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Student Life

Published Weekly by Utah Agricultural College.

LOGAN, UTAH, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1915.

J. W. THORNTON, Editor and Mgr.

PHENOMENAL GAME

Summer School Aggregation Show Wonderful Ability

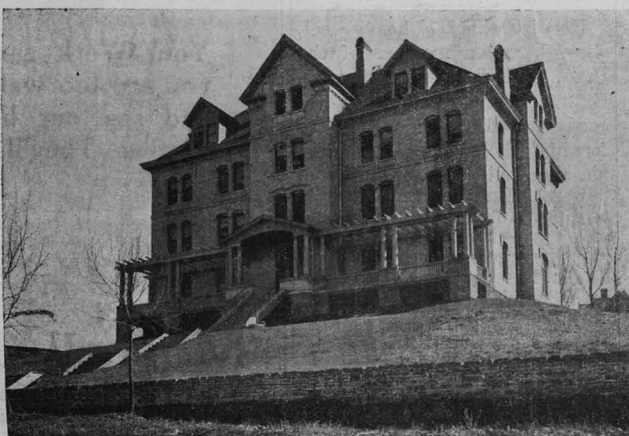
About 200 students were treated to one of the most sensational ball games last Monday ever witnessed on the local grounds, when the fast Summer school team met and defeated the Blues aggregation to the score of 1-0. Perhaps the most noticeable and commendable feature of the game was the loyalty and sporty backing the school showed for its team. Even in some of our most exciting football games during the regular season has such remarkable spirit shown itself at the A. C.

The first half of the first innings simply showed up the remarkable pitching ability of Coach Homer Christiansen, who with Bunny Woolley receiving, let the Blues out in one, two, three order. In the second half old Moss tried to grow fast to Bunny, but Bunny landed on the little pellet for a two bagger. Moss tightened up at once and the next two up were easy pickins.

It was a pitcher's battle from here on until the first of the sixth, when Rackett lived up to his reputation and sent a line drive good for three sacks. H. Care struck out. When Hart sent what seemed good for a two bagger right thru second things looked blue to our boys as Rackett paced over the plate, but here came the sensation of the day. With a wonderful dash and a mighty spring Spiers hooked the ball and with an accurate peg to third blocked Rackett's tally via the double play route. The bleachers fairly shook under the huzzas and applause of friend and foe, and Spiers became the tiger. Ukayshann flew out to Graff, and Cotter neatly scooped up Harrow's grounder and relayed it first. The next half was of the one, two, three and side out style.

Nothing serious happened until the A. C.'s half of the seventh. Smith flew out to Matter, and Harrison was caught out on a foul. Bunny stepped to the plate with blood in his eye. The first one up he pounded straight through between short and third, and as Hart fumbled the elusive sphere Bunny raced to second just ahead of Hart's splendid throw. He stole third and as Snow singled he slid home on his solar plexus for the only tally of the game. Meacham was out by an infield pop and

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WOMAN'S BUILDING



STUDENTS ON THE LAWN

WHY FLORIDA FARMERS ARE SO POOR

The following is contributed by Grover Clyde, an A. C. graduate, now on a mission in Florida:

A western farmer, wondering why Florida farmers were so poor, paused by the roadside one day and reasoned it out. (The reason is always a vital question so while the old mare browsed, he came to this conclusion): Florida farmers get up early at the alarm of a Connecticut clock; button their Chicago suspenders to Detroit overalls; put on a pair of boots made in Ohio; wash in a Pittsburg basin; use Cincinnati soap; wipe on a cotton towel made in New Hampshire; sit down at a Grand Rapids table; eat hot biscuits made with Minneapolis flour, Kansas City bacon and Indianapolis grits fried in Oklahoma lard, cooked on a St. Louis stove; buy Irish potatoes grown in Michigan; canned fruits put up in California and seasoned with Rhode

(Continued on Page Two.)

