

Utah State University

DigitalCommons@USU

The Utah Statesman

Students

5-24-1912

Student Life, May 24, 1912, Vol. 10, No. 31

Utah State University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/newspapers>

Recommended Citation

Utah State University, "Student Life, May 24, 1912, Vol. 10, No. 31" (1912). *The Utah Statesman*. 793.
<https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/newspapers/793>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Students at DigitalCommons@USU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Utah Statesman by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@USU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@usu.edu.



SENIOR NUMBER

Student Life

Published Weekly by the Students of the Utah Agricultural College.

VOLUME X.

LOGAN, UTAH, FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1912.

NUMBER 31.

SALT LAKE COMMERCIAL CLUB SATURDAY

WE WELCOME YOU TO OUR COLLEGE

Tomorrow morning at 8:40 the Commercial Club of Salt Lake City will leave the O. S. L. depot for Logan arriving here at noon. The company will be conveyed from the station to the college in 80 automobiles. They will first inspect the farms and livestock, pass through the main building, visit the shops and stop for luncheon in the cafeteria at 1:30 p. m.

At 2 p. m. there is to be a Band Concert on the lawn, after which the visitors will finish their tour of inspection by visiting the Smart Gymnasium and Home Economics Building.

They will then be taken about the city and to see the State Power site in Logan Canyon.

It is expected that 1000 visitors will be in attendance. The object of the trip is "To see Utah First."

We call the attention of the visitors to the fact that the work for which our "dear old A. C. U." stands is that which gives to Utah her backbone: Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Home Economics, and Commerce are the industries that make a state. Agriculture teaches us to grow two blades of grass where but one grew before, the Mechanic Arts Dept. turns out men who are able to work at all the trades—build houses, carriages, make machinery, shoe horses, construct furniture, etc. Home Economics turns out the model housewives of our state. Women who know how to work without being slaves. Our Commerce graduates are among the best business men in the State of Utah.

So the U. A. C. stands for the raising of the food, the best methods of cooking the same, the machinery used in the various processes of growing and cooking the food, and for commerce in food stuff.

This year the U. A. C. graduates 52 students, who will tend to mold the industrial affairs of this state perhaps more than any other one body of people. It is to these graduates and others who will follow and who have

(Continued on page three)



GEO. B. CAIN
Pres. of Class of 1912



VIVIAN HATCH
Vice President

NINETEENTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF THE U. A. C.

PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED. PROGRAMME

PROGRAM

Of The 19th Annual Commencement of the Utah Agricultural College.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICES

Sunday, May 26th, 1912, at 11 a. m.

Sing Christ our Lord's Wonderful Story (From Maxengi's Cavalleria Rusticoni)—College choir.

Invocation—Rev. Paul Jones.

Bring Flowers (From J. Massenet's Mary Magdalene)—Double trio

Baccalaureate sermon—Apostle James E. Talmage, Ph. D.

Benedictus, (G. W. Thatcher)—Quartette.

Benediction—Pres. Joseph Quinney.

Sacred Band Concert, 9 to 10 p. m.—Campus

Monday, May 27th.

Adieu to Buildings and Campus, 10 a. m.—Campus

Base Ball Game, 1:30 p. m. Campus.

Dancing Matinee, 3 to 6 p. m. Class and Friends.

Thomas Smart Gymnasium Class Day Exercises, 8 p. m.

College Chapel.

Tuesday, May 28th.

COMMENCEMENT SERVICE

Four Dances from La Fete de Serille, Marchetti

(a) Bolero

(b) Jota Orchestra

Invocation—Pres. Serge F. Ballif

(c) Sevillanos

(d) March of Toreadors

Invocation—Pres. John A. Widtsoe

Social Problems of Rural Communities Byron F. Alder

President's Report

Address to Graduates

Invocation—Wm. Spry

Pasquinade—Jossely

Invocation—Laura Cowley

Heinzel maeunchen—Eilenberg

Invocation—Orchestra

Conferring Certificates and Degrees

Coronation March—Meyerbeer

Invocation—Orchestra

Benediction Rev. Paul Jones

EUGENICS

The first course in Eugenics to be given as a regular college course was given the past semester in the A. C. U. by Dr. Titus. He has given a very interesting course of lectures on this subject, showing a great deal of thought and work on his part. Next year this course will be continued in the school the pre-requisite subjects being Zoology II and III.

SENIORS GET GOOD POSITIONS

MOST OF CLASS OF 1912 PLACED.

A. C. U. Men in Demand.

The College is to be congratulated on the men and women it turns out every year. This year the demand for Home Economic teachers has far exceeded the supply. The same is true of Agricultural and Mechanic Art teachers. Several practical positions have been accepted and Government positions are open to several of the graduates of this year. The readiness with which the majority of the class have been placed goes to show what the school is doing.

Those who have accepted positions are:

L. A. STEVENS—Principal of Millard Stake Academy at Hineckley, Utah.

ORSON CHRISTENSEN—Principal of Smithfield High School, Cache County, Utah.

I. B. BALL—Teaching Agriculture and Biology, Granite H. S., Salt Lake County.

BYRON ALDER—Teaching Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Manti H. S.

JOHN ALDER—Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Price H. S., Carbon county.

HERVIN BUNDERSON—Commercial work at Box Elder H. S., Brigham, Utah.

MARGARET BOULTON—Domestic Science, Snow Academy, Ephraim, Utah.

ELEDA NELSON—Domestic Science and Domestic Arts, Oneida Stake Academy, Preston, Idaho.

JOHN A. MORRISON—Agriculture, Chemistry and Biology, Oneida Stake Academy.

VIVIAN ERICSON—Home Economics, Paycon H. S., Utah county.

ALICE DUNFORD—Domestic (Continued on Page 6)

EVERYBODY OUT TO ALUMNI DANCE TUESDAY NIGHT

AGRICULTURAL CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

Progressive Students to Direct
Activities During Year
1912-13.

With so many capable men in an organization, it was not surprising to see a final vote of only one majority for some of the officers. While most of the officers were elected on a small majority something will certainly be accomplished when the following gentlemen guide the activities of the Agricultural Club. The result of the election was:

Jos. W. Olsen, president.

A. C. Carrington, vice president.

J. P. Welch, secretary-treasurer.

*S. E. Price, treasurer.

The outgoing officers were given a vote of thanks for the success of the past year.

OUR COLLEGE

(Tune Yankee Doodle)

The A. C. College, Logan Town

We'd have you all a knowin'

Is thirteen hundred strong today

And still we are a growin'.

Chorus

A. C.—A. C.—A. C. U.

A. C.—A. C.—Utah.

A. C.—A. C.—A. C. U.

A. C.—A. C.—Utah.

The Senior Class of "Nineteen-twelve"

No students ever prouder,

We'll join life's battle very soon

Amidst its smoke and powder

Chorus

Some of us are slim and tall

And some are low and fat, sir,

Some are young, some growing

gray

Now what d'you think of that,

sir.

Chorus

Our College is our pride and
boast

To her we'll prove true blue,

sir,

When called upon to give a toast

'Tis always A. C. U., sir.

Chorus

STUDENT.

SENIORS FAREWELL

The students of the senior class have now laid aside their text books. The expression on each face, however, reveals the fact that none have ceased studying. Our real serious thoughts seem just to have commenced. In tak-

ing an inventory of the work done here at school, we find that already our remembrance of the facts taught in the class room are fast disappearing. Still it has taught us to view things in a somewhat broader way. Through our brief study of the various sciences we have learned to observe more keenly the wonderful works of nature a sight of the rocks, the flowers, and the little insect mean more to us than formerly. Our study seems to have taught us discontent. We shall not be satisfied with our present achievement, but shall use the experience attained here in taking advantage of the opportunities which are certain to come in our way during our journey through life.

But why—it may be asked—do the seniors wear this melancholy appearance, when it is a day that all the students are looking forward to. We may answer by saying that it is the breaking away from college which causes this pathos. During our school days we have developed a life distinct from the practical man. The work has been outlined for us and we have been guided along definite channels. In short, the responsibilities have been largely taken from us; but now many of us shall no longer be guided by our professors. It means that we shall fight our own battles.

It is not responsibility, though that we fear, but this change of life which brings the sorrow. During our college career, we have been continually finding new friends. Through our daily associations we have developed the truest friendship. Never can we forget the little kindly acts ministered to us by our associates. In looking back it is easy to see the influence they have had in shaping our lives. Surely many a happy moment will be spent in calling to mind these bright and happy school days.

Next week we leave our dear old A. C. U. and scatter widely apart. But though we shall no longer be confined within the walls of the school, yet we can not say that our connection shall be severed. The true college spirit has grown with each individual—the institution's interests must always be our interests.

LOCALS

Wasn't it great to see how foolish the seniors looked when the

Juniors escorted their fair coeds home after the president's reception. Purchase an alarm clock seniors so you will wake up before the day of resurrection.

Miss Margaret Bolten, after a long adventurous service has accepted a position as head hash-slinger in Eagle Cafe.

Miss Ethel Erdman has decided that single blessedness isn't what it is supposed to be so she is to be united in the bonds of wedlock.

June 1, 1920

Professor Arnold receives the following letter.

Dear Professor Arnold: Perhaps you will be interested to know that I have finally succeeded in acquiring a reading knowledge of scientific German.

Your student,

C. L. MERRILL.

The following was taken from the Huntsville Times:

For "Pure bred Jersey Bull," apply at the Wilson Dairy Farm.

We would just hint that John put the following in next issue:

Wanted—A good Cook, who wants a good Husband. Apply at the Wilson Dairy Farm.

We can't all be Bennions but we will get as near as possible—Vivie Hatch.

Seniors get your tickets for your visitors at Registers Office. You are only entitled to two except upon special request.

Boost with the Boosters Tomorrow.

We make a specialty to satisfy our patrons. Give us a trial.
N. A. Larson Hardware
COMPANY

THE BOOSTERS INN ...CAFE...

16 East First North

Honest Treatment to All
WM. CURRELL
"Students' Expressman"

Baggage Transferred to all parts of the city. Headquarters, Ritter Bros. Drug Co. Residence Phone 456 k.

Eyes
Tested



Glasses
Fitted

Remember Our Optical Department is in Charge of a Competent Refractive

Reliable Watch Repairing
Everything in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

College Souvenirs

C. M. WENDELBOE

53 East First North St. Logan, Utah

STUDENTS

When you want your Baggage Trans-

ferred, Phone 448 R.

Pony Express and Baggage Line

J. W. AULT, Proprietor

Pianos and Household Furniture Moved

There are plenty of
Chocolates on the market,
but none just like

Murdock's

Ours will please the most
delicate taste. Put up in
dainty packages, and loose.
A large quantity always on
hand.

College Barber Shop

One door west 1st Nat'l Bank.

Linnartz & Skabelund, Props.

A. S. HORNE

Druggist

Pure Drugs, Fine Perfumes
and Toilet Articles

Hot Soda Water Our
Specialty

Bank Barber Shop

H. J. Carlisle, Proprietor.

Modern Equipment. Baths.

Basement Thatcher Bank

DON'T YOU WANT THIS COURSE?

Value of Journalism

The English department wishes to call attention to the course in journalism which will be given for the second time next year three times a week the first half year. The value of the course comes from the practice in reporting, the constant writing of all forms of newspaper articles and a study of the leading newspapers and magazines of the United States and England. A large proportion of the A. C. graduates engage in teaching and might at the same time find journalism a most profitable avocation. The country press is in far more need of uplift and improvement than the country school. Every locality has its paper which could easily be improved and made a pay-in proposition, if it were taken told of by a college man with ideas and an ability to write clear, forcible, entertaining English. Then, too, the Ogden and Salt Lake papers are glad to have correspondents with a "use for news" in every town and a few columns each month will bring in a tidy bit of pin money for anyone who has the eyes to see and know how to write well constructed paragraphs. Then too the Sunday papers all over the country are glad to get illustrated articles of general interest.

There are things that anyone can do as outside work if he has the ability to write. At the life of the newspaper profession there is as much proverbial room as in any profession. In all the United States there are not more than a dozen really good newspapers while these without ideals, which are hedged in by "sacred cows" and dependent on yellow headlines to secure readers, are legion. No work could be more attractive to a college man with

writing.

The course which is known as English 25 will be under the supervision of Professor Larsen and will be given by an instructor who has had experience in editing a country paper and in contributing to both eastern and western Sunday papers. It will be a practical course in every sense of the word. It would help you in gathering a high school paper and might swell your pocketbook.

"A's" AWARDED

Debaters Receive Trophies

Yesterday morning in Chapel the Scholarship "A's" were awarded by Prof. Hendricks to the following students.

Harry Beagley
Wm. Baker
Geo. Stewart
H. J. Webb
Elizabeth Groebli
Vivian Erickson
Those to receive Honorable mention were:

R. O. Porter
Jos. Hickman
T. W. Bennion
J. Alder
I. B. Ball
Orson Christenson
The Hendricks Debating Medal was presented by Prof. Larson to Heber Bennion.

Those receiving Trophies for debating were:

U. of U. vs A. C. U. Debate

R. O. Porter
Orson Christenson
Heber Bennion
Niel Sammon

M. A. C. vs A. C. U. Debate

Truman J. Cole
Chas. W. Reese
Melvin S. Smart

The following were given trophies by the Cardon Jewellery company of Logan as an appreciation for the work the boys have done.

B. Y. U. vs A. C. U. Debate

Mark H. Green
S. H. Judd
O. W. Israelson
Champions of interclass debates were awarded the Thomas Trophies.
Niel Sammons
Ed. J. Holmgren (Sophomores)

Miss Alice Bowen has sent the announcement of her ———? to her friends.

SALT LAKE COMMERCIAL CLUB SATURDAY

(Continued from page 1)
preceeded, that Utah will owe largely her industrial strength.

