

Student Life, May 1904, Commencement
Transcribed by Hannah Johnson

Page 224

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Page 225

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Page 226

[Image] Image caption: "Stranger."

Page 227

[Image] Image caption: "The Old Trails over the Lakes."

Stranger.

Tom Sinclair had approached well the terminus of life's narrow trail. Bent beneath the weight of years and the gold of his last "cleanup," he strolled the decks of the South-bound "Islander." His hands were clasped behind him. His long grey locks hung loosely over a broad, heavy frame. His step was slow but steady. A glow of keen satisfaction illumined his careworn face as fortune's victor dreamed of fortune's quest. Six years of dreary tramping, of Arctic drudgery, of the solitude that sometimes makes men cry out for the very anguish of it, had made Tom appreciative of the splendid future awaiting him.

The old man started and awoke from his reveries as the sonorous vibrations of the supper gong sounded upon the evening air. His meal finished, he wrapped a few scraps of meat in his napkin and went "for'd" [forward] to feed "Stranger." The old miner's conscience hurt him, for previous to this time it had always been a case of beast before man.

Stranger was an "outside dog." He weighed only a hundred pounds when in prime condition. His ancestry was never known. His hair was short and curly. His forehead was white. His breast and four

paws were the same—all the rest was black—jet black. His face beamed a kind intelligence and good nature. To see him was to want him.

Tom's approach was sufficient cause for Stranger to wag his tail and stand on three legs—the left paw was used to shake hands. The old man loved the dog and he had sufficient cause. He drew up a steamer truck and seated himself before Stranger's quarters between the capstan and countless barrels of salmon. Stranger chewed the meat with great deliberation—a losing proposition when other dogs were

Page 228

Around. The old miner filled his pipe and assumed a more comfortable position.

A few moments later saw the dog lying squarely with forepaws extended. His elevated expression caught his master's eye. Understanding seemed complete. "Too bad you can't talk," said Tom with slow, kind expression. "You don't recall the time in Dyea I got you or you got me, I don't know which, do you? A long time ago. Six or seven cold years drug by. You were only a little pup then. G-'twas a cold night. You were lost; your feet were frozen and you couldn't dig in the snow. You whined, cried for entrance, and rolled in our camp—a stranger. That's all. That's the way ii was Sam, my old partner, patched you up and you started to grow," continued Tom, rapidly enveloping himself in smoke. "We never could find who you belonged to. You always made good friends with th' [the] other dogs and didn't have to fight to do it either. Then we were off. You packed almost as much as Carlo and Bruce. Lucky dog, weren't you? second day out—the time of the snowslide in the canyon. I was ahead, Sam behind, and thirteen dogs, counting you in between. Sam—was—swept—away—and—six—dogs—went—with—him. I took Sam's place then and you took mine as leader of the pack train. We made four trips over Chilcoot Pass down to the "head of navigation." For a month or more you had packed—now you learned to pull. Like an old sled dog you fell in. You soon knew that to keep your traces tight and untangled was a cardinal necessity. For some days now the old trail unfolded itself over the lakes smoother than the paths in a 'musher's' paradise. But the best o' things must end, they always did. The old trail grew gradually rough. You remember 'twas hummocked and ridged and blocked deep with snow."

"One night after a hard day's "mush," we camped with the mail teams on Thirty Mile River. Carlo got into a fight with a native

huskie—he had never seen one before. He has never seen on since. Gone to the happy hunting ground of his kind—where probably reduced rations do not exist and where heavy “mushes” are never known.

“The next night the whole team was restless. They had smelled the Chinook and had learned from others what it meant. The Yukon trail got wet and heavy. The ice rotted to a dangerous thickness. I lengthened the traces and the team a hundred feet or more and cross-poled the sled. Three or four times we broke through. Finally we were “mushing” belly deep in water. Once the ice moved and”— The Islander had struck a swell. Tom’s improvised seat shot across the deck and undermined a corpulent old tourist. “Pardon me old man,” said Tom good naturedly. “Hm, pardon ME for ‘aving [having] preventing your dip, Sir,”

Page 229

Retorted the irate Londoner between set teeth.

Stranger had crawled form under a dislodged head line and was licking off an ocean wave when Tom appeared.