SUMMER STUDENTS OUTING IN CANYON

The big canyon trip is over. For days it has been talked of and planned for. No one anticipated however such an enjoyable time as was the reality. Dr. Linford, Director of the Summer School said it was the best out ever undertaken by the A. C. and that is saying something. President Widsøe pronounced it an unqualified success and every member of the party had a day, long to be talked of and remembered.

By eight a. m. Saturday morning every member of the 150 students and teachers who made up the party had met at the Logan Tabernacle square, loaded into automobiles and buggies and started on their way to the cool, shady, grassy nooks twelve miles up the canyon. No one but those who have made the trip in the morning know of the freshness, the exhilaration, the vigor and pleasure of that ride. You whirl into the canyon road from Gen-

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THE OUTCAST

The drizzling downpour of rain has ceased at last—just as the city is beginning to light up its streets. As it grows later, the glare from the electric lights only intensify the surrounding blackness and casts many faint wavering reflections upon the wet, shiny pavements.

The shop windows are all aglow with brilliant lights. People hurry in and out of stores with the air of those who know and care nothing about other's trials or troubles.

In the midst of this swaying mass of humanity—as a helpless twig in a whirlpool—strides the stooped, but once robust, figure of Willard Holten. His face is thin, and pale, and sad. In the dark, deepset eyes is a hopeless, bewildered expression which betrays his inmost feelings. He passes slowly on, unhedged by the thousands who hurry by him. He glances into each face as it flashes by—they are all strangers, and it makes him feel his state of desolation all the more keenly. No one knows and no one cares what may become of him. Has this great, busy, hardened city any time to spend soothing the feelings of an ex-convict from Sing Sing? and why should it have? These and many similar questions are ever rushing swiftly through the brain of Holten.

Up to this time, he had seen only the individual faces which had whirled by him. Now, for the first time, he throws his head back and notices that the streets are filled with the rush-hour floods of people. The electric lights of Broadway are glowing—calling, silently, the moths from hundreds of leagues out of the darkness. Men in accurate clothes, whose faces strangely remind Holten of those carved on the stones of the prison wall, turn to stare at him as he slouches slowly on.

Among the shifting, sonorous, pulsing crowd, he catches glimpses of tiny children and half-starved factory girls, only to lose them again as the throbbing mass moves onward. From somewhere among the throng in the street, or else out of this stream of pedestrians, young over-dressed women sail forth, balancing their steps in high-heeled shoes and courtesying with lofty grace to the punctilious obeisances of the gentlemen.

Holten's step grows slower and less determined. He knows not where to go or what to do. Finally he steps into a little alcove, away from the glare of

the brilliant lights, and tries to think. He watches the crowds hurry swiftly by until his head fairly whirls. He cannot shake off the lonesome and friendless feeling which possesses him. All of a sudden, his mind seems to be made up. He steps from the alcove and once more is pushed on by the swaying mass of people. He turns his face resolutely toward the direction of the river, and this time his step does not falter. His strides become longer and more determined. There is an odd, hopeless smile twitching in the corners of his mouth.

As he nears the edge of the city, he leaves the crowds behind him, and soon is alone in the blackness around him.

He turns to look back at the city; behind him is the avenue with its double line of lights stretching off in two long perspectives. The lamps of hundreds of carriages flash as they advance toward him, and then quickly turn a sharp corner and whirl on down another street. From both sides of the avenue comes the ceaseless rush and murmur, and over all hangs the strange mystery that always covers a great city at night.

Holten's backward glance seems only to strengthen his determination. He turns his back once more upon the city and strides on—on into the blackness of the night.

ALTA CALVERT.

FROM MY DIARY

I was practicing one night,
(When the stars were shining bright)

On vocal calisthenics,
With all its "re's" and "do's"
And by way of glad diversion,
Began to sing a version
On roses, love and lovers,—
O, you know how it goes!