The time has come when the only way to reach the "Back to the Farm" problem is through schools similar to our own Agricultural College. No amount of money will solve the problem as will one Industrial school such as we have on this hill.

To you, our visitors, we extend greeting and we hope that you will join with us in making the school the Industrial school of the West, with an enrollment for 1917 of 2500 college students

Be Comfortable While at School

and buy your Furniture and Stoves of all description for light housekeeping. We sell the cheapest in town and buy your furniture back when you leave school.

The Logan 2nd Hand Store
26-30 West 1st North

Phone 11 Z Modern, Gold and Plain Signs

The Big 4 Sign Works

J. C. Nielsen, Prop.

75 Main Logan, Utah

NEWBOLD'S CLOTHING FOR LOW PRICES

North Main Street, Logan

VIENNA CAFE

The Place to Eat

30 West Center Logan, Utah

Quality First -- Price Next

Hardware, Cutlery, School Notions
Lunch Baskets and General Supplies
for STUDENTS

The Lafount Hardware Co.

A. A. SCHEBY

Ladies' and Gent's Up-to-
Date Tailoring.
Cleaning and Pressing

46 West First North

STUDENTS, COME TO THE

Cache Valley Merc Co.

We'll Treat You Right

The Groceries You Buy Will Be
The Best

The Students Barbers

KEATON & EAMES
Basement Eagle Hotel

S. E. NEEDHAM & CO.

Jewelers and Opticians

"WATCH AND PEN STORE"

G. RUCHTI Merchant Tailor

Ladies' and Gent's Cleaning and
Repairing

71 West 1st North

Logan, Utah

Value Received
for Every Dollar
Spent at
Lundstrom's



Society Brand Clothes

Copyright 1913 Alfred Decker & Co. Inc.

Have you seen the new
Spring Suits at Morrell's?
PICK YOURS EARLY

Morrell's

YOU CAN ALWAYS DO
BETTER AT

On Clothing **THE HUB** Shoes, Hats
and Furnishings. Try us and be
Convinced.

Student Life

Published every Friday of the School Year by
Student Body Organization of the U. A. C.

Subscription \$1.00 Per Year
Single Copies 5 Cents

SENIOR ISSUE

Editors.

WM. G. WOOLLEY
JAMES OSMOND
BESSIE W. DAY

"Entered as second-class matter September 19, 1908, at the postoffice at Logan, Utah, under the Act of March 1879."

College Delivery is made from Student Life
Office, Room 275.

SACRED BAND CON- CERT TO BE GIVEN

Professor Thatcher Honors The
Seniors.

On the lawn of the U. A. C. Sunday night from 9 to 10 p. m. will be given a Sacred Band Concert in honor of the Senior Class of the College. The public are invited to attend.

Program is as follows:

- 1.—National Hymns
 - (a) French
 - (b) German
 - (c) Russian
 - (d) English
 - (e) American.
- 2.—Hymns
 - (a) Nearer My Got to Thee
 - (b) Auld Lang Syne
 - (c) Onward Christian Soldier.
 - (d) There is a Fountain.
- 3.—Sextette from Lucia.
- 4.—March "Entry of the Gladiators."
- 5.—"Venitza" Serenade.
- 6.—March "Religioso."

TO THOSE OF OUR FACULTY WHO LEAVE US

We are impressed with the fact that several members of our faculty will not be with us next year. Some are going out permanently either to accept other positions or continue study while other are going away on leave of absence. The persons implied have been named in the last two issues of this paper so we need not repeat them here, but we are moved by a sense of

love and great respect, to call attention to it now, and express our good will and best wishes toward them. We hope that into what varied fields they may enter either for study or practical work not connected with us directly, they may attain the high degree of success that they attained here; that they may win the same endearment that they have won from us. And of this we have little doubt, for they shall always be the same persons maintaining the same personality, no matter upon which part of the earth they may stand or from which angle the sun's rays may shine upon them. Personality and character are constant qualities, and having been tried before us as students we are assured that they possess those fixed and rigid principles that are requisite to strong personality and firm character.

We are leaving the dear A. C. U. at the same time and we think feel a common pathos. Our associations with these gentlemen as students was necessarily at an end, but we express the remorse which other students who are coming back, must feel in being deprived of their further association. The writer, though never having taken a subject under him,—having, however, had the pleasure of his association at sundry times—has been sensibly impressed with the very common remark of students resolving itself almost to a chorus, that one of the most valuable acquisition of their school days is the inspiration received from Professor Pedersen in class under him. A very pretty tribute indeed, and what students have said of this man the writer can fitfully say of others of the list with whom he has been associated.

It has often been a subject for reflection how so many men and women (?) of such sterling qualities could be gathered together on one faculty, and now leaves some of them. In conclusion we wish you the best we have while you wend your way and we wend ours.

What will Coburn do next year without Leon Cowley as his cafeteria assistant?

CLASS DAY MONDAY

Big Baseball Game, Dancing
Matinee and Drama.

Monday there will be something doing all day. In the morning at 10 o'clock the Seniors meet together for the last time to bid adieus to the school and for other class business. At noon lunch will be served in the Cafeteria to the Senior Class. This will be the last lunch the Seniors will probably ever eat together.

At 1:30 the baseball game will be played between the College Counsel and the Seniors. This proves to be the star game of the season and as such will be thoroughly interesting to all who attend. From 3 to 6 p. m. in the New Gymnasium will be the Senior Matinee Dance, to which the public are invited.

At 8 p. m. the Seniors will put on the play entitled "The Honey-moon." The cast of characters is as follows:

Flora Irene Hendrickson
Cedrie George Caine
Mrs. Haslem Alice Bowen
Haslem L. A. Stevens
Bishop I. B. Ball
Charles Taylor Carmichael
Gaston Angus Izatt
Public are invited.

The A. C. baseball team won from the Crimson last Thursday by a score of 2-0, Kidman scoring both runs for the Aggeis.

The Mountain Restaurant

J. C. NIELSEN, Proprietor
Regular Dinner from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.
Short Orders at all Hours
68 West-First North Logan, Utah

THE Students Store.

Books, Stationery, Post
Cards and Souvenirs.
Always a complete
stock to select from.

Wilkinson & Son

North Main

A SPECIAL MES- SAGE FOR YOU

We Carry a Complete
Line of Players and
Upright

PIANOS

To the Students we give
a 20% Discount on all Sheet
Music in Classic Form.

THATCHER

MUSIC CO.

39 South Main Street

FREE! FREE!

That Motorcycle at Howell Brothers

It May be Yours

A Number with Every Dollar Purchased
A Number with Every Dollar Paid on Account

CALL AND SEE IT

Howell Brothers

Logan's Foremost Clothiers

WE SOLICIT THE STUDENTS' PATRONAGE ON THE FOLLOWING GROUNDS:



Our line is complete in Confectionery. ☐ Up-to-date Caterers. ☐ Always Efficient Service and above all the students
friends. ☐ Make "The Royal" your Headquarters while down town.

Phone 22

THE ROYAL CONFECTIONERY CO.

85 N. Main

A. C. CLUB TOUR

Visit Upper Cache Valley

Had Thos. Cook and Son, the world's greatest tour agents have conducted the tour that the Ag. Club made through the northern part of Cache valley no more credit could have been due them than was due the Club committee that managed this excursion party.

To have been on Main street at 8:30 a. m. Monday, one would have viewed the greatest spectacle of decorated autos that has yet been seen in this northern metropolis.

It was through the courtesy and generosity of G. W. Thatcher, Geo. F. Thatcher, Guy Thatcher, Chas. R. Spencer, John Christensen, Jos. Quinney Jr., Jos S. Cardon, H. E. Hatch and Jos. J. Jensen that such a trip was made possible as ten large touring cars were to be used by the club members gratis. Profs. Caine, Carroll, Harris, Batchelor, Jensen, S. G. Peterson, and Stewart accompanied this bunch of educated farmers in order that their trip may be made all the more enjoyable, and in the words of the club men each Prof. did his duty.

After returning the club men say that they not only have a Pa (Caine) at school but a Ma and Pa (Caine) at Ballamoar, as the service rendered the fellows while eating lunch there will never be forgotten. The sweet milk and buttermilk received while at the Caine farm certainly added to the day's enjoyment.

1912 BUZZER REPORT

The Committee in charge of the 1912 Buzzer give out the following preliminary report of affairs. This report is only approximately correct, because certain expenditures are not yet known in detail, and the exact number of books to be sold may be slightly over the number now subscribed.

Resources

Students Dollar Deposits ..	\$485
Faculty and Extra Copies to...	
Students	100
College Purchase (100 books) 100	
Advertising	260
Military Dept. Frats. Sor...	
orities, Clubs	120

Total Resources

Expenditures

Printing and Binding	\$400
Engraving and supervision ..	350
Photographing	30
Expressing	15
Telephone, R. R. fare, and	
Stamps, Misc.	55

Total Expenditures

Total Resources

Total Expenditures

Surplus

The Executive Committee voted Wednesday to allow whatever surplus the 1912 Buzzer should possess to apply on the remain

ing 1911 Buzzer debt. This will be done. The amount will be sufficient to entirely liquidate this time-honored obligation. And thus endeth the record of the 1911 and 1912 Buzzers.

The 1912 Buzzer Committee is L. R. Ball, Harry Beers, L. A. Stevens, Less Richardson, Jack Pence and Hervin Bunderson. Joseph Welsh headed the advertising committee which brought in \$260.00.

ALUMNI AFFAIRS

The business meeting of the Alumni Association will be held at the Woman's Building, Saturday evening, May 25, at 8 p. m.

Officers for the year 1912-13 will be elected. The present graduating class will be admitted to membership and some important measures concerning the future work of the Association will be considered.

THE BANQUET

The banquet this year will be an exclusive affair. Each Alumnus is entitled to one guest only. The only exception to this rule is that the present graduating class may invite their parents in addition to their one guest each. Members of the faculty are honorary members of the Association and may bring one guest each. The Association extends an invitation also to the Board of Trustees and to Governor Spry, Dr. Talmage and other special guests of the Institution who may be present at Commencement.

This action was taken by the Association at the business meeting last year. We regret that it will be impossible for us to accommodate the host of friends from town and all over the State who have contributed so much to our enjoyment at banquets in the past. But the membership of the Association has now reached the three hundred mark and in order to take care of them we have been compelled to limit our invitations.

THE BALL

The Alumni Ball will be held at 9 p. m. Tuesday in the Smart Gymnasium. It is open to the public. The admission will be seventy-five cents. Persons having tickets to the banquet are admitted to the ball without an extra charge.

We shall be glad to meet all our friends at the ball. We will furnish the very best music obtainable. The floor is the best in the State, and no other school gymnasium in Utah is in any way equal to the Smart gymnasium.

PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION TO THE SENIORS

Good Program Rendered

In accordance with the custom established several years ago, the Senior Class of Nineteen twelve was delightfully entertained Friday evening by President Widtsoe assisted by Miss Blanche Cooper at the Woman's Building.

After a hearty welcome by the President and an hour spent in conversation a delicious "Progressive Supper" was served by several of the Home Economics girls under the able direction of Miss Cooper.

The remainder of the evening was spent in listening to entertaining selections read by Mrs. Ruth M. Bell from O. Henry, T. B. Aldrich and Browning, and to the charming vocal selections by Miss Ethel Jensen.

The Senior Class appreciate deeply the honor and good-will accorded them by their loved President and feel with him that the bond of friendship has been more firmly sealed by breaking bread with him under his own roof.

"A" CLUB DANCE

The visiting athletes were entertained Saturday night after the meet at a dance given by the "A" club. This was their first attempt and its success was very encouraging. The pavilion was filled and Prof. Thatcher certainly did give us fine music. The "A" club fills a long felt want in the school and it is their aim to

give an annual dance of this kind and to encourage high school athletes to come to this school instead of going east or to other state institutions.

The First National Bank of Logan, Utah

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
..... \$120,000
Total Deposits. \$450,000

Welcomes and appreciates your business whether large or small and believes its extensive resources developed by twenty years of constant, considerate, conservative accommodations, a splendid endorsement of its most satisfactory service to the people of Logan and vicinity.

Troy Cleaning & Dyeing Company

Gent's Clothes Cleaned and Pressed By The Month
130 North Main Logan, Utah

WE Carry Everything in Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums and Draperies. Agents for Lambert's Dutch Furniture, Universal Ranges and Hot Blasts. McDougall Kitchen Cabinets. Special Prices and Terms to Students.

Spande Furniture Co.
"Furniture Worth While."

Degn Photo Studio

Expert Photographer.....

.....Over The Hub

The Ozark

CANDY SHOP, where the Good Candy is Made. Everything Clean and Sanitary. Always open to Public Inspection. We also Cater to Class Parties. All Goods Guaranteed to be the Best that can be made. Don't forget the place.
119 North Main Street, Logan, Utah



Special Attention Given to the Proper Fitting of Glasses

Frank O. Reynolds

M. D.

Practice Limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Office over Howell-Cardon Dry Goods Co. Office Hours: 9-12 a. m., 2-4 p. m.

SENIORS GET

GOOD POSITIONS

(Continued from page one.)
Aris, U. A. C.

LEONA COWLEY—Domestic Science, L. D. S. H. S., Salt Lake City.

ALICE BOWEN—Head of Home Economics, Ogden H. S.

VIVIAN HATCH—Home Economics, Logan Sub. H. S.

HOWARD SCHWEITZER—Horticulture, U. A. C.

CLARA HYDE—Home Economics, American Fork H. S.

A. D. ELLISON—Foreman of Nephi Experiment Station, Nephi, Utah.

Wm. G. WOOLLEY—Agriculture and Biology, Monroe H. S., Sevier county.

MARTIN R. ENSIGN—Agriculture and Biology, Pleasant Grove, H. S.

