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MAGAZINE NUMBER

# *Student Life*



APRIL  
1915

UTAH  
AGRICULTURAL  
COLLEGE



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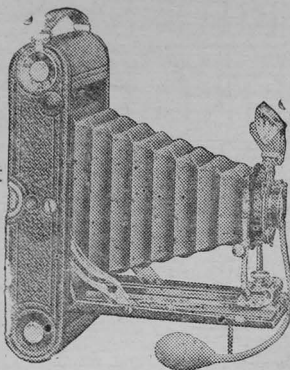
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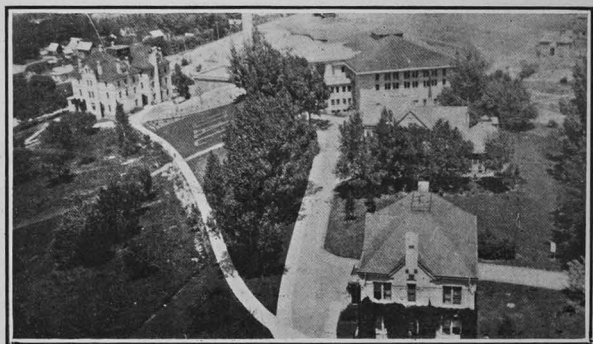
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From the College Tower

# America's Indifference

LOWRY NELSON

The situation in Mexico is still dark. The few rare rays of hope that have occasionally filtered through the ominous cloud of terror, have been as often shut off, and even now after four years of internal war and bloodshed, Mexico seems to be in a more hopeless state than at the beginning of the strife. These years of gruesome warfare have so disrupted the entire state, and incited in the inhabitants such an attitude of vengeance, that at the present time a peaceful or any other settlement seems impossible. If they are allowed to go on without interference, it will plainly be a war to extinction. The situation reminds one of a crowd of boys playing, "I'm the Boss of Bunker Hill." One boy remains on top of the hay pile until one of the others can catch him by the leg and pull him down. The one that is on top is the "Boss of Bunker Hill."

Provisional president in Mexico has come to mean about as much. A man is provisional president only until someone else "catches him by the leg" and dethrones him. The stran-

ge fact is that someone can always get a following strong enough to upset the "government." The infidelity and treachery on the part of the soldiers is evidently responsible for this. Many of them vacillate from one side to the other. They do not know what they are fighting for, except to satisfy their lust to kill.

Recent press dispatches indicate conditions now in Mexico. Zapata has entered the City of Mexico. His guerilla followers have killed John B. MacManus, an American citizen residing in Mexico, and are continuing their work of looting the city. "A reign of terror exists there which is even worse than when Obregon was in charge." "Secretary Bryan is making efforts to have American citizens removed to Vera Cruz which is shut off from Mexico City." "General Villa has executed for treason, General Almanza and his entire staff." Almanza is said to have deserted Villa for Guitierrez, provisional president, and later Guitierrez for Carranza. "Villa is preparing a strong attack on Tampico." "Snipers at Vera

Cruz have fired on sailors of the U. S. battleship Delaware, but without resulting injury." "Rogue Garza has again been named provisional president and has proclaimed martial law in Mexico City."

In addition to these events, an important act on the part of the Carranza forces, was the attempt to run a blockade of the port of Progreso in Yucatan. The United States government immediately made a vigorous protest because of the fact that the greater part of our sisal is exported from this harbor. The protest was made in strong definite terms and was immediately recognized by Carranza, who withdrew his boats from the port.

This incident shows the effectiveness of the word of this government, yet to protect the lives and property of American citizens in Mexico, that "word" has not been employed. The numerous outrages of American women, the cold-blooded murder of the men, and the devastation of the property of our citizens, have either been met with indifference on the part of our government, or by an order to "investigate" the affair, which has amounted to about the same thing as indifference. Mexico must not intercept in any way our commerce, but her bandits and robbers may murder our citizens and plunder their property with impunity. American citizenship in Mexico has come to have very little significance. Do we esteem our com-

merce above our citizens? Doubtless a warning to the leaders in Mexico, written with the force of the recent warning to Carranza, from our government would be sufficient to insure protection of the lives of our citizens there, just as the protest was sufficient to insure protection of our commerce. It is a serious thing to send a protest because it might involve the nation in war, but the puzzling question is, why should the Administration run that risk to protect our COMMERCE, and not to protect the LIVES OF OUR CITIZENS in the belligerent country? There is no necessity for longer regarding these atrocities with indifference. If we resent infringements upon our commerce, surely we must resent further infringements upon the rights of our citizens and above all DEMAND reparation for the killing and outraging of those citizens.

At the present time intense stress is being put upon our government at Washington, and it is taxing the ingenuity of our leaders to the utmost, to keep clear of entanglements that would hazard the peace of this nation. This is the question to be answered: Is there any limit to the sacrifices this country shall make to maintain its peace? From the recent protest sent to Mexico regarding restrictions upon our commerce, evidently there IS a limit. Is that limit then, restriction of trade, or the loss of human life?



# Patriotism--Instructive and Intelligent

WINNING ADDRESS FOR MEDAL GIVEN BY  
SONS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION

MOSES F. COWLEY

Patriotism may be defined as a love for one's country that gives an unreserved and zealous support to her institutions and interests. In relation to the history of the development of civilization as characterized by wars and struggles this word has a most profound significance. All forms of patriotism may be classed as two kinds: instinctive and intelligent. Both contain one fundamental element (in common) which is self-sacrifice with an unqualified devotion to the cause of the many; but other characteristics make a marked distinction between them.

