the next day after Bill's things, which he had left at Greenhorn, for he had decided in the mean while to stay at the cabin. Among the things he brought was this picture.

I learned to like Bill, although he was of a gloomy turn of mind, and rarely spoke of his home relatives, and never thought of such a thing as a letter. Somehow I didn't want to know any more about him than that his name was William Hargreaves Hubbard, Harvard '90. Bill was good enough company without knowing his pedigree. Out West, anyway, if you want to keep friends keep quiet about a person's real name, and where he is from. It usually pays.

After the picture had disappeared, I studied Bill with much more curiosity, and at last concluded that he had a story which would probably sound like a past. I just kept my eyes open and said nothing.

One day, when we were at work at our "hole in the ground," Bill

began to talk about death and the hereafter. I couldn't imagine what had struck him. He talked on a while, and then he turned to me and said, "If I die on your hands, just plant me on these hillsides, and put a board at my head with 'William Hargreaves Hubbard, Harvard '90', on it." I simply looked at Bill.

Oftentimes I have thought of this incident, and to me it seems a kind of premonition, for the next day poor Bill was no more—a rock hit him, and—well, Bill was only human.

He was dead by the time I had carried him to the cabin. I laid him out on the bunk and washed his face and hands, and, covering him up with blankets, so that flies couldn't get at him, I saddled Nancy and went down to Greenhorn for a few necessaries, which could be procured from old man Farley. I told the old man what had happened, and he raised his hands in surprise and uttered, "There's a pink envelope here for that thar feller, I believe." I took the letter, and in a feminine hand was written, "William H. Hubbard, Greenhorn, Wyoming."

After I got back to the cabin, had fixed Bill for burial, and dug his grave, I picked up my "good book," and accidentally, it opened at the parable of the prodigal son. This little incident had a peculiar effect upon me, and simultaneously, I remembered the letter. Taking it from my pocket, I handled it a while, hesitating as to what to do with it. I didn't like to open a

dead man's mail, but after a while I made myself believe that I was doing right, and broke the seal.

The letter I read was this:

"Boston, Mass., Sept. 18, 19—.

"Dear Brother:

"Your letter came, and it was like a voice from the dead. I am so glad you have a good companion, and that you are in comfortable circumstances, for truly I, your sister, believe in you as always, and have always defended you, when anybody assailed your good name. You are as innocent as I am; I know that you did not take any of the funds entrusted to your keeping, and time will prove you innocent.

"I see, every day, members of your class, and I imagine that a shadow clouds their faces at the mention of your name. Yet, there are some of them, I know, who would stand behind you to the last. You have not disgraced them, for an innocent man, though accused and trampled upon, can rise. You were President of the class, and some day this same old class will see you as you are—innocent before God."

When I got this far in the letter I stopped; tears filled my eyes. I had poor Bill's past.

I did not bury Bill that day, but made a trip down to Greenhorn, and there found an undertaker. I told him I wanted to send Bill

home. The undertaker understood, and next day poor old Bill was ready for his last journey. I saw the body safe on the train; then I telegraphed the "sister" whose letter I had.

It was then that I found that my four years of English in college was useless. I could not write the sorrow I felt, but finally I wrote on a yellow blank, "The brother is dead—he is coming home. His Companion."

That night, after I had given my year's earnings to the undertaker, I went back to the cabin. It was so lonely; I did not know that Bill was so near to me. He was a companion and I missed him so. The days went by, but I never forgot Bill.

O yes, two or three years later, when I was packing up to go back home, down behind the wall of the bunk I came across a photograph of a group of college men in senior gowns. There was a postage stamp over one of the faces. The whole story of Bill came into my mind like a flash.

I washed the stamp off—you know whose face I found.

*Macgregor.*

## In the Bend of Blue Creek.

When Ephraim Danielson chose his farm in Blue valley, his judgment was good. Pioneer comrades had gone farther down the valley where the lay of the land was more level. Eph had wisely shaken his head and held to the rolling upper country. Thirty-five years had proved his judgment correct. His place, now situated on one side of the beautiful valley, looked more like a picture than the active money-making plant that it was. His house lay well below the center of his expanse of wheat fields, nestled as it were, in an arm of Blue Creek. The creek, at this place, made a sort of half circle and Eph, big, young, broad-shouldered, hopeful, had, one evening, long before, brought there a thin pink cheeked slip of a girl, scarcely reaching to his shoulders. The two had stood at the bend of Blue Creek, and with a love light in their eyes and the scent of new plowed ground in the air, they had chosen this spot for a nest.

In the glory of an Oregon sunset they had gazed over the waving fields of grass toward the west and, dazed by love and the glorious sun, had talked hopefully of the future. The girl lived farther down the valley. She was Henderson's girl. Henderson was thirty years Danielson's senior, but a pioneer with Eph in the conquering of this new country.