LOFTER BJARNASON—Principal of Woodruff District School Logan, Utah.

GEORGE BRAITHWAITE—English, Nephi H. S.

LE GRANDE HUMPHREYS—Mathematics, U. A. C.

J. P. SORENSON—Logan Sub. H. S.

WALLACE VICKERS—English, Fielding Stake Academy, Paris, Idaho.

AARON NEWBY—Mechanic Arts, U. A. C.

C. L. MERRILL—Agronomy, U. A. C.

HARRY BEAGLEY—Agriculture and Biology, Nephi H. S.

TAYLOR CARMICHAEL—Justice of Peace in Tooele county.

HEBER J. WEBB—Entomology, U. A. C.

TRUMAN COLE—Commerce, Nephi H. S.

JOHN W. PETERS—Business, Brigham City, Utah.

W. L. SMITH—Smith Lumber company.

WILFORD MOSES—Clerk of Idaho Land and Live Stock company.

WILLARD GARDNER—Utah Experiment Station.

M. IRENE HENDRICKSON—at home, Logan, Utah.

ETHEL ERDMAN—Keeping house, Brigham, Utah.

The following members of the class will continue their work in other schools:

Reuben Hill—Cornell, N. Y.

Bessie W. Day—Columbia, N. Y.

D. S. Jennings—University of California.

O. W. Israelson—University of California.

Ralph O. Porter—John Hopkins, Baltimore.

M. J. Andrews, Jr.—Dentistry.

The following are considering positions:

Magdalen Funk, Geo. B. Caine, John Wilcox, Jas. Omond, Vere Martineau, Jenkin Jones, Melvin Smart and Angus Izatt.

JUNIOR CLASS

ENTERTAIN SENIORS

On Wednesday evening, May 22, the Junior Class gave the Seniors a farewell reception. From first to last the spirit of jest and jollity prevailed. The relay races indulged in between the two classes induced a hilarity which continued throughout the evening. Nor did the mirth abate during the playing of the theatrical charades and cards.

Delicious ice-cream and strawberries and cakes refreshed the hundred happy guests in the cafeteria.

Toasts were responded to by Mr. I. B. Ball and Mr. Elmer Jonson, the former gave the toast, "What the Seniors have done" and the latter, "Immemorial to the Seniors." All joined heartily in the college songs and the evening ended with a lively "Virginia Reel" danced to the tune of "The Irish Washerwoman" and the clapping of hands. The A. C. Library was brightened with banks of potted plants and blossoms of the season.

UTAH GOLDSTONE—crosses and hearts, dainty and popular, all the girls wear them; size 134 inches long—\$1. Money back if not pleased. Local Novelty company, Gunnison, Utah.



The New Cross Straps

PARISIANA No. 666X

A corset of graceful lines for an average figure. The new crossed supporters attached at the waist line distribute the strain and insure a trim, straight figure with great comfort to the wearer when sitting.

SOLD BY
Jas. Quayle & Company

DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS

Are in a Class by Themselves

They cost but a little more than the cheapest, while they

save twice as much and last five times as long as other separators.

They gave their cost every six months over gravity setting systems and every year over other separators, while they may be bought for cash or on such liberal terms that they will actually pay for themselves.

Every assertion thus briefly made is subject to demonstrative proof to your own satisfaction by the nearest DE LAVAL local agent, or by writing to the company direct.

Why, then, in the name of simple common sense, should anyone who has use for a Cream Separator go without one, buy other

than a DE LAVAL, or continue the use of an inferior separator?



The DE LAVAL SEPARATOR COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

BELBINGS SILK

.....FOR.....

Embroidery Work

Howell-Cardon Company

The Women's Shopp

WE REPEAT IT

A Dozen Photographs will
endear you to twelve friends

THE RABE STUDIO

"Your Friends"

Mitchell's Barber Shop

65 North Main Street

STUDENTS

Will Find Everything in
Drugs, Toilet Articles & Sundries
CITY DRUG CO.

THE QUARTERS FOR
Sporting Goods
87 N. Main St. Phone No. 200

Locals

Next year Clara will Hyde from her fellow class mates.

The U. A. C. is the only school in the United States today giving a course in Eugenics.

Mrs. Bessie Day hasn't decided yet whether she will belong to the faculty or not next year.

Geo. Caine is going to carry on some scientific study in Mule culture in Borneo next year.

Miss Magdalen Funk will labor among the poor and crippled in Hyde Park next year.

Miss Erickson has purchased a new shot gun. She says it is a good R. O. Porter.

Miss Alice Dunford says things are much more pleasant since it is getting Green.

Irene H. and Schweitzer, they are always seen together. He calls ten times a week they say in every kind of weather.

Byron Junior is doing wonders in the district school. The little fellow is steadily following the judge's footsteps.

H. C. Beers has recently changed his name. He says he's tired of being taken for a member of the Brewery Association.

Vickers is in Paris, supposedly to teach the young Parisians the intricacies of the English language, but we have been told that he studies female costumes quite as attentively as he does the moods and tempers.

The University of Chicago is very fortunate in having secured the services of Jenk W. Jones as special football coach. The present contract will expire in two years, but the University will do all in its power to retain the coach indefinitely.

J. P. Sorenson always has and always expects to teach school.

The Seniors have all passed their Exams. They feel sorry for the rest of you that are just starting yours.

Prof. J. Alder, principal of the Ogden industrial school at last announces his engagement to Miss Johnson. We understand that poor Jack has had a hard fight for Tilly has been heavy on.

Frank Low, one of the Animal Husbandry students, has accepted a position with the Government. He left last week for Ogden, where he has already commenced his work.

Since accepting the professorship of physics in the Columbia University, Willard Gardner regrets that he spent so many years of his life plucking keys on the typewriter at the Utah Experiment Station.

Due to the simplicity of his work at the U. A. C., Prof. Aron Newey has decided to take up the practical side of life and put out the Humphries manure spreaders and other farm implements.

Found on Bjarnason's desk:
"Please excuse Willie, he had to stay home to pack the baby."
Below was a note in blue pencil:
"Miss ——. Please send Willie to me, I need a packer at my house."
L. B.

No one has done more to promote the potato industry than G. W. Woolley. He grows potatoes now on the deserts of Nevada, by planting onions between the rows. The tears from their eyes furnish ample moisture to bring both to maturity.

Alder John has curly hair
And Byron scarcely any
But Johnny isn't married yet
While Byron lives with Jennie

Since Humphrey's manure spreader has taken the lead of all other machines of its kind in sales, he has decided to resign his position as Professor of Farm Mechanics at the U. A. C. and devote his entire time and thought to inventions.

Concerning the development of the West along agricultural lines, nothing will do more than a recent discovery made by O. W. Israelson, Ph. D. He has discovered a new compound that will precipitate the obnoxious salts in alkaline waters.

The Common Room Club ST. JOHN'S HOUSE

Books, Magazines, Games, Pool Table,
Shuffle Board, Shower and Tub Baths
Tennis Court. OPEN TO ALL

Cache Valley Banking Co.

LOGAN, UTAH

Capital and Surplus \$110,000.00

(We Solicit Accounts of the Faculty and
Student Body, and shall be pleased to
have our share of the College business)

Photographs

Have Yours Taken at

TORGESON STUDIO

Corner Main and Center Sts.

The Cardon Jewelry Company

[Has just received a complete assortment of Water-
man and Conklin Pens, and guarantee to fit any hand]

Let us try to fit yours

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES
CORRECTLY FITTED

41 North Main

It Makes a Difference.....

And a big difference too, where you have your prescriptions prepared. Our drug store is strictly reliable. Our customers will tell you our service is prompt, efficient and courteous.

Co-Operative Drug Co.

14 W. Center St., Logan Utah.

The Prescription Store.

The Newest Creations in SHOES for Spring
and Summer, 1912, Now Being Shown at

Andreas Peterson & Son^s

73 North Main Street

Students Shoe Store.

R. M. ROLFSEN

The only Exclusive Sport-
ing Goods Store in Cache
Valley.

24 W. 1st N. Logan Utah

A. G. SPALDING & BROS

Headquarters for Official

ATHLETIC SUPPLIES

Catalogue Free

A. G. SPALDING & BROS

28-30 So. Wabash Ave. Chicago

The Rabe Studio

..Fine Photographs..

135 NORTH MAIN GROUND ENTRANCE

Napoleon

Went, Saw and Conquered

Students come, see and be convinced,
that our work cannot be surpassed. A
Trial Order will convince you.
Visitors Welcome. Bring your Friends.

American Steam Laundry

Expert Launderers and French Dry
Cleaners
46 E. Center Logan, Utah Phone 438



TO OUR RETIRING STUDENT LIFE STAFF

In that this issue of Student Life is the last to be published this year, and that its publication rests with the Senior class, the committee having this work in charge feel constrained to express the appreciation of the Senior Class, in particular, and of the whole student body in general, of their work in making the paper the great success that it has been, we feel that through the energetic efforts of its staff the paper has continued its steady growth, and that its standard thereby is being steadily raised. We note the many commendable school papers which come to our exchange desk and have occasion to make comparisons, and we are invariably impressed with the high rank "Student Life" maintains among college journals. This be-comes much in praise of the work of the staff, and especially those of the staff who are more directly responsible for its publication.

Now that school is near a close, and the work of editing the college paper is practically ended—and with it the dissolution of the staff virtually effected—it seems an appropriate juncture to make this comment. And while we appreciate the service these students have rendered to the student body during the past year, we extend every wish for an equally successful future in whatever vocation they may follow. We congratulate them on being the

choice of their fellow-students for this important service, and now that they are through we wish to make an expression of our gratitude.

One other feature to which we wish to make mention is the punctuality exercised in getting out the paper. Never during the year has it failed to make its appearance on Friday at eleven o'clock—the accustomed hour. And, too, has been added the literary sheet, a splendid addition, all due to the vigilance of Mr. Had-dock and his assistants.

A TRIBUTE

In this our last issue it is appropriate that we extend our gratitude and praise to I. B. Ball, who has aided materially in making Student Life what it is today. For the past month he has been the editor of Student Life. It was his fertile brain that first conceived the Buzzer idea this year. He has spent the greater part of the last two months working for the Buzzer and Student Life. He has also helped in arranging for the Senior exercises. He is a member of the Student Body Executive committee, a member of the cast of the Senior play, which has taken his spare time. So to you, Mr. Ball, we extend our love, gratitude, praise and thanks for the good work you have done. W. G. W.

TO THE SALT LAKE COMMERCIAL CLUB

It is a privilege to extend to the visitors from Salt Lake City

the liberties of the Agricultural College. We take this opportunity of congratulating them upon the fine work of State-making which they are so aggressively carrying on.

We see "strength to their arms in this great piece of business."

We commend to them the People's College, the institution working as they are for State betterment. Our work covers a great field—production from our soils and exploitation of our resources. We maintain that the greatness of Salt Lake City depends upon the greatness of Utah and any policy leading otherwise is useless. We submit that the future of Utah agriculturally is closely bound up with the future of the Agricultural College.

1912 BUZZER

In another part of this issue is a report of the Buzzer Committee. It shows a profit of \$215. Who says that the Buzzer won't pay? Yes and when edited largely by Seniors at that. It shows what can be done with the right kind of management. The book costs you one instead of two dollars; you will get it before you leave school this year as it is due in Logan tomorrow. Why not boost for the permanent deposit every year of your dollar? Let the Student Life Staff with its aids get it out. Again we say hurrah for Ball and the Committee who has made the Buzzer possible.

The Senior Class extend our thanks and appreciation to the Student Life staff for the courtesy shown in allowing the Seniors to edit the last number of Student Life.

U. A. C. is for Utah First
Wear Your Colors tomorrow.
Tomorrow's Booster's Day.

TWO ALUMNUS HONORED

Mr. George R. Hill '08 and Mr. Robert J. Evans '09, who are registered in the graduate school of Cornell University, doing work in the Agricultural College, are to appear in June, 1912, for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Mr. Hill is doing work in the Department of Plant Physiology under Professor Ruggar and has been honored by an assistantship in the department. Mr. Evans is working in general agronomy. Both these men have had signal success in their work at Ithaca, both being admitted to the honor scientific society "Sigma XI." Mr. Hill is to be at Cornell University next year, but expects to spend the summer in Utah.

DIED—Wednesday, 4:03 p. m. May 21st the 1911 Bugger Dept. when it received its death blow at the hands of the 1912 Buzzer. The former was apparently in full health and vigor, causing the usual amount of worry to those who had least to do with it, until the meet last evening in which the fatal blow was given in the form of a two hundred and fifteen dollar "half Nelson" from its lusty little successor.

The remains were carried joyfully to the last resting place by the Executive Committee and delighted mourners.

Eleda Nelson will move to Preston next winter—for her health.

CLASS COMMENCEMENT

Commencement Cards, Folders, Graduate and Class Announcements. A beautiful line of SAMPLES now on hand. Come early and make selections. Stock must be ordered from Omaha, and Changes in Class Colors etc, occasion some delay.

J. P. SMITH & SON

Buy Fresh Cut Flowers for HER From the CACHE VALLEY FLORAL CO.

Just North of the U. A. C.

Phone 387 B

NOW IS THE TIME TO SELECT YOUR SPRING TOGGS

Shipments of the Newest, Niftiest, and Most Up-to-Date Styles Have "Just Arrived"
Come in and Look Them Over. 'Twill be Worth Your While.

Thatcher Clothing Company

27 North Main, Logan

Literary Supplement Student Life

Intercepted

The Captain leaned impatiently against the tree, watching the moon come up from behind the house. "I wonder why those men are so long with the horses. I told them we could only rest five minutes. We'll never overtake those rebels."

"What did you say, Senor?"