I was studying one morn
With sad heart and forlorn,
When I came across a paper
That was right before my nose,
I gave it close inspection,
And I came to a marked section,
Telling all about my singing,—
O, you know how it goes!

Well it took me by surprise
For I couldn't realize,
How my little song of love,
Had put my name into "The Life"
But I answer just the same,
Yes, "Student Life," I'm game,
I'll sing a song for all,
If it won't cause to much strife.
—ZERSIA.

WHY FLORIDA FARMERS ARE SO POOR

(Continued from page one)

Indian spices. The meal finished they put on an old hat made in Philadelphia, harness a Missouri mule fed on Iowa corn with a New York harness and plow mortgaged farms with an Indiana plow. At night they

crawl under New Jersey blankets and are kept awake by Florida dogs, the only home product on the place. No wonder they are poor."

Selected by Clyde, '14.

VICTIM OF HABIT

He is short, heavy set, shrewd, and a member of the U. A. C. department of finance. His face, rotund and jolly as a good-natured monk's, bespeak for his whole being good care via the well fed assimilative powers. But he has assimilative powers of a broader and more grasping scope than first glance reveals. They are habits he has developed as business assets. Your business may bring you to his window. Should his deputies be busy he himself will care for you. If you are a man he will politely and quickly assimilate as much of the contents of your pocket-book as you can be induced to part with, and his furtive glances will at the same time assimilate any thoughts you carry too near the surface. If you are a fair co-ed he will likewise extract, with penurious accuracy a generous portion of your carefully hoarded "filthy lucre", glance furtively into your eye and out again, and arrogantly assimilate the false impression he has led you to get from his actions that you have found special favor in his sight.

He is extremely polite. In fact politeness is a habit with him, too. For example: the other day he came strutting hurriedly down the hall towards his own office. His assimilative visual organs slyly took eager cognizance of a group of our fair ones at the fountain. From habit he turned at his own door, but by a fractional error his high, shining forehead came into abrupt contact with the door. He blushed a beautiful scarlet, automatically and politely murmured in softest accents, "Beg pardon." He looked up, expecting to meet a smiling and fully conquered fair one's countenance. It was only the door. His face changed hotly to icy coldness as he vanished into the recesses of his official retreat. An applause of smiles and giggles closed the show.

Was on to It

"Mother was rather angry with you last night."
"Why? I didn't kiss you."
"Just so. And so she waited all evening at the keyhole for nothing."—Kansas City Journal

Alma Wilson, an enthusiastic botany worker, has a longing look in his eye and appears lonesome. Did she leave when school was out, Alma, and forgot your address?

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SEEN FROM MY STUDY ROOM WINDOW

At night, as I look from my window on the college hill over the valley, I never tire of that dull soft green and purple coloring which spreads over the lowland and up the side of the west mountain.

After the sun has settled behind the mountains, a mist slowly thickens over the valley, wipes out the remaining hue of the sunset and reveals the glimmering lights of the surrounding towns. As the mist thickly settles at the base of the mountains and extends farther over the valley, the glow of the electric lights becomes brighter and the scene appears like a fairy village glistening in magic splendor.

Last night, after a brief golden sunset, the mist was like black smoke clinging to the trees and obscuring the markings of the pastures and fields. Out of the level mass of smoky purple, the black outline of the trees projected, huddling together, motionless and lifeless. In the middle of the valley the water in the ponds grew dull like slate, occasionally reflecting a dim gray color.

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Locals

Mr. Orson Madsen played his first game of Tennis last week.

Miss N— said she didn't know a soul at the Get Acquainted party only those she met.

We wonder if school teachers have any among their ranks of the class Prof. Peterson referred to when he said, "A great many people are chased into heaven by their fear of hell."

Coach Christiansen is the only man in school who can keep track of and analyze Lee Hafen's mental processes when playing tennis. Lee has great eloquence and argumentative ability in arguing the other side out of points and games, but Homer has got it on him some way and holds him down with a Dr. Thomas finger.

