

Student Life, November 1903, Vol. 2, No. 2  
Transcribed by: Abby Orton

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[Image] Image caption: "PLAY BALL"

[Image] Image caption: "THE GOAL'S IN VIEW-JUST DRIVE HER THROUGH"  
(Photo by Cardon)

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[Image] Image caption: "A PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER"-WHISTLER.

James Abbott McNeill Whistler.

On the 17<sup>th</sup> of July, the world lost one of its greatest and most interesting personalities; a man who for forty-five years had held a position of extraordinary prominence, and whose work has had a tremendous influence upon the art of his time.

The remarkable and erratic genius, the strange and surprising individuality of the man gained for him from the start a far greater amount of attention than is usually given to an artist who dares to hew out for himself an independent and original path.

Whistler was born in Lowell, Mass. [Massachusetts], in 1834. His father, Major George W. Whistler, was a distinguished United States army officer and civil engineer, and one of the founders of Lowell.

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His mother, a descendant of an old Scottish family bearing the name of McNeill, was a woman of strong character and high purpose, who exerted a great influence upon her son.

When the boy was still very young, his father was called to Russia to help construct a railroad, and accordingly the whole family went abroad. After his father's death, which occurred there some years' later, he returned to his old home and was placed by the wishes of his father's friends in a school to prepare for West Point. Later he entered that academy, much to his own dislike. The work and discipline were very distasteful to him: so he finally dropped out, going abroad to take up the study of art.

There is a story to the effect that Whistler was sent out one day to make a drawing for the United States coast survey. After he had completed the task, he amused himself by sketching on the margin. When the coast drawing was printed, the sketches were noticed, and he was

severely reprimanded by his superiors. The sketches were so much better than the mechanical exercise that he decided on an artistic career and shortly afterwards left for Paris.

There he entered the studio of Gleyre, where he remained for a time. Of the influence of that academic master, however, his work shows not the slightest trace; rather the reverse. There is one quality at least which the academicians have possessed; they have awakened in the freer, more independent spirits that mood of rebellion and self-discovery so essential to individual development.

The art Whistler has left behind him is a product of a fine and most delicate selection: an intermingling of many qualities. He has taken something from Velasquez, from Rossetti, from the Impressionists, and from the Japanese. The dignity of the grand line, and the majesty and refinement of black and grey tones, he learned from Velasquez. In the figures of Rossetti, with their trancelike intensity, he found a quality akin to his own spirituality of sentiment. From the Impressionists he took their delicate discriminations of values, the rendering of the effect of form by chromatic tones of color, harmonized in the medium of natural light, instead of the golden atmospheres created by the old masters. Through the Japanese he learned the fantastic balancing of irregular forms and spaces, with continual subtle surprise of detail, and the arbitrary choice of a point of view; viewing a scene for instance from a point higher or lower than one would ordinarily expect to see it. He found there also, which appealed to him, harmonies of tender or sparkling sprightliness.

All these different threads of motive, after they had been transfused through his own rarely gifted personality, coupled with qualities distinctly his own, were woven into a beautiful fabric embodying his own creation; a fabric which in its

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Strength, its delicacy, its beautiful refinement possessed the splendor of an old and faded Gobelin tapestry.

But it is particularly the character of the warp, the expression of his own individuality which is of paramount interest to us. His art is distinctly subjective, it is above all a statement of personality, itself a curious mingling of aristocratic hauteur and spiritual sensibility, irresistibly original, at once fanciful and penetrating, nervous and serene. It is not the facts of nature which appealed to Whistler, but rather their effects upon the spirit;

[Image] Image caption: JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER

the essence or innermost significance of the subject; the dream or spirit world, of which the actual is the solid basis. It was this significance, the suggestion of beauty which facts yield to the imagination, that he was constantly striving to interpret in his art.

In order properly to express a quality so immaterial, he has been obliged at times to restrain from giving form a too distinct or tangible shape, enveloping it in a shrouded light, representing it as a concord of colored masses, preferring delicate hues and soft accentuations, aiming by all known means to spiritualize matter.

It is the elusive quality in his work which gives it pungency of suggestion and enduring interest, and relates it so closely to music, for music is rich with suggestion to the mind; it conveys no clear-cut, direct thought, but variously stimulates different minds to feel after something which is partly reducible to verbal expressions and partly not, much of it not allowing for explanations in words.

Notes of music and notes of color both appeal directly to the emotions, and the arrangements of a color scheme so that it conveys the suggestion of joy, peace, sorrow, or despair is known by the term orchestration of color. It was the realization of this close affinity existing between music and painting which caused Whistler to state that painting is simply visual music; is the reason why he gave his own works musical terms for titles, calling them symphonies, arrangements, notes, etc., aiming to retain of the color only that which is transient, subtle, musical. There is a

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portrait painted by him of Sarasate the violinist, and through the treatment, the arrangement and manipulation of color he has brought out the spirit of his subject. The delicate, subtle, vibrative tones of color, the exquisite, gently-modulated passages, suggest to one those particular qualities which we always associate with violin music.

His landscapes are views of dreamland, visions of the mind, etherealized and encompassed with mysteries. One of the most beautiful of these, Nocturne-Bognor, represents the silent slumber of the sea and sky. The shadowy forms of trawlers loom out of the misty atmosphere, and two figures standing in the surf suggest dusky phantoms. Everything coarse and material has been extracted, leaving only the essence of form. A silvery luminosity pervades the scene; it is filled with mystery and tender melancholy, the artist being so absorbed with the spiritual presence of the summer night that its

pulsations are echoed by his own soul. Whistler never ignored form, but it was the effect of form; its relation to the character of the subject, that seemed alone worthy to be interpreted. Nor in his works, despite their mystery and spirituality, do we ever find any lack of power or virility. In every one there is a dignity of line, mass, and tone; behind all there lies a strong foundation. His brush work never seeks to dazzle or bewilder; there is behind his technique something more than the skilled cleverness of the brilliant painter, for cleverness, brilliancy is a superficial quality. Beside one of his works, the work of the brilliant brushman looks vulgar and commonplace.

Whistler's means are inseparable from the end, the message he gives us; his technique was developed especially in order that he might fully deliver that message. In the portraits he has left us, are expressed all of his finest qualities, and there is one in particular, now hanging in the Luxembourg, which is brought to mind. It is probably the greatest thing he ever did, and is entitled "The Portrait of My Mother." She sits before us in profile, dressed entirely in black, but for the white lace cap, delicately silhouetted against the gray wall. Her feet are placed upon a footstool; her hands laid peacefully and elegantly upon her lap, and as she sits there so serenely, there comes to us the suggestion that she is looking back through the present, along the vista of the past; a path leading back through maternity to memories of a beautiful youth. He has pictured her as she was known to the heart of her son, in the spiritual communion of their mutual love. So the picture becomes one of the most beautiful and noblest tribute to motherhood that art can show.

In the beautiful portrait called "The White Girl" you will find an almost reverential conception. He has aimed here to interpret the poetry of maidenhood. A young girl stands before us clothed all in

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white. She appears to stand mysteriously aloof from all suggestion of the world; the fragrance of her nature still fresh, not yet blighted or destroyed through precocious contact with the world.