The Captain instinctively jerked his hat off and looked hastily up at the balcony. "I beg your pardon Senorita—I was just thinking."

She laughed. "Senor should not think aloud. It is a bad habit."

"I do not think all my thoughts aloud or I should be saying what a charming effect the moon has on your hair."

"Ah, Senor has learned how to make pretty speeches—but tell me, didn't you say you were after some rebels?"

"Yes, can you tell me how long ago they passed?"

"And how does the Captain know they passed?"

"They came this way, of course. Has it been more than an hour ago?" he demanded, imperiously.

"I am not to be ordered like one of your men. It has been half an hour—an hour—five minutes, maybe."

"I am truly sorry that I spoke so, Senorita, but I'm so used to commanding my men—and it's important that we overtake the insurgents tonight. Were they riding fast? Did the horses seem tired?"

"Senor asks many questions, but why should I answer them? Does he think I have nothing to do but watch tiresome soldiers ride by?"

"The Senorita can do as she pleases, of course. I shall find my men and we shall start at once." He threw his half-finished cigar away and turned toward the creek.

The Senorita leaned tremulously over the balcony, clutching the railing tightly. "Oh, if I can only keep him ten minutes longer," she breathed. Then aloud: "Captain," she called timidly, and as he turned she continued: "You must pardon my temper—I didn't mean to be so disagree-

able. Come back and I will tell you what I know."

He waited silently while she looked reflectively up at the moon. "Let me see, it was while I was reading to grandmother and that was—well, I don't remember exactly how long ago, but it seems about—but tell me," and she looked down at him coquetically, "how do you know I'll tell you the truth; maybe I'm a rebel too."

"If you are, and if other rebels are like you, why we can never hope to beat them," he replied gallantly.

She laughed. "You should have lived in a more chivalrous age, Senor Captain."

A guard approached quietly.

"The horses are ready, Sir."

"I thought I told you that we could only stop five minutes!"

"I know, Captain, but one of the horses got away and we have just caught him."

"Are the men mounted?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Then we'll be off immediately. How long did you say they have been gone, Senorita?"

"Their horses were very tired and they were going slowly—I think—" she uttered a sharp exclamation and seemed busy with the vines.

"Yes," said the man, impatiently, "you think—"

"Oh Captain, I have caught a thorn in my dress and I can't loosen it."

"Isn't there anyone in the house you can call?"

"No one who could hear."

"And you can't loosen it yourself?"

"No, it is at the back. I'm so sorry to trouble you."

The Captain said nothing but scrambled hastily up the trellis-work. Just as he reached the top, the Senorita turned toward him with a little deprecatory motion. "It has come loose itself, Senor. It is too bad to keep you so long."

He noticed the mischievous gleam in her eyes and swore softly as he dropped to the ground, and as he rode away, he thought he heard a silvery laugh from the balcony.

"As The Poet Says"

SAPIENT SAYINGS GOOD TO HAVE ON THE TIP OF THE TONGUE

Every College Graduate Will Need Them.

We shall print from time to time choice quotations often heard and always appreciated hence good to know. To know them is to possess a source of oft recurring pleasure to one's self and to others. Clip them and "get them."

"Nothing Good or Evil is but thinking makes it so."—Shakespeare.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,

But we build the ladder by which we rise

From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,

And we mount to its summit round by round."—Holland

"Have a purpose; live for something,

And that purpose keep in view;

Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,

If some star had been their guide,

Might have still been riding safely,

But they drifted with the tide."—Anon.

"I don't care how much a man talks, just so he says it in a few words."—Josh Billings.

"Be just and fear not; let all the ends thou aimest at, be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's."—Shakespeare.

"Life is the best possible thing we can make of it."—Anon.

"The noblest service comes from nameless hands,

And the best servant does his work unseen."—Lowell

"There's never a leaf or a blade too mean to be some happy creature's palace."—Lowell

"The cat in gloves catches no mice." Poor Richard.

"Finds tongues in trees, books

in running brooks, Sermons in stone, and good in everything."—Shakespeare.

"Be noble and the nobleness that lies

In other men, sleeping but not dead,

Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

The Tragedy of Mrs. Frog

"Wake up, Mrs. Frog, it is nearly day-break," and the muskrat came close to the shore to carry on the friendly morning chat.

Mrs. Frog gave a long, drowsy croak and hopped down to meet him. "Good morning, dear muskrat, you are out early."

"Yes," and the muskrat winked a fishy eye. "I wasn't dissipating last night like my friends at the frog colony. I could hear your sweet voice until long after bed time."

"Why, dear Mr. Muskrat, I was just singing my frog-eggs to sleep. The dear shiny little things are lying quietly over there under that willow-tree on a lily leaf."

"Are you sure they are quite safe?" said the muskrat, and a look of apprehension came suddenly into his face.

"I saw a lily leaf floating on the water this morning with some frog eggs on it."

"Horror!" croaked Mrs. Frog as she hurried to the spot, but there were no eggs to be seen. "I shall die if they are gone. Oh! my darling froglets."

They searched the slough up and down and finally in despair stopped on the bridge to look over the situation.

Suddenly an idea seized Mrs. Frog, and turning quickly she held up a dainty frog leg to her friend: "Good-bye, dear Musk. you have been very kind, but my life is worthless now," and with that she leaped into the slough. There was a splash, and air bubbles came to the top, but Mrs. Frog was never seen again.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;

The eternal years of God are hers;

But error, wounded, writhes in pain,

And dies among his worshippers."—Bryant.

"Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act—act in the living Present!

Heart within and God o'er-head!"—Longfellow.

—Longfellow.

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

"WELL, Well, Well! What's the matter with you fellows?" and the speaker chuckled lightly as he came to a pause near the table at which the two young men were seated. "Busted or jilted," and he slid with a thud into the remaining chair.

"Hello, Harry!" came the solemn response. "Haven't you heard the news?"

"Sure I have. What is it?" was the incongruous reply.

"Ferguson's in the hospital, that's all."

"Fergy in the hospital! What do you mean?" and now it was the newcomer's turn to look serious.

"That's the fact, Harry. Fergy's in the hospital and the big Marathon coming off tomorrow, and he the only long distance runner in the school. Talk about luck; if we can't draw the simon-pure-stamped-in-the-bottle variety, then show me," and the speaker struck fiercely at a stray fly which had made bold to alight on the sugar bowl set in the center of the table.

"Say, are you fellows stringing me, or what is the real dope?" asked Harry, as he gazed into the serious faces of the two seniors seated opposite.

"Wish we were, Harry, but it's the straight goods this time," was the answer.

"What's the trouble?"

The story was soon told. A train load of happy, shouting students accompanied by the college band, had left Logan that morning bound for the great All-College Inter-Mountain Track Meet scheduled to take place upon the morrow at Cummings Field. They had arrived at Salt Lake about noon, and after a brief visit to the field upon which the events were to take place, a number of the boys had returned down town and taken lunch at one of the smaller cafes. They had finished the meal and were quietly discussing the possibilities of their various aspirants when suddenly Ferguson gave a low cry of distress and clutched frantically at his side. In an instant half a dozen solicitous students were bending over him, but his condition had soon become so alarming that a physician was hastily summoned. Without a moment's hesitation he had pronounced it "appendicitis" and had ordered the patient removed immediately to the hospital.

The narrator and two of the other boys had accompanied him and had remained up to the time he was wheeled away to the operating room.

"And think of it, Harry!" he concluded, "he actually cried when we fellows bade him good bye. Not because he feared the operation, but because the A. C. would be without representation in the Marathon tomorrow."

Harry Thain had sat like one in a dream during the whole recital. The glasses clinked and dishes rattled as the bustling darkies passed and re-passed in their frantic efforts to minister to the clamorous demand of the patrons of the cafe. Occasionally a string orchestra crashed out one of the popular airs of the day, but to Harry it seemed as though the whole aspect of life had suddenly dark-

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF HOW COLLEGE SPIRIT INSPIRED A VICTORY

ened. "Ferguson in the hospital." The phrase kept repeating itself over and over in his mind. Denver, Boulder, Bozeman, Cheyenne, Provo, the "U,"—every college in the inter-mountain west,—all would be represented in the one great event of the morrow, all—but the A. C. His college would be without a runner in the Marathon.

"How does the Coach take it?" he finally asked.

"Coach," replied Leavitt, who up to this time had remained silent; "He's simply all in, and that's the truth. Looks as though he had been run through a knot-hole. Says the Denver crowd is already boasting about the walk-a-way they're going to have tomorrow, as the only man in the bunch they feared was Ferguson. I'll tell you Harry, it's simply h—l," and Leavitt jammed both hands into his pockets, and glared fiercely as he gave expression to the last little piece of choice diction.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" was Harry's quiet rejoinder.

"Do!" thundered Leavitt. "Do! What can we do? We haven't another long distance runner in the school unless,—he stopped suddenly and sprang to his feet, his hands working nervously and his whole face aglow with the idea that had just come to him—"Harry, you did long distance work two years ago. You're out of training I know, but for heaven's sake, Hal, couldn't you 'come back' for just this one time?"

Harry shook his head discouragingly. "Out of the question, fellows. I haven't had on my track suit since I took it off two years ago, and I doubt if I could run a hundred yards without petering."

"Well, then, it's all off with the A. C. tomorrow," chimed in Perry, as the look of hope which had sprung into his face at the suggestion of Leavitt, gave way to one of utter resignation.

After sipping the sherbet which Perry had ordered during the colloquy, the three men arose and sauntered leisurely out of the place. They parted at the entrance. Perry and Leavitt to spend the evening with friends, and Harry, left to himself, to walk with bowed head and thoughtful mien through the bustling crowds of people that filled the streets at this hour. "By jove, I'll do it!" He stopped suddenly in his walk, and the waiting cab-man near the curb looked up expectantly, as the words burst spontaneously from Harry's lips. He turned sharply about and walked rapidly in the opposite direction. A large crowd of college men and boys stood grouped about the lobby of the hotel as Harry made his way to the desk.

"Is Coach Robbins here?" he enquired of the clerk.

"Yes sir, he's up in his room now. Front, show this gentleman to room 309!" As the uniformed bell-boy appeared in answer to his call.

Stepping into the elevator, Harry was soon at the door of the room in which the Coach was staying. "Hello Coach," he

greeted quietly as the sober face of the Coach appeared in the doorway.

"Why, hello, Harry; come right in," was the response, and Harry followed him into the inside room of the suite.

"Coach, I've just heard about Fergy," he continued; "and as I understand it, the A. C. is now left without any representation in the Marathon."

"That's exactly the situation," rejoined the Coach. "It is the greatest disappointment I have ever known," and he motioned him to a chair.

"Thank you, old man, but I don't care to sit," he said in reply. "I just thought I'd discuss with you the advisability of my entering for the Marathon in Fergy's place, tomorrow. Of course I couldn't hope to win," he went on, "but while defeat is always humiliating, it would be better than no entry at all. Don't you think so?" and he looked inquiringly at the coach.

The coach had dropped into a convenient Morris chair while Harry was speaking. Now he sprang to his feet.

"Harry, you're just the man," he fairly shouted. "You're out of training, but you always take good care of yourself, and if we get busy right away we can whip you into fairly good trim by tomorrow. If only you can give that Denver crowd a run for their money I'll think we are well paid. Get off your clothes and I'll give you the best rub-down you have ever had."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PIER'S PLOWMAN.

(With Apologies to Langland.)

On one Dezember mornynge whan calt was the winde,

I shoupe me in shroudes, as I a freezing were

And hied me in greet haste over hill and dale

In Logantown in Cache Vale.

As I behelde in the est an heigh to the sonne

I seigh a toure on a toft trielich ymakd

An high hille stude this toure white

And on this hille I behelde

Of alle maner of men, the mene and the riche,

Worchyng and wandryng as the professors asketh.

Some puttem hem to hir bokes, pleyed ful selde,

And some puttem hem to pruyde, appa-
pariled hem thereafter

In clothynge nee ymakd for schule

And pleyed und wasted many precious houres

Then went forth in here wey with many tales

Of how mene were the techeres, and unfayre

"Else why," seide they, "sholde we nought share

In the gude grades which we had ysought?"

Literary Supplement Student Life

Reminder to the Old Maids and Advice to the Young Ones

If you go to dances moulden on a fashion that is golden,
Where the ladies wear their dresses in a way you can't explain;
You can bet most any money that you'll spot the very funny
Cultivated efflorescence growing near the wall with pain.

Now the flower that I mention may have eyes of bluest gentian,
And her hair be like the sunshine on the rippling waves of wheat;
And her face supply a thesis for a poet's pastoral pieces,
And the men may wish to lay their hearts and fortunes at her feet.

But in spite of all the sheep's eye men may make, or any deep sighs;

My lady shuns the poems and the posies of the herds,
For the cultivated pages in the books of ancient sages,
For the music of Beethoven or the singing of the bird.

And if Bacchus with his leopards rouse the other nymphs and shepherds,

And if they make the house or mansion roof, or dancing hall to ring

With their light and larkly revels, on the stairs or on the levels.
Well, I fancy that this maiden will avoid that kind of thing.

A case I once remember in a cold and bleak December

A maiden like a wall flower sat and smiled upon the room;
And the fellows vainly sought her, to sit out a dance to court her,
But she chilled them with a look as cold as a December moon.

So the empty weeks that passed her left her cold as alabaster,
Till one day while riding in the park where laurel thickets arc
With a certain sly ignition, she met a tall musician.

Who in fact was an Apollo and had loved her from afar.

Now although his reputation gave some cause for conversation,

Still I think that had she waited he'd have won her at his ease.
But when he declared his title in alarm at its recital

He forsook his further wooing for the butterflies and bees.

Like the summer wind that passes this maiden fled o'er the grasses.

For she heard the rushing foots ep race across the scented thyme
And in sudden panic ardor she implored the goods to guard her,
For the words she vowed were nonsense and the kiss she called a crime.