A few years later, Eph again stood with the girl where he had stood before. He had not changed. He was still the same, large and young looking, standing over six feet, light haired and broad shouldered, a true type, a glorious offspring of his Viking ancestors. They had battled with forests and conquered them; battled with an angry sea; battled for existence in the cold Northland; and had told the same story to their blue eyed sweethearts as Eph had told to this red cheeked, dark eyed daughter of David Henderson, pioneer. Eph was not to conquer forests; he was not to struggle for existence, hunting cod on a treacherous arctic sea. His life work had been to conquer a dusky sea of sagebrush, stretching back, back, to the hills above. Grass and sagebrush now were gone. In their stead was a waving, ever moving, breathing, expanse of yellow grain, the blessed scent of ripening wheat was in the air, where then had been the scent of fresh earth. Eph kissed the girl—then the girl, but now rounded into the glorious curves of western womanhood—and led her, a bride of a few hours into the nest, the nest they had chosen when he first told his story; when they stood and gazed at the sunset; the little nest in the bend of Blue Creek.

Forty years had told their story.

Eph had conquered. Back, stretching away toward the sun, lay the waving fields, with which Eph had replaced the waste. He was now old, past sixty, but still in possession of his God-given strength of manhood. Big, shaggy, gray haired, a slight stoop in his shoulders, Eph was now passing down the hill of life. The little girl was gray, too. She looked older than Eph, and she clung more to him, now. They were still the sweethearts who had stood in the bend of Blue Creek, in the sunset, and had chosen the nest.

Eph was not working now. Five large, glorious sons had graced this pair of lovers and the five sons met once a year at the board of their father, and Eph and his sweetheart were happy. Two sons remained with them; John, big, light haired, broad shouldered, almost Eph thirty years before; and Frank. Frank was different. He was a Henderson, smaller, dark haired, more handsome, a sharper tongue, a wilder disposition and a quicker temper. Eph, Jr., and David had left the farm with their father's blessing. Eph, the born trader, the merchant of the family, was in real estate; David was a lawyer. Frank and John ran the gigantic ranch, the now monster Danielson ranch, and prospered.

It was harvesting time. Upper Blue Creek valley was lying golden and waving under the scorching August sun, and the scent of ripe wheat was in the air. Danielsons

were heading. Back of the Danielson home the rolling field of gold was broken by black specks. The specks moved; they were alive, as in a huge picture, they slowly moved in one direction, and disappeared. In a few moments they appeared again. They had passed down a swale and were coming up on the other side. Other spots moved faster. They seemed to pass through the slower specks. They appeared to follow faster than the larger spots, drew near them from behind, seemed to cling on for a few moments, and then hurry away. Their goal was a common point. They clung there a moment and then, appearing and disappearing, moved swiftly after the slower spots. They were the header wagons. A dense column of smoke broke the reeking, vibrating waves of heat, a short distance to the left. It was the thresher.

Eph had conquered. The object of his struggle lay at his feet, a conquered, prostrate object, paying tribute in millions of bushels of grain to its conqueror's sons.

A girl stood at the Erma spring. Eph had lovingly called it such, after his young love. It was one spot of green on the golden landscape. A tin cup was in the maid's hand and a horse, wet with perspiration stood, head drooping, near-by. Her hand shaded her eyes; she was gazing at the picture, stupefied. A breath of wind breathed softly through the reeking heat and, catching a stray lock of brown hair, blew it across her face.

John Danielson's horse paused. The vision was looking in the other direction, and did not see him as, breathless, startled, he gazed at her. His horse whinneyed and, with a quick gasp, she turned. A large, light-haired, broad shouldered man, tanned by wind and sun, sat on a horse, and paid silent tribute with a pair of large, quiet blue eyes. It was over in a second. The vision came toward him, with a look of trust, a smile that showed two rows of white teeth, and a cup of water extended in her hand. Danielson drank, and a look came into his eyes, like the look in the eyes of Eph when, long years before, he had stood with his sweetheart in the bend of Blue Creek, in the sunset and had chosen the nest.

Bessie Vernon was not a western born girl. She was western from necessity. The only daughter of a widowed mother, she had brought that mother, suffering from consumption, into the glorious Oregon atmosphere in the hope of bettering her condition.

They were staying at the Starr ranch, across the valley. She hoped the Blue Valley people would tolerate them, and, after introducing themselves and talking for a while, hoped Mr. Danielson would come over and see them. John Danielson's one fault, one weakness, lack of fire in his eye, was overcome. The old dumb, quiet look, the heritage of his ancestry, left him, and he returned to the Starr ranch that night with a light in his eye and a song in his heart.

Bessie Vernon, originally western from necessity, now western from choice, stood with John Danielson at the Erma spring. Two years had passed since their first meeting, two years in which the big, blue eyed, honest John Danielson had won a place in her heart that more brilliant men, who could talk better, men of the world, had looked for in vain.

He had told her the story at the spring where they had first met; told it in the same, honest, hopeful way as Eph had fifty years before. She admired him. She would consider. She hardly knew herself. The dumb look in John Danielson's eyes returned. He went back to his work the same John of old, quietly hoping, and a year later asked her again. She knew now. They would choose a nest.

John Danielson stood under the stars. His nest was built. It had been ready for a week, but something had happened. His big hands were stretched toward heaven, the moonlight showed a dumb pain on his face, a dumb stricken look in his eyes. He prayed: "Forgive them, God, I guess it was best,—if they love each other,—I guess I was in the road. Forgive them, God."