Instinctive patriotism is that patriotism impelled by the emotions of man, regardless of his judgment. These emotions may be love, fear, hatred, ambition or a desire for aggrandizement, each or all of which may appear on the surface in the form of love and loyalty for one's country. It comes by pure instinct alone; hence the object of this kind of patriotism may be right or wrong, as it sees only the cause of the party possessed by it. One zealous patriot has expressed it in these words, "Our Country! In her intercourse

with foreign nations may she always be in the right, but our country, right or wrong."

As one of the underlying causes of the gigantic war now waging in Europe I suggest this misdirected patriotism. In the seventeenth century. Louis IV of France vigorously prosecuted a policy of establishing a greater and more glorious country, disregarding the rights of his neighbors. This policy reached its climax in the career of Napoleon Bonaparte. He declared "What the French want is glory and the satisfaction of their vanity."

Was this kind of patriotism lacking, to uphold him in his burning ambition? Let the hundreds of thousands of dead who passionately gave their lives for his cause answer this question in awful silence.

Germany has lived by the same national idea which obtained a powerful inception under Frederick the Great in the eighteenth century. Expressive of our treatment of this phase of the subject, he proclaimed after one of his victories, "Happy are they who having secured their own advantage can look tranquilly upon



the embarrassment of others." Bismark was a product of this kind of patriotism, while William II, the present Kaiser of Germany, is the embodiment of all that this conception suggests.

The history of England, Russia and Austria is similar, each nation being imbued, more or less, with the idea that God is shaping her political and commercial destiny, that each one must live and triumph, incurring, if need be, the death of her national neighbors. What a reflection upon an all-wise, all-merciful and just Diety! Thus the present theatre of war presents to our view the result of the workings of this kind of patriotism. Its contemplation horrifies and awes our senses with intense solemnity. What the end of the world would be should this kind of patriotism be the impelling force one dare not think. Rather let us devote our thoughts to that patriotism I have termed intelligent. This kind represents the world in its truest sense, involving also man's emotions but guarded and directed by a keen intellect and controlled by his underlying better self. It means unqualified and true devotion to one's country, only when his country is incessantly struggling for the triumph of principle. Indeed it recognizes and supports only the fundamental and basic principles that allow equally to all mankind, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This is the only patriotism that shall invariably endure

to reach a praiseworthy goal in the course of human events.

America represents this patriotism, the first great victory of which was the Revolutionary war. That war was a trying battle for principles. These principles for freedom and righteousness may be summed up in the word virtue, for which the father of our country unrestrictedly dedicated to his life. Hear the words of Phillip Freneau:

*"Oh, Washington, thrice glorious name,  
What due rewards can man decree,  
Empires are far beneath thy aim,  
And sceptres have no charms for thee;  
Virtue alone has your regard,  
And she must be your great reward."*

The spirit of the Revolutionary war was not a passionate and an unwise antagonism against the mother country, but rather the sacrifice of everything to realize the enjoyment of those principles that are deep-rooted in the soul of true character. I desire to mention a person, who to the casual thinker performed a shameful mission and died an inglorious death, but to him who interpret scorrectly the motives that actuate brave and honest hearts, he represents grandly the spirit of that age. In his last words, uttered amidst circumstances that would tax the strongest soul to the core, Nathan Hale

voiced the spirit of intelligent patriotism in its truest form: "I regret only that I have but one life to lose for my country." And why? Because his country was testing the power of principle and she must win.

"There are no points of the compass on the chart of true patriotism," says Robert Kintrop. It is altruistic and philanthropic, allowing no discrimination between peoples. It draws the line of demarkation only between right and wrong. After nearly a century of advancement we were again confronted with a grave situation which threatened to rend our national heart in twain. How fortunate blessed us with a powerful and calm man who successfully championed these fundamental principles of human happiness is an epoch of history indelibly stamped upon the mind of every American child. However, it may not be amiss to relate an incident which portrays strikingly the broad, comprehensive and untainted patriotism of Abraham Lincoln. It occurred at the close of the war. The return of the boys in blue was being reviewed in front of the National Capitol by President Lincoln and thousands who rejoiced in the victory of the North. Old Glory waved proudly in all her beauty. Suddenly there appeared in an upper window of the White House little Tad Lincoln waving enthusiastically an old Confederate flag. What an apparently unfitting thing! Lincoln's gaze rested upon the sight. He was deeply

touched. Immediately he smiled meaningly and waved a gesture of approval. Cheer upon cheer arose from the multitude. Thus the great man, actuated by nature's reconciling inspiration of love had caused a pronounced revelation of this altruistic phase of patriotism.

Today we are called upon to express ourselves as to the stand our nation should take in view of the delicate problems that demand careful and wise action. What should be our attitude? Realizing the position our country has ever maintained, we have no alternative. Having been endowed with a heritage which is the fruit of over a century of national growth we cannot afford to fail in pursuing a course impelled and controlled by an intelligent patriotism for principle, a course that will inevitably lead to a destiny that, when the eternal scroll of history shall be unfolded, will distinguish us as being a nation among nations, the leader and the greatest power of the world in bringing all nations into conformity with the plan of the Infinite.

Individual patriotism is essential to united patriotism. United patriotism is essential to power. Let every individual who claims true American citizenship dedicate himself to a whole-souled devotion for these fundamental and basic principles as the guiding force of his civil life. Do this and we are secure in leaving the ultimate outcome to the providences of a just God.