In each if these how closely are the means related to the significance of the subject, of motherhood in the one case, of maidenhood in the other. How closely related are the grand deep tones of black and grey to the spirit of the first, and the purity and freshness of the whites to the spirit of the second; it would be impossible to reserve the color schemes.

In his sketches of children there is always a freshness, a charm; the master had a love for them, and he possessed an understanding of the child nature such as few men have had. Whistler's children are never little men and women; they are real children, with all the innocence and ingenuousness of childhood apparent in every part. He suggests their hopes, their interests, their aspirations. Oftentimes in his rambles he would happen upon a little, dirty-faced tot which appealed to him, and, taking the little one by the hand, they would trot off together to ask the mother's permission for a sitting; and he would chatter to the little waif in a most charming, intimate way about his work.

"Now," he would say. "We are going to do great things together;" and the child, gazing up at him with perfect confidence, seemed to understand. When the little one left the studio she went away laden with toys.

There is a picture of one of these little street urchins which he calls The Little Lady Sophie of Soho. A little gutter-snipe, picked up in the slums; a child of untoward chances, dwelling in an unsavory district of a great city. There is a pitiful tenderness in the face, surrounded by a tangle of elf-locks, as it peers out at us from the mystery of the dim, dark background. The master has gone beneath the surface and shown a tenderness of spiritual insight. He has not emphasized what she was, he has seen what she might have been, and spied within her little tarnished soul a flicker of pure flame. There is in it a touch of irony, a mingling of pity and mockery; it is suggestive of the cry of why such things must be and whither they tend. This is an example of the doctrine Whistler continually preached, the beauty existing in every day life, in all its different grades and phases, in the lowest forms. In these child portraits, these fragmentary sketches of slum life, he has shown us its beauty and its pathos.

To those who knew Whistler only as he appeared before the public this may seem strange. In his attitude toward the world he was apparently a Beau Brummel, a clever, elegant dandy, a poseur, a seeker for notoriety. Constantly quarreling with critics and writers, he was arrogant, egotistical, cynical, sarcastic; possessed the sparkling bril

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liancy of champagne, the subtle refined callousness, the apparent indifference of the man of the world. But in his art these qualities are all absent, it is free from all blemishes. He kept it sacred,

isolated, free from all suggestion of worldliness, stamping upon it only the choicest qualities of his own spirit, the finer greater traits of man, the side which the world did not often see. This is why his work is so fragrant and pure, serene and lovable.

To those who care only for facts, who see only that which lies on the surface, Whistler's art will make no appeal.

There is so much in modern life which encourages the seizing of superficiais, grasping form and missing substance; which crams with phraseologies as substitutes for ideas; which encourages smart flippancy; that it tends to dwarf appreciation and destroys habits of reverence or of quiet thoughtfulness. In a material age Whistler has made a protest against the prevalent idea that seeking is believing, teaching in his works that it is not what is ordinarily seen, but rather that which is usually overlooked, which is valuable in art.

He has shown the value of elusiveness, and this is most irresistibly expressed in his portraits and landscapes which make the greatest human appeal; he has shown the need of selection and that the spiritual and aesthetic significance of things is more important than appearances. He left no school, but that could hardly be possible; those who have attempted to follow have gained but little. His art was so directly an expression of himself, so directly an emanation of genius, that its finest qualities can not be transferred. But he has left a great influence upon the world of art, his genius has swayed modern artistic thought. The man has gone, but his work will stand as a living monument to his memory; a work strong and virile, an art simple, earnest, serene and great.

The Deciding of the Question.

The university boys did it, but they didn't know they did it; for if they had known, perhaps they wouldn't have done it. They were a wicked set. But then they couldn't help doing it, after all. You see it was this way. Bob and Kate were seniors at their college. Bob was a capital boy, big, sensible and studious. Kate was studious, too, but she was little "not too little, just right," Bob said. She had shiny hair, red lips and blue eyes-just the things boys like; and she wore neat shirtwaists and dainty collars-just the things boys like to see; and Bob liked her. Not just a little bit, but very much; so much so, in fact, that the professors had been shaking their heads for some time and wondering if Bob would be able to graduate.

For some time Bob had been acting

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strangely. He lost interest in his studies and seemed to have a great secret. One day, when he and Kate had gone for a stroll, and were out of sight and hearing of the students, he told it in a very jerky sort of way. Before he was half through, Kate exclaimed, "If you don't stop, I'll run!" and, with a scared look, "You're dangerous." You see, she hadn't decided yet whether to take up a professional career or get married. The latter was the easier, but it was too common. All the girls did that.

Well, the affair went on until almost time for the great football game. It was between the college and university of that state. Bob had practiced football and could play very well, but there were too many other things to occupy his mind. Kate adored football. The men who make "star" plays were always the heroes of her stories.

One day, just two weeks before the game, Bob told Kate that secret again. She hadn't decided the question yet, but she was not quite so much in favor of a profession. "I'll tell you, Bob," she said; "you go into the game, and if our team wins, I'll like you-I'll not say how much, but there's a chance for you. Now be good and wait and-win."

The fateful day arrived. Flags waved and the college students were out in all their glory. Their team was sure to win. Kate sat in the grand stand, very calm and beautiful, but her heart beat very fast.

The whistle blew, and the game began. The college boys pushed toward their goal, slowly at first for the university boys were big and strong too. When they made the first touchdown and the crowd was cheering and throwing hats, Kate fairly screamed "Bob!" for it was he who pushed through the university line, and carried the ball to the goal.

The game proceeded. The score was piled up against the university and at the last call of "time's up" was much greater than any one had dared hope for.

Of course the students almost went crazy. The little college town shook with their enthusiasm. Kate was happy with the rest, but she still looked cool and comfortable. "It's so lovely for us," she said, when asked what she thought of the game. That night as she laid her head on her pillow, she exclaimed, "I could just hug every one of those 'varsity boys for not beating."

A Chat About Books.

It is surprising to find, in talking with college students, how little they know of standard literature, how very slightly acquainted they are with the best books. It is a common remark from English V students, "Just think, we have to read twelve books this year. The Professor of English must think that we have nothing else to do."

As a people and as individuals, we do not read enough; and especially is the lack of reading among the students of the Agricultural

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College to be regretted. Here we have opportunities which perhaps may never be ours again. Most of us have come from farms or small towns, where it is almost impossible to obtain any but the very commonest books. We have access here to a magnificent library, and yet we do not appreciate it as we should. In registering at the beginning of each year, we think of the sacrifices which our parents have made in order that we may come to school, and so we take a great deal of work, thus leaving little time for recreation. And yet, if we could only realize it, it is not so much the prescribed textbook work which benefits us, and which our parents and friends will see the results of in our contact with them, but rather a general improvement, the result partly of association with educated persons. The reading of good books will give us much of this culture; for Matthew Arnold's definition of culture, as the best that has been thought and said in all the world upon every subject, coincides with the established definition of the best literature. None of us would care to be called uncultured, yet to the extent that we do not know the best words and the best thought in any subject, this must be said of us.