And at once her lithe form faltered and grew rigid, and she altered,
To a bush of gleaming laurel in its dark perennial green.

And she rows beside the river where the rushes thrill and quiver
With an everlasting murmur of the things that might have been.

Should we want to pin a moral to this legend of the laurel,

For the use of any debutante who's passed sweet seventeen,
It is; Don't be too unbending or you'll run the risk of ending,
Not a laurel but a wall flower—which is not an evergreen.

THE CHOIR MAYDE AND THE SENIOR.

(A Ballad.)

A lad syts doon in the senyor ro,
Hully balloo balario.

A Mayde syts up by the big basso,
Hully balloo balario.

And on his chinne the down
aperes,
Hully balloo balario.

The rosettes blum upon hir eres,
Hully balloo balario.

She goeth oft to the librare,
Hully balloo balario.

And to the self sam plas goes he.

Hully balloo balario.

Their bukes piled by ther syde,

Hully balloo balario.

They tak and tak til evyn tyd,

Hully balloo balario.

On Sunda goon that for a ryde,

Hully balloo balario.

He asked hir for to be hys bryde

Hully balloo balario.

We wish hem joi thru all the yeres

Hully balloo balario.

Thys daynte par of A. C. deres

Hully balloo balario.

BRAITHWAITE.

Ich Liebe Dich

"Sah ein Knab' ein Roslein stehn,
Roslein auf der Heiden

War so jung undmorgenschon,
Lief er schnell, es nah, zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.

Roslein, Roslein, Roslein rot,
Roslein auf der Heiden."

"First verse, only two more,
gad! how that is tiresome. I say

Jeff, only two more weeks until
Christmas, and then it will be

adieu (glick) Auf' for one brief
space of heavenly bliss, and if

Molly's in town and that husky
Jones isn't—why, I'll just mono-

pelize every night. I will—be-

cause—because—oh, I can't tell
you a thing about her Jeff, but

you know, she's not one of those
masculine, suffragette damsels,

she's a real feminine girl with
pretty ways and a smile you can't

resist."

"That so?" Jeff had his head
buried in a chem. book, besides he

had heard of Molly's adorable
qualities times innumerable.

"But see here," he said, rousing
himself, "you'll find that your

immortal Molly isn't the most im-

portant thing to dwell upon when
we've a bunch of exams staring

us in the face."

"I guess you're right old boy;
it can't be Molly when Deutsch

exams come first hour and your
degree of glory depends on how

well you can say 'Roslein!'"

"Knabe sprach: Ish breeche-
ich, Roslein and— Say Jeff, I've

got to write to Molly and let her
know I'm coming and that Jones

can take a rest."

He picked up his pen and de-

liberately wrote:

"Dear Molly:

"It's an awful bore, this Ger-

man and tomorrow is exam. I

have been studying for hours and

I am going to write to you while

my mind rests. It's only two

weeks until Christmas, Molly,
and—"

"Say, Jeff, how would you ask
her?"

"Ah, go on," snapped Jeff
iwthout looking up. "If you had

as much to do as I have you'd
get busy."

"Right you are again. I'll
have to think about this proposi-

tion anyway.

"Roslein auf der Hierden,
War so jung und morgenschon."

"Say, Jeff, I'm-getting-sleepy.

"Ich liebe dich

Roslein auf der Heiden."

Ballad of Vegetables

A potato went on a mash
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me," observed the
squash.

And all the beets turned red.
"Go 'way," the onion, weeping,
cried;

"Your love I cannot be;
The pumpkin be your lawful
bride—

You cantaloupe with me."

But onward still the tuber came,
And lay down at her feet.

"You cauliflower by any name
And it will smell as wheat;

And I, too, am an early rose,
And you I've come to see;

So don't turnip your lovely nose,
But spinachat with me."

"I do not carrot all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please."

The modest onion meekly said.
"And lettuce, pray, have peas.

Go, thing that you have never
seen

Myself, or smelled my sigh;
Too long a maiden I have been

For favors in your rye."

"Ah, spare a cuss," the tuber
prayed;

"My cherryshed wribe you'll
be;

You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me."

And as the wily tuber spoke
He caught her by surprise,

And, giving her an artichoke,
Decoured her with his eyes.

—Tit-Bit.

"I know what I'll do, Jeff. I'll
just come right out and say it like

this.—I'll be home Sunday night,
Molly, and I expect to drop in

and see you immediately upon
arriving—

"Sah ein Knab'e ein Roslein
stehn,

Roslein auf—"

"Somehow I can't get this
through my head to-night. If I

had anything to do with the cur-
riculum, I would take steps to

substitute a course in astronomy
for German."

He rested his head on his hand.
"Ich liebe dich—"

"Gluck Auf" lay open but his
eyes were closed.

"Roslein auf der Heiden—"

He was nodding.

"Dear Molly,
Ich liebe dich,

Two more weeks to Xmas."

"Br-r-r!" Sound a-leep, and
oh what a heavenly smile!

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

(Concluded)

The morning sun shone down upon a perfect day. Not a shadow marred the great blue arch above, save where a few fleecy white clouds rode low upon the western horizon. Cummings Field was packed with a dense, jostling mass of humanity. Train-load after train-load of visitors from the surrounding towns had poured steadily into the city all morning. The Mayor had issued a holiday proclamation and the entire business district had responded. Every store was closed tight, and the vast army of clerks, bankers and professional men, together with their families and neighbors, in cars, carriages, automobiles, and on foot, had come thronging up the hill to where the University of Utah flung its long wavering shadow over the field upon which the greatest athletic meet of the Inter-mountain West was to be carried through this day. Varicolored banners and school pennants indicated the points at which the various schools were assembled. The south end of the grand stand had been reserved for the A. C. U., but so large was the delegation of students that they had filled all of the allotted space and now extended over a goodly portion of the "bleachers" adjoining. A spirit of gloom had marked their attitude of the early morning, as the news of Ferguson's calamity had spread throughout the gathering, but as the events progressed and Evans walked home a winner in the "high jump", to be followed later by a victory for Morgan in the half mile event, and Sprague a close second in the "hurdle", their spirits gradually rose to one of eager expectancy and hope. And now the megaphone was announcing the one event of all others—the Marathon. The race was to be five miles, the winning school to be presented with a silver trophy, and the victorious runner with a diamond medal presented by the Salt Lake Commercial Club. Again gloom descended upon the A. C. contingent. This was the one feature in which they would stand no show whatever. The scorers began polling the various schools, each responding with the name of their entryman.

"Boulder." "Lawrence!" came the answer.

"Bozeman." Marshall!"

"Denver." "Thurman!"

"Provo." "Bennion!"

"Agricultural College of Utah."

"Thain!" A murmur ran through the crowd.

"Who was Thain?" Suddenly the A. C. corner sat up with a jerk. "Thain! Why it must be Thain of two years ago," and as the news passed from lip to lip a mighty roar of "Thain! Thain! Thain!" went ringing out over the crowd. And now the runners are lining up at the scratch.

"Tack on to the Denver runner and keep your speed till the last," had been the final whispered instruction of the Coach as Harry emerged from the dressing quarters.

At the pistol shot the Montana man sprang into the lead with the other runners stringing along in double and single file. The pace was a stiff one and before the first two miles were covered Harry began to feel it wearing upon him. His muscles were stiff and softened by their long rest, and his breath already began to come in short, sharp gasps. The Denver man was swinging along with a steady, even movement, that showed the benefit of long, hard training.

As Harry came down the home stretch in the last lap of the fourth mile a loud cheer rang out from the crowd of "Aggie" students.

"Go on, Thain, we're all with you!"

The shout seemed to thrill his whole being. The school was behind him. They had confidence in him, regardless of his lack of training. Suddenly his breath began to come easier. Every muscle in his body seemed to respond to the friendly outburst. He swung into second place beside the Denver man, who had suddenly taken the lead. The Montana runner had dropped to the rear, worn out with the swift pace he had set in the beginning. But now the Denver runner was "speeding up" for the finish. One-two, three laps they whirled along, at a rate that soon put the poorer run-

ners half a lap in their rear. This was the great feature of the Denver athlete. His wonderful faculty of reserving his speed till the last and then suddenly distancing the "field" in one final supreme effort. But the Coach and Harry had anticipated this very action, and to the Denver faction's surprise as Thurman tore like a wild horse down the track, Thain seemed to stick like a shadow to him. Now the gong rings out notice of the last lap, and the vast crowd rises to its feet in a veritable frenzy of excitement.

"Half a mile more to go." Harry's breath came now in hot, withering blasts. The perspiration streamed from his forehead and ran down into his eyes. Thurman, too, was beginning to feel the terrible pace he had set. His face twisted and his eyes fairly bulged from their sockets as the men turned into the home stretch for the final effort.

The "Aggie" band struck up an air, and the immense throng leaned hungrily forward as the two lone runners came tearing down the "stretch." Suddenly a bundle of white and blue shot out like a streak from beside the Denver runner. With one wild effort he sprang to respond, but it was too late. Thain had gained a yard in that last final jump and was holding steadily onward for the finish. The blood surged into his brain. His heart throbbed as though it would burst at any moment. The track seemed to swing from under his feet—and with a roar as of a mighty cataract ringing in his ears he felt himself falling—down, down, down to unconsciousness.

When he finally opened his eyes the smiling face of the Coach was bending over him. Faintly to his ears came the sound of cheering. His brain still whirled and every bone in his body seemed to ache and tingle.

"Where am I, Coach?" he finally murmured.

"You're here in the training quarters, old man," gurgled the Coach, as he flung his arms around him. "And you certainly did come back, for you've won the Marathon!"

HER STAR.

Oh starlit dome
With countless twinkling beauties,
Designed in forms as various,
Why are you silent and so mutely fixed
In the night when forth I roam
Seeking e'er the star to which
She's flown

Ay, do tell me,
That I may that star cull out
And worship it as I did her.
Do let me know, that I may fly
in dreams
To her you enviously grasped—
Oh speak! Welcome, whip-poor-will,
Your moan.—A. STUDENT.

WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?

Have you ever seen a masterpiece
In flesh, or wood, or stone,
That you should like to emulate
Or cherish as your own?

Have you thought how they were
built
Of just the rough and bare,
And that these lay thick about you
If you had the heart to care?

Did you ever know the builders
Were mortals just like you;
And their genius was just energy
Applied to make it grow?

Did you know that all man's
greatness

Seemed once but a common
speck,
And that this in you lay dormant
Waiting for the architect?

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING

(A Recipe)

Take some human nature—as you
find it,
The commonest variety will do
Put a little graciousness behind it.
Add a lump of charity—or two.
Squeeze in just a drop of moderation,
Half as much frugality—or less.
Add some very fine consideration
Strain off all of poverty's
distress.
Pour some milk of human kind-

ness in it,
Put in all the happiness you
can.
Stir it up with laughter every
minute.
Season with good will toward
every man.
Set it on the fire of heart's af-
fection,
Leave it till the jolly bubbles
rise,
Sprinkle it with kisses—for con-
fection,
Sweeten with a look from lov-
ing eyes.
Flavor it with children's merry
chatter,
Frost it with the snow of win-
ter dells.
Place it on a holly-garnished
platter,
And serve it with the song of
Christmas bells.
CARL WERNER.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT STUDENT LIFE

"Der Stock in Eisen"

After travelers visiting Europe have become somewhat accustomed to the odd trains with their compartment carriages, the quaint, crooked streets and the old musty buildings they begin to be interested in the historic tales and myths connected with almost everything they see. This interest is especially marked in people from the West. There is a vast difference between cities and towns in which everyone knows some of the first settlers and those which have hundreds of years of history connected with their growth. It is true we have our thrilling Indian stories, but these have much more fascination for Europeans than for ourselves.

The following bit of superstition is bound up with the history of Vienna. It will therefore be necessary to explain some of the peculiarities of this city. The people are nearly all Catholic. The common people, therefore, believe to a marked degree in the miraculous and the supernatural. This tendency was, however, much more marked a few years ago than at present. Any one visiting Vienna is quite amused by the peculiar custom of locking all the outside doors of the tenement houses at ten o'clock and requiring all who do not come in before this time to pay a fee of twenty hellers (about four cents) to the janitor for admission. This peculiar custom grew out of the old custom of locking at ten o'clock all gates of the city, which until about sixty years ago was surrounded by a high wall. The place formerly occupied by the wall has been converted into the famous "Ring" street with the Karutner street the main business street leading from the south side of the "Ring" to "Stefans Platz" (Stephen's Place). At the latter place is located the famous church of St. Stephen.

In the corner of the building occupied by the Austrian offices of the Equitable Life Insurance company and the Armenian Consul opposite "Stefans Platz" on "Karutner Str" is a part of the trunk of an old tree. It is about six feet long and eight inches in diameter. Of course we wonder

why such an object should have been placed in the masonry of the building. On looking closer we see that a band of iron surrounds its upper part. The band, however, has been cut and the two ends fastened together by a large rusty padlock. On looking still closer we see that the tree trunk is completely covered by little wart-like dark-brown spots. Below it we see a metal plate with English, French and German printed on it. Is the tree some rare specimen peculiar to this region, and is this metal plate the label and description of it? We read merely that upon inquiring of the janitor of the house we may purchase a booklet explaining the entire story connected with "der Stock in Eisen" (The Tree Trunk in Iron.)

The booklet tells us that the trunk is the remnant of a tree that once stood without the walls of the city. One day the band of iron was found fastened around the tree by the padlock. All efforts of the locksmiths to make a key to fit the lock were futile. Finally a big reward was offered for the one who could open the lock.

Here the story breaks off to tell us of a young man who years ago was apprenticed to the leading locksmith of the city. A deep affection grew up between him and the smith's daughter. The father, however, would not allow the youth's attentions, for the latter was poor and had no social standing.