## Mark's Party

DELLA MORRELL

"Dad, can't I wear my long pants to the football game?"

Mark Sheffield's calm voice belied his feelings as he asked the question. It was one of the tragic moments of his young life. Perhaps that was why he thumped so queerly inside as he waited for an answer. Mark stood just a little in awe of his father, and the new suit had been forbidden until sundry pairs of knickerbockers were worn out. Besides, Mr. Sheffield was certainly no ordinary man, but a Preoccupied Personage, who ate his breakfast with the morning paper propped against the sugar bowl, and at night donned a brown plaid smoking jacket, retiring to the library a silent, tired business man, while Sue played the pianola in the living room, and Mark—well Mark usually went to a picture show.

The brown plaid jacket too, was a curious thing. It had a way of creating an atmosphere, an unfriendly atmosphere, that said very plainly, "Please do not talk." Several times when Mark had had something troublesome upon his mind, he had hovered in the doorway

trying to find enough courage to give a gently suggestive "h-m-m." Once Mr. Sheffield had glanced up when this sound had echoed through the room.

"What is it, Mark?" he inquired absently.

"Nothing, I—er—maybe I'm catching cold."

The stripes and checks were grinning at him derisively.

"You would better go to bed, son."

Mark shook a mental fist at the brown plaid, and let himself quietly out of the front door.

On this particular Saturday morning, however, the earnestness of that freckled face appealed to him vaguely.

"Well, I suppose so."

A sudden impulse moved him. "By the way, could—er—use a little extra money?"

"Bet cher!" exclaimed the boy.

"But father, don't you think—" It was Sue's voice from the doorway.

Mark turned; stuck out his tongue expressively, and bolted around the corner of the house.

Since the day of their purchase, Mark's long trousers had been the subject of many a heated conversation, but they had never left their place in the bottom chiffonier drawer.

Mark had bought the new suit four weeks before for the wedding of his sister, Laura. When a boy of fourteen is sent alone, for the first time to select a suit, dire results are apt to follow. Such had been the case. Nobody had thought of a suit for Mark until two hours before the ceremony, and, as Mr. Sheffield had been detained at the office, and Sue, who usually attended to such matters, was engrossed with the bride's veil, Mark was sent off, in high but concealed glee, to get it for himself. Not quite alone, either. He had the critical advice and help of Bud. Bud was fourteen, and lived next door.

On his return Mark entered the house with needless caution. Five minutes before the last guest arrived a new being descended the stairway. From the part of his damp hair, to the squeak of his shoes, two sizes too large, Mark was faultless—from Mark's point of view. Sue's exclamation when she saw him, almost spoiled the wedding, but—Mark kept the suit.

Next morning he went down to breakfast a little apprehensively, but Mr. Sheffield merely glanced up without seeing him. Sue was still asleep.

All morning long he delighted the youth of Riverdale street. He was one of them,

still, in a way, not of them. Once when a yelping and barking lured Bud and all of the others over the back fence, Mark almost forgot himself; but remembering in time, he carefully dusted the knee that had rested on the top rail, and walked stoutly around the corner past the gray stone house where Clarise Brown lived. Three times he patrolled the block, his shoulders very erect, his eyes fixed rigidly ahead of him, in the vain hope that Clarise might be gazing out of the front window. He would have gone back the fourth time but a far away whistle announced luncheon, so he went home instead.

With a very studied air of unconcern Mark entered the house whistling. Sue was waiting for him. That afternoon Mark amused himself quietly in the back yard, devising new means of enlarging the microscopic holes in the knees of his knickerbockers. The new suit had lain folded in the lowest drawer ever since.

After getting what he wanted, Mark promptly dismissed the matter from his mind. Not so his father. All day it came up before his work. He hadn't known that Mark was so tall for that his feet were so big. When had he grown? Mr. Sheffield shook his head, bending lower over his desk.

That night he stopped Sue in the hall.

"Friday is Mark's birthday. Don't you think you could fix up something sort of special for

him. A party or something—maybe.”

Sue’s eyes opened slowly in astonishment.

“A party! For Mark!”

“Well—er—something like that. You think it over.”

Sue did think it over, and Friday night Mark took six of his most intimate friends to the nearest picture show to see “Roscoe the Ruffian.” Afterwards they were to have a real birthday supper. Mark had selected his guests carefully. Bud, of course, was there.

Pegtop Carroll’s father had a new automobile. Spec Jones’ oldest brother had given him a cowboy hat and a red silk handkerchief, once worn at a character party. Slim and Sliver Atkins were going to their grandmother’s farm to spend Saturday afternoon, and Freddie Stewart had a new kind of water pistol. Rather, Freddie had had a new kind of water pistol, now it nestled comfortably in Mark’s coat pocket.

How he loved to play the host. “Come in fellows,” he said hospitably, throwing his hat in the general direction of the hall tree as he led the way to the dining room later in the evening.

In the darkened living room, with the doors ajar, Mr. Sheffield watched their progress with interest.

“Everybody si’ down,” announced Mark.

“Make yer selves t’ home; well I guess we’re ready.”

Quietly Sue passed around

and around the table. With surprising speed the plates were alternately emptied and filled.

“Will you have a little more chicken, Mark dear?”

“Don’t mind if I do.”

“Gee, ain’t Sue a peach to-night,” said Slim in a loud whisper.