Eph's old sweetheart died quietly a few weeks after it happened. She never recovered from the shock. They had left, Frank and Bessie, the night before the date of John's wedding.

John said nothing. Frank had drawn all the available funds from



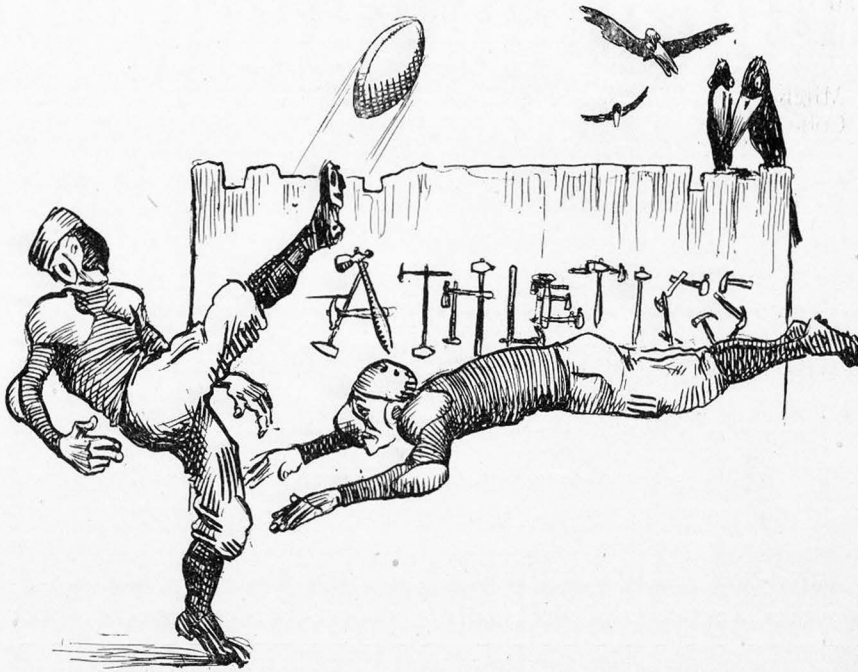
the bank when he left, and John found it necessary to sell a part of the ranch to get operating money. Old Eph, growing weaker and older since his partner's death, in dumbness watched. The spirit of Eph became the spirit of John. He forgave. The dumb look grew. He reduced the working force, he worked harder; he would conquer as Eph had conquered.

Six years had passed. Eph was gone now. He had not survived his partner long. John, dumb eyed and quiet, the same John, was now caring for Bessie's mother. The farm had been cut in two, but John had triumphed. His only pleasure now was the glory of struggle and a constant animal like, dumb attention to the consumptive mother of Bessie. The farm was paying. It was again approaching its former machine like perfection. He still worked, no longer supervising, but, since the farm was smaller, as one of the men.

They had heard from Frank and Bessie occasionally. Grass valley admired and pitied the big, quiet man who had apparently forgotten and forgiven, and who worshiped the girl's mother as he would have worshiped the girl.

It was harvesting time once more. Danielsons were again heading. The day's work was over and John Danielson hurried a tired span of header horses toward home. He had heard from Frank not long before. Frank was ill. The Henderson was showing. John gazed dumbly across the still unfinished fields and thought of *her* mother waiting for him. He dreamed his horses stopped at the Erma spring. Something arose that had been lying prostrate there, and a wild animal-like look leaped into the quiet man's eyes. It came toward him. John Danielson looked into the eyes of the woman who had ruined his life. The wild animal danced where dumbness had lurked before. She hesitated; her head drooped; Danielson saw a cup in her hand and saw her lips move. "Forgive, he is dead," and a wandering breeze blew a lock of hair across her face. Danielson heard; he slowly relaxed his rigid attitude. Falteringly his hand reached for the cup; he drank and the look came into his eyes that came into the eyes of Eph when he stood with his sweetheart, in the bend of Blue Creek, in the sunset, and chose the nest.

*Repete.*



### Fo I Douglas vs. A. C. U.

On the snow covered campus, Saturday, October 20, the A. C. "warriors" lined up in battle against the soldiers.

To use the language of the race course, the track was heavy and time necessarily slow. However, the boys played a good game. The new material showed up well.

The Soldiers' quarterback, Merriam, was decidedly the "man behind the team." And really he was the only man who caused much anxiety on the part of the A. C. men.

There was a great deal of fumbling by both teams, due to the ball's being slick and hard to hold.

When the time of the second half was called, both the men and the score—16 to 10, favor of A. C.—were evidence of a slick game.

#### THE LINE UP.

<i>U. A. C.</i>		<i>Soldiers.</i>
Holden	L. E.	Miller
McGowan	L. T.	Brooks
E. Petersen	L. G.	Gelgor
Hansen	C.	Shewfelt
Fredericksen	R. G.	Whitney
Pyle	R. T.	Pavek
Evans	R. E.	Abbot
P. G. Peterson	Q. B.	Merriam
Andrews	L. H. B.	Walizer
Parkinson	R. H. B.	Coleman

Mitchell-		Hackett	McGowan	L. G.	Maurer
Coburn	F. B.	Kgellgren	Nelson	L. T.	Douglass
			Holden	L. E.	A. Campbell
			P. G. Peterson	Q. B.	R. Campbell
					(Captain.)