“Almost as close a call as starvation once, eh, Stranger?” broke in the amused Tom. “on Bonanza the ‘fall o’ [of] 98.’ I guess you remember the time; you couldn’t forget it. You were the only dog I had left—the only friend in the world. We had tramped and prospected two summers long—nigh on two years together. We went on every ‘stampede’ that came and sunk on fine(?) locations to our sorrow. The second winter was treading hard on the heels of fall. Snow blanketed the surrounding mountain. The mercury was falling fast. Cabin and provisions we had none. I was hungry and you—you had to lean against a tree to bark. That day seemed cold and dark, our whole world wore a ‘no pay’ windlass expression. That day, too, we “mushed” the bed of Bonanza, passing by the richest claims in the Klondike. That day you chased a something across the creek up the face of the hill and into the pine saplings on top. I waited for you t’ come back again—a long time it seemed. All at once your barking stopped. I called and called. You did not come. ‘Has he answered his last call?’ I wondered. I three of my pack to go and see. From the brow of the hill and I could see in the distance you had pawed a hole—dug the wild thing out. When I got closer, I found you expecting punishment and rabbit fur and bones strewn ‘round. But from the hole, from that shallow bed—rock reef—that iron-strained grave!!! It was rich, old boy—it panned out well, we found. Hardships past were soon forgot. We’d struck the paying ground!”

"Stranger, this discovery and all I owe to you. We're going home now to the land of sunshine, pleasure, and orange blossom. Dog sleds and heavy packs, privations and rough trails—memories of the past."

The last long horizontal rays of the summer sun had long been sunk beneath the Pacific horizon. The last stroller had found the warm cabin more comfortable than the deck in the cool night air. The Islander was entering the waters of Frederick Sound—mountainous glaciers to port and starboard. The search light fell on acqua [aqua]-marine colored things ahead—serpents of moving ice.

The old man was loathe to go. Patting Stranger on the head, he pulled himself away. The dog followed to the end of his chain and watched his master into darkness.

As Tom Sinclair closed his eyes in his stateroom, the marine clock struck one, but he did not understand. In his dreams he was again under that lonely Arctic sky, poking his fading camp-fire and listening to his dogs as they howled at the night.

A crash! A fearful grating

Page 230

Sound!! Tom awakened. Half dressed, he rushed on deck. Women and men were wild! The Captain's calm voice was heard from the bridge. Life boats lowering! Others pulling off! The Islander was sinking fast!! Under a full head of steam she had struck floating ice. As the last life boat swung out, Tom heard the cry of the lowly. It was more than he could stand. He would save the life of Stranger, although he might now save his own. He regained deck, unchained the dog and turned—too late. The Islander fell to starboard and with lived on deck rolled under the sea.

The morning tide brought up among the dead Tom Sinclair and Stranger. The latter's teeth were firmly set in the clothes of Tom. Like the "true blue" of the Northland, he would save the life of his master or lose that of his own.

J. E. B.

A White Pine Feud

The firm of D. W. Carlson and that of F. C Rollin shad been at "loggerheads" since their organization. There had been some dispute over a timber claim, which resulted in a prolonged lawsuit, and the enmity that sprang up was lasting and bitter. It did not confine itself to the proprietors, but spread to the "camps." There were frequent "free for alls" between the crews of the rival companies, and the appearance of a Rollins man anywhere in the vicinity of Carlson's mills was as good as a declaration of hostilities.

This feeling, while not fostered by the proprietors, was not discouraged, and took shape in many peculiar incidents.

The Carlson camp had once undertaken a "coup d'etat" on their rivals. It was the Fourth of July and a supply of fireworks were stored away that would, as one of the men remarked, "Put a kibosh on anything of the kind that ever happened in these parts." Needless to say the fireworks on the night of the Fourth were immense, but something had happened "up the river" that day, that tended to dampen the spirits of the Carlson men. There had been a "barbecue" and a balloon ascension at Rollins! The feeling grew.

David Carlson was sent to college. No one was surprised to learn that on the same day Frank Rollins embarked on a similar enterprise. They went to the same school, spoke politely and coldly when they met, and went their ways.

David Carlson was six feet tall and weighed 180 pounds. Carlson Camp was overjoyed when the news reached that place that David was being played at "fullback" on the college "eleven." The denizens of the lumber had no idea

Page 231

[Image] Image caption: "One of the men went apart to cut to cut a fishpole."

Page 232

What "fullback" or "eleven" meant, but they knew it spelled distinction.

Frank Rollins was hardly five foot six and weighed scarcely 150 pounds. But the Rollins crew went wild with joy when the intelligence was spread that "Frank" was playing "quarter" on the "1st [first] eleven."

The conduct of the rivals on the gridiron was the same as it was everywhere. They were coldly polite, and each, with a growing respect for the other's prowess, assisted in the advancing of the ball in a way that delighted the hearts of the frantic rooters on the sidelines. Students became acquainted with the condition and sought to effect a reconciliation, but the efforts of these well-meaning but erring individuals were looked upon with cold indifference by the principals. A few years later these men graduated together, bowed their heads together as the last benediction was pronounced, and went back to their native villages, broadened but unreconciled.