Mark looked to see that the kitchen door was still open.

“Oh, she’s always like that,” he answered nonchalantly.

After the last crumb of the great birthday cake had disappeared each guest settled back in his chair with a satisfied sigh. Finally Mark arose. Leading the way to the library he pulled a pile of war maps from the bookcase.

“Betchu those ole German’s wisht they hadn’t ever started any war.”

“Aw Mark, my pa says they’re going t’ lick ’em all anyway.”

“Did yer pa say THAT, Bud,” exclaimed Freddie disgustedly, “W’y my pa, he says the Kaiser can’t hold ’em much longer, ’nen he’ll get what’s coming to him, you bet.”

“Well, my brother, Bill, said he’d like to show the English how to fight. He’d show ’em a thing or two, he would.”

“Aw, Bill ’ud run if he saw a gun. He don’t know nuthin’ ’bout fightin’.”

Pegtop arose indignantly.

“You better tell Bill that. You’d see if he knows how to fight.”

Unconsciously Sliver stopped a quarrel.

"What does your pa say about the war, Mark?"

"My pa? Poo! He knows more'n all your pa's put together."

"Yes, but what does he say?"

"What does he say? Oh, he says lots of things."

"Well, but WHAT?"

"Oh, he says—" Mark arose, stretching. "Gettin' pretty late ain't it?"

In the living room Mr. Sheffield smiled—perhaps a little sadly. Would he have been as loyal to Mark? They had never

discussed the war together.

In the hall each boy began to hunt for his hat; Mark accompanied them to the door.

"My, we've had a swell time."

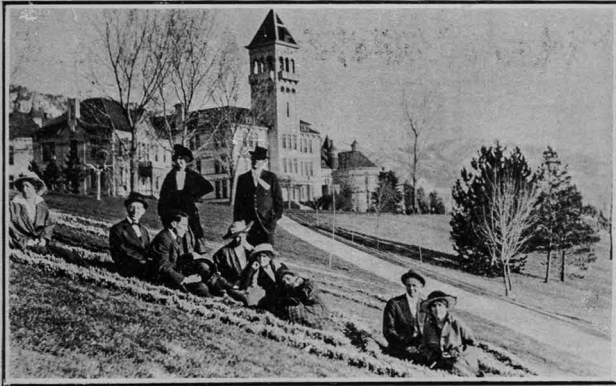
"Peachy."

"You bet."

"Well, come again. Come often." Mark was getting reckless. "I'm going to have lots of parties like this."

"Say Mark," called back Slim. "Come out to the farm with me'n Sliver tomorrow."

"All right," Mark answered, closing the door.



A Portion of Our Campus



## A Utah Boy

THE WINNING ADDRESS FOR THE  
HENDRICKS MEDAL

GEORGE D. CASTO

(Reported by Ray Carlson)

Down in the quiet little town of Redmond, Sevier county, Utah, there lived a Danish boy, to gaze into whose deep blue eyes, and to talk with whom was a joy supreme. He was a child of promise, a boy with a winning personality.

Guided and enthused by an angel mother, this lad subsequently became a student at the B. Y. Academy. By dint of arduous effort, the mother was able to keep him in school for two years. Humble were her circumstances; strained were the finances; long, lean, and hungry were those years.

On a bitter cold January day in the early nineties, the speaker remembers seeing a woman, whose clothing was dripping wet, driving a cow up the principal street of Salina, Utah.

Years afterwards when this Son of Utah had become the brilliant leader who had to do with shaping the educational policies of this glorious commonwealth, the details of the woman and the cow came into my life. The story was told in hushed accents and with broken

voice by the great man whose mother this good woman was.

It was the last cow she owned in the world, and in driving her to market she was compelled to cross the Sevier river which lies between the two towns of which I have previously made mention. The stream was unbridged. In crossing it, the ice broke, precipitating both woman and cow into the water. Both escaped, however, and the woman trudged on three miles through the wet and slush of that wintry day to Salina. She received \$16 for the cow and sent it all to her boy at Provo. The years sped on and the young man became a teacher, and today I count it a distinct honor to have been a student in his classes.

He served two terms as county superintendent of schools, and was thrice chosen superintendent of public instruction in this great State—the unanimous choice of three political parties.

The name of Andrew C. Nelson, this Son of Utah, is inseparably connected with her educational destiny. He stood for three big ideas in education:

First, for the elimination from the public school curricu-

lum of those courses that were impractical.

Second, for linking the lessons of the school room with the message of nature's open book.

Third, the consolidation of county schools, in keeping with the time honored maxim, "In union there is strength."

In the educational councils of this nation, he was a potent factor. His wondrous personality and sunny disposition made him a welcome member of the National Educational Association.

In his early manhood he was afflicted with a cancer, submitting to four different operations before he finally fell a victim to the ravages of this dread malady.

Despite this affliction, Andrew C. Nelson toiled and struggled and planned and fought for the uplift of the sacred womanhood and the glorious manhood of the State of Utah. He was a busy man, addressing a graduating class today, a corps of teachers tomorrow, and an educational convention upon another occasion, attending teachers institutes in the remotest parts of the State—riding, driving, walking in all sorts of weather. His was the mission to win the hearts and move the souls of men.