One day the apprentice was sent on an errand to a neighboring village and, being detained, was locked outside of the walls. He had no money to pay the gate keeper's fee and was therefore doomed to remain outside the city until morning. Being lonely he walked over to the famous old tree and sat down to ponder. If he could only devise some means to open the lock.

Suddenly he was startled by an indistinct whispering. He strained every nerve and finally understood that the mysterious personage would reveal the secret of the lock if the youth would contract to give up his soul after twenty years of prosperity. As

the young man had but slight hopes of winning his love in any other way and as the allurements of the anticipated wealth and influence were too strong for him to resist he yielded, although he understood the voice to be that of the Devil.

As to what eventually became of him, we are left in doubt. Some say he was taken by the Devil after his twenty years of ease and luxury. Others maintain that he redeemed his soul by worshipping in St. Stephen's church one hour every morning from five to six o'clock during the entire period.

But why the rusty wart-like spots on the tree? If we have examined closely we have observed by this time that they are the heads of nails. The booklet goes on to tell us that until recently it has been the ambition of every apprentice locksmith of Austria to drive a nail into the old tree trunk. They believed it would bring them good fortune in their trade. Some may find good reason to doubt the first part of this story, but the latter part is vouched for by as good evidence as any scientist would require. The nails are before our eyes. Old locksmiths tell thrilling stories of the dark night in which they crept silently up to the old tree and drove the nails in squarely. Being forbidden by law, the venture was a little more risky than some of us may have supposed.

The story illustrates at least the tendency of humanity to regard the influence of the mysterious and supernatural on our lives as of more importance than our honest, self-effort. If the energy expended in driving thousands of nails into the tree had been spent at the locksmiths' bench Austria might have had better locksmiths. The world, however, would have been without the old relic, and the janitor of the house without the good comfortable position of selling booklets to curious travelers.

CHAS. WM. REES.

The Sorosis girls are advertising for a stolen chair. A visitor got away with it after leaving the doily, but carrying the chair away with bare legs.

I Had a Treasure

I had a treasure but knew it not,
Till I had turned both gray and old;
It was all that my life could wish at best;
It's worth was far greater than gold.

Like a shining star, it sent its ray,
Over hill and valley fair;
But like one who is blind I could not see,
Its beauty and lustre there.

Like a flower in spring that sends its breath
Of sweetness into the breeze,
This treasure sent forth its kindness and love
So tender and willing to please.

Silent, sweet, it remained ever true,
Like a being come from above.
Like an angel from God it stood by my side,
And ceased not to teach nor to love.

I thrust it aside and valued it less
Than metal that rusts in a day.
I thought of the pleasures and vain things of life,
But threw this sweet treasure away.

Alas, I awoke when the treasure was gone,
My soul was blank with despair;
For now in the darkness I missed the sweet star,
Whose ray was so pure and so fair.

The little success that has come to my life
Is due to that treasured one,
Though I saw it not, it helped me along;
Its work was so secretly done.

AIRIUS.

There was a young man called Tate,
Went to dine with his girl at eight; eight,
But I cannot relate
What this young man called Tate
And his tete-a-tete ate at eight; eight.
—ANON.

"Dutch" Sweitzer was chased by a bee and stung severely on the campus.

Farmer Brown on Seed

When I was a lad about eighteen we lived near Farmer Brown. Who was noted for wiles and wiles around as the wisest man in town.

"How is it?" I asked him one fine day, "that many seem to be Always in debt, always in want, always in poverty, While others with scarcely half their chance, or half their social rank

Can have fine farms and bursting barns and money in purse and bank?

Here's John and James, two pals of mine, just two short years apart,

One the pride of the country wide, the other a mere upstart. Both were reared in the best of homes and had the tenderest care. Both were taught in the same old school, both breathe the self-same air.

John's a man from head to heels, and always proves true blue, James is slippery as an eel and dishonest through and through.

"As I look at life," said Farmer Brown, "the reason to me seems plain,

I often think that men and boys may well be compared with grain.

Prepare your ground in the proper way, choose only seed that's pure,

Supply what's lacking in the soil and your crops are safe and sure. But some choose seeds full of noxious weed: and half prepare their land,

Some plant in clay or marshy ground, some cast their seed in the sand.

And although they toil from morn till night, slim crops will be their store

Full oft they blame the Lord above because they're always poor.

Dai'y, my boy, you are sowing seed, though you little think you are,

Seeds of kindness and loving deeds that shall blossom anear and afar,

A cheery smile, and a willing hand, a heart full of joy and love, A tear for the wretch, a hand for the weak, are the seed whose fruit is above

But the idle brain and the careless hand, the wine and the cigarette,

Will ruin your chances and stunt your soul, will fill your life with regret.

Its just as easy to raise good grain, if you only go at it aright

As it is to run a slipshod place that's merely a horrible sight.

Its just as easy to live a life approved by God and men,

As it is to travel the dangerous road that leads to disgrace and the pen,

So choose today while still you may, the harvest that you shall raise

Be it wealth or fame, be it honor or shame, be it censure or be it praise.

B.

The Periwinkle.

"Girls, have you got a date for the Frat dance?"

"Guess who I'm going with?"

"What are you going to wear?"

The girls went chattering down the hall and into the library. Anne looked up wistfully from her books as they came in and smiled shyly.

"Hello," said one of the girls

carelessly, "going to the Frat party?"

Anne blushed painfully, shook her head, and dropped her eyes to her book again. The girls passed on, laughing.

"Rather a queer duck, that," said one.

Anne gathered up her books, found her hat, and started home. Half way down the hill Bish overtook her. He was swinging along with great stride, his hands

in his pockets and a scowl on his face.

"Hello," he said as he passed, and didn't bother to lift his hat but at the foot of the hill he stopped and waited. "Goin' home," he asked as Anne came up.

"Yes," she said.

"I live along the same street, guess I'll go with you."

"Oh," said Anne and shifted her books to the other arm.

"Shall I carry your books?" he said.

She handed them over and then walked along silently, her arms hanging awkwardly by her sides. After they had walked a couple of blocks in silence Anne noticed that he still wore a scowl.

"Things haven't been going very well with you to-day?" she asked timidly.

Bish kicked a rock savagely out of the path. "Hang it, no," he growled.

"I'm sorry," she murmured.

Bish looked down at her serious face and laughed shortly. "Oh, it's nothing very awful—a girl turned me down that's all.

"Oh," murmured Anne and then they walked in silence until they reached Anne's gate. Bish handed the books to her and then on a sudden impulse asked her if she would care to go to the party with him even if it was a "second-best" offer.

Anne felt the color coming into her face but she looked up half defiantly. "Yes, I'll go," she said and then she fled into the house. Dropping into a chair she buried her burning face in her hands. "Oh, I wish I weren't so bashful—and ugly," she added, then jumping up she ran to the mirror and looked anxiously at her rather ordinary face. She didn't notice what a wealth of brown hair she had or how very blue her eyes were.

The night of the party came and Anne dressed in her blue organdy, the only party dress she had. She wound her hair in two thick braids around her head and stuck a little butterfly of blue chiffon in one side. Anne was visibly excited. She had never been to a party with a beau before. The fellows didn't like bashful girls. She was thinking so intently about the party and the possible good time she would have that she forgot to worry about what she would do with her hands. When Bish came she opened the door excitedly. "I'm

all ready," she exclaimed, "and I do hope we won't be late."

Bish stared at her in amazement. He didn't remember seeing Anne like this before—so animated and so at ease.

"Why, what's the matter," he exclaimed involuntarily.

"I—I think I'm just dying," she said.

"Dying—why—"

Anne laughed. "Yes, dying of curiosity to know what a real party is like."

It was Bish who was dumb now. Was it possible that Anne, bashful Anne who never opened her mouth had made a joke? All the way to the dance she talked and Bish listened, now and then putting in a word to draw her out.

At the dance the usual crowd of fellows came up and Bish introduced them all. While they were filling her card she looked around at the flowers, the polished floor and the gay costumes. "Oh, isn't it beautiful," she exclaimed.

A waltz struck up and Bish led her out onto the floor. "I do hope she can dance," he thought, and Anne could dance. "The world certainly must be coming to an end," murmured Bish.

"I beg your pardon?" said Anne.

"I—I just said that the dance was going to end."

After awhile Bish noticed that a certain tall, handsome fellow hung around Anne a good deal and somehow it gave him a feeling of resentment. He crossed over to where they were sitting and interrupted them rather rudely:

"This is our dance, Anne."

"Why, I was just going to dance with Mr.—"

"Well, he'll have to excuse you, because this is our dance," and Bish calmly appropriated her arm and almost pulled her onto the floor.

The rest of the evening he kept an eye on the tall, handsome fellow and as he was leaving Anne after taking her home he murmured musingly, "The seventh wonder has come to pass, the periwinkle has come out of its shell."

"I beg your pardon?" said Anne.

"Oh, I just said that I'd call for you on the way to school in the morning.

"Oh," murmured Anne.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT STUDENT LIFE

Grandmother Lane

"Yes, dear, set the basket on the table and come give Granny a kiss." The words were spoken by Grandmother Lane many years ago.

Granny Lane as children called her, was not the kind of grandmother that many will think her to be. She was a plain, sweet woman with an attractiveness that fascinated children. She had a dear, old face, whose kindness shone forth in her eyes as she looked at one over her steel rimmed spectacles. And when Granny was pleased, she smiled. Her smile was always like a ray of sunshine. Her soft white hair fell in waves over her ears and was knotted at the back with a great shell hair-clasp. I remembered very well the dress she always wore. It was of soft black cloth that did not feel rough when you laid your head against it. Then too, she was never without a blue and white gingham apron that was embroidered with cross-stitching near the hem; quaint and old-fashioned as she was.

Granny's home was a very common affair. It was on a small lot entirely vacant except for the rows of old-fashioned flowers, that bordered either side of the path which led from the gate to the kitchen door, and the wood pile near the rear of the house. On entering the house the first object that attracted our childish eyes was a dangerous-looking shotgun, a relic of pioneer days, hanging on the wall over an old, old clock which stood on the floor in one corner of the room. In the opposite corner of the room a fire always burned brightly in a small stove. In front of the stove on a footstool, sat Granny's big gray cat winking and blinking at anyone who chanced to open the door. Near a window Granny's arm-chair with its bright red cushion, was always placed. It was here she sat with her knitting and watched for us as we came from school.

Granny Lane's kindness knew no bounds. In winter we were always sure of a plate of doughnuts and a nice bright fire to warm our frozen fingers. And in summer she stopped us at her gate on Sunday morning and gave each of us a bouquet of flowers to wear to Sabbath School. When Granny saw how glad and happy we were with this little gift she would say, "You are very welcome, my little sun-beam."

LA RUE CARSON.

LEGEND OF HOW WOMAN HAPPENED

The following account of the creation of woman is translated from an old Sanskrit book entitled: "The Surging of the Ocean of Time."

Woman.

Tradition says there was a Scarcity of Solid Elements at the Time of Her Creation.

At the beginning of time, Twashtri—the Vulcan of the Hindu mythology—created the world. But when he wished to create a woman he found that he had employed all his material in the creation of man. There did not remain one solid element. Then Twashtri, perplexed, fell into a profound meditation. He roused himself as follows.

He took the roundness of the moon, the undulations of the serpent, the entwining of climbing plants, the trembling of the grass, the slenderness of the rosevine and the velvet of the flower, the lightness of the leaf and the glance of the fawn, the gayety of the sun's rays and tears of the mist, the inconstancy of the wind and the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock and the softness of the down on the throat of the swallow, the hardness of the diamond, the sweet flavor of honey and the cruelty of the tiger, the warmth of fire, the chill of snow, the chatter of the jay and the cooing of the tur-

tle dove. He united all these and formed woman. Then he made a present of her to man.

Eight days later the man came to Twashtri and said:

"My lord, the creature you gave me poison; my existence. She chatters without rest, she takes all my time, she laments for nothing at all and is always ill."

And Twashtri received the woman again. But eight days later the man came again to the god and said:

"My lord, my life is very solitary since I returned this creature. I remember she glanced at me from the corner of her eye, and she played with me, clung to me."

And Twashtri returned the woman to him. Three days only passed and Twashtri saw the man coming to him again.

"My lord," said he, "I do not understand exactly how, but I am sure the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg of you to relieve me of her."

But Twashtri cried: "Go your way and do your best!"

And the man cried, "I cannot live with her!"

"Neither can you live without her," replied Twashtri.

And the man was sorrowful, murmuring: "Woe is me! I can neither live with her nor without her."

Duke

He was a large dog, very straight and well proportioned, having massive, well muscled legs and a deep broad chest. His hair was long and silky, being of a dark gold color, with a large white spot over his shoulders, and a small brown spot over each eye. His muzzle was brown too, and his eyes, though very small, were bright almost as polished steel, and nearly that color too. His head was small, with a long slim nose, and his lower lip had the peculiar habit of hanging down at the corners, thus showing part of his teeth. His forehead was large and his eyebrows almost covered his eyes.

As a worker and a companion he was worth his weight in gold. His line of work was that of a shepherd dog and he was excelled by few in these parts. As to work around a shearing corral or dipping, he was worth a dozen men, and what's more he would do as he was told. As a companion he wanted always to be with his master. If left behind sometime he would get insulted and sulk around until his pardon was begged. Often in the night he has awakened his master from his slumbers in time to frighten away a prowling coyote or a hungry wolf. While sleeping out he has kept my feet warm many times by lying on or between them.

A kinder-hearted beast, never breathed than Duke. Children could comb his hair, pull his whiskers, or tickle his nose, and the only response would be a wag of his tail, or a dog-smile. In the evening at the sheep camp the lambs would come up to the wagon, and they would play together as if they were brothers or sisters. He easily made friends with the other dogs, but he was very particular about his choice of human associates. He would have absolutely nothing to do with strangers (human), and it was a long and hard task for one to become his friend. Once his friend one was always his friend for he never forgot a kindness.