Halves, twenty-five minutes.

## OFFICIALS.

Referee—Jones.  
Umpire—Lieutenant Point.  
Linesmen—Allred-R. Hansen.

Brossard	R. H. B.	Craig
Parkinson	L. H. B.	Lavey
Frew	F. B.	Scudder

## OFFICIALS.

Referee—Jones.  
Umpire—Marshal.  
Timer—Goff.  
Head Linesman—R. Hansen.  
Twenty minute halves.

## With Ogden High School.

The long looked for game with the Ogden High School was played on the A. C. Campus Saturday, November 4.

Though the A. C. men did not say so, they were expecting a very easy victory. And they were surprised when the first half closed; there being no points scored.

During the second half the team succeeded in landing a touchdown and the game ended 5 to 0.

The Ogden boys showed excellent ability in tackling, and their formation of plays was good. They showed good team work while the A. C. men showed strong individual work, but poor team playing.

Considering, however, that the A. C. men were just commencing their practice, prospects for improvement are still good.

## THE LINE UP.

<i>A. C.</i>		<i>O. H. S.</i>	
Evans	R. E.	Carlson	
Hansen	R. T.	S. Meyers	
Jamison	R. G.	Lewis	
Wangsgard	C.	Smyth	

## 16. A C U vs. Montana. 6.

The first big game for the Aggies this season was that with the University of Montana; played on the B. Y. Campus, Thursday November 8.

On the first kick-off, A. C. to Montana, the ball was called dead on the fifteen yard line. After making very little ground on the first two downs, Montana punted. The ball was caught by Peterson, and he made good gain for A. C.

From this time on it was evident that the A. C. men could penetrate Montana's line and make their ground. But they frequently lost the ball on fumbles, once when within ten yards, and again within two yards of Montana's goal.

Montana showed good formation and the end runs worked fairly well. They scored a touchdown shortly before the end of the first half.

This touchdown seemed to arouse the real football spirit in the Aggies; and they started the second half in real earnest. They made three touchdowns in succession. In one, the ball was placed over Montana's goal line in just four minutes from the time it was kicked off.

It was nearly dark when time was called, and the Aggies were on the highway to getting another touchdown, the ball being near the fifteen yard line.

All in all, this was a good clean game; and the large crowd seemed well satisfied. Probably the most exciting feature of the game was when Brassard got down into Montana's territory after a return punt by Peterson, and carried the ball over the line. This, however, counted for nothing, as the new rules require that in such a case, the team to which the punt is directed must touch it before the punting team is allowed to carry it.

McGown, Nelson, Hansen, Pe-

terson and Andrews showed up well on the team, as did also a number of the Montana men.

## THE LINE UP.

<i>U. A. C.</i>		<i>Montana.</i>
Hansen	R. E.	Fisher
Jamison	R. T.	Morgan
Fredericksen	R. G.	Berry
Wangsgard	C.	McNarma
McGowan	L. G.	Dimmic
Nelson	L. T.	Kitt
Holden	L. E.	Flaraty
P. G. Peterson	Q. B.	McPhil
Andrews	R. H. B.	Bishop
Frew	L. H. B.	Harriman, (Captain)
Brassard	F. B.	Craig

## OFFICIALS.

Referee—Tobin.

Umpire—Jones.

Timer—Goff.

Linesmen—Adams and Lewis.

Twenty-five minute halves.

## Class Games.

## Juniors 6, Sophs 0.

This "write-up" is merely a record; it is not meant to tell anything new. Its purpose is only to record something which will look kind of good to read two or three years

hence. The Sophomores and Juniors played a game of "reformed" football the other day out on the campus. The Juniors won, not because they meant to, but because they couldn't help it. The ball simply rolled over the Soph's goal

line, and an '08 fell on it, so everybody decided that the Juniors had won. About this time the Sophs waxed hot and tried the same racket, but I. Powell and I. Stratford said time was up, and J. Kearns refused to operate the line stick, so Pete called "time," and then the Dosos served chocolate to the combatants, while the rest went home.

### Seniors 0, Juniors 0.

Two or three days later the Seniors, wished once more to show their gladiatorial strength. They recalled a gory day of some five years ago, when last they stood upon the "field of honor," and combated with the self-same Juniors (but who then were preperinos of the first year and red necktie stage). That day the '07's won.

