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Student Life

Published Weekly by Utah Agricultural College.

LOGAN, UTAH, WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1915.

J. W. THORNTON, Editor and Mgr.



VIEW ON COLLEGE HILL



THOMAS SMART GYMNASIUM



EXPERIMENT STATION

A FAULTY IDEAL

"I need so many credits to graduate," say students who are aspiring to graduation honors. Just what do credits mean? Does the student mean that he needs so much more information to attain a set standard that will entitle him to a B. S. because of his efficiency, or does he mean that he needs so many hours of credit to meet the one hundred and twenty hour requirement for graduation regardless of how he gets them or what his efficiency rate may be by their acquisition?

How many students are there who can give the world by efficient service, full value for the time and money he and the institution have spent while he

(Continued on Page Four)

UMPIRE KAISER HAVERTZ

Orders Joe Snow From the Diamond In Saturday's Game

In the game between the A. C. squad and the Reds, which was played last Saturday as scheduled, Umpire Kaiser Havertz put Joe Snow off the grounds for back talk. Joe said that Bunny Woolley touched second base when he went from first home on Homer's beautiful three bagger. But the Kaiser told Joe he was a baby elephant and that his eyes were on the females in the grand stand instead of on the game. He said Bunny had to play a straight game while he wore the goggles and that if he (the Kaiser) did have a German moustache, a straight back and a full stomach, Bunny couldn't

(Continued on Page Two.)

THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

The Periwig club, a dramatic organization of the U. A. C., whose membership is made from students who have taken leading parts in College theatricals, will present three one act plays next Tuesday evening for the entertainment of the summer school students. The three plays chosen for presentation are of exceptional charm and interest. "The Florist's Shop," by Winifred Hawkrigge, has been played at Harvard University with great success. "Modesty," translated from the French of Paul Hervieu and "Rosalie," from the French of Max Marvey, have been presented by the University of Chicago Dramatic Club at that institution—and were also pre-

(Continued on Page Four)

"LOVE" IN TENNIS

What is love in tennis? To anyone that will convince Miss S. and Miss T. that its use in scoring tennis is perfectly legitimate will come the sincerest thanks and gratitude of G. and H.

Last Thursday Messrs. G. and H. were seen to take their seats in Psychology class with rather nervous and inconsistent pride, while the faces of the above named ladies were illuminated by modest glowing "lights within." This in itself is not unusual, and the writer merely felt inwardly to congratulate the boys on their new conquest. But when their sitting places the next day were wide and far apart enough speculation was started to warrant an investigation. Tennis was at the bottom

of the trouble, or rather "advantage" and "love" were.

It seems that the boys had by persistent effort enticed the ladies to the large cement slab north of the main building for the purpose of teaching them the game of tennis. The following conversation ensued:

"Miss S. and I will stand Miss T. and Mr. H. We'll take the south side and you the north."

"Yes, but how do you play it? Miss T. and I have never played before."

"That's just what I started to tell you. You see these things."

"They almost look like snowshoes, don't they?" came from Miss S.

"Maybe they do, but we don't have 'em down in Dixie," said H. apologetically.

"What, these?"

"No, snow shoes."

"Oh."

"As I was saying," G. continued, "these things here are what they use to bat the balls back and forth with. They are called racketts, and—"

"Why do they call them racketts?" enquired Miss T. "Do they make much noise?"

H. winked at G. and G. went on. "That's just their name. You see, the point of the game is to knock the ball over to the other side in such a way that they can't get it back to us before the second bounce, and each time you do that it counts you points. But I'll serve to H. first, and you'll soon catch on from the way we play."

So the battle bawn. H. returned and Miss S. lost it.

"Love-five," sang out H.

"What does that mean?" Miss S. questioned.

"Well," explained H. chestily, "you see you missed that one, and that gave us fifteen and gave you 'love,' because—"

"It did not."

"Yes it did."

"It didn't, I tell you."

"Why should it give her love?" asked Miss T. indignantly.

"Oh, I didn't mean her. I meant it gave both of them love, that is, their side—"

"It did not, I say. Besides, Mr. G. has red hair, and I—er—well—Oh, come on, let's play."

"Alright," gasped G. "I'll serve to Miss T. this time."

Both serves fell short as a result of G.'s excitement and chagrin. Things went on, with many explanations, but the water got deeper until the score

stood "Deuce."

"What's deuce?" exploded Miss S.

"Why-er, you see, it means we're both forty and—"

"I'm not! I'm only—that is, maybe you boys are, but you act like you were only just turned sixteen."

"No, but listen," pleaded H.

"It means that each side has forty points, and that is called 'Deuce.' Go on, G. serve again, they'll soon catch on."

"Well, if we do we won't catch on to you two," sputtered Miss T.

Trembling, G. served again, but it failed to be returned.

"Our 'ad,'" came meekly from H.

"What does that mean?" Miss T. challenged, her eyes snapping.

"Why, you see, Miss T., that means that we have the advantage."