World was whispered around the "gang" at Carlson on the night of David's arrival that "something was doing." That "something" developed when "Big" Henry Hansen, "Bill" Wolven, "Charley" Allen and "Hank" Cawood rattled into the camp, shortly after dusk, in a "buggy" hired especially for the occasion. They were intoxicated, that was evident at first glance.

Something heavy was removed from the carriage and borne by the "selected few" to the outskirts of the camp, where it was laid on the ground, and, the blankets removed, the face of Frank Rollins, besmeared with blood, was exposed to the moonlight. He was conscious now and looked on with interest as the men stripped him to the waist; then as they tied him face downward on a log, a realization of what was in store for him flashed across his mind. He knew, in their present condition, that the men were hardly responsible, he also realized his helplessness and was silent while one of the men went apart to cut a "fishpole" as Cawood stutteringly remarked.

Rollins strained hard at the ropes on his wrists as he heard the ruffians, after passing around a flask, laugh as they drew lots to see who should be "skinner."

That person, with a long, lithe willow in his hand, advanced with uncertain steps to the front and waited the command of his leader. It came, and the willow cut through the air and cracked like a whip as it fell on the prisoner's bare shoulders. After the first blow the rest came easier and the helpless form on the log writhed and shrank beneath the blows the drunken ruffian above was administering.

Suddenly on the still night air there came a sound that went through the tortured victim like a bolt of electricity. Some one

was singing, and the sound, borne to him through the pines, revived his faltering senses.

The days of yore will come no more,
But through our manly years,
The thoughts of you, so good, so true,
Will fill our eyes with tears.

Page 231

[Image] Image caption: The Sorosis Society Photo by Odell.

Page 232

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Page 233

Something pealed from the lips of that shrinking form on the log that caused the wielder of the willow to stop, that caused the assembled group to look at one another in terror. That something reached the ears of the singer. A mandolin was thrown aside and he was on his feet with a bound. Faint and indistinct as it was, he recognized the familiar "Fifty," "Thirty-nine," "Forty," and with a muttered, "My signal, 'tween [between] guard and centre [center]," he darted in the direction of the sound.

The man with the willow had paused and now he turned in terror as a huge form sprang at him through the trees, and the crowd scattered as he was felled like a log by the apparition.

Frank Rollins felt the bonds slipping from his limbs, felt himself assisted to his feet, heard a far away "What in hell does this mean," and then David Carlson, bending down, heard the tortured man mutter painfully, "Boxed me-time out."

A week later Rollins, Jr. [Junior], propped up in bed, with a bandage over his right eye and decidedly weak, smiled faintly and motioned forms in the room to the bedside. Two men, past the prime of life, their heads sprinkled with gray, looked into each other's eyes over the battered form between. A tall, square-shouldered young individual continued gazing from the window.

"I've been figuring this out," said the invalid slowly, "I think and Dave thinks, that we could put up a much better game if we had only one goal in view."

The eye of Frank Rollins, Sr. [Senior], and that of David Carlson, Sr. [Senior], met, and involuntarily their hands were clasped over the bed. "I don't know," said Carlson, Sr. [Senior], slowly and distinctly, "but that the boys are right," and, as a smile lurked in the corners of his mouth, "I suggest that we draw up a new code of signals, and perhaps you boys had better carry the ball, we are getting old." Repete.

Page 234

Mag.

In early morning such a squawking, such a chattering was heard in Maple Hollow. Two magpies were flying here and there, then back to a certain tree. The cause was soon discovered—they were carrying twigs and straw to build them a nest. The birds took a great pride in the work and occasionally would stop and chatter a few bird sentences to each other as if discussing how and where to have entrance. Then away they would fly after more twigs and straw. Finally the frame work was completed and all that remained to be done was the finishing of the inside. At last it was completed, lined with horsehair and sheep's wool. Egg after egg was added to the nest. In a week there were seven, and the two birds seemed to be quite happy together. One day when they returned from an exploration for fresh meat, their eggs were all missing. In another week there were seven more in the nest. Everything went on smoothly until one day their most dreaded enemy—a small boy—was seen making for their home. The magpies flew at him, squawking and scolding, but of no avail. So they flew to a tree some distance away and watched the intruder take the eggs and then set fire to the nest. The birds hid their grief as best they could by flying off towards the mountains. It was

[Image]

Page 235

[Image]

Not long until they had prepared another abode in a secluded spot at the head of Chicken Creek. The weather was getting cold and it was necessary that the old bird should not leave the eggs uncovered for a very long time, for if allowed to get cold, the young birds inside would die. The day arrived at last when the little speckled eggs were broken one by one, each disclosing a little magpie. The faithful mother's heart beat with rapture.