Books elevate, broaden and deepen the mind. We are introduced into the society of the best and wisest of all the ages. Should we be content to devote our time to the pleasures of ordinary intercourse, as one writer has expressed it "the inane chatter of the sewing circle, the vulgar gossip of the corner store, the never-ending frivolities of the dance hall?" He says that we should make it as easy to talk sense as nonsense, that it ought to be as pleasant to spend one's leisure with books as with bicycles, and as agreeable to exercise the brains for pleasure as the heels and toes. Discussions of fashion and flirtations should not occupy our time when at will we may summon the majestic Homer or Milton, the eloquent Demosthenes or Webster, the wise Solomon or Bacon, or may listen to the poetry of Shakespeare, Chaucer or Byron. Ruskin asks: "Will you go and gossip with your house-maid or your stableboy, when you may talk with queens and kings; the chosen and the mighty of every place and time?"

A good book has been defined as one which is opened with expectations and closed with profit. Carlyle says, "If time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all."

From reading of good books our imagination should be so trained that we may see in the common things of life something high and noble. We all pity Wordsworth's Peter Bell because,

"A primrose by the river brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

Few things in life are really ideal, yet we may make them more

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nearly so, because of the worthy thoughts and high ideals which we get from good books. Whatever helps to make our lives better should be highly valued. Emerson says: "We prize books, but they prize them most who are themselves wise."

There is so much that we should read, and so little time given us to devote to reading, that it becomes a matter of prudence to be selective. The oft-repeated advice of Bacon, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few chewed and digested," is expressed in many ways, though probably in no better than Langford's: "A wise man will select his books, for he would not wish to class them all under the sacred name of friends. Some can be accepted only as acquaintances."

So much is written that it would be impossible to read a tenth of it, even if one cared to do so. The enormous production of novels during the last few seasons has given rise to the remark that novel writing has become a disease and everyone has it. We cannot help respecting the judgement and courage of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who replied to an editor's letter of inquiry as to which book, in his opinion, was the best of the preceding year, that he had read no new books during the time specified. Emerson's well-known maxim that a book should not be read until it is a year old, is serviceable for most purposes. It would not be advisable to follow it strictly, however, for among the new books we often find a few whose superior merit marks them as books that will endure.

There are two books which stand pre-eminent among the books of the last few months. "The Mettle of the Pasture" was written by James Lane

Allen, whose "Kentucky Cardinal" will always have a warm place in our hearts. The other book is "The Call of the Wild," of which a dog, not a man, is the hero. Another book which deserves its popularity is "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. The story is quaint and the character Rebecca fresh and subtly conceived. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," by Alice Hegan Rice, is an older book, but it is only lately becoming well-known in the West. It is a children's story, but men and women re-read the book and laugh at the antics of the little "Wiggses."

Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel" and "Crisis" have already exceeded eight hundred thousand in sales, and we are all wondering whether or not "The Crossing" will maintain the standard set by his other historical novels. This is the second in chronological order and is to be published this month.

New books may be all right for a change, yet we return to the old books with pleasure. Lowell, with humor and good sense said:

"For reading new books is like eating new bread;  
One may stand it at first, but by gradual steps he  
Will come to death's door of a mental dyspepsy."

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After reading a half dozen or even fewer of the new books, with how much pleasure we greet the old masters, Dickens, Thackeray, Sir Walter Scott and George Eliot. Our old time friends, David Copperfield, dear Aunt Betsy Trotwood, the inimitable Mr. Micawber and Mr. Pickwick, Henry Esmond, Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley. Ivanhoe, Richard the Lion-hearted, Jeanie Deans, Maggie Tulliver, Old Silas Marner and bright-haired little Eppie, who have stood the test of years, seem all the dearer to us. Among the old books, the one which we should never neglect is the Bible, the Book of Books. A lack of Bible reading has characterized the last few decades, and the unvarying opinion has been expressed, that the English language is by so much the weaker and we as a people are so much poorer.

We should form the book-buying habit. For a small sum, judiciously invested, we may surround ourselves with friends and companions, "nobly planned," who are ready at all times to warn, to comfort and to command. There are not many things which will give one more enjoyment than the possession of at least a few good books. Benjamin Franklin said: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest." What pleasure we would each have in a library of our own,

the results of a nickel saved here, a quarter there, a cheap theatre avoided.

But the best books and read them. Trashy novels and cheap magazine stories are not for college students, for our feet have been set in high places, and we are responsible for our time and talents. Spend your spare moments in the Library, remembering always that "no matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and happiest of the children of men." W.A.

An Adventure with a Mountain Lion.

Standing on the eastern shore of Jackson's Lake and looking westward toward the foot of the noble Tetons, one sees a massive granite wall more than a hundred feet high, and extending nearly two hundred yards along the lake shore. So completely is it surrounded by a dense pine forest, that it cannot be seen except from the lake. Here, on this cliff of rock, was enacted the scene of our story.

Late one autumn day, a surveying party, under United States Deputy Surveyor Wm. [William] O. Owen, worked their way along the slope of the mountain and through the thick forest down to the edge of the lake. The men were intending to follow around the lake shore to their camp some three miles away, but soon discovered the wall of rock, over which they could not pass. A council was held, and it was decided

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to climb back up the mountain on the trail they had descended. All agreed to this, except T.S. Garlow, the flagman of the party, and athletic youth of sixteen summers.

He thought it possible to scale the wall, thus shortening the distance to camp by several miles. So, separating from the party, he made his way along the shore to the foot of the granite wall, and, having climbed part way up the side, found a narrow shelf running across the face of the wall. Along this he made his way until nearly half way across the wall, when the shelf came abruptly to an end. Seeing that he could go no farther, the boy turned to follow the path back, when he discovered that he was being followed. After the first shock of surprise and fright had passed, the mystery was soon solved. He had been followed along the narrow shelf by a mountain lion, and, as he turned to retrace his footsteps, he found the way blocked by an enemy that made his knees bump together and his hair stand on end. As he advanced toward the lion, it came slowly forward in a crouching

position, ready to spring upon him whenever he should come within reach.

Garlow retreated a few paces, and the lion stopped, laid his head on his paws and quietly watched his prey. Again the lad advanced and again the lion prepared to spring upon him. With a courage born of despair, the lad drew a small jackknife from his pocket and determined to fight to the death if the worst should come.

In vain he called for help and as vainly tried to drive his enemy back along the narrow trail. Each attempt served only to make the lion more aggressive. Night came on and still the beast lay quietly watching the movements of the boy. Far across the lake, the lad could see the light in the window of a lonely farm-house. But miles of lake and forest lay between him and any human being.

At camp and anxious watch was kept for the truant lad. All night a bonfire burned, and the air was pierced with resounding yells, in hope that if the boy had lost his way he might be led by the sounds to a safe harbor. Early the next morning, two searching parties started out; one on the trail up the mountain, the other across the lake, in a boat, to where they had left the lad the preceding night.

As the boat neared the shore, the men could see the dim outline of a human form near the center of the wall, and could hear the lad's answers to their calls. But the quick eye of Sam Smith, the guide-called "Old Faithful" for his unerring marksmanship- saw the crouching figure of the lion, now creeping slowly toward his prey.