"Advantage of whom? You fellows think you can take advantage of us out here, where no one but the men working on that building can see us, and try to talk love and then openly boast of your advantage. Hm!" she sneered. "Come on, Miss S. these are not proper associates for us," and off they went, leaving H. and G. to gulp viciously as they drank to the bottom the bitter cup.

WHERE DID OUR PLAY HOUR GO?

One of the principal requirements for a good brain is that there be a body to support it. In order to keep the brain supplied with good red blood it is necessary to keep the body in good order. Hence when summer school was planned, a play hour was set apart for games and recreation which would keep both men and women in good trim for study.

We all heard about the play hour, we all intended to get out but the play hour hasn't shown up yet. We have been furnished with lectures to give us mental training at that hour, instead. This summer we have gone to school for mental training only, but the consensus of opinion among educators is, that physical training should accompany it and there is no reason for leaving it out in this case. With a very few exceptions the lecturers have been with us all day, and consequently there was no notice for scheduling their talks

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just at the hour which is both dinner time and play time. Why couldn't the time of lecture have been arranged later in the day by setting forward or backward the class hours if necessary and thus give a chance to get a development of both mind and body so that not only mental efficiency but bodily comfort will be attained.

UMPIRE KAISER HAVERTZ

(Continued from page one)

run straight across from first to third and walk off with it even if he was a fat yankee chump with a corporosity of a German brewer. Joe threatened to go tell Prexy and have the Kaiser fired, whereupon the Kaiser made a half circle with the German goose step, planted his number elevens firmly in the soil of Uncle Sam, tilted his cap over one ear, made the salute, and ordered Snow to make his get-away P. D. Q. Joe thought he could see the flash of a German cannon in the Kaiser's eyes and hear the rattle of swords in his pockets; so he brushed the dust from his shoes, picked a mosquito from his eyebrow, knocked a boxelder bug from his wrist, sounded the tattoo, and ambled off the field to the tune of "God save the Kaiser."

Locals

How to spell automobile in Dutch. Snelpordelooszonderosporwegpetrolryting.

Joe Snow had his father-in-law-to-be down to the cafeteria for dinner Thursday and bought him two dishes of ice cream. What is the reason?

Mr. Woolley says he had one hand pressed by a vaudeville lady. We wonder what might have been the result had she pressed both of them.

Homer says he hasn't been able to pray since he got his knee hurt up in the canyon, and the powers of evil have assailed him bitterly.

Mr. H. was riding on the pullman for the first time. In the morning he found a pair of shining shoes in the place his own had occupied the night previous. Not recognizing his dingy leathers in the shining ones, he slid them over under the next man's bed.

Mr. Mecham heard a watch clear across the room that couldn't be heard eighteen inches away, when trying out a psychological experiment. Miss E— suggested that perhaps Mr. M— carries a studebaker or a bain; hence has a strong, imagination.

An English coal miner giving evidence in a homicide case. Be English and leave off your h's when you read it. "He took his pick and he took his. He hit he with his pick and he hit he with his. If he had hit he with his pick as hard as he hit he with his, he would have killed he, instead of he, he."

C. C. Jensen, a graduate of the B. Y. C., who for the past few years has been studying at the U., from where he will take his degree in medicine next year, is taking a course in organic chemistry at the A. C. Summer school. This is Mr. Jensen's first attendance at the A. C. He likes our cool breezes; the buildings with their excellent equipment; the practical trend of the courses; and many other characteristics of the A. C. and its environment.

Student Body meeting Thursday at 11:30.

John T. Miller lectures Friday at 11:30.

Have you met the A. C. Jeff and Mutt yet? If not, get next, they are "the real real thing."

"Miss Emelle: "Can a person overcome the tendency to dispondency?"

Prof. Peterson,—"Yes, make a study of the stomach."

Jesse S. Robinson a 1915 A.C. graduate has just returned to Logan after a three weeks sojourn in the L. D. S. Hospital, where, in acquiescence to the demands of society and comfort he left his appendix.

Dr. Warren: "Agricultural Economics is, of course, a science too, but not a natural science. It is the science of common sense." Does this suggest any thing to you? Think it over.

Mr. Bert Richards has been sitting down easy ever since his trip to the canyon. Thinking that he would steal a ride he climbed on the back of Coach's buggy. He didn't remain long, —when he lit—well, he shook the earth, and each time he has sat down since he has been painfully reminded of it.

"Little grains of powder,
Little daubs of paint,
Makes a girl's complexion,
Look like what it ain't."

Streams of perspiration,
Climbing College Hill,
Makes these false complexions,
Look worse and worse still.

HAPPENED IN PROF. PETERSON'S PSYCHOLOGY CLASS

The Savage raised Caine with the Woolley Monk, which excited John's-son so much that he waded thru the Pond, climbed over the Wall, and spoiled the Graff (graph) which he had worked for a week to get Wright.