But fate had been so harsh. It was now a matter of life and death to protect the little creatures from the cold, stormy weather. The mother lost her mate, and as the land abounded in deadly foes it was fair to suppose him dead. She was thus left alone in this great world to fight her way through. Could she protect her babies from the cold, wet weather? Could they escape the countless dangers of the mountains? Not a fox, coyote, or hawk but would count them his prey. The mother could not stay with her young ones all the time, for she needed food and even the baby birds were crying for something to eat.

One day when in search of food she did not return as soon as she expected. When she finally appeared at the nest she found all the brood dead except one that was surrounded and kept warm by the rest of the birds. The sorrow of the mother, if less deep than that of a human mother, was, nevertheless, very real. She had but one now to care for and it received her every thought. The young magpies wings soon began to get strong and he would fly from one tree to another, for he was very proud of his new power. When his mother, one day, went after food, he decided to follow her. He went from tree to tree until he finally lost his way. Mag never found the nest again. Night came on; the wind whistled through the trees and he had no place to go. At last he came across an old hollow pine, in which

Page 236

[Image]

the night was spent. The next morning he awoke cold and hungry. No mother to bring him food nor shelter him under her wing. Could he live through this cold, hard winter? He had not had the experience of finding food for himself as the other birds. As luck would have it he found a dead sheep, which afforded a banquet royal. A satisfied appetite infused new courage into the poor bird, and the hope returned that he might some day find his mother and home. But that day never came. A heavy storm swept over the country and covered up all the dead animals, which rendered it no easy matter for magpies to find food.

Instinct told the birds to go to the surrounding farms. There they would pick up bits of meat that were thrown out to the chickens, and occasionally steal the farmer's eggs. As a consequence traps were set and much poison was scattered to destroy the birds. A great number were either caught or killed, but Mag escaped. Yet he was fond of eggs.

Jud was a farmer who lived at the foot of the canyon, and he missed a number of eggs. So he made a nest on the top of a haystack and put several poisoned eggs into it, and then set two traps close by. Mag returned next day for his favorite dish, eggs. He looked in the chicken coop, then in the barn, but could find none. He flew out on the haystack to see if any danger was near, and there he found the poisoned bait set by Jud. He looked over them, around them, right eye, left eye; then decided to let them alone. The magpie flew away in search of flesh. He found some not far from the farmer's house. There was a cow and, from all appearances, she had just died. Mag stopped and commenced eating, when along came a hungry coyote and frightened the bird away. As he flew he felt a queer pain and fell in

[Image]

Page 237

convulsions to the ground. A hungry hawk saw the struggling bird and thought that its wing was broken. He flew quickly to the spot, but the convulsions passed as the hawk neared. By a mighty effort the poor creature tried to fly. He put forth all his strength to keep out of the way of his enemy. Had he been allowed to lie down he would have been dead in five minutes; but the hawk stirred him to strenuous action. He struggled again and again to get his wings to work. Each struggle lent vital help. A few more desperate attempts and his wings obeyed the call of duty. Then he sailed away among the thick brush, defying his enemy.

Henceforth mag could always tell the smell of poison and never failed to keep clear of it. He was always droopy, however, after getting this poison. One day while feeding on one of Jud's old "critters," he went within the ribs of the animal and a hungry coyote, treacherous and cunning, forgetting the many times the magpie had warned him of approaching danger, seized him, and carried him away.

Hard Knox II.

[Image]

[Image]

[Image]

Page 238

Our Ghostly Visitor.

The incident that it is my purpose to relate happened away back in the eighties. I was staying, at the time, in a large rambling house overlooking Wellington harbor. The building was of respectable age, and there was associated with it some slight suspicion that it was haunted.

We were none of us very superstitious, and the supernatural had no terrors for us. To tell the truth, we were all young fellows who thought little or nothing about such things. But on this particular Christmas Eve our conversation had been running on ghosts and ghost stories, and some strange reminiscences of uncanny episodes had been told as we sat in the darkness.