The other day, however, illustrated that five years of study (?) had decreased the physical powers of even the present Senior class, so they were contented to score nothing, while the Juniors did the same. The Seniors showed the effect of over-training—there were no cases of "Charlie Horse," till next day, however. The teams lined up:

#### Seniors

#### Juniors.

Mathews	L. E.	Parry
J. Stephens	R. T.	H. E. Jensen
Farrell	R. G.	Palmer
J. Kearns	C.	Turpin
S. Powell	L. G.	Carver
Judd	L. T.	Chambers
Riter	L. E.	Austin
Peterson	Q. B.	Hudman
Olson	L. H. B.	Orr
Jenson	R. H. B.	Gardner
Moench	F. B.	Fleming

## College Spirit in Action.



Saturday night, Oct. 29th, a crowd of some thirty or forty students shouldered their blankets and set out for Lewiston, to top Jami-sen's sugar beets in order that he might join our football eleven. In rank, the students ranged from "Prep." to Senior, and, as shown by the cheering and singing they did—those on the train arousing the wrath of a prize fighter, and those in the hack calling out in a crowd the citizens of each town through which they passed—they were mixed in the right proportion to form an enthusiastic crowd.

Shortly after one o'clock Sunday morning, the students spread down their beds, principally an overcoat and rubbers, or a quilt, torn into two parts—and in a short time the yells and songs gave way to numerous strains of snoring.

Long before sunrise, most of the crowd awoke ready dressed, and began topping beets as a means of

overcoming the chill of the night. This set the pace which was kept up steadily throughout the day. At seven o'clock, breakfast was called; but only a short time was taken out for this, and the work was again taken up.

To begin with, there were almost as many ways of topping beets, shown as there were toppers in the field. And it was not until Jami-sen gave some general instructions that the so-called "hell knives" were working in harmony.

At noon, it was estimated that the larger part of the beets were yet to be handled; and, after eating a very pleasing dinner, the boys set out with the last row in the field as the goal of their ambition for that day.

During the afternoon we were treated to a practical demonstration of scientific plowing by two students, a junior and a senior from the school of Agriculture. This is suggested by the cut below.



As the afternoon wore on, an occasional statement, as to the time required to finish the job, prompted a glance by all toward the last row, and served to spur them on toward the goal. Rather to the toppers', than to Jamisen's advantage, the crop grew lighter toward the last, so that just at five thirty o'clock, with knives in the air and a few rousing cheers, we left the field; a well rounded job done.

After supper, with that still enthusiastic spirit, and having accom-

plished the purpose for which they set out, the crowd separated.

During the day, the students topped in the neighborhood of five acres of beets, and kept from one to three water boys and two plow teams going steadily. The writer is not prepared to say how many cooks were kept busy; but it is sufficient to say that the food was excellently prepared, and the supply seemed unlimited.

There may be some questions asked as to whether or not topping sugar beets is becoming to the dignity of a college student, or strictly in keeping with college spirit. But this movement was prompted by the interests of the students, and was carried to a grand success.



### Students' Reception.

Saturday evening, Oct. 13, the students of the College were the guests of the Woman's League and the Faculty. In the Library, which had been beautifully arranged with a wramth of autumn colors and cozy corners, Instructors and old students met with hearty hand clasps, and all welcomed the new students to the College circle.

Vocal selections given by

Miss Nora Eliason and Mr. Jim Jardine, and a violin selection by Miss Shaw were much appreciated.

Before midnight told the time for departure, ices and cake were served on the library tables. Everybody told everybody that the Woman's League and the Faculty had been most successful in bringing the students together in a social way.

## Departments.

### Engineering.

The Engineering Society held a meeting Oct. 18, at which the following officers were elected: President, Frank Moench; Vice President, Richard Orr; Secretary, Ellis Hudman; Treasurer, W. W. Gardner; Custodian, J. L. Mathias.

The class in surveying has had practice in Differential and Profile Leveling and are now using the transits. The class intends to continue field work most of the winter.

Students in the carriage shop have commenced work on a three-seated mountain-wagon, and also on a three-seated buckboard. Besides building these two vehicles, the students expect to do considerable repair work during the year.

The class in Engineering 2 has spent the laboratory periods in taking a transformer apart and making drawings of the various parts. They are now ready to commence on the motor.

The advanced students in carpentry are equipping the front room of the shops with benches. Some of the students are working on unique carvings.

Members of the class in Engineering 15 are preparing plans and specifications for a settling reservoir at the head of the city water-works.

### Commercial.

Mr. M. J. Ballard of this city lectured before the Commercial Club on November 10th. We always expect a good talk from Mr. Ballard and he certainly did not disappoint us in this instance. His theme was along the line of business ethics.

The banks and wholesale offices opened for business on November 1st and those in charge are working overtime because of the large amount of business.

If you inquire whether or not the Commercial Department is interested in athletics, check up the members of the football bunch.

Mr. John H. Bankhead, formerly an instructor in this department, is now with the National Bank of the Republic at Salt Lake City.

Miss Vera Taylor, one of our advanced students in Stenography, is acting as stenographer for the new paper, "Rocky Mountain Farming."



Word has been received from Cadmus Wallace that he is holding a very desirable position with the Idaho Sugar Company.

The Commercial Department regrets the departure of Fred R. Jensen, former instructor in the department. Fred will do honor to his Alma Mater wherever he goes. The department wishes him success.

Vera and Radie contemplate going into the typewriter repairing business!

### Agriculture.

Professor Stewart and Dr. Frederick are absent on a three weeks' institute trip in Southern Utah.