Ed. Edlefsen was comfortably located between two fair ones going up the canyon, but when the crowd was ready for the return trip Ed was not to be found. The ladies mourned his absence and declared they had done nothing to frighten him away. It is hard to understand why he should sluff on such a occasion. Everybody ask him.

Did you attend those rousing ball games between the ladies last Saturday? No! Well, you missed it. It was "classy" and speedy, so speedy in fact that several times both players and spectators lost their heads. It is said that Christy Mathewson never puts a ball where it is expected, but he has nothing on the heavers of the 9 oz. horsehide pill who demonstrated Saturday. And in further comparison we must admit that Tyrus Cobb, the noted man Detroit imported, has no claim to distinction in the same class with those whose petal extremities ate up the yards and rods and shoe leather in those games. Oh, yes, folks, we had some game! And thanks for loyal support, the like of which our pet Blankenship never knew. Loyalty's the thing after all.

George Caine became suddenly shocked when some one opened the door and found him queening.

Theo Johnson says "he who steals my purse steals trash, it is empty, but he who filches from me my brand new derby hat makes me sore indeed."

Which is Mr. W— going to do, give up his ambition of being a great athlete or sacrifice his fat. Prof. Peterson says both cannot possibly go together.

Mrs. Eliza Stoddard and Evelyn Thompson, from Richmond, Utah, not Richmond, West Virginia, are working hard trying to study out their mental operations with the aid of Professor Peterson. They report favorable progress, considering they are working with a girl's mind which is, they say, very changeable.

Homer, while making a "speech" in our last Student Body meeting: "Don't none of you girls try to climb to the top of Mt. Logan in one day, cuz you'll find it'll be to strangeous for you, and some of you'll have to be carried home."

Riley, in faint echo: "Let 'em try it, simp. Won't I be there?"

Mr. Frishknecht, a graduate of the U. of U. and a native of Manti is attending the A. C. summer school studying agronomy. He appreciates the spirit and freedom of the institution, the sociability of the Professors, the practical trend and application of the science courses, the coolness of the atmosphere, and the beauty of Logan city.

Come, folks, don't be afraid to ask Homer for a game of tennis, or any other kind of a game. That's what he's here for, and he's the most accommodating Prof. of Athletics in the land. Don't know him? You don't have to. He hates introductions. If you want to be formal call him by his family name, Christiansen, but he may not realize at first that you mean him, so call him Homer. He is that tall, noble fellow with becoming modesty that gave that heart interest talk in our Student Body meeting.

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LOGAN HOTEL BARBER SHOP

Mr. Richardson is studying the History of Education and helping Dr. Frank West work over some physics experiments with which to stump next winter's students.

Dr. Carroll just returned from a trip. On resuming work at his office he was approached by a life insurance agent, a real estate dealer, an automobile accessory man, and a breakfast food seller.

Question: What is the Doctor contemplating?

Miss L. N— was transfixed to an attitude of prayer going up Logan canyon Saturday morning, by an automobile emerging suddenly from a bend in the road. Homer handled the horses with the expert ability of a Kentucky horse trainer so that the lady's hands were soon unlocked and her eyes did not long remain staring into the blue sky above.

Every day both courts just north of the main building are crowded with tennis enthusiasts. During the Recreation Hour it is difficult to get on unless you are prompt. If you don't know how to play come out and learn, and take something back to your school work this fall besides "book" wisdom and incidentally you will enjoy Summer school more. Apply to Homer or Miss Johnson for dates on the court. They will be glad to teach you, and besides they are good people to get acquainted with.

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A. C. NEWS NOTES

Dr. F. S. Harris is extending his study of alkali from the laboratory to the field. He is finding out the amount of alkali a soil may contain and still be profitable. He is also determining by scientific investigation the best method of handling alkali lands. Dr. Harris will begin his tour of all the alkali sections of the state next month.