Bidding the oarsmen pull toward the shore, Sam carefully examined his gun. He saw the lion rise on its haunches to spring. The boat came to a standstill and Old Faithful raised his Winchester. The crack of the rifle broke on the still morning air. The lion gave one long howl of pain and keeled headlong into the water. Garlow climbed down the cliff; and, as they pulled him into the boat, he exclaimed: "I knew I was saved when that gun went up."

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[Image]

Dr. [Doctor] Widtsoe Honored.

The Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Station holds its seventeenth annual convention at Washington D.C. [District of Columbia], on the 17<sup>th</sup> to 21<sup>st</sup> of this month. The object of this association is to consider and discuss questions pertaining to

the successful progress and administration of the colleges and stations included in the

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association. Each college and agricultural experiment station established under state or congressional authority is entitled to one delegate.

The association is divided into sections upon (1) college work; (2) agriculture and chemistry; (3) horticulture and botany; (4) entomology; (5) mechanical arts. General sessions are held each day at which miscellaneous business is transacted. In surveying the progress of the Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations during the past few years, we have abundant evidence that it is due, in part, to the work of this association.

The attitude of the association and the word of its committee as its representatives have borne fruit in stimulating and aiding the movement for the specialization of agricultural faculties and the betterment of the material equipment for agricultural education.

As an illustration of the kind of work the association undertakes, we may cite a single example. At its last session, a committee was appointed which had for its purpose the collation of information regarding courses in agronomy and facilities for its instruction in our agricultural colleges. Already a report has been published which will do much in aiding the development and strengthening of this line of instruction. A similar report was made one year ago regarding instruction in animal industry. Much has been accomplished by this association in securing additional funds for various purposes in connection with the work of land grant colleges. It is largely due to their efforts that regular army officers have been detailed to carry on the work of military instruction in these institutions.

Our institution has been honored this year; Dr. [Doctor] Widtsoe, Director of the Experiment Station, having been given a special invitation to appear on the program. The work of the Experiment Station in irrigation has attracted the attention of prominent station workers and scientists in the Department of Agriculture, and in recognition of this fact, Dr. [Doctor] Widtsoe has been requested to outline the methods employed and results obtained in these investigations. Those familiar with Dr. [Doctor] Widtsoe's scientific attainments have no doubt that he will represent the institution with credit and honor to all concerned.

A Consolation Prize.

There, little boys, don't cry.  
We have shattered your pride, we know;  
And the transient gleam  
Is a bluff of the long ago.  
But perhaps you can dirty our "rep" if you try;  
So there, little boys, don't cry.

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The Western Home.

I. The House.

In this western region, nearly every family has a reasonable hope of possessing a house of its own.

The object of this article is not to recommend any particular style, but rather to suggest a few general ideas, and point out a few errors of the past. In order to build, we must have a building spot. It is needless to say that we should try to obtain the very best for our money. Very often, however, we must take what we can get, because the best places have been taken long ago, and we are only too glad to obtain a spot, although it may not be exactly what we want. We should, however, not only consider the spot itself, but the immediate surroundings are of great importance to health and a peaceful habitation in general.

Having secured a place for the building, the next is to build the house. No matter how simple a house you are going to build, do not start on it without a definite plan. This requisite has been sadly neglected in this locality, and too many still cling to the good old way (?) of getting together what material they can, and the sending for a jack mechanic to cut it up and make what he can out of it.

Many people do not know exactly what they want, and a good many know nothing at all about the proper proportions of a building, a matter which is of vast importance in order that a house may look well. Indeed, some of the so-called architects blunder along this line.

Get a competent man, then tell him what you want, if you can, and how much money you have for building; remember that it always costs a little more than the estimate.

"What kind of material are you going to have?" will be the first question that the architect will ask. In localities where lumber is cheaper than any other building material, it is often preferred on

that account, and a well-built, nicely painted frame dwelling is often very enviable. Still no one will deny the fact, that a brick house is far superior in every respect; and the difference in the cost is not as much as it would seem at first sight, for while it may cost a little more in the first place, when it is finished, it needs scarcely any repairing. A frame building, on the other hand, needs repairing constantly, and as a bequest from parents to children there is no comparison between the two.

The next question for consideration is the style. This, of course, will depend, first on the purse; second on the taste. The latter would, in many cases, better be left to the architect.

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As this part of the country is comparatively new, no distinct style as yet, can be distinguished, and perhaps there never will be, for, happily, the extreme seasons will not mould [mold] their inevitable style upon us, and consequently we are free to adopt any or all styles with all their conceivable varieties. There should not be two houses exactly alike anywhere, and in this we have a good example in the infinite variety in nature.

Let me here point out an error—since it may be classed under style—an error too often made even today.

When an addition to the old house is necessary, a lean-to, or, as commonly called, a back room is tacked on to the house. The only excuse for this abomination is that it is cheaper. It may perhaps be a matter of twenty-five dollars more for a decent room, but what of that? The lean-to is the most detestable freak of circumstances, and a deformed child of scarcity that should not be tolerated.

Another style I would advise against is the "story and a half." Build either one story, or two. The second story is both healthful and convenient.

Again, the location of the land that you build on has much to do with the style. For instance, a house that looks well on level ground, would look altogether out of place on a side hill. This, however, the architect will understand. This is another good reason why you should have his services.

A house is not built only for shelter, but for comfort as well. And here lies the secret of a well-arranged house. We are told that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever;" so also with a comfortable house.

It is a daily blessing that adds much to the serenity of the household. Have the rooms suitable in size for the purpose intended. For example, do not squeeze up the bedroom, in order that the parlor may be extra large. Remember that we spend about one-third of our lives in the bed-room. Why should that be the poorest room in the house?

Do not build in the fall, for several reasons. It will cost more, because of the busy season, and, because of the rush, the work generally is poor. The frequent storms are injurious to the materials, particularly to the wood. It is not healthful to move into a finished building in the late fall. Therefore start your building in the early spring, and you will never regret it. H.

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[Image]

Prof [Professor] E. W Robinson.

It is with a feeling of pride that we enumerate the honors conferred upon members of our institution. We extend congratulations to Mayor Robinson and comment the judgement of Logan voters. They have chosen a man whom we know, from association with him, to be one of ability and integrity whose energy is unbounded.

Mayor Robinson was born and educated in Utah, his early home being at American Fork. He was graduated from the Brigham Young Academy of Provo and later taught at Springville. For six years he was Superintendent of City Schools in American Fork. Leaving there, he went to Germany. He labored two years in the Turkish mission field and at the time of the Armenian massacre he was in the Turkish territory. While there, he was special correspondent for the San Francisco Chronicle. The experiences of Professor Robinson, whole in the mission field and on his tour through Europe

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before returning home, have been the subject of many interesting lectures before the students of our school. In 1896, he accepted a position in the Agricultural College of Utah and has been constantly a member of the faculty since that time. His work, for the most part, has been in the Commercial department. At present, he occupies the chair of Political Science and Transportation, During the last administration, he acted as President of the Logan City Council and as

a member of the Finance and Electric Light Committees. In the recent election he was chosen as the Mayor of Logan.