His last owner purchased him when he was one and a half years old, kept him until the fall of 1909, when he was murdered in cold blood by an employee who could not agree with him.

CHESTER TRANSTRUM.

Progress.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,"
 Remarked old Yeggman Pete.
 "For nowadays when jugs are built
 Most people use concrete."
 —Denver Republican.

Stick To The Farm

"Stick to the farm," says the President

To the wide-eyed farmer boy,
 Then he hies him back to his White House home,
 With its air of rustic joy.

"Stick to the farm," says the railroad king,
 To the lad who looks afar,
 Then hies him back on the double quick,
 To his rustic private car.

"Stick to the farm," says the clergyman
 To the youth on the worm-fence perch,
 Then lays his ear to the ground to hear
 A call to a city church.

"Stick to the farm," says the doctor wise
 To those who would break the rut,
 Then hies him where the appendix grows
 In bountiful crops to cut.

"Stick to the farm," says our

President

To the people from near and afar
 Yet he gathers them in with his vigor and vim
 To send to the registrar.

"Stick to the farm," says Doctor Ball,
 With that smile that's so sweet to behold
 But a city home and an office chair
 Crowds Greenville out in the cold.

"Stick to the farm," chimes in Arnold too,
 "You are fitted for nothing else."
 And he does all he can to discourage fine art
 By distributing E's and F's.

Stick to the farm, why didn't we stay
 Swells from the female ranks
 Just see what I am, but a poor school ma'am,
 When I might have been cooking for Hanks.

THE LUCKY PASSES

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

"The Blue! The Blue! The Blue!" rang through the air, gaining volume and strength as it echoed from the throats of fifteen hundred students. Throats which were husky from the many efforts called forth by the cheer-master.

But the effort was drowned by the answering cry of the Reds which made the very bleachers shake. Clouds and clouds of red confetti issued into the air and transformed the east side into an immense red blanket.

These two bursts of enthusiasm spelling a victory almost won for the Reds and a defeat for the Blues subsided as quickly as it came, for around each onlooker's heart was a great weight—the weight of expectancy. A tightening of the muscles, clenched fists, breath coming in short gasps, denoted the tension under which they labored. A feeling of fear, half sobs, tears of rage started to the eyes of the Blues as they realized and yet refused to admit that the Reds were beating them 6 to 3. Those Reds, who, two years straight had, running hard, snatched a victory from them by

the wickedness of fate, were beating them again.

Two minutes yet to play and even the prep. realized that the final, crowning effort of the teams was near. For had he not forgotten to hollow out "Rotten, Rotten!" He, who had hardly dared sneak to the side line during a scrimmage practice had ceased hollering rotten when his own team made a mistake. Surely the crisis was close.

But the quarter-back of the Blues was cool. That one tremendous yell told him that fifteen hundred students were behind him, that they had not yet given up hope, that they still looked to him to guide the team to victory. They depended upon him to win for them now. They matched his brains against the other team's brawn and advantage. He took the chance mately. Had he not said time and time again that if it was in his power he would win that game? Here was a chance to show what he was made of. He would take it.

The teams were in the middle of the field but near the side lines. A wind was blowing slightly, but diagonally across the field and the Blues had the ball. Meehan

ically the quarter felt the conditions, than thought of them. His brain was busy forming a plan. From a running play formation on the right he called for a forward pass on the left near the side line. The ball hit the ground and was brought back. Again he tried the pass, but it was again brought back. His plan was maturing. Third down, ten yards to go. In an instant he calculated his position. It was foolish to kick into the wind with only two minutes to play. A line plunge would never net ten yards. Evidently the only play was a sweeping end run. He called for the right formation. The Reds knew the game, for he could see them edging over to stop the play. At that one condition he would stake his last chance; that the Reds were playing the game a little too well.

If his plan worked the game was won, and if he failed! He could almost hear the jeers and curses of the students that didn't understand. He could hear the muttered queries of his team mates; he could feel the burning eyes of the Coach and knew exactly what he would do if he failed. He wasn't doing it

for the Coach, he wasn't doing it for any individual student, he was doing it for the school. He was going to play that forward pass. It was against every rule of the game to play that pass again, and on third down. But that was his plan. He was staking his chance on how well the Reds knew the game.

The signal came in clear, determined tones. He caught the ball and making a quick fake to right half tucked it under his arm and running back low, suddenly stopped and shouting "Bill," in a voice which denoted all the anxiety, the fear of failure and prayer for success, he sent the ball spinning to the left, just over the line of scrimmage. And there was Bill in a clear field, sailing away for the distant goal-line. The immensity of the success frightened him, but as he stood there trembling from the exertion a huge, living, screaming, frantic crowd marched straight down from the bleachers and took him into its very center. The haughty Reds were downed at last, and their mighty forces straggled dejectedly from the gridiron. SKINNY.

Heavenward Alas!

"Whir, shug, chug, chug," and the powerful engine started the propeller on its thousands of revolutions a minute. The machine trembled and tugged at its moorings like a trapped eagle struggling to regain its liberty.

With a half sickly feeling I climbed into the seat and cast off. A great rush and the powerful machine glided along the ground.

With a caution born of fear I slowly raised the forward planes. Ah! Like a shot I left the ground and was flying, flying, flying. Oh what a sensation! I could feel the cool air fan my cheek as I sped along. The machine was rushing through the air at a tremendous rate. By tilting one wing I circled the field time after time at a moderate height.

Slowly I again tilted the forward planes. What force! I could feel its pulsating motion, when like a winged monster it gave a sudden start and sprang into the higher sphere. My courage rose as I felt that I was no matter of my wonderful invention. Should I circle the town? Had I practice enough to attempt it?

These questions presented themselves and encouraged by

the cheering of the crowd, I nervously guided for the town. A gust of wind struck me and the machine swung into it. I must let it follow the wind or it would send me to an awful death!

But look! I was working straight for the tower. Oh what speed! In an instant it loomed up immediately in front of me. I could scarcely breathe. What wouldn't I give to be solid on earth again? I threw the plane up and closed my eyes. Heavens! Bang! Bang!

"Hey, where the devil is the light? How long have you been in bed?"

With an exclamation I sat up staring wildly. I could still hear the powerful engine humming away. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. Music never seemed sweeter to me than the noise of the sewing machine did then. SKINNY

John Dollar and Irvine Keller: "We're on the 'Student Life' staff."

Del. Egbert. "What do you do?"

J. D. and I. K.: "Fold and hand out papers."

Well, Why Not.

Bishop Spalding on a hot summer morning gave one of the congregations of Portland, Ore., a timely piece of advice.

"Don't," he said, "when you go off on your vacation leave all your religion behind and take all your collection away with you."—Baltimore American.

Close The Door of Your Heart

Close the door of your heart, my boy:

To flattery's winning smile;
She only strives to ruin lives,
Her tongue is full of guile,
She'll praise your work while
You grind her ax,

But desert you as soon as 'tis done;
So avoid the one with an oily tongue.

Close the door of your heart, my son.

Close the door of your heart, my boy,

To the gin shop's glitter and din,
For poison lurks in the sparkling glass
And danger it dwells therein.

The pure in heart shall see their God,
All arrayed in pure robes of white,

But no evil thing can e'er come in
To the realm of celestial light.

Close the door of your heart, my boy,

When you hear a neighbor's name
Dragged through mire by gossip or liar,

For the purpose of bringing shame
And give a wide berth, while

you're on this earth.
To profanity's loathsome tide,
Close the door of your heart to every wrong thing,
But to righteousness open it wide.

R. O. GELWAN.

Rock Me To Sleep

Backward, turn backward, O
Time, in your flight!
Make me a child again just for to-night.

Mother, come back with the soap
as of old,
Dig in my ears while my chin you
still hold.

Rub from my forehead the traces
of mud,
Scrub my thick, curly-locks with
the white sud.

Then o'er my slumbers your loving
watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother; rock
me to sleep!

—Judge's Library.

Merely a Test Case.

A burly negro came to the doctor of a west African missionary settlement, dragging his reluctant wife with him.

"Doctor, pull one of my wife's teeth out," said he.

The doctor examined the woman's mouth and found only sound teeth.

"Oh, that makes no difference," said the interested negro. "Pull one anyway. If it doesn't hurt too much you can pull my tooth that is aching."—Success Magazine.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT STUDENT LIFE

How She Got Stung

The library was deserted, save for a crowd of giggling boys and girls who were seated as far away as possible from the watchful eyes of the librarian. They all appeared to be intensely interested in something though a mere on-looker could never tell what it was. Suddenly a buzzing noise caused them all to look up. A gaudily dressed yellowjacket was circling round and round in mid-air first above one person then above another evidently trying to decide which one was the sweetest. Soon it came very near the laughing, upturned face, surrounded with golden (?) hair of one of the girls, probably thinking that here was a spring flower who would be glad to give up its sweets. However, the blue-eyed young lady did not consider this a compliment as the bee intended she should, but jumped up quickly waving her hands in the air and rubbing her ears as if to chase away and blot out the buzzing noise.

The honey-maker, indignant, next directed his attention to a personage of a very different type, with darker hair and laughing grey eyes. "A little frost bitten," thought the bee, "but a flower, nevertheless." It was received no better than before, however, and the poor, rejected insect once more sailed with uncertainty in the air. Glancing to the end of the table, it spied a black haired maid with blacker eyes. "The frost has probably taken all the sweetness from this person," buzzed the honey gatherer, "but it will do no harm to see anyway."

It was received with worse treatment than ever before and now thoroughly maddened began to fly swiftly around the table causing no little commotion. Chairs were pushed roughly back as the crowd rose to depart. The librarian tiptoed to the students and politely requested them to make less confusion or leave the room. She, too, was attacked by the disappointed insect, that was determined to have some honey from some source. That worthy person (th Librarian) determined to give him no chance at her, turned and fled immediately with

the students. The bee fairly maddened by the cool reception offered him, made a straight shot for the librarian, whom he thought to be a very stately honey-uckler. "Bing" and the cry rang throughout the room, "O, Merey, I'm stung!"

CAP AND SHAWL

When the toil of day is over
And the last task put away
And my feet are turning homeward

Just at the close of day,
As I round a friendly corner
Lo, I hear a little call!
And toddling towards me
Comes a little cap and shawl.

Just a little sturdy body
And a gleeful little shout
As it toddles on to meet me
With the little hands thrust out.
Such a dainty little treasure
Scarcely reaching to my knee
But O! the world of pleasure
That my baby brings to me.

How the little tonguelet patters!
And how bright the big eyes
shine

A I lift it to my shoulders,
This little tad of mine,
To carry it to mamma
Responsive to her call.
The whole world seems the
brighter

For that little cap and shawl.

And when the lamps are lighted
And the supper put away
Somebody climbs upon my knee
And asks for "horsie-play".

As on my knee I toss it
Such a tiny little tike!
I wonder what a home
Without a baby, can be like.

Then later come the 'romp-romp'
And we tumble on the floor
Till both our hearts with happiness

Are fairly brimmin' o'er.
Then mamma comes with 'nightie'
And I tuck it in its bed
With mister moon a-shinin'
In the heavens overhead.

And when at length the "Sandman"

Has closed the sleeping eyes,
And I kneel beside the trundle
Where my sleeping "rosebud"
lies,

My plea is to the Father
That no fate may e'er befall
To rob me of my toddie

In its little cap and shawl.
LON J. HADDOCK.

The Whistler

In the absence of Editor Haddock we took the liberty of digging out just a couple of his short poems for the paper. His old ledger at home (where he scribbles as the mood strikes him) contains some fifty pieces of verse. We thought his fellow students would like to read at least just a sample of the material that evolves itself so freely in Lon's head and heart.

THE WHISTLER

I sat alone in my office
Weary and sick at heart,
For life seemed such a struggle
And mine such a strenuous part.

And I thought of the many thousand
Engaged in the warring strife,
Oh the griefs and pains and sorrows
That make up what men call Life!

Of the toilome men, aye, and women too,
Passing their several ways
Grinding, grinding, the long hours thru.

The hours that run into days;
And days that make years as the seasons roll
With small chance of rest or change

Till merciful Death comes to claim his toll
And summons them out of range.

Yes, I was "blue," I admit it
I felt ready to quit right then,
For the cords round my heart seemed tightening

And my soul fairly faltered, when
Sharp on my ear from the street below
Came a sound that made me start.

A glorious bubbling melody
That sped its way to my heart.

Nearer it came and nearer,
Fuller and more, complete
As tho the soul of its melody
Could scarce find space in the street.

Into the hallways and out again
Back from the walls outside
Till the very air seemed to tremble with joy

On the breast of the swelling tide.

I stepped to the casement and glanced below

And there down the busy street
Coatless and hatless, sunburned and soiled

Torn jacket and naked feet—
Came a mite of a boy, just a common lad

The kind we meet every day,
But O, the expression of bliss he had

As he swung along on his way.

With hands in pockets and head held proud

As tho hurling defiance at fate
Unmindful as Love of the passing crowd

With its strife and turmoil and hate.

The fresh young lips compressed to a pout

And the sun-tanned cheeks puffed wide

With the bubbling, throbbing notes they caught

Ere they whistled their way outside.

Away like a flash went my sorrows

Gone were all troubles and fears

For the message it bore so joyous to free

Seemed mine for the coming years

I turned with a heart strong and steady

The wide gaping future to meet
For God's message had reached me already

Thru that whistling boy in the street.

LON J. HADDOCK.

EVEN HONORS.

"I find," said the woman, "that my husband has been having the office boy call me up every day and mumble terms of endearment. He's been going to the ball game."