Dr. George R. Hill is at present in Sevier county working on the potato diseases of that section and studying the influence of pure seed on potato improvement.

Dr. Titus and Professor Sorenson have taken their Zoology classes to Bear Lake, through Logan canyon. They will make a study of the fauna of the region. Dr. Titus will make further investigation of the alfalfa weevil which is infesting that country.

Principal Homer, of the Branch Agricultural College, spent Thursday and Friday here on business. He says the south is prosperous. Wool has sold for high prices, stock sales are good, and crop prospects were never better.

Dr. W. E. Carroll has just returned from Utah county, where he has been on business for the State Board of Horse commissioners.

He reports considerable loss to the fruit growers by frost. The advantages that would accrue to the Utah county people by dairying impressed the Doctor very much.

Dr. E. D. Ball has returned from his trip to Richfield and Panquitch, where he has been inspecting state experiment work.

Professor P.—"According to Milton's Paradise Lost, sin came into the world by a toad whispering in ear's Eve."

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PHENOMENAL GAME

(Continued from page one)

the half was over.

The moundsmen of both sides held things to a draw until the first of the ninth. Stone singled and went to second and G. Kare came to first on balls. Matter flew out to Harrison. Back singled and the bases were full. Cotter gathered in Ukaysham's hot grounder and by a speedy peg to Bunney caught Stone at the plate. The crowd rose breathless from their seats when Snow ran for H. Kare's high fly, but trusty old horse Snow gobbled it in and the suspense was over.

A return game will be played on the Tabernacle square grounds next Saturday, and a record crowd is anticipated. Professors August Hanson and J. E. Greaves, who did such exceptionally good service as Umpires, will be absent next game, and unconfirmed rumor says the services of Kaiser Havertz and Olaf Larsen have been secured for that date.

Monday's lineup is as follows:

A. C.	BLUES
Homer Christensen.....p	Moss Back
Bunny Woolley.....c	Tune Stone
Smith.....1b	Tenn S. Rackett
Harrison.....2b	Spring T. Harrow
Graft.....3b	Gray Matter
Cotter.....ss	Handel W. Kare
Spiers.....rf	Glass W. Kare
Meacham.....cf	HyerEd. Ukaysham
Joe Snow.....lf	Hava Hart

SUMMER STUDENTS OUTING
IN CANYON

(Continued from page one)

ter street and go past the cherry orchards, strawberry patches and truck gardens that lie between town and the canyon. It is not many minutes until you are under the great gray cliffs with the clear water of Logan River sparkling and laughing as it tosses from rock to rock not many feet from you. Occasionally a fish arches into the air and leaves a ripple mark where he disappeared; the birds chirp in their joyful fluttering and play antics in the soft canyon breeze that is bringing roses to your cheeks and tossing your hair capriciously.

By 9:30 everybody had arrived at the festival grounds and were busy making amusement for themselves and others. Four baseball games followed each other in regular order. The first was a mixed game among the boys and girls. The second was among the boys and professors, the most spectacular feature of which was a slide by President Widtsoe into second base on a stealthy steal. The third game was an animated struggle among the ladies and the fourth a fast hard fought con-

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test among the sports. An intermission of an hour and a half was taken between the second and third games for lunch. Every one was hungry and did justice to the dainty wholesome refreshments that had been prepared by the girls. Many spent day lazily lounging under the thick shade, filling their lungs with the invigorating air, others climbed the mountain sides, while others made excursions up the side canyons.

At 5 p. m. the honk, honk, of the autos returning for the crowd made the various merry groups suddenly conscious that the sun was fast descending into the west. Soon they were whirling towards Logan, tired but happy. The returning ride was restful and

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the spirits of the crowd didn't lag. Everyone went home feeling that the A. C. outings are certainly worth while.

A Spaniard's comment on American street cars.—"Over in Spain, they pull them with mules. Here in America they push them with a fish pole."