In company with one of our A. C. professors, he attended a teachers' institute in Southern Utah shortly before his death. He delivered a magnificent address, the inspirational ring of which fairly lifted his auditors. Upon the adjournment of the institute, an intimate friend invited him to partake of refreshments. Nelson declined, saying he must hasten to his hotel and take a bath. Nelson's body, from neck to waist, was wet with his own life's blood oozing from the cancerous growth upon the back of his neck. Think of that splendid effort! Think of its awful cost! Think of that noble mother! Think of that worthy son!

It was my privilege to hear the last public address delivered by this honored Son of Utah. The same sweet smile, the same generous personality appeared upon the rostrum; but the sunken eye, the emaciated cheek, the palor of the face, and the form, bent with the burden of the toil—testified of the sorrow and of suffering. I shall not forget the dramatic pathos of the concluding sentence. Extending his hand, which trembled as though shaken with the palsy, and pointing a bony index finger at his listeners he said, "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."



# EDITORIAL

## Student Life

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LeRoy Hillam, '16, Locals  
Arthur Caine, '16, Athletics  
Edwin Winder, '16, Exchanges  
F. Braithwaite, Artist

In giving to the students our second issue in magazine form, we are attempting to profit by our first experience. We are, however, still in the experimental stage. We have attempted to discuss topics of general and local interest in a manner that will appeal most to our readers. This issue is not intended as a literary issue, primarily, tho we have attempted to keep sight of the literary side in selection as well as general construction of all articles. We have also aimed to localize all articles as much as possible, taking school, state

and national topics, rather than delving into foreign affairs.

We extend to all our readers and friends our sincerest Easter greetings and hope that the joy of the season may be felt by all.

As the school year draws to its close, we naturally stop to consider what degree of success has come to us. Some may be of the opinion that we have failed because we have not been victorious in a majority of our contests. True we have lost a majority of our football and basketball games as well as our debates. In the latter, however, we still have a chance to break even. These defeats do not necessarily mean that we have failed. At least in basketball and debating we had more men willing to try out than we have had in the past, and this in itself means development.

The number coming out for the spring sports is daily increasing, so that win or lose, we are sure that many students will receive development. Scholastically we have had a very successful year and many improvements have been made in our system both in faculty and student body. The lack of true spirit among the students has been a disadvantage but even this may work some good in the added incentive it gives to those who realize this condition to work for its correction.

## Easter

*Slowly, slowly, thru the darkness  
Of a night both black and dread  
Parting in the east the shadows,  
Signs of coming day appear.  
Stealing to a secret refuge  
As a thief, the shades retire,  
While the light from o'er the mountains  
Sets the eastern sky on fire.*

*Now in his mystic glory,  
O'er the eastern hills, the sun,  
On this lovely Easter morning,  
Springs, refusing light to none.  
All the world is now awakened  
From the deathlike sleep of night,  
Newly born are all earth's beauties,  
Hidden glories brought to light.*

*Easter calm now leads the memory  
Back to Cannan's sacred tomb,  
Opened by the Lord's own angel,  
Driving from the world all gloom;  
When upon that first bright Easter,  
The arising of the Son  
Woke the world from death and sorrow  
New life gave to every one.*

## Legislation

J. S. QUINNEY

The status of society is measured, largely by its laws. The thought, words, feelings, and ambitions of society, and more especially of a people living under representative form of government is, to a great extent, embodied in its laws. We should, therefore, endeavor to maintain the highest standard of laws possible. In order that this be accomplished we must see to it that the representatives who frame our statutes be the very best men in the community, for it is not reasonable to expect that any but good men will make good laws.

In Utah we are not serving legislation that entirely meets the needs of the state. There are two prime reasons for this. In the first place, many of the men we chose as our representatives are not the most capable among us, and in the second place, part of our legislators do not maintain those high ideals that should accompany the responsible position of law-making. It is generally known that among our legislators there are those that could be replaced by more efficient men. Too often is it the case that we send men to

the state capital who have no knowledge of economics, political science, sociology or history, all essential qualifications of a legislator. Just because a citizen is conscientious, diligent, practical and well meaning, it does not follow, therefore, that he is fitted for the important task of legislation. These qualifications are absolutely essential, but he must also understand the lessons of past experience. He must possess the power to probe into existing conditions, analyze, diagnose and if needs be, remedy them. He must have vision so that he can anticipate the future and made adequate provision for it. When a citizen can fulfill all these requisites, then first, should he be nominated for the state legislature.

But, even though a person possessed all these attributes and failed in that crucial test, the proper attitude toward his work, he should never occupy a seat in the state legislative chamber. What good is a legislator whose ideals are centered in his personal welfare? He cannot act wisely or conservatively, for the state's

good, because his personal interests come first. This is, perhaps, the most vital reason why our state legislation has not been eminently successful. The average legislator, all on fire with the results of a successful campaign, enters the Legislature intent on having his name go in the statute books as the father of some bill. His measure may be one with which he is not acquainted, or one which serves only one small portion of the state, to the absolute detriment to the rest. It need not be a necessary bill, nor yet a wise one. The main concern is that the bill go through with his name attached. Some "Lawmakers," are more ambitious than others and introduce two, three, four or more bills, until the legislature has more material on its hands than it can care for adequately. As a result, bills are referred to this or that committee. Some are passed without even being read — any haphazard way to get all business finished and give each legislator a place on the statute books. Thus, are hundreds of bills taken up, considered, overruled, passed, or referred. The best interests of the state are, by these means, sacrificed. So long as such ideals exist in the legislature we can hope for nothing but a repetition of the past.