"How is it that you did not catch on to the voice?" asked the other.

"Well, I'm busy at bridge every day, and I've been having the cook answer the telephone," replied the dutiful wife.

A college senior at Columbia University in one academic year earned \$2,740 while attending school. As press representative for an actress, \$1,650; as tutor, \$900; and as playwright, \$100.

A Mysterious Solution

In the realms of science I've
searched up and down,
O'er the pages of history I've
pondered and frowned;
I've talked with the sages, who
never could tell,
And many philosophers perplexed
as well,
With this puzzling question, Oh,
baffling one.
What, for this human race you
maids have done,
Why you are permitted to live
'neath the sun?

I sank in amazement and wonderment lost,
Such articles bought, such tremendous cost,
Oh, mission of man art thou
thwarted in vain,
And blighted thy fair fruits, and
wretched in pain?
I gasp in distress, as I rise for to
meet
As by inspiration the song I en-
treat,
A voice from a treetop enchant-
ingly sweet.

Not that of philosopher, poet, nor
sage;
Not that in the picture, nor
printed on page,
But far more sublimely, exceed-
ingly sweet,
The music descending the ear
sense to greet,
And rang forth in rhythms, in my-
riads of gold,
In stories too beautiful to ever
be told
Came angelic rich tones, yet soft-
ly, yet bold:

Girls, Girls, pretty Girls,
With ringlets, straight hair, rats
or curls;
In brown, or checked, or red, or
black,
In burlap, canvas or gunny sack
It matters not how o'er your
back—
Hung on by hooks as on a rack,
In how or what conceivable way,
In twilight dawn or night or day,
You're pretty girls that's all we
say!

And for the queery as for why
You are permitted to live and die;
What, for this human race you've
done;
Why you're permitted to see the
sun—
Oh! but our hearts we've lost—
you've won,
And for no other our race we

run.
Your presence only makes us glad
We bury our hearts in absence
sad.
'Tis liked to be, not to have had.
If man should in this world for-
bear
To wash his face and comb his
hair
Time soon would set to change
the pace,
And wash his hair and comb his
face.
His dangling arms, and shanks,
and base
Would soon forget to know their
place
He'd lose all symmetry and
grace.
'Tis meek that women then should
be
To hold that infant on her knee,
And point to paths that he might
see.

From whence the specie come,
you ask,
We'll tell you how to fill your
cask
Of information with things to
know,
From whence they came, to where
they go;
Take each a shovel and each a
hoe,
A bushel of rocks for each to sow.
In clay, gravel, sand, in mud or
silt,
And turn ten times the spinner's
quilt.
You swear by earth, the rocks are
split,
But, lo, by magic a boon appears
A dull droll strikes on the plant-
er's ears,
And up springs flowers of mar-
velous hue,
Which waft their fragrance over
you:
Flowers of diamonds and gold
and pearls,
Which slowly transform into
girls.
girls.—Student.

Nancy

Nancy was a sheep-dog, one of
the best that ever came to be
state of Utah. I remember as dis-
tinctly as though it were yester-
day, how the boss brought her,
a mere bundle of fluffy hair, to
our camp. "There," said he,
"you wanted a dog. Here is a

real Scotch Coolie. Be careful
how you handle her for I would
not have her spoiled for the
world."

Do you know what it means to
be lonesome; day after day to
follow a flock of hungry sheep;
night after night to lie awake
with no sound to break that op-
pressive stillness except the
scampering mice, the howling of
coyotes, or the hooting of owls?
Companions at such times become
doubly valuable. No wonder
that between the shepherd and
his dog there often exists a bond
of genuine affection, which
nothing can efface or destroy.

My heart went out to Nancy
the very first hour of our ac-
quaintance. I even went so far
as to offer a month's wages for
her, but she was not for sale.

Her puppy-hood was one con-
tinuous period of joy and sur-
prises. Twenty times a day she
gyrated around the meadows af-
ter that elusive tail, or chased the
chattering squirrel to its hole.
Once when half grown, seeing
something more, she sprang into
a clump of willow and came out
winning piteously, her nose full
of porcupine quills. At another
time she darted at a young lynx,
which had been caught in a trap
but got such a scratching that
ever afterwards, any house cat
would put her to flight. There
wasn't much to do by way of
training Nancy. She seemed to
know by intuition just what
ought to be done, and did it.

Did you ever see a band of
lambs at play? Three or four
amused will often go scampering
along a gully, blindly following
some leader, they know not
whither, until tired out, they come
to rest. The first one to start
out again is followed as before
Nancy was the only dog I ever
saw who understood the handling
of lambs. Instead of trying to
head them off she would join in
the play until they stopped, and
then darting back she would be
followed by the whole flock.

Poor Nancy! She came to her
end as so many of her kind do
by eating poisoned bait which I
had placed for coyotes. I
saw her pick up the meat and
swallow it. As soon as I could I
got her to camp and applied such
simple remedies as were then at
my command, but all to no pur-
pose. Convulsion after convul-
sion shook her slender body un-
til death came. I trust that it is
no shame to my manhood that
even now tears come to my eyes

as I think of the last time I
ever saw my canine friend.

RODGER O. GILWAN.

CONTRIBUTED

The last issue of Student Life,
edited by the English Depart-
ment was a live one, spirited,
breezy and clever—especially at
intervals. The jokes were real
ones, and in most cases perfectly
sanitary. The poetry carefully
concealed, intentionally no doubt,
most of the "pri-tine qualities"
of the "Before and After" ex-
cerpts or May 3.

The English standard-bearers
possess a remarkable faculty for
observing "de-tails," (duly ac-
cent the last syllable, please) as
instance such contributions as
"Tail of Two Cities," "A Fairy
Tail," etc.

We were glad to learn of Mil-
ton's rapid progress towards the
"liberation of his tongue" with
an eight thousand word vocabu-
lary. But that theory argued in
the article is thought to be im-
politic and inexpedient, since it
can not be equally applied to the
sexes. Liberate the tongue of
the "female of the species" and
what do you have? Verily a
weapon "more deadly than the
male's", with all poetic rights ig-
nored. Ask Milton, himself. He
knew whether additional tongue-
emancipation was conducive to
domestic or other brands of
tranquility. Yea verily, did he
not set down this dictum, when
asked why he did not have his
daughters taught a foreign
language, "One tongue is enough
for a woman." And think you,
he would urge a more indiscrim-
inate use of said unruly member?
Nimmer meehr!

But that number of Student
Life had the right flavor, well-
balanced and enjoyable, and it
is to be hoped a similar effusion
may be forth-coming soon. And
in the word of the author of
"The Reading Habit" we con-
cluded by saying "it was worth
to us" more than gold, yea, than
much fine gold.

STUDENT.

COULDN'T FOOL HER

Speaking of suffragettes, two
were walking along the street,
and one was heard to say "That
pretty baby we just passed is
mine."

"Why, how did you ever know
it?" asked the other.

"Oh, I recognized the nurse,"
replied the fond (?) mother.

ATHLETIC SUPPLEMENT STUDENT LIFE

The U. A. C. Lands Second Place

In The Utah Inter-collegiate Track and Field Meet.

The Utah inter-collegiate track and field meet, held last Saturday, May 18, virtually marked the close of all college athletics for this year.

The meet was attended by a fairly large crowd of enthusiastic U. A. C. students, towns people, and a few visiting students of the U. of U. and the B. Y. U.

The U. of U. had demonstrated its superior strength over the other teams previous to the state track meet in dual meets, by defeating the B. Y. U. with a score of 75 to 46 and the U. A. C. with a score of 72 to 49. However, the result of the meet was rather uncertain, owing to the fact that three schools were competing.

The U. A. C. team was very much handicapped this year in not having men to enter the broad jump and pole vault. However, our men did exceptionally well in nearly all of the events in which they competed. The U. of U. team was fairly well balanced, having entries in all the events. The B. Y. team was a one man team, as Richards succeeded in

taking 23 points of the 32½ which they made.

When the meet was about half over it was apparent that the U. of U. would get first place, but the winner of second place was not known until the last event, the relay race had taken place.

The Aggies succeeded in taking second place over the Provo boys by a very small margin, which left the final score of the meet as follows. U. of U. 56½ points; U. A. C. 36, and B. Y. U. 32½.

The meet was intensely interesting from start to finish, for in nearly all the events competition was very keen. Probably the prettiest and most exciting race of the day was the mile. Clayton held the lead for a little more than three laps at a very rapid pace, with Hendricks and Cole following him very closely. Most of the fighting in the race was between Cole and Clayton. Hendricks keeping his head and reserving his energy for the final sprint. At the opportune moment Hendricks began to sprint and passed Clayton and Cole strong. The finish was very close all three of the men being within four or five yards of each

other.

Richards of the B. Y. U. was the star of the meet, getting four firsts and one second place.

100 yard dash—Baird, B. Y. U. 1st; Stone, U. 2nd; Robinson, U. 3rd. Time, 10 2-5.

220 yard dash—Stone, U. 1st; Hansen, B. Y. U. 2nd; Flagel, U. 3rd. Time, 23.

440 yard dash—Flagel, U. 1st; Higgs, U. 2nd; Wyatt, A. 3rd. Time, 53 1-5.

880 yard dash—Cole, U. 1st; Hendricks, A. A. 2nd; Hickman, A. 3rd. Time, 2:06 4-5.

One mile—Hendricks, A. 1st; Cole, U. 2nd; Clayton, A. 3rd. Time, 4:48 3-5.

120 yard hurdles—Emerson, A. 1st; Robinson, U. 2nd; Daniels, B. Y. U. 3rd. Time, 16 2-5.

220 yard hurdles—Robinson, U. 1st; Emerson, A. 2nd; Andrews, A. 3rd. Time, 26 1-5.

Pole vault—Y. Richards, B. Y. U. 1st; Erickson, U. 2nd; Freckleton, B. Y. U. 3rd. Height, 10.9 3-4.

High jump—Richards, B. Y. U. 1st; Robinson, U. 2nd; Snow, A. 3rd. Height, 5.6 3-4.

Shot-put—Richards, B. Y. U. 1st; Snow, A. 2nd; Holmstead,

U. 3rd. Distance, 40.3.

Broad jump—Richards, B. Y. U. 1st; Robinson, U. 2nd; Muir, U. 3rd. Distance, 21.10 3-4.

Hammer throw—Snow, A. 1st; Ellison, A. 2nd; Ashton, U. 3rd. Distance, 128.5.

Javelin throw—Lofgren, U. 1st; Richards, B. Y. U. 2nd; Judd, A. 3rd. Distance, 118 feet.

Relay race—Stone, Petersen, Robinson, Higgs, of U. won. Time, 1:35.

The officials were: Referee, Mr. Day; starter, Lieut. Dailey of Fort Douglas; judges, Joseph Jensen, Dr. Plummer, Lester Maugum, William Rydahl, Heber Bennion, Robert Porter, Willard Stevens; scorer, F. J. Marshall; timers, Moses Thatcher, E. Carroll, Dr. West, Lieut. Binford; announcer, E. Kirkham; clerk of course, Gordon Kirby.

Our prospects for an exceptionally strong team are very good for next year, as only two of this year's team are seniors. All the other members of the track squad expect to be back to school again next year, and in addition to these several other men will be eligible who could not compete this year.

OUR LAST BASE BALL GAME

7 U. A. C. vs U. of U. 4 How Wyatt Saw it.

Last Friday afternoon the U. A. C. and U. of U. crossed bats in the final inter-collegiate baseball game of this season.

It was a decided victory for the Aggies and no time during the game did it look as if Utah was going to score until Taylor, our "Big Leaguer" and Woodland, our star "2nd baseman" each dropped an easy fly, allowing the "U." to score merely out of sympathy or from an error on the part of an over-confident Aggie.

Dutch Schweitzer pitched the game of his life, striking out twelve men; only allowing three safe hits and only three to "walk" to first base, and hitting but one man.

Dorrien "glued" on to the ball and continuously talked to Dutch

about that "dark one" or the inevitable third strike, which he called a "fade away" as no one seemed able to hit it.

The one continuous prattle of Captain Lawrensen's tongue cheered his men on and kept them always alert.

Kidman as usual was the first man to score for the Aggies. When this happened four hundred enthusiastic Aggies rose on the bleachers and yelled.

Andrews, altho new in the game did very creditable work scoring in the third, and seventh innings, not only helping his team to win, but winning an "A" for himself and the reputation of a baseball player.

Woodland and Taylor both had an "off" day, but every Aggie knows that they are generally wonders on the diamond.

Peart did his usual work on the infield, allowing nothing to

pass and making no errors.

Heinie Schweitzer played a good game on first base and was ever ready to assist the umpire in making close decisions.

"Timmie" Allen, although not in the game, sat contentedly on the bench and encouraged the boys as they came in to bat. By Tom not playing in this game, allowed "Lin" his roommate, a chance to win his letter, if he played his part successfully. We all congratulate Tom on his unselfish attitude.

Of the nine Aggies stars perhaps "Dutch" Schweitzer was the hero, besides pitching a wonderful game he knocked a home run in the seventh inning that "cinched" a victory for the Aggies.

Of the U. players, W. B. Maughan was easily the star, getting two safe hits and scoring first for Utah. The game ended

4-4 in favor of the A. C.

Observations From The Bleachers

About four minutes after the game was called Snow, lead by a fair co-ed, took a place on the bleachers.

Prof. E. G. Peterson came to the game in an automobile, escorted by a woman.

Taylor, after missing a fly, called on the Chinese gods for assistance in his next attempt.

Bob Morton, the very fair umpire, is noted for his high tenor.

The B. Y. U. tennis players succeeded in winning championship from the U. of U. last Saturday. The games were played on St. Johns' court. The winners were: Tucker and Fletcher, R. R. Radcliffe umpire.