As a member of the faculty and friend of the students, we cannot speak too highly of him. His work is characterized by a sincere interest in the welfare of the students and personal friendship toward them. In the organization of societies and the arrangement of amusements to make college life both pleasant and profitable, he has always been a leader. In return, we extend our best wishes for his success as Mayor of our college town.

By the kindness of "The Republican," we are able to have a likeness of Professor Robinson appear in this issue. We are also indebted to "The Republican" for some facts concerning the gentleman.

Prof [Professor] J A Anderson.

Prof. [Professor] Anderson is a native of Utah, where he received his early training. Having studied with the best teachers available in the native state, he entered the Royal Conservatory of Music at Leipzig in the summer of 1893. He completed a four year course in piano, violin, harmony, counterpoint, and vocal. Leaving Leipzig, he went to Vienna, Austria, and for two years specialized on the piano under the famous Leschetizky, the teacher of Paderewski. On returning to Salt Lake City, where he has been doing professional work. At present he is spending three days of each week in our institution.

The call for work in the department is much greater than has been anticipated. Already about forty students are taking the work. A college orchestra and a "Mandolin and Guitar Club" have been organized and are practicing regularly. Three vocal classes are being organized for glee work. Professor Anderson informs us that new pianos have been ordered and that soon after their arrival the public will be favored with a musical entertainment. The students taking part are energetic workers and, under the direction of their able leader, we can expect something interesting.

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Student Affairs.

Sorosis Society

The Sorosis Society continues its work this year under the officers elected in June, '03. Nineteen of the members of last year remain in the society, and six new members have been admitted. The society aims to combine pleasure and profit, and, aside from the social phase, follows, each year, some line of study. Heretofore its work has been

in some department of literature. During the coming year, however, the society purposes to follow out lines by which to study Masters and Masterpieces of Art. This subject was accepted by the society because it is adapted to club-work, it is a subject of which many are ignorant, it is of great culture value, and information concerning it is easy access only in a large library. Before beginning the work, the society has given its weekly meeting to lectures by Mrs. W J Kerr, Mrs. Leah D. Widtsoe, Mrs. Guy Thatcher, Mrs. George H. Champ and Mrs. P A. Yoder. The plans for the year are now in operation and the society looks forward to a successful year.

#### Football Boys Entertained.

The football boys were entertained Saturday evening, Oct. [October] 24, by the Eliason sisters conjointly with Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, at the home of the former.

The predominating feature of the evening was an excellent dinner in which our boys indulged quite freely notwithstanding the delicacy of their appetites. The rooms were artistically decorated with the college colors. Above the well filled table and suspended from the chandelier, swung the football that was used in the Varsity game. While the feasting was going on, Miss Jennie Eliason played some college songs on the piano. This only stimulated the boys' appetites and they ate on, frequently giving cheers and applause. The last thirty minutes before departing was spent in singing college songs accompanied by Miss Eliason on the piano, concluding with cheers for their entertainers.

If the Agricultural College had more admirers like the Eliason sisters, it would always have a winner football team.

#### Football Meeting.

On Thursday, Oct. [October] 29, the members of the football squad met to discuss the campaign for the unfinished season. As we had met most of the leading teams in the state and the University game was recognized to be *the* game of the year, many of the boys considered the football season ended with the victory on the 17<sup>th</sup>.

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The meeting was called to order by Manager Swendsen, who stated that Rev. [Reverend] Murphy of the All Hallows College was desirous of having his team meet us on the gridiron. The squad and members of the faculty who were present were asked to give their views as to what

course to pursue; whether the team should consider itself disbanded or remain in training and meet the All Hallows on Thanksgiving Day.

Profs. [Professors] Langston and Campbell spoke on the subject, as did also Gardner, Adams and Crawford. It seemed to be the unanimous opinion that we should remain in training and meet the Collegians at the time designated. Every one agreed that it would be a mistake to have the team disband with a half-finished season, after having made such a good start.

All the old players pledged their support to the team and promised to be out on the field regularly.

Elias Day.

The initial performance of the Lyceum Course to be given at the College this winter, took place October 31, when Elias Day, characterist, appeared. An audience of about six hundred students and townsmen were treated to a number of "stunts," clever in the extreme. Mr. Day is pre-eminently a story teller, the stories being original with himself or some other man. The listeners were bubbling over for two hours, not because of the stories, for many were old as "Home, Sweet Home," but because of the marvelous power of characterization on the part of the performer. While most of the features were of a humorous nature, the most successful chord was undoubtedly struck when the actor presented Riley's "haint got nothin' to say, doter." In the other vein his work as the Jew, the classical musician, and Bro. [Brother] Watkins were noticeably popular. An encore was responded to at the end.

Should the other events maintain the high standard set by the "characterist," their success is assured.

Phi Delta Nu Social Hop.

The Phi Delta Nu fraternity made its first public appearance by giving a social evening at the college, Nov. [November] 7. To those who did not attend, we can say that they missed a treat of the season. To say that it was a success is unnecessary, for knowing the members of the club, who could expect it otherwise?

The usual crowd of "Stags" was not seen standing around the door, but all mingled together, forgetting school work and being concerned only in pleasure. As a result a most enjoyable time was had.

We must congratulate the club on having the happy faculty of drawing the elite of the school, who were out in full force. The boys with the

badges were indeed the lords of the occasion and to them we wish all success.

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Department Notes.

Domestic Science.

The sophomores in Hygiene are studying the different forms of bath.

The first year Manual Training students have corn as the subject of discussion.

The senior class in household sanitation is deeply interested in the study of ventilation and heating.

The Manual Training class in sanitation is studying the best means of purifying water for domestic purposes.

"At what age may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?"  
"When long experience has made him sage."

The cooking class is now engaged in making pickles. Through the kindness of Prof. [Professor] Ball, a fresh citron was received. It was the first the department ever had.

"Pa," said the boy, looking up from his book, "What does a man's better half mean?"

"Usually, my son," replied his father, from behind the evening paper, "she means exactly what she says."

Two classes in chafing dish demonstrations have been organized, both of which consist of advanced students. It is a new feature in the department, and, since cooking of this kind is popular, the course promises to be interesting.

The laundry class finds the new room very delightful. The stationary tubs being just below the windows, the best light possible is obtained. No economy in water is necessary, as a hundred gallons of hot water are available.

New students are still coming into the department. Last week five have registered. It is interesting to note that this year brings students of a higher grade than usual. With but few exceptions, all beginners have eighth grade certificated, with excellent credits.

In the chafing dish class the question was asked as to where sweet breads were found. The very prompt answer was, "On trees." After a hearty laugh, the question was asked again, and another member with perfect confidence said, "They are part of the brain."

Little Tommy: "Can I eat another piece of pie?"

Mamma: (witheringly) "I suppose you can."

Tommy: "Well, may I?"

Mamma: "No, dear, you may not."

Tommy: "Darn grammar, anyway."

Engineering Notes.

The Engineering Society is once more at work. At a meeting, Oct. [October] 20, a re-organization was effected and the work for the year decided upon. In addition to lectures by

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professional men, there will be discussions on engineering subjects, delivered by members of the society. Nearly all the old members have returned, and in addition there are eight new ones. The society labors under disadvantages during the early part of the school year. A great many of the most active engineers are members of the regular football team. Others are working with the team. As a result their spare time is all given to that work and the society must suffer. However, after the football season is over, the work will be followed as outlined. The organization stands as follows: President, James T. Jardine; Vice President, R. B. West; Secretary, E. T. Kirk; Treasurer, P. G. Peterson; Custodian, J. H. Smith.