The cry for sound legislation, that truly represents us and our social status, has gone out. And well it might, for unless our present reckless system

is remedied we shall never enjoy the fullness of our possibilities. Until we make competent men of the highest ideals our lawmakers, we are bound to drag along in the same old rut. We need only turn to history for examples to prove that legislation conceived in or built upon incompetency or personal ambition, is fore-doomed to failure. It can not succeed; for the base upon which it rests is unsound and will crumble. There are, on the other hand, many instances of glowing successes founded on knowledge, forethought and true purpose.

Our problems are peculiar to Utah. It is well to borrow from other states if their statutes fit our conditions, but it is more important that we have men in our legislature who, when ready-made laws are not on hand, can construct statutes to exactly meet our needs. There have been very few constructive statesmen in the Utah legislature to frame laws for conditions found only in this state. No other type of man can successfully cope with our situations.

How then, can we procure such statesmen? What is the remedy for existing evils? Just this, get better, bigger men to act as legislators. This is not detracting from our present legislators. Let them have what is theirs. But it is a well known fact that there are many highly efficient men who have power to formulate better laws than we now have, who decline all nominations, who refuse the

state their active services and their action is not to be wondered at. Politics has been robbed of most of the honor which should be coupled with it. The masses fail to sense the honor conferred upon every man who is sent to represent them in the state legislature, and not only that, but the legislator, as a person, is continually held up for base ridicule and slander. His good deeds are always hidden in the shadow of his slightest mistakes, thus casting odium on him as a man. Wholesale criticism that builds and remedies is to be encouraged but muckraking, vile dirty slander of a man's character because he is chosen as a legislator is deplorable.

Then, too the best men among us can not afford to drop their personal work and go to the state capital for the paltry wage the legislators receive. If the state cannot afford to pay those who make our laws as much as they can earn at their regular occupations, we shall

have to be content with what we get. To make this position paying and honorable will secure us good legislators and subsequently proper legislation.

It might be urged that our state Legislators deserve all the personal abuse and the low wage they get under our present conditions. This might be true, but is it not possible that these factors are the cause of our present low standard of legislation? If honor were substituted for slander, a just compensation for the present stingy wage, it is quite probable that the office of legislator would expand to fit the most worthy among us. The fault is not so much in our legislators as in us, the people, and our methods. If we reform ourselves, bring ourselves to a proper attitude toward legislation and legislators, the coveted results will follow. Then, first, shall we get real, constructive, honest legislation, a true measure of our feelings, ambitions, and thoughts.

## The Benefit of The Educated Man to Society

JAMES A. MINER

Education is the development of one's powers: the power to work; to serve; to feel and understand existing conditions; to love and cherish all that is true, noble and edifying. A man who possesses these powers can logically be said to be an educated man.

There are men who can rightly be called educated, who are trained outside of the classroom; they are, however, the exception rather than the rule. The greatest of all schools is that of life, but to acquire a thorough education in this school requires a long time. The majority of our educated men, therefore, go thru our colleges as short cuts to a thorough education.

Society makes it possible for those who earnestly desire learning to obtain it in her in-

stitutions of learning. It costs ten times as much, in labor, in money, in care and anxiety to develop a college graduate as it does to develop an average man, and fifty or a hundred times as much as it costs to rear a boy or girl without any education at all. In view of these facts, should not society be compensated?

It is clearly the duty of the educated man to edify the society of which he is a part by virtue of his power to work, to serve, to feel and understand existing conditions, which power comes as a result of his education gained at the expense of society.

The educated man's power to work should be superior to that of the uneducated. Better able to get a good perspective of the field before him, he can lay



special stress where necessary. He wastes no time by starting at one place and working awhile only to find that he has begun at the wrong place. He knows how and when to attack problems confronting him. Therefore, by virtue of his education, he can accomplish more work than would otherwise be possible, and at the same time do it more efficiently.

The educated man is able to serve society because he can judge its needs. If there are corrupt politicians in the community he can and will bring to light their dishonesty, in order that society may handle them in the proper manner. The educated man of character will not permit anything to be carried on detrimental to society. Men who devise schemes to rob their fellows are positively afraid of the educated man of character, because they know he will disclose their acts. In these ways, then, the educated man can serve; and, in so far as he does, he is filling his obligation to society.

The educated man, knowing what will make for the advancement of society generally, is potent in starting reforms, both economic and social. Better qualified than any one else, he takes the initiative in all such movements.

More sensible of the poverty and distress about him than the untrained, he ameliorates, if not eliminates, these conditions about him; for he has the power to search out the fundamental causes of poverty and

distress. After discovering them he, and he only, has the power to start action that will do away with them; so in this way the educated man can perform a duty which he owes to society.

The educated man has the power to adapt himself to his environment. Austerity and haughtiness are not his attributes; he is able to mingle with the uneducated, and make them feel as though they are as good as he. He never stoops to belittle anyone. To be able to fit into one's environment is a requisite of an educated man.

The educated man loves home, life, country, and race. He strives to make his home holy, to create a spirit within it which will command respect of all who enter into it. He lives an exemplary life, as far as possible, before his family. To love one's home embodies the loving of life and country.

It is not sufficient for the educated man to live well himself by refraining from evil; indeed he is not educated unless he helps others to live. Henry Van Dyke has very aptly said that some people put their characters in little bags of respectability and keep them in the storehouse of a safe reputation. "It is not enough for man to stand high, he should stoop down and lift mankind a little higher." The educated man does not scorn the drunkard but rather the drinking. If a man is to be a factor for good among his fellows he must not keep

his head in an atmosphere above them, but he must mingle with them, just as salt must come in contact with meat if it is to preserve it from decay.

