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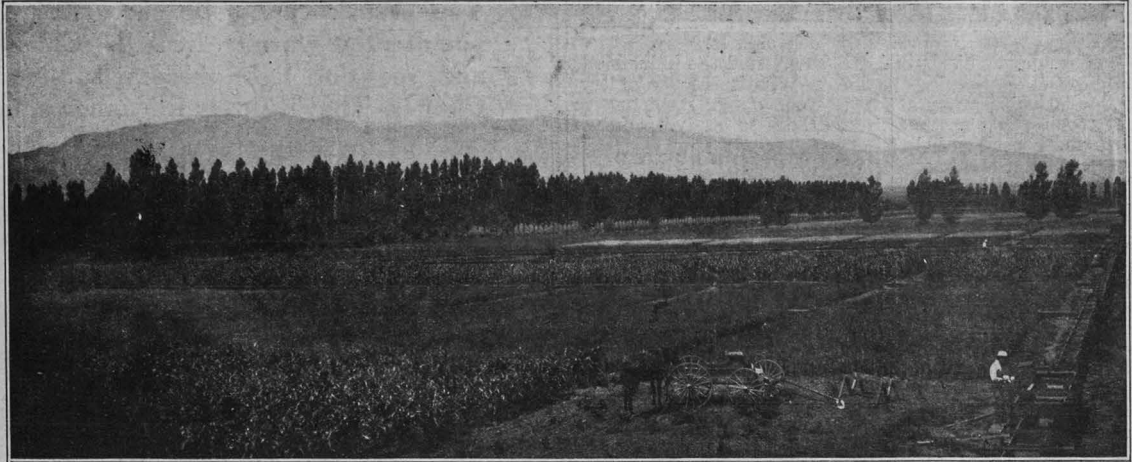


Student Life

Published Weekly by Utah Agricultural College.

LOGAN, UTAH, WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1915.

J. W. THORNTON, Editor and Mgr.



SCENE FROM AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE EXPERIMENT FARM



VIEW OF COLLEGE HILL FROM FIFTH NORTH



PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE

STUDENT LIFE

In presenting the last issue of Student Life to its readers, the management wishes to express its appreciation for all the favors it has received from them.

Our aim has been to reflect as nearly as possible the student life and activities and give to the students a weekly sheet full of live interesting material. No local or article of any kind has been printed with any intent of giving offense, discrediting or injuring in any way, any of the personal of our student body, and we trust that the same feeling of fun and good nature that prompted them being written and printed has been reciprocated by all the readers.

The management has not felt that the students desired their paper to be filled with theses and heavy articles, for, no doubt they are getting plenty of such material in their courses to supply all demands for profound thought; hence we have filled the greater part of its columns with breezy items of local coloring.

Especial mention should be made of the articles contributed by Theo. R. Johnson, who is a

(Continued on Page Four)

IMPRESSIONS OF SUMMER SCHOOL

My summer school experience has been of inestimable value to me. Indeed I may say that the six short weeks of association here have been of more real worth than any one year of my past school career. This may be too broad, and undoubtedly is too sweeping a statement to apply to most of the summer school students. The person is sure a prodigy who has been studying for six weeks under the supervision of Professor Henry Peterson and can leave here and say truthfully that he is unchanged.

If there be any such person what might we attribute his state of mind to? It cannot possibly be that he has not received a quantity of broad sweeping facts, as most of his co-students will assert. Then it must be attributed to one of two alternatives. He has either reached such a point in his education, that further progress is impossible, which is not probable or he would not be in attendance here, or else his mind is closed, sealed if you please, against any truth except that which applies

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WAS IT YOU?

He sat with his back against the tree, resolutely gathering facts from the text. The heat, beating down from the blue summer sky, hung heavily around him and seditiously cast its magic over his laboring mind. Its sly finger pressed so easily, yet so persistently on his drooping eyelids that its spell would soon have been complete, had not the rattling cart of the mail carrier routed the peaceful quiet and brought reality and text again uncomfortably near.

So he read on;—"The sporophyte of the bryophytes is always attached to the gametophyte and except in Anthoreros is not as complex as the gametophyte and the pteridophytes, however,—a speedy auto carries you with a merry crowd from the boiling city up along a noisy canyon stream. The refreshing air reddens the cheek, wakes up the heart and sends vigor to the finger tips. Fried chicken and pickles go fine under the shade of a drooping willow as the water laughs and hurries away sending a sparkling ray of sunshine right at you. Oh it is fine to lie flat on

(Continued on Page Two.)

WHEN IS A FRIEND?