The new class room and office for the Civil Engineering Department are completed.

The classes in Mechanical Drawing and Descriptive Geometry Drawing are larger this year than usual.

A number of junior Engineers are taking the elective course in Engineering Astronomy.

Professor J. W. Jensen, who has been unable to take up his work at the college owing to a severe attack of typhoid, is with us again. He began his labors Tuesday, Nov. [November] 10.

Mr. Mathews was called home some time ago by the death of his mother. We welcome his return to school and extend our sincere sympathy.

Mr. Frank Thatcher, who has been absent for some time, has resumed his school work.

#### Agricultural Notes.

That the subject of irrigation is receiving considerable attention in the East, was evidenced at the recent congress in Ogden, no less by the large number of Eastern people who attended, than by the numerous inquiries and comments they made upon the subject. Then, again, two years ago when the Utah Experimental Station, under the direction of Dr. [Doctor] Widtsoe, started investigation on the "Duty of Water Irrigation." no financial aid could be secured from the department at Washington to assist in the work. Dr. [Doctor] Widtsoe, with his characteristic "push and energy," commenced the investigations alone, as far as aid from Washington was concerned. The results of the first year's experiments were so striking as to arouse the interest of the officials at the Washington Bureau. They investigated our reports and came to the conclusion that the work undertaken here was becoming of such vast importance to the Arid West that it was worthy of their support. Next year, one-half of all the expenses incurred in the irrigation investigations of this station will be paid by the Bureau at Washington. This means an additional revenue of several thousand dollars for our experimental work.

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The fruit and vegetables from the college orchard and garden have nearly all been harvested and stored away for the keeping test of the different varieties.

On Oct. [October] 27, the class in horticulture had its first practice lesson in Pomology.

E. C. McCarty, one of our most active students, is going to leave us, having accepted a very lucrative position as foreman in one of the departments of the Faust Creamery Co. [Company] Of Salt Lake City. We will greatly miss our genial friend.

The class in Agronomy had an excursion in Oct. [October] 29 to the Greenville farm, where the college has twelve acres devoted to irrigation investigations. The trip was a very instructive one, and would have been highly enjoyed by all, had not Jack Frost gone along too.

Prof. [Professor] Ball is now tabulating the results of this year's experiments on spraying to kill the codling moth, preparatory to issuing a bulletin on "Spraying." No definite information is available yet, but the results so far as known are even better than with the apples exhibited at the State Fair, mention of which was made in last issue. One tree sprayed had as low as 7 per cent of worthy apples.

The class in Agronomy 4 is doing excellent work in Agricultural Experimentation. A study is made of the extracts of various bulletins and the resulting conclusions are tabulated by the student. This is the first class of the kind in the history of the college.

Prof. [Professor] Hutt has received six barrels and seven large boxes of glassware in which the efficacy of chemical solutions for preserving fruit is to be tested. If the experiment is a success, the fruit thus preserved will be exhibited at the World's Fair in St. [Saint] Louis in 1904. The chemicals will be furnished by the chemical department.

As an additional recognition of the value of the Irrigation Experiments of the Utah Station, under the direction of Dr. [Doctor] Widtsoe, he has been asked to give a paper on the "Results of the Irrigation Investigations in Utah," before the "American Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations" at Washington. The Doctor departed for the East Nov. [November] 17<sup>th</sup>.

The Agricultural club is now organized for the year and is in full running order. The re-organization took place on Nov. [November] 4, when the following officers were elected: J. E. Taylor, President; Mr. Doremus, Vice-President; W. R. Smith, Secretary; John Stephens, Treasurer; M. C. Merrill, Sergeant-at-arms. There is some excellent timber among the new members this year, one especially notable feature being musical talent. The club will have "all kinds of proper stuff" served up to it this winter, the outlook being so exceptionally bright.

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Commercial Notes.

A formal opening of the Law Club was held at the residence of Mr. Orval Adams. Monday evening, Oct. [October] 26<sup>th</sup>. Every member of the club and a few special guests were present, and each did his share to make the event a pleasant one.

Definite plans were made for the merging of the club into a Greek Letter Society, and all work preparatory to effecting such an organization was done.

At 11:30, lunch was served by Mr. Galligher of the Eagle Hotel. President Rich acted as Toastmaster and managed things in his usual happy style. Among the toasts given should be mentioned the following: "The College," Prof. [Professor] Bexell; "The Club Council," Riter; "The New Members," Jenson; "The New Profs [Professors]," Porter; "Our Football Team," Prof. [Professor] Upham; "The Ladies," Barracks; "The Commercial Club," Adams.

Instrumental and vocal selections were rendered by our musical members, to the entire satisfaction of all present.

While this event was the opening of the Law Club it is probable that as a Law Club the society has made its last appearance before the public. Upon the approval of the College Council the society will become the Phi Delta Nu Fraternity. With slight modifications, however, the Law Club Constitution will govern the society and the work of the organization will not be materially changed.

The Commercial Club met on Saturday, Oct. [October] 10, for the election of officers. The following were chosen: O. W. Adams, President; J. J. Frederickson, Vice President; Josie Yates, Secretary; L. G. Parkinson, Treasurer; J. L. Coburn, Historian; I. Sampson, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The lecture series conducted under the auspices of the Commercial Club, was opened Saturday, Oct. [October] 31, by W. G. Farrell, of Salt Lake City. Mr. Farrell spoke on Life Insurance. He gave a brief sketch of the history of Life Insurance, and also showed the benefits derived by the man who insures. Mr. Seth A. Langton, of Logan, lectured on Saturday, Nov. [November] 7<sup>th</sup>, on the Farm Implement Business. Mr. Langton gave a short sketch of the Implement Business; and the benefits derived from his lecture were greatly appreciated by the members of the club. A great interest is being taken in these lectures. The growth of the School of Commerce has at no time been so clearly manifest as on these occasions.

The students in Finance are the promoters of a state bank, to be organized as soon as the necessary amount of stock has been subscribed. The capital is to be \$150,000. Students wishing to secure stock in the corporation will consult Mr. Coburn for further particulars.

The tickets for the entertainments

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to be given in the College during the winter, are in the hands of the Law Club students. Mr. Rich and Mr. Kerr are doing the advertising.

The School of Commerce has established a department library. In a short time it will contain all of the leading periodicals that are useful to Commercial Students.

Mr. Jenkins has been appointed department librarian. Mr. McCausland was appointed Superintendent of the Pencil Sharpener, just received by the department.

Prof. [Professor] Bexell has just received constitutions of all the leading Clearing Houses in the World. Also a large number of valuable books pertaining to the National Banking Acts, as passed by Congress, have been sent to him.

The students in accounting are to take up some short methods of figuring, fifteen minutes being spent each day at this work.

Teacher: "What is the meaning of Market Value, and Intrinsic Value?"

Student: "Market value is what you pay for a thing, and intrinsic value is what you get when you sell it to a second-hand dealer."