The addition to the conservatory is rapidly nearing completion.

The club room recently fitted up by the Agricultural club is by far the best society room in the college. It is the room heretofore occupied by the Modern Language Department. It has been renovated throughout, and presents an artistic and substantial appearance. The club members are to be congratulated on their success in getting the room into such an excellent condition.

Kearns is turning agriculturist. He is doing time at the experiment station and carrying on some independent experiments with seeds.

The class in Agricultural Chemistry have completed their studies in soils and fertilizers. They will now take up the study of general agricultural chemistry.

The finishing touches are being put on at the cattle barns. The east wing is being fitted up for a cow stable. The cement floors are finished, and the iron stanchions will be put in at once.

A large new tie shed for the benefit of students who ride to school is being constructed.

Several improvements are being made in the station chemical laboratory.

### Domestic Science.

Professor Cotey has just received samples of olives from the Seville Packing Company, N. Y. These samples are arranged alphabetically. Samples A and B show the two extremes of Queen olives received for commercial purposes. Sample A represents fruit which is known as 70-80, which denotes the size and refers to the weight, 70 or 80 weighing one kilo or about two and one-fifth pounds, while in sample B there are from 160-180 in the same weight.

Samples C and D are the manzanillo olives, and it is from this species that the olive oil is obtained. They contain, when ripe, about 60 per cent of oil, as against 10-20 per cent in the Queen olives. These samples also represent the ex-

tremes in size, sample C containing from 160-180 to the kilo and sample D counting as high as 380.

Sample E is the "Crescent" olive, grown in France, and not grown at all in Spain.

Sample F is the Cull olive, showing as bottled the various imperfections to which the fruit is liable.

Miss Lute Foster of New Mexico, a daughter of Professor Foster, who was once connected with the Agricultural College, has registered for Domestic Science work.

Some of the girls in sewing have already completed their hand and machine models and are now working on the suit of underwear. This is unusual so early in the year.

Practical work in fruit class closed the second of November and the remaining time before holidays will be spent in the lecture room.

Practical work in Laundry has begun in earnest. The course consists of washing and ironing various grades of flannel, table linen, underwear, shirt waists, white shirts, collars and cuffs.

### Military.

Results of the examination in Military Science and Tactics Mon-

day, Oct. 29, depend upon faculty action, and will be published in the next issue of Student Life.

A suitable target range has been located, and volunteers from the three companies have put the pit and frame into condition, so that target practice will begin at once.

Three full companies of forty-one men each have been formed, and are doing good work.

Long winded people who talk in chapel, are not at all backward about infringing on drill hour.

Corporal Armitage is making great progress with his awkward squad.

The squeak is gradually disappearing from the voices of the prospective captains.

Twelve picked men from the military department, under First Lieutenant Jones, did guard duty at the U. of M., U. A. C. game.

Several ladies have asked to join company B. The captain of that company is more than willing.

Captain Styer said good-bye to the student body in chapel Nov. 6, '06.

# STUDENT LIFE.

Published Monthly by the Students of  
UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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A. D. Skeen, '09..... Associate Editor  
Fred Mathews, Jr., '07..... Business Manager  
R. L. Judd, '09..... Assistant Manager

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Josie Munk, '09..... Student Affairs  
W. J. Conger, '10..... Locals  
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A. M. Palmer, '08..... Alumni and Exchange  
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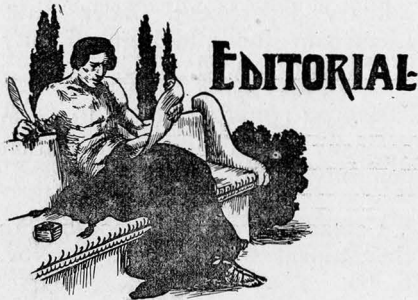
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Elbert Hubbard says: "Football bears the same relation to a college education as a bull fight bears to agriculture." Granted. Any farmer

selecting a monarch for his herd from two otherwise equal, will invariably choose the one that can lick.

And now some of those Sophs. and Freshies at our sister school are saying naughty things about one of their professors, and it is getting into the public press. Why, oh why, didn't those bad boys at the U. profit by our own experience? We quote from last year's Student Life: "Some of our leading students have come to the conclusion that it is bad business to furnish personal items to the local papers. It is hard on the time, it uses lots of good 'Boston Bond,' and the glare of that green carpet is something terrific." The explanation probably could be found in a Grape-Nuts ad.

## Our Esteemed Contemporary

The first number of *Rocky Mountain Farming*, published by the Station Staff and members of the Faculty, is out. It is a neat sixteen page monthly, well printed, illustrated, and arranged. A corps of able editors are in charge of its several departments, and each issue will contain articles by these gentlemen. We are pleased to note, also, that some of our advanced students in agriculture are contributing. We don't know whether our new contemporary will side with us on questions of politics, love, divorce, religion, football

and the various other live subjects so ably discussed in these columns, but if it does not, our countless readers will be entertained monthly with a rapid cross fire of assertions, denials and invectives that will make the Deseret News and the Tribune fall on each other's necks and weep.