Greater burden than this hath no man, than that he would use his 225 pounds of flesh to hold up Joe Snow. And yet, so did Bunny a few nights ago. They were at—down town, when Joe suddenly felt creeping over him a cold, clammy feeling. The game went on for some time before any one noticed the pallor that masked his face. Then did Bunny see, with chills creeping over him, that his brother was in the grip of rapidly-failing health. He waddled over to Joe and asked what the matter was, but all he saw was the whites of Joe's upturned eyes and the mute appeal of his drawn and pallid face. Bun's devotedness rose to action. By persuasion Joe was raised to his feet, and then lurched forward onto Bunny's massive shoulder. Bun staggered. Never before had he been put to such a crucial test. With heaving and pulling he got Joe on the road towards home, but as he began the staggering journey towards the Frat house he realized the size of his undertaking. Joe hung moaning and limp over his shoulder, and it was just about the witching hour. There was no help on the

streets, and so the whole distance must be traversed alone with a sick man. The groans grew more frequent, the load heavier, and even so did strange sounds drum themselves into the ears of this hero. He gathered courage once and for all, and finally after much panting and heaving, and glancing around to detect the source of strange music he reached the lawn in front of the Frat house. With a last effort he lugged his burden onto the green, then sank exhausted. Joe let out a groan so weird that Woolley lost no time getting into the house for help. The boys were all roused and rushed in horror to the lawn. There was Joe, alright, but the sickness was not a part of him. His sides rocked and jolted up and down as bursts of convulsive laughter broke the drear silence. Bunny was chilled. Was Snow going crazy? Then the boys began to laugh, too, and with brutish suddenness it dawned on Bun that it was only a "frame-up." He ambled to the house and to bed in disgust.

WAS IT YOU?

(Continued from page one)

your back with your feet any old where, your arms bent V shaped with your hands locked under your head, gazing at the rainbow in the mountain waterfall, or following a flashy butterfly as it visits here, darts there, courtesies to this flower, and favors that with a fantastic air dance.

Suddenly the honk of Prexy's auto made him look quizzically around, as though he had been caught napping. Once more he read with determined effort to remember, "The most striking and symmetrical instances of zonation are those to be found about the salt marshes of the far West. The waters—and the splash, splash, splash, of the oars as they dip and send the little boat 'skimming,' is pleasant music, while the friendly breeze plays antics in your hair. You hang your hand over the edge of the boat and feel the water lap and dash around your fingers or you lie back in the boat and gaze at the man in the moon or the twinkle of a star that reminds you of the sparkle in her eyes.

"The conclusions are necessarily speculative," he read, bracing himself more firmly against the tree after being disturbed in his study by an inquisitive box elder bug reconnoitering around his eyes and nose. "We have no means of knowing exactly what has happened throughout the geological ages. It is not strange that—to see a hay rack loaded with hay and laughter makes thrills run up and down your spine. "Come on Jo!" shouts the sweetest girlish voice as they whirl past and you scramble up

among the happiness and mirth of your crowd. Away you go down past the old rock school house, across the bridge, and up by the side of the hay meadow to the spring beneath the Big Cave. A supper on the grass, a frolic in the open with the crowd, and a walk home thru the field with her hand in yours—

"Cling, clang!" sang the eleven o'clock chimes.

"Pshaw," said the industrious reader, "What's the use of trying? Too dang much noise around here to study."

AT THE GARE DU NORD

A hush fell over the crowd gathered at the Gare du Nord on the north side of Paris as the train from the front came slowly into the station. The anxious face of the mother, the fear stricken eyes of the wife, the trembling glance of the gray, stooped, father, banished the merry laugh, the gay frivolity of speech, and filled even the most unconcerned with deep anguish and dumb sorrow.

The noise of the wheels softened and the throb of the engine was like a deep sob as the train laden with the wreckage of human life came to a stop. The crowd drew closer together, in mutual sympathy, as each lifeless form, in its black shroud, was taken from the car. Many closed their eyes with the fear that from under the black covering a loved face, stamped with the pallor of death, might appear, yet opened them as quickly with the dread of missing that face should it be there.

But what is that great car with barred windows and padded inside walls that is so closely guarded? What is that babble of unearthly sounds that grate with such discord on the ears of the awed crowd? Is it the groans and mutterings of the departed spirits hovering around their earthly companions or is it the raging of some poor tortured souls?

From the door of the padded car two soldiers are leading a man. The blue of France hangs loose and limp upon him, spattered with the mud and slime of the trench. He wears no hat and his long hair lies in a confused mass. Great wrinkles furrow his brow. His unshaven face, pinched nose and swollen, bulging lips speak meaningfully of untold hardships and suffering. Suddenly he lifts his head and turns his blood-shot eyes, that glare with feverish intensity from their sunken depths, upon the crowd. Almost terror stricken it recoils and some retreat to safe distances as his burning gaze falls upon them.