The following notice was seen on the Commercial blackboard:

"The Bank has gone into liquidation, \$20,000 too much money. This is the first bank failure in the history of the College. Pres. [President] Fredrickson announces that the bank will be able to meet all its obligations after converting its Government Securities into cash. Cashier Kerr could not stand the shock, and is confined to his room. Frederickson is still confident."

Since reading the requirements of a German student, in the last issue of STUDENT LIFE, Mr. Rich has decided to take German instead of Latin. He was heard to utter the following, "I can eat Limberger cheese, and a Hamburger Sandwiches, and with a little exertion I can drink the booze, but I'll be darned if I can get the Latin endings."

The office fixtures have arrived, and are in use. The Commercial Department is now the best equipped in the west.

The Phi Delta Nu fraternity gave a ball in the gymnasium. Saturday, November 7<sup>th</sup>.

Prof. [Professor] Wilson: (Looking at Adam's excuse,) "You Commercial Students have more business than a Notary Public."

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Published monthly during the college year by the students of The Agricultural College of Utah.

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STUDENT LIFE, LOGAN, UTAH.

Application has been made to enter this periodical at the Logan, Utah, postoffice [post office], as second-class mail matter. College delivery is made from the office, Room 37.

Editorial.

It would be a good thing to have a Legislative Ball at the College next session. It might work wonders.

We were thinking of writing an editorial on "Skating and Skating Rinks" but decided to postpone it indefinitely.

It is to be regretted that the football management cannot arrange a game at a time when the Sporting Editor wouldn't have to break his neck and work nights to get it ready or delay the paper.

STUDENT LIFE extends congratulations to Prof. [Professor] E W. Robinson as mayor of Logan. In his election the Agricultural College is well represented, as is also the best element in Logan, in the affairs of the city.

When it comes to a show-down, it is doubtful whether or not there is enough property confiscated on the hill to pay a special policeman. But then there are those Attendance Committee fixtures and the mechanisms and records which are valuable.

In the athletic columns of "The Wabash" for October, was an interesting account of the game between the Wabash and Purdue University football teams. The details of the playing as well as the score indicated that the latter team would probably be the champion team of Indiana. Naturally then we had an interest in them.

Following the above news only a short time came the report of that appalling disaster, the wreck of the Purdue excursion train carrying one thousand persons. Nothing could have been more sad, more heart-rending than the story of those students, in the strength and vigor of youth, striving for a knowledge that would aid them in serving the struggling mass of their fellow men. It calls forth the deep sympathy of the world and causes humanity to cry for mercy from the "Guiding Hand." How truly did Bryant speak when he said:

"Yet a few days, and thee,  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course."

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We, with countless others, extend that hand of sympathy to the parents and friends of the unfortunate young men and to the Purdue University that will long remain in mourning for its loyal sons.

The Fraternity.

We are pleased to note the interest taken this year in society and fraternity work. Some professors, as well as students, hold that the lasting benefit to be derived from college life consists of what is dug from books. We have always maintained, and we think that the opinions of the leading professors and students substantiate us, that the part of school life that is most lasting is the public part. The rubbing together of elbows, the sharpening of wits by friction, the inculcation of manhood by association with men, the escape from the necessary bondage of the class-room to enjoy hours when originality

can be exercised, these are results we must get from the bookless side of college. In the society or the fraternity these results may be had. But the character of the society, the fraternity or the association determines, to a large extent, the amount of profit to be gained by this intermingling. While there must necessarily be societies for all where membership is not restricted, there should be also organizations of an exclusive character. An association of this kind should contain only the students of highest standard in school. It should be an honor to be elected a member and not every person, no matter what his past record has been, should be admitted. This is the most desirable form of college life. It means that clashing of the keenest wits, the very upbuilding of a school and the elevation of the alumni, results impossible as long as flunkers, drones and irresponsible students are members we make a plea for this kind of fraternity where the life blood of the school may be felt.

Boorishness.

Undoubtedly Utah is tired of the frequent belching up of that nauseating subject "A. C. [Agricultural College] Discourtesy." We are, at least, but we think that a permanent presentation of the *facts, and only the facts that can be proved*, is due ourselves and all who may feel inclined to investigate.

The CHRONICLE published two articles, in a recent issue, on our conduct after the A. C. [Agricultural College] - U. of U. [University of Utah] game. To ignore them would appear at first glance to be the better course, but, in view of the fact that so much falsehood and so little truth may find its way to the notice of the college world we feel that statements should not go without having on them the stamp of envy and "discourtesy." Before and during that game that conduct of the A. C. [Agricultural College] rooters was commendable, as the CHRONICLE acknowledges. On the field, in the language of all who saw the game,

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discourtesy, wrangling and foul playing were indulged in exclusively by the University. The bonfires and cannon were not unworthy. What then is the bone of contention? "It was the indifference, the studied carelessness and even the insults that justifies severe criticism," says the report, which further exclaims: "What students of any college of standing, who possess a fair sense of propriety, would so disgrace themselves at a ball as the Aggies did in the evening of Oct. 16? The ball was ostensibly given as a kindly honor to the 'Varsity team; but to a stranger it was apparently for the boys' humiliation. Insult

after insult was heaped upon the University people during the whole evening. The best excuse for the boorishness of the farmers from the A. C. [Agricultural College] College is that they know no better."

The foregoing ungrammatical newspaper tirade is unworthy of the University of Utah. The students of the 'Varsity who know the facts, we believe, do not support the editor who thus casts discredit on their journal. If they do, we feel that competition in any line with such a student body is a discredit to us, and our victory is our humiliation. We thought that we triumphed over a worthy team and an excellent body of students, and we hope our faith is not misplaced.

These are the facts we can substantiate: A committee of three students, including Manager Swendsen was at the depot to meet the boys when they arrived. The University came to Logan on the same terms as the A. C. [Agricultural College] went to Salt Lake last year, that is, they were paid a certain sum and supposed to foot their own bills. Therefore it is not strange that the 'Varsity walked to town and thus saved hack fare. After the game the coach of the U. of U. [University of Utah] informed the manager of our football team that none of his men would remain over for the party. Therefore no hacks called to bring the visitors up. We have distinct remembrance of not being invited to a banquet at the U. of U. [University of Utah] when we played there last year. At the ball no student of the University was insulted by a representative of the A. C. U. [Agricultural College of Utah]. There were no hisses and groans, no indifference, and no intentional slights. With these few words we beg leave to bury a disagreeable subject.

STUDENT LIFE apologizes for not crediting "The Practice Game" to its author, Mr. C. A. Irwin. A better and more appropriate song for the occasion could not have been produced, and we all appreciated it.

Prof. [Professor] Yoder: "Mr. Moench, where is your excuse?"

Moench: "I don't owe one this morning."

Prof. [Professor] Yoder: (looking at his roll book) "Pardon me, it's just a force of habit."

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Alumni.

As was stated in our last issue, STUDENT LIFE is the official organ of the Alumni Association. We are putting forth every effort to make the paper worthy of your attention and patronage. Yet our efforts seem fruitless. Again we ask you to submit to us information concerning members of the Association, also articles on any subject that will be of interest to our readers. This issue. As was the last, will be

mailed to every alumnus whose address can be obtained, also to many former students. Those of you wishing to remain on our mailing list will please subscribe. Otherwise your paper will be discontinued.