### F. R. Jenson.

Another of the old bunch has left us. On the 30th of last month, F. R. Jenson sailed from San Francisco for the Philippines, where he has a position as lieutenant in the Constabulary. Jenson has been connected with this institution as a student since 1901, and for the past two years as an assistant in the School of Commerce. He was business manager of this paper during the past two years, and his work in this capacity was highly satisfactory. He took the management when the business end of the publication was in a chaotic state, and he left it in excellent order. When he assumed the management, the advertisers were out in squads and battalions armed with complaints and two edged butcher knives. But when the present staff took up the publication of Student Life, they found everything in order and entirely satisfactory. We wish to express our appreciation of Jenson's good work on behalf of Student Life.

We think that Jenson is in every way qualified to fill the position he

has accepted, and we extend to him our very best wishes.

### The School of Music.

About four years ago the musical productions of the students of the Utah Agricultural College were not taken seriously, and, from their nature, could not be taken seriously. The choir had three tunes, and it used to alternate these in chapel. It would sing a song, first from beginning to end, then backwards, then the members of the so-called organization would form two groups and one group would sing one part while the other group did everything with the other part of the hymn. By working all possible combinations, the choir succeeded in furnishing quite a variety of sounds. But after a time, the students saw the joke, and the choir failed.

And the band; we had five or six old "umpahs" that have since done duty as megaphones; and the combinations that the untutored musicians used to work out on those battered veterans of more than one class rush would force the most blatant Puss and Tom quartet to apply to the S. P. C. A.

The band and choir were about the only musical organizations we ever pretended to maintain.

But within the last three school years, a great change has been brought about. We now have the best school band in our own state or in any of the states that form our boundaries. Our choir and

quartet are a credit to the school, and a source of continual pleasure to the students. The students are always anxious to have visitors, however critical, hear the musical organizations. We often fail to get full enjoyment out of the public efforts of our football squad, debating team and dramatic club, on account of that unpleasant apprehension of a "break." But when the band gives a concert, we can settle ourselves comfortably and *know* that it will succeed. Its record in a number of difficult tests during the past two years has created in us a feeling of absolute confidence in the band.

The School of Music is a department of the college from which all students are privileged to derive benefit, and it is the only one. It is easily the best in the state. Those students who can appreciate anything, enjoy the work of this department, and are proud of it.

Last year, the department was

not supported as well as it deserved. At least one band concert was a financial failure. We don't know just why this was, but it is probably chargeable to that worst of all obstacles, sleepy indifference.

Now this should not occur again. The first public appearance of the department in full force this year will take place on December 10 and 11, when the opera, "Pinafore," will be presented in the Thatcher Opera House. Everything promises a high class performance. The college orchestra will furnish the instrumental music. There will be a large chorus; several old stars in the leading roles, and, in fact, everything necessary to make the opera a perfect success.

Don't let this opportunity pass. Get out and enjoy yourselves. Show the music people that you can occasionally recognize a good thing. Help fill the Opera House, and do your duty to your school fellows.





Opera, Dec. 10-11.

The Dosos gave an "at home" Friday, Oct. 26, at which dainty refreshments were served, and the girls maintained their reputation as entertainers.

The game with Douglas Oct. 20, was played on a disagreeable day; but the spectators witnessed a lively scrimmage in which Douglas' quarterback figured prominently. The final score stood 16 to 10 in our favor.

Mildred Jensen, Mel Homer and Mark Brown are at the U.

Mitchell, the quarterback who was injured when we played Douglas, will not be able to enter the game again this fall.

Carver, '08, is back at school again.

We are informed by Mrs. Cook that Dora Quayle didn't marry the fellow whose name we published in our last issue, but a Mr. Cozzens.

Prof. Arnold entertained the class in Latin 2 at dinner Nov. 1.

Miss McKay went to Ogden to vote. Now, who will deny that there was influence?

Capt. Perry: "We have enough gunpowder stored in the basement to blow up the Smoot Machine."

The Librarian: "Horrors! I thought you used only blank cartridges in the Military Department."

Note: Ladies are not expected to see the joke before 1962.

Fill the Opera House Dec. 10-11.

Judd and Farnsworth are making good as yell and song leaders.

Mrs. Irving Sampson, formerly Miss Mattie Thatcher, was a visitor at the college last month.



BEFORE —



— AFTER

Four Years of College Medicine.

President Kerr and Dr. Yoder left for the East Nov. 7, to be present at a convention of Presidents of Agricultural colleges and Directors of experiment stations.

This sheet has still another name. Matt Connelly writes from Oregon and encloses "a buck for that 'Prep. Gag Book.'"

Preparing German translation. First Grind: "Now I know the meaning of that word; we've looked it up ten thousand times."

Second Grind: "So do I."

First Grind: "What is it?"

Second Grind: "I don't know, do you?"

First Grind: "No, of course not."

"Bill" Frew of halfback fame and "Little John," right tackle, graced the field in practice for the first time this season Oct. 30, dressed in the war paint and feathers of the gridiron.