In conclusion it may be said that the duty of the educated man to society is to live in such a way as to get the most out of his life, and at the same time do a maximum amount of good to his fellows who make up society. Thomas Guthrie, a truly educated man, has expressed

this sentiment in his beautiful stanzas:

*I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true,  
For the heavens that bend  
above me,  
And the good that I can do;*

*For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.*



## Oh Save Not The Rose

D. A. SWENSON

*Oh save not the rose, till thy friend has departed,  
To lay it as emblem of love on his grave.  
But give it today to a friend broken-hearted,  
To cheer his sad spirit, to make his heart brave.*

*Oh spare not the praise, you so freely are giving  
To those, who have passed from this troublesome sphere;  
But lend it to brighten the days for the living,  
To call forth new efforts from those who are near.*

*Oh stay not thy hand till thy help is required  
To carry thy kin to the last resting place;  
But give thy aid gladly, whenever desired,  
Then mankind will bless thee and God give thee grace.*



## Why Dancing is Taught in College

GLENN BALLANTYNE

Every fine art finds its place in the curriculum of the modern college. Dancing is now recognized as one of the oldest of the fine arts, but only during the last decade has it received its due recognition as such in America. Russia and France have for many years placed this art in a high position. National Ballet schools have long been established and maintained by these governments, and for this reason we find the Dance, through Pavlowa, Taglioni, in a high stage of development in Russia and France. It is only comparatively recently that the dance influence has permeated America and we have at last awakened to the appreciation of the Dance and accorded to it its rightful place among other fine arts.

Dancing like every other fine art is an expression of beauty, of emotions such as love, triumph, hate and fear. It is probably the oldest of arts, in fact we may safely say it is as old as history or life. Before logic, man knew emotion, and his only way of expression was by means of pantomime. By mimic the primitive man crude-

ly displayed his joy, sorrow and triumph. Later this was done to the rhythmical, weird music of his tribe. The dance became his religious ritual, which customs we still find among the uncivilized tribes of today. Egyptian engravings of six thousand years ago show the Egyptian idea of beauty, the dancing figure. In early Grecian and Roman sculpture the graceful pose of the dancer was a favorite subject.

Still later we find the national spirit developed in the Folk-dance. In it the peasant finds a means of expression. The Russian dance is characterized by strength, emphasis and power of movement. The Spanish dance is recognized by its subtle grace and intricate steps. In the French dance we see the highly specialized feats of technique. The Irish claim the jolly jig for their own. The most patriotic form of the dance is the Scotch, probably because of inspiring the martial music employed. In the Swedish and Hungarian folk dances we see the real joy of the peasantry expressed. The technique is not so closely followed as

is the rhythm and the result is the spontaneous expression of careful joy. The more conservative English nation prefers the more stately dance, such as the Roger De Coverly. Lastly comes the Oriental dance with which we are not so familiar. It is only very recently that the outside world has been able to enjoy the rich, wonderful, charm of the Harem dancing on account of the sacredness with which the people of the Orient hold this art. Here it is that we find the pantomime dance at its highest development. The beautiful dancer of the Harem uses it daily in her dancing for the entertainment of her master and his friends. Thus we find the dance in many forms, expressive of various emotions.

Naturally dancing comes under the department of Physical Education because in the first place, it is of considerable value as a physical exercise,

given in a most natural and pleasing form. Secondly, it answers the secondary purpose of counterbalancing the seditive life of the student. Thirdly, it gives poise, grace and beauty of form. Dancing is a national form of exercise as are the various forms of athletics, while gymnastics are artificial exercises worked out scientifically, to give a balanced physical training, they afford an all-sided activity. Dancing on the other hand has for its prime object, beauty and its expression, ease and grace of rhythmic movement, interpretation and co-ordinated movement, and lastly truth and beauty of posture. However, dancing and gymnastics go hand in hand because gymnastics give the strength and uniform development and dancing puts on the finishing touch of refined grace and ease.

## The Clarion Colony

D. A. FREEDMAN

A novel experiment in colonization is being tried in the State of Utah. In September of 1911, twelve Hebrews came to this State and began the cultivation of a 6,000 acre tract of land, eight miles west of the city of Gunnison, Sevier County. That was the beginning of the present Clarion Colony, a name suggested by one of its leading members and adopted after a thorough search by all the colonists for an appropriate name. The word 'Clarion' signifies a kind of trumpet which, when blown, will call all the Hebrews to that chosen spot.

The movement was begun by two Russian immigrants who were then residents in the city of Philadelphia. These two young men were lovers of the out-door life and the open country. One of them had no trade, but had a season's experience on an eastern farm. The other, a graduate of a German engineering school, possessed a little practical experience in civil

engineering. Both, tired of the bustle of the city life, decided to make their homes on a farm. But how could they do it without money? After some discussion they decided to get other people interested in the same proposition. Seven more became enthusiastic over the open country idea, and, together, in January 1909, they organized an association and named it "The Jewish Agricultural and Colonial Association." They thought that if they could get about 150 members, then they could organize a colony of their own. With the aid of printed posters with a special appeal to sweat shop workers and those tired of the city life, a public meeting was called, at which the organizers described in glowing colors, to those assembled, their newly conceived idea of a free and independent life in the open country. This appeal had the intended effect on the mass, and the membership at once increased. A branch of this organization was also organized in New York City, which, in a short time exceeded the Philadelphia organization in membership.