Note: Members of the Alumni Association will kindly inform the editor of this department of changes in address or occupation of any member, also of any mistakes made in these columns.

Contrary to last month's paper. Miss Josephine Maughan, '03, is teaching school at Greenville, Utah, instead of Petersboro.

Christian Larsen, '96, formerly instructor in English at the L. D. S. [Latter-Day Saints] University, Salt Lake City, Utah, is attending Harvard.

Alfred A. Hart, '97, returned from a mission in Germany last August. He is now at Bloomington, Idaho.

William D. Beers, '99, formerly assistant irrigation engineer, U. S. [United States] Geological Survey, is now in Canada engaged in the cattle business.

Rose Homer, '00, returned a short time ago from a trip to Germany. She is now instructor in Domestic Science at the B. Y. [Brigham Young] College, Logan, Utah.

Hermoine [Hermione] S. Hart, '97, is teaching school at St. [Saint] Charles, Idaho.

Thomas H. Humphreys, '97, formerly civil engineer at Logan. Utah, has been employed by the hydrographic department of the U.S. [United States] geological survey.

A. Ray Irvine, '98, who has been studying in Germany, is now at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

McCarty (to Pendleton) "Never mind, old man, I'll see you through." Two minutes later Me saw him through a trapdoor in the floor of the new poultry house. Pendleton was crippled for a week.

We are eager to announce that a new story has been added to the collection used by the German class. Those who have marveled at thee girl who prepared three years of Greek in seven months, and the boy who "didn't want no English nohow," may now weep their hearts out over the demise of a hundred and twenty-five chickens, a hundred and twenty-five!

[Image] Image caption: "IF ANY ONE HAS A SECOND HAND HUMAN BODY TO DISPOSE OF, BRING IT TO MY CLASS ROOM."

Locals.

"Has anybody saw Coach Holmes?"

Riter is determined to win more laurels on the gridiron.

All hail to the Choir! Think of it, two new songs in one week.

Miss Geneva Egbert has been elected president of the Senior class.

The honor of the "white collar" was nobly sustained at the late local election.

Farrell: One consolation remains in the fact that she is true to both of us.

Until the engineers can furnish their room, they will meet with the Sorosis Society.

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E. G. Peterson will go to Manti during vacation, presumably for his health.

Pond had a bad case of la grippe last week and was unable to report for football practice.

Prof. [Professor] and Mrs. Ball entertained their friends on Hallowe'en night until an early hour.

Mr. Crockett has decided to withdraw from politics. He may still be seen in the dairy.

Manager Swendsen has been unable to arrange another game with the Ogden High School.

King Dodo and Mr. Pickwick both in one week. Really Logan is growing metropolitan.

Pierce and Crawford are taking vocal training under the Musical Director of the R. E. A.

Kirk has a new pair of football trousers, size 48. They are plenty large, but Kirk is growing.

The Phi Delta Nu met at the home of O. W. Adams, Oct. [October] 27, and indulged in a "bit of deviltry."

Capt. [Captain] Styer has delivered fifty old guns to Adj. [Adjutant] Gen. [General] Burton and an order has been sent in for new ones.

Gleed can be seen in the library for several hours at a time, looking at Gibson's "The Eternal Question."

"In the presence of such stupidity even the gods are helpless," exclaims the CHRONICLE, apropos of our "only University game." Apparently gods and geysers have one thing in common, they both like to sling mud.

Miss Jones: "Look me all over, and then"  
He: (breaking in) "How much a day?"

A number of town people were heard to wonder what sort of anniversary was celebrated on "Elias Day."

Miss Moench was the first of the ladies to conduct chapel this year. She gave a very interesting talk on Burns.

Nielson: (after football game) "What good is Coach Campbell? He never says a word while we are playing."

STUDENT LIFE and the English Department are now sharing Room 37. For office hours inquire of the manager.

The Seniors will wear caps and gowns next commencement. This is the first class of the A. C. U. [Agricultural College of Utah] to fall into line.

Physicians view with alarm the remarkable increase of sickness since the advent of the new Attendance Committee.

It is rumored that the Phi Delta Nu will give the proceeds of their "Social Hop" to the laying of a new floor in the gym.

Assistant Manager Riter called at the Dormitory one Sunday night. At least he thinks he did, for when he came to his senses, he was ambling rapidly down the hill, and behind him lingered the echo of

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feminine voices, chanting "Walking's good on the B. and O."

Whether that clapping in chapel after Prof. [Professor] Caine's speech was done for pure meanness or through pure ignorance, we do not know, but suggest that it be not repeated.

Prof. [Professor] Wilson was seen admiring the half tones in the last issue of STUDENT LIFE.

[Image] Image caption: "A SMALL ENGLISH HISTORY WAS LOST WHILE PASSING DOWN THE STREET. FINDER RETURN TO DR. [Doctor] ENGLE."

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STUDENT LIFE.

Mr. Stephens and Mr. Swendsen wish to announce that they will be at home to their friends any time between six and twelve p.m.

Boys, don't be ashamed to ask a young lady to go to a college entertainment, even if you do have to walk fifteen or twenty blocks.

Mrs. Ray West is the recipient of a sample box of "Mellin's Food for Babies" and a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Congratulations.

New students are still coming in, and with the enrollment in the Winter Courses the total will undoubtedly far exceed that of any other year.

If any student has not yet seen the second number of the CHRONICLE, he is advised to read it at once. He may learn something to his advantage.

The foot ball team and squad have had their pictures taken. Young ladies wishing a picture call on Capt. [Captain] Jardine, who has a number for distribution.

From the late conduct of the Dormitory students, we should judge that the rules, usually so conspicuous near the main entrance, have been "pinched."

Remember that the Athletic Association is out to win the piano that is to be given away by the merchants. Be sure and get your votes with every purchase.

Mr. Arid Carson presented the Athletic Association an enlarged picture of our football team, just in the act of showing the U. of U. [University of Utah] where their line was weak.

That the Seniors are just starting out in life is plainly evident from the fact that a number of them amuse themselves by playing ping pong while Prof. [Professor] Jenson is at dinner.

The new banking fixtures of the Commercial Department are ready for use. Our school of commerce is rapidly becoming one of the foremost commercial schools in the West.

A young lady in the Chaucer class is utterly unable to understand how the Squire or any other man could be a lover and a bachelor at the same time. The question was referred to Barrack.

Prof. [Professor] Wilson recently removed his worldly goods from the Dormitory to a down-town hotel. It is a remarkable coincidence that on the same day a framed copy of Rules and Regulations disappeared from the Dorm hallway.

Little Jimmie Wadeansmashem  
Played the A. C. [Agricultural College] team to thrash 'em;  
Smashed the quarter-back and Captain,  
Kicked poor Kirk almost to atoms;  
All the godlets howled with joy,  
"Ain't he cute, our Jimmie boy?"

An elegant Oxford Bible with padded morocco covers adorns the rostrum of the auditorium. The professors will not now be embarrassed so often by not being able to find

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