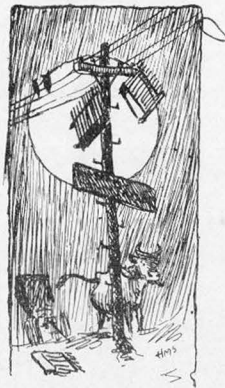
Pinafore—Dec. 10-11.

"Bob" and "Bert" Hansen were unexpectedly called away from school, but will be back shortly after Thanksgiving.

The Ogden High Schol aggregation made a good showing against our big fellows Nov. 3, and, although the score was only 6 to 0 in our favor, the fact that we did not fumble the ball contented our rooters.

Fred Bennion (his name was Maude), captain of the U. football team, came up for the U. of M.-U. A. C. game, Nov. 8.

Real old college spirit was raised again at our last yell practice, drill hour, the day of the Montana game, when that organization, known as the "Dutch Band," with coats turned inside out and faces painted, marched into the assembly room and, amid storms of applause, played a number of well chosen pieces, such as "How Dry I Am."



Nov. 8, U. of M. vs U. A. C.—U. A. C., 16; U. of M. 6.

The great success of the party given in honor of the Montana boys is due in a great measure to the efforts of the girls of the Sorosis Society, who served a delicious banana ice with wafers, in a room uniquely decorated with blue and white bunting, strung with U. A. C. pennants.



Miss Wyant was ill the first of the month, but it is alright again.

More class spirit was manifested Friday afternoon than has been seen for some time, when the Sophs and Juniors produced a burlesque on the game of football. The score stood 6 to 0 in favor of the Juniors at the end of the second half, when the Doso girls took the bunch to their room, where, for an hour, a delightful entertainment was afforded both Sophs and Juniors.

The Slayton Jubilee Singers, under the auspices of the "Great Western Lyceum Bureau" opened the lecture course Nov. second.

Give your landlady a ticket—Dec. 10-11.

Lynn Stewart and Miss Nellie Buckley of Payson, Utah, were married in the Salt Lake Temple, Wednesday, November 7, 1906.

For the past two years Stewart has been a student at this institution, where he has made many friends. He was a member of the band and took an active part in athletics, running the high and low hurdles, the relay, and sometimes in the sprints. He was always sure of points, and it will be some time before his place will be filled on the cinders. As fullback on the football team, Lynn did good work, and we all regret very much that he is not with us again to fill his old position.

Student Life takes this opportunity to congratulate the happy couple.





Verna Bowman, '04, is with her parents in New Mexico.

Edmund Crawford, '04, is cashier of a bank at Castle Dale, Utah.

George F. Taylor, '00, is working with the State Engineer at Salt Lake. He visited the college last month, but when Prof. Thatcher asked him if he was just starting and if he would like to play the cymbals in the band, he suddenly remembered an important engagement in another county, and his visit was cut short. Taylor is small and looks not over twenty; and Thatcher was out after recruits.

J. E. Taylor, '05, is Secretary of the State Board of Horticulture. He visited here Nov. 2.

The following is clipped from the "Silver and Gold," U. of Colo. Old students will remember Fisher, '04.

"More care and attention is being given the course in Toxicology this year than ever before. It is under the supervision of the Chemical and Medical Departments, and is conducted by R. H. Fisher, B. S., who delivered his first lecture last week. All the Sophomores and those Freshmen who are qualified will be admitted."

S. G. Rich, '05, and Mildred Forgeon, '06, are preaching in Scotland and teaching at Richfield, Utah, respectively.



We are glad to welcome so many exchanges to our table at the beginning of this year. A few of our old friends have not yet appeared, but we hope they will soon be on our list.

The Black and Red is starting out this year with a well got up paper. Considering it a High School paper, it is exceptionally good. The article on "Wellington or Blutchter" is well written.

For scientific articles the Rose Technic heads the list.

Those received are as follows:

- The Spectator—Columbus, Ohio.
- College Chips, Decora, Ia.
- St. Mary's Chimes—Notre Dame, Ind.
- Gold and Blue—Salt Lake, Utah.
- University Chronicle—Salt Lake, Utah.

Wyoming Student—Laramie, Wyoming.

The Doane Owl—Crete, Neb.  
Rocky Mountain Collegian—Ft. Collins, Colo.

The Phoenix—Tarkio, Mo.  
Augustana Observer—Rock Isl- and, Ill.

Normal Vidette—Kutztown, Pa.  
The University Argonaut—Mos- cow, Idaho.

College Life—Emporia, Kansas.  
Search Light—Paris, Idaho.  
White and Blue—Provo, Utah.  
Red and Black, Salt Lake City.

Student Life is the name of one of our very best exchanges. It is published at Washington Univer- sity, St. Louis, and appears weekly. It is a type of the college journal of the future. As college journal- ism advances the weeklies will in- crease.

Gold and Blue, L. D. S. U., ap- pears this year as a monthly in- stead of a semi-monthly, as here- tofore. The first issue is a great improvement in every respect over last year's numbers.

The Chronicle, U. of U., has the best cover design this month.

We wonder if the editor of The Spectator was joking when he said, in effect: "We hope that the killing of two football players al- ready, since the new rules went into effect, will not arouse any unneces- sary prejudice."