Here before them is a different death. One infinitely more sad than all others. The bursting shell has not mangled and torn his body rendering it limp and lifeless, it has dug him a

grave of insanity and buried him securely in its darkened vault. With eyes to see he sees not; with ears to hear he hears not; alive, yet dead, he stumbles along until physical death releases him from the tomb to which mental death had consigned him.

The unfortunate, demented occupants of the padded car with their guards slowly file out. As each new face appears, a veritable shudder goes over the crowd. The foaming lips, the blazing eyes, and the unnatural shrieks and mutterings freeze the blood in their veins. Fearful and awe-stricken they creep back to the nooks and corners of Paris numbed with the memory of it all. Thoughts of self for a while are banished by thoughts of others. They had seen the saddest of all war's tragedies.

TAKE NOTE

Prof. Linford.

Will you notify all Summer school students that they must have their railroad receipts signed at the Registrar's office before they leave or else they will be of no value.

Respectfully,
GEORGE THOMAS.

N. B. The railroad officials have so notified us. G. T.

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Locals

The Kaiser says he didn't either send Joe Snow off the diamond.

Umpire Havertz advises us not to believe all der pieces vot you vas see in der paper.

Thornly.—There is a joke box on the second floor for jokes.

Homer.—Alright, go up and get in.

Student Life has been unable to get authoritative information concerning the rating of high school credits on a college basis.

Joe Snow walked solemnly to the library doors and sternly said to Mrs. Clayton: "I want to get 'All the Children of All the People.'"

Goodbyes will soon be in order. If you kissed him bye-bye will it be because of instinct, emotion, curiosity, or because you wanted to?

Professor Peterson chuckled with glee over the flash in the eye of some of his class members, who, he thought, felt their "idols" crumbling.

Student body meeting today at 11:30. Program:

Vocal Solo—Miss Tarbet.

Piano Solo—Clara Huggins.

Vocal Solo—Zersia Nelson.

Short talk by Henry Peterson, and others.

Is any one going up Mt. Logan Saturday? Don't everybody answer at once. The mountain will still be there. Professor of geology, Wm. Peterson, guarantees that it shall not be moved before that time.

JOIN THE COURSE IN FEMENITIS

Wanted, 3 more warm hearted gents to take part in this new course. Won't be given unless we get six to take it. A prodigy along that line is engaged as principal instructor. The course will continue throughout the summer. Any one wishing to take it please sign below.

George

Ed

Jole

P. S.—Joe has investigated the course and is thinking strongly of joining. Only two more needed. Join now and partake of the pleasantness the future holds.

TO THE ABSENT STUDENTS

Did you ever stop to wonder,
How we look here on the hill,
When the students all have wandered
And the little town is still?

At first we do not miss you,
For the Summer Students dear
Make the lawn and halls and classrooms,
Feel your presence very near.

When they leave, the merry laughter
Of the girls in gingham gowns,
Sturdy arms and splash of water
Fill the air with cheery sounds.

Then comes silence o'er the college
In the class rooms, in the halls,
Seems like things are all on tip toe
For your old familiar calls.

In the fields the workers busy
On the lawns the gardens too,
In the barns and through the buildings,
They are waiting here for you.

All is beauty round the college,
Green the grass, the shrubs and trees,
Flowers are blooming, birds are singing,
Water spraying in the breeze.

When the moon comes o'er the mountains,
On the summer's gentle nights,
Casting shadows soft and tender
All is beauty to the sight.

Everything on campus, garden,
In the class rooms and the halls,
All in stately grace are waiting
For your coming and your calls.

When the autumn leaves are blowing,
And your thoughts to study room,
Don't forget your A. C.'s waiting,
Here to welcome you back home.
—Contributed.

UNDERNEATH THE SUMMER SCHOOL MOON

(With apologies to the composer of "Fiddle up")

Come along, come along,
Join the company,
If you have no escort,
Come and be a lone-sport;
Don't sit home and be ma's pet,
Never learn the swimmin' if you don't get wet;

Ah come along, come along,
Join the company,
Underneath the Summer school moon.

Come along, come along,
Join the spoonin' bee,
Underneath the Summer School moon.
If you have no sweetheart,
Get next to Cupid's dart;
Come and see how L. and E.
Find in a book of Chemistry,
Plans for future felicity.
Ah come along, come along,
Join the spoonin' bee,
Underneath the Summer School moon.
—Contributed.

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PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAIS?

In the art of nice discrimination, he is fortunate indeed who elects to take summer school work in the department of modern languages. Presided over and directed by a man into whose life has come a large vision and a wealth of experience, the class in French teems with witticisms, bristles with mannerisms and is vibrant with life. That student has not yet lived who could or really dared to go to sleep in Prof. F. R. Arnold's class.