The plan called for each member to invest \$200 which

was later raised to \$320. With a membership of 150, a capital of \$48,090 was raised; and the association, after being chartered, was put on a business basis.

In the summer of 1911, a committee of three was elected to go out west to look over some tracts of land. Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, and Utah were visited; but the tract at Gunnison, then on public sale, attracted the attention of the committee, and after some negotiations a tract of 6,000 acres was bought from the State of Utah, to be paid for in ten annual installments. The price of the land was seven, eleven, and fifteen dollars an acre, while the water right was bought for \$25 an acre.

On September 9, 1911, twelve of the strongest and most able bodied men were chosen by popular vote to go out to the new land under the leadership of the first two organizers and two graduates of the National Farm School of Doylestown, Pa., a school where practical and scientific agriculture is taught. Among the men chosen not one knew a thing about farming. Most of them were tradesmen, the rest small business men and peddlers. These men were to draw a weekly salary from the central organization and the product of their labor was to belong to the association.

Arriving on the shad scale covered land, they put up a number of tents for their sleep-



A View of the Clarion Colony

ing parlors and kitchen and a big tent to be used as a stable. These tents served them throughout the first winter. The field work consisted of railing the shad scale, picking off the big rocks, and plowing. In the spring twelve more settlers came out among whom were six carpenters. At the seeding time there were about 1200 acres broken up. Part of this land was sown to wheat and the rest to oats and alfalfa mixed. At the time when the crops needed water the most, the main canal broke and it required three weeks to have it repaired. Meanwhile about 500 acres of wheat burned. This had a discouraging effect on these eastern settlers who were not well acquainted with the western irrigation systems.

In September, 1912, after the crops were harvested, the cultivated land was divided into forty acre plats of first class land, or an equivalent, and these plats were raffled among the members already on the land. From that day on, each one was the owner of his own farm, with the general organization helping financially when needed. Through the Association a carload of lumber was bought, and from that day to the end of the winter, the carpenters were busy putting up houses on every farm. The Association paid them for their labor and in turn charged the individual settler with the cost of the lumber and labor for his particular house.

In the spring of 1913 a new set of men came out on the land and began the cultivation of a new tract of land under the same plan as the former.

At present the colony has about 2,400 acres of land under cultivation and is raising the different crops adapted to Utah conditions. Poultry and hogs are being raised on a big scale, especially the latter. The settlers use as much of the up-to-date farm machinery as they find profitable and practicable. Some of the more expensive farm machinery, as a threshing outfit and steam engine is owned in common. Lately they built a common granary and a grade school. The population of the colony consists of fifty-eight families with about 150 members, among whom are thirty-six boys and girls of school age.

This experiment is being closely watched by many who are interested in the problem of colonization; first, because the colonists had no previous experience in farming; secondly, because they have organized it on a co-operative plan; and thirdly, because it consists of Hebrews. The first two need no comment as they are self evident, the third, however, needs to be dwelt on a little. The Hebrews in the past have always been regarded as a non-farming class, due to the conditions which for many years prevented their possessing any land in many countries. In this country, however, considering

the short time, since they began to return to the soil, one feels the results are very satisfactory.

To the students of this college the above colonization experiment should be of especial

interest as many of our graduates expect to be organizers or leaders of such movements in their respective communities, and the experience of this novel colony in this state should assist them in their future work.



Typical Clarion Home

## Lest we be Sad

She—"No, I'm not English.  
I was born in France.

He—"Which part, dear?"

She—"Why, all of me."—Ex.

### At the Senior Circus

When the donkey saw the Zebra  
He began to switch his tail,

"Well, I never," was his com-  
ment,

"Here's a mule that's been to  
jail."

Mary—"That's a beautiful  
gown you have on!"

Motly—"Do you know that  
lace is forty years old?"

Mary—"That so? Make it  
yourself?"—Ex.

Gladys—"You know, when I  
was only one year old, I had  
measles and whooping caught at  
the same time."

Vida—"And did you live?"

May—"It isn't six o'clock yet.  
I told you to come after supper.

Jack—"Well, that's what I  
did come after."

A wise old owl sat in an oak;  
The more he heard the less he  
spoke;

The less he spoke the more he  
heard,

Why not copy that wise old  
bird.—Ex.

He—"Oh, you look sweet  
enough to eat!"

She (with dignity)—"I do  
eat."—Ex.

Bill—"Oh, don't trouble  
yourself to see me to the door."

Gene—"Oh, it's no trouble at  
all, it's a pleasure."

Girl (reading letter from her  
brother)—"John says a bullet  
went right thru his hat without  
touching him."

Old Lady—"What a blessing  
he had his hat on."—Ex.

Prof. Peterson—"What is  
your reason for believing in  
the nebular hypothesis?"

Senior—"I don't know that I  
exactly believe in it, but after  
having gone to the trouble to  
find out what it is I hate to  
contradict it."

She (in a friendly tone)—  
"By the way, are you going to  
supper anywhere tomorrow ev-  
ening?"

He (eagerly)—"Why, no—  
not that I know of."

She (serenely)—"My! Won't  
you be hungry the next morn-  
ing."

Tiny little letter

On a little card

Helps the jolly student

Answer questions hard.

And the little ponies

Glanced at on the sly

Makes the naughty Junior

Senior by and by.—Ex.

Ray—"What is an angle?"

Jane—"An angle is a semi-  
circle with the cramps."



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