A CORRECTION

In the first Summer issue of Student Life, an article appeared on the J. W. N. Whitecotton prize, stating that it had been awarded to Mrs. Lottie Kunz and Mrs. Clayton in the order named. Mrs. Wilkinson in-

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forms Student Life that when the scholarship records of the students were gone over to determine the winners that those of Mrs. Kunz and Miss, Effie Webb tied and first prize was divided between them. Miss Webb's name did not appear as one of the prize winners in the first article and Student Life is glad to make this correction.

Johnson is Woolley's Aaron

W— was telling a story and not being able to find appropriate words to express himself, was stuttering and stammering in a perfectly delightful manner when Johnson rescued him by telling the story himself.

A NEW FIELD OF ENDEAVOR

A new field of endeavor has sprung up at the U. A. C. and is seriously occupying the minds of the workers and the worked. Whether or not it is a "blind alley" would be a new field for Dr. Puffer to investigate.

As a consequence of this new unclassified occupation several students have had to adopt head gears belonging to some one else until their own reappeared on the hook in the hall and in cases where the deligence was extreme the owners hats have never returned. It might be suggested to the accidentally-on-purpose appropriators, however that married men's hats be made exempt, as they have rather a serious time trying to convince their wives just how their hats disappeared.

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ECHOES FROM THE CANYON TRIP

Homer is still sore in the middle of his left pedal. He massaged it and bandaged it in hot packs, kept off from it two days and has been navigating with his former gracefulness ever since. He bears no evil intent towards Prof. Peterson but allows the Prof. should grasp things more tenaciously when swinging a 3-ounce bat at a balloon.

Miss Smith has recovered magnificently from her profound slumbers of the forenoon in the canyon.

Mr. Pleasant Grove Johnson would be delighted to make another trip if he could occupy the center of a seat with an exceptionally tempting and dainty article of femininity on either side to hold him securely in place, as was the case a week ago Saturday.

Alma Wilson has his pants mended. You know he fell out of the hind end of Homer's buggy and sat down tremendously hard. After lighting he skidded along the gravelly road for a quarter of a mile, which relieved him of a few yards of his yellow trousers. If any further damage was inflicted on Mr. Wilson it hasn't been reported.

Mr. Ed. Edlefson regrets very much having sluffed his fair seat mates of the morning ride. He paid dearly for his thoughtlessness by being forced to walk home and hold Jake Richardson's hard hand instead of a soft fair one.

It has leaked out accidentally that a new teacher in entomology has been added to the faculty. Lee Hafen whispered in the pink or sunburned ears of the lady occupants of his buggy

that he was it. Of course that made the girls set up and take notes, with the result that Lee's exceptional dignity made a wonderful hit.

Miss Echo Capener had a swell time. She feels sure that she has located and side tracked the black widow that stands between her and eternal bliss—a fair haired suitor—which the canyon fortune teller Miss N—told her about.

Miss Crook and Mrs. Kunz have recovered from the effects of their strenuous ball game.

Mr. Heiner never tires of relating his wonderful exploit of walking on the turbulent waters and rescuing the large horse hide pellet from a watery grave.

Miss Churchman carried her arm in a sling and soaked it in grape juice and black pepper for three afternoons as a result of the brilliant effort she put forth on the Long Grass diamond.

Miss Huggins who did such phenomenal work behind the bat couldn't hold hands until night before last, as a result.

Miss Cowley reports that there was a wonderfully large moon the night of the trip. How did she know?

Everybody who didn't go is sour and they had ought to be, for they missed something.

Miss Hanson says she would gladly go to the canyon any time if she could only see Prof. Peterson hold second base again.

A FAULTY IDEAL
(Continued from page one)

has been acquiring the artificial ear mark—a degree—of education, which may mean something or nothing, depending on the price paid in hard and earnest or lazy listless eort? Isn't it true that too much emphasis is laid upon the key that opens the world to the young graduate and not enough upon the article that is being capped and gowned and turned out officially stamped? Isn't the premium placed upon the stamp instead of the man who bears it?

The student doesn't say "I must know so much to graduate," but "I must have so many credits." He knows he must pass off one hundred twenty hours of college work. He knows also that credit spells graduation and not knowledge or increased power to serve. It is presupposed that if he passes the course he will know it, but does he? Does he work with the ideal of fitting himself for better service or of passing the next exam? Does he feel that he owes his study his best effort or just enough to survive? Does

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he feel the call to master or does mastery require too much effort? Does he put off till tomorrow what should be done today and finds that tomorrow never comes.

Whatever his thought, he keeps on toward the coveted goal—graduation, forgetting that the world wants men who know and do things. "God won't look you over for your degrees and diplomas," says Elbert Hubbard, "but for your scars."

THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

(Continued from page one)
sented at the U. A. C. this spring by the Periwig club and were pronounced "excellent"—Messrs. Parley Hatch, Andrew Nelson, Theodore Johnson and J. W. Thornton of the summer school contingent will assist the

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club in putting on the plays.

The plays were chosen and are being directed by Miss Huntsman of the English Department. The evening promises to be one of rare enjoyment. The College Library is the place. Half past eight is the time. Tuesday, July 13th, is the date.