When Bacon remarked the different ways in which men come to be associated with greatness, he spoke more wisely than he knew in reference to the fact that "some have greatness thrust upon them."

We students in French I feel, thus Pedagogically, psychologically, temperamentally, constitutionally, linguistically and strategically speaking the course is decidedly worth while. At the outset there were fifteen curious ones bowing at the shrine of philology, but the numbers have dwindled to a mixed double quartette with George Stewart doing most of the mixing, and the other seven acquiescing in the Shakespearian admonition, "Lead on, Mr-Duff, my soul seemeth anxious for the fray."

Mr. Harrison wishes to know if the Harrison that held second base in the first A. C. Summer baseball game was a relation of his. Can any one furnish the desired information?

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BIOGRAPHY OF THE COACH

First saw the light February 30, 1775.

Heard Old Liberty Bell proclaim the glad tidings of joy throughout the land.

Sat on his father's knee and chewed the rag (a corner of his father's kerchief full of hard money) while Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty, or give me death."

Was taken prisoner by the British in 1812. Escaped from the Tower of London in 1813 and swam from Liverpool to Boston, landed August 19, 1815.

Is seven feet, two inches tall.

Was a playmate of Abe the "rail splitter."

Electioneered in Ohio at time of Lincoln's election.

Advised Lincoln how to draft the Proclamation of Emancipation.

Captured Jesse and Frank James.

Served in congress from 1875 to 1893.

Wrote a book on "queening." Played checkers with Grover Cleveland.

Spent three years, from 97-1900 in "Sing Sing" for "fussing."

Came to Utah in 1901 to study polygamy.

Went to the B. Y. U. from 1902 to 1910.

Played basketball. Learned how to express himself.

Coached the Springville High school for several years.

Went with Dr. D's pretty daughter.

Attended the U. of U. Fussed too much.

Came to the A. C. to reform.

Is doing fine. Is still handsome and graceful.

Is younger than ever.

May marry some day if the sign of the moon is right.

Homer Christiansen sang to a delighted audience at the Boosters club Sunday night. He was showered with roses and applause. A great uproar was heard from the gallery.

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STUDENT LIFE

(Continued from page one)

writer of promise and ability, C. E. Cotter, D. L. Sargent, Alta Calvert, Zersia Nilson, J. D. Casto, Preston Pond and Miss Groesbeck, which have contributed very materially toward whatever success the paper may have attained.

We wish to express our appreciation of the courtesy and cordial treatment that has been accorded us by the Earl & England Publishing company. The crowd that works there is made up of optimists, no kicking, no growling, but always the glad hand is extended. When circumstances forced them to set up the type at eleven o'clock at night, not a word of complaint was heard.

We appreciate the support of our advertisers, who show such excellent loyalty to the A. C. and its student activities, and trust that they have been recompensed not only in the satisfaction they feel by supporting a worthy undertaking, but in a material way.

Our association with the students has been pleasant. Many of us have met for the first time in the past six weeks. Our paths will diverge and may never cross again, but in parting Student Life extends its best wishes to all. May you achieve that for which you are striving.

IMPRESSIONS OF SUMMER SCHOOL

(Continued from page one)

directly to his idols. He is an idolator and we must brand him an old foggy in its purest sense. He has come here with his head full of foregone conclusions, hugging his delusive idols jealously to his breast, and defying any man to rob him of them. If there are any such among us, "let him depart in peace," we pity him. Let us hope that there are none. If any of us have idols which we are reluctant to part with, let us do so when we find that they have become an impediment to our progress.

POND.

Miss Crook, who has had charge of the Domestic Science department of the Heber High school, and will return again next winter to supervise the work of the Domestic Science and Art departments, was asked why she did not go to a particular state summer school where she had already spent a summer and was acquainted with the methods and teachers of the institution. In answer Miss Crook put forth the following reasons: She wished to get acquainted with the people farther north; she desired to enter Utah's Agricultural College and share the many good things it is imparting to its students; the practical trend of the work done here and the policy of the institution of di-

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recting its efforts toward helping the people in their every day problems, was in itself sufficient reason why anyone desiring to render service in the broadest and truest sense should spend the time allotted them for gathering suggestions and helpful ideas under its able and experienced direction.

Miss Crook expressed herself as being delighted with her stay in Logan. Her course has come up to every anticipation. She has enjoyed immensely the freedom of the institution, its excellent class rooms and laboratory equipment; the congeniality, courtesy, and charm of the instructors; the cool freshness of Logan's climate and the beauty of Logan city.

While Student Life has not been able to ascertain the sentiments of all the Summer school

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students, yet a large number have been talked with and not one who has anything but appreciation and kind words for their work here has been found. The consensus of opinion among the students is that this session of the A. C. Summer school has been very interesting and instructive.