Then our conversation turned upon the yarns we had heard about the house in which we sat being haunted. Several of us ridiculed the idea of such a thing, but two or three of the fellows were very quiet and thoughtful, and Jenkins was especially so. Jenkins was a believer in the ghost, and as we drew our chairs closer around the fire, for it was a late season and we were indulging in the luxury of a fire on Christmas Eve, he repeated the story to us in a thrilling fashion of his own. It was a simple story of a young couple who had once lived in the house. They were newcomers from England, where they had been romantically married, and they had come to the colonies to make a fortune. But fortunes were not so easily made by men like the young fellow in question, having neither trade nor profession, and without strength to dig. Together, they had struggled on, till their slender resources were exhausted, and one Christmas Eve the man, in despair, under strange circumstances, took his own life. His wife had retired first, but midnight having come without any sign of him, she ventured down stairs and found him sitting in a chair—stone dead. He had killed himself with a powerful opiate. The shock to the young wife was fatal, and the story goes that her figure, clothed in white, has been accustomed to glide into this room in which we sat, every Christmas Eve at midnight.

We laughed skeptically, but by the flickering light of the fire we could see that Jenkins' face was grave, and one or two of the other chaps looked as if they had seen the ghost themselves and did not like its identity disputed.

Just then, the postoffice [post office] clock began to chime the midnight hour, and with an ironical laugh, Jack Gibbons suggested that the time had come for the ghost to prove itself, if it had any existence even in shadow-land. Instinctively, every eye turned to the door. Good God! There, sure enough, in

the moonlight, we could see a figure, draped in white, moving towards us. For my part, I can honestly say that my heart seemed to stand

Page 20 of PDF

[Image] Image caption: "In the Good Old Summer Time." Photo by Dryden.

Page 21 of PDF

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Page 239

still. The blood was like ice in my veins, and I could feel the hair on my head rising.

No one stirred or spoke. The figure came slowly towards us with a gliding motion that was horrifying in itself. I would have called out if I could, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and if my life had depended upon it, I could not have articulated a sound. Nor was I singular in this respect. Every one of the seven or eight in the group candidly confessed afterwards that he was so horror-stricken that he could not have stirred an inch to save his life.

The figured continued to advance, looking exceedingly ghost-like in the faint light cast by the expiring fire in the grate and the pale moonlight streaming through the window. It was impossible to see the face because it seemed to be wrapped in a fleecy shawl, but there was no longer the slightest question in the minds of any of us that this was the ghost of the woman whose husband and killed himself.

Gliding slowly towards us, the apparition was soon in the very center of our little fireside circle, when suddenly the skeptical Gibbons, who always declared he did not believe in ghosts but who was as timid as the most of us when the supernatural was in question, made a snatch at the shawl around the spirit's head, and it came away in his hand. Here was something tangible.

Then there was a piercing scream from the ghost and the next moment we had returned to our senses and struck matches, only to find that the supposed restless spirit was really the flesh-and-blood form of our poor old landlady, who, thinking we had all

gone to bed, had come in quietly to see that the fire was safely extinguished before she went to sleep.

"Oh, you nasty Mr. Gibbons," she gasped, "to think of your sitting there in the dark trying to frighten a poor old widow lady. And you, Mr. Woolcot, and you, Mr. Miller; I'm ashamed of you."

Jenkins never told his ghost-story again, and I dare say that long ere this the legend of the restless spirit and the haunted house has been forgotten. Perhaps our landlady laid the Ghost.
E.H.

Page 240

[Image] Image caption: The Firing Line.

Page 241

[Image] Image caption: Mess Call.

Camp Bisbee.

Early on Thursday morning, May 12th, the battalion of cadets, accompanied by the military band, began its march toward the spot which had been selected in Logan canyon for the first annual encampment. Practical exercises began after fifteen minutes marching, for a detachment representing the enemy, or the Blue army, had been sent ahead to harass the advance of our main body. The necessary disposition was therefore made by Captain Thatcher for securing the safety of the battalion by forming advance guard. After several encounters with the "Blues" the march was resumed, and the command reached De Witt's ranch about seven miles from the college, at half past eleven.

An experienced soldier from Fort Douglas was in charge of the commissary department, and the hungry infantrymen found a substantial dinner ready at noon. A guard was immediately posted over the water supply and the necessary preliminary

Page 25 of PDF

[Image]

Page 243

arrangement for pitching tents were made. The following list of calls shows the regular daily routine of camp life:

First call for reveille, 6 a. m.
Reveille, 6:15.
Breakfast call, 7:00.
Sick call, 7:30.
Guard Mounting, First call, 8:20.
Assembly, 8:30.
Inspection of tents, 9:30.
Drill call, 10:00.
Recall from drill. 11:00.
Hospital Drill, 11:15.
Dinner call, 11:45.
Drill call, 1:30.
Recall from drill, 3:00.
Supper call, 5:30.
Parade, 6:30.
Taps, 10:00.

Mess call seemed to be the favorite with the recruits, and very little urging was necessary for the command to get into line at this particular bugle call. The officers patiently waited their turn for the commandant explained that a good officer must always see that his men are supplied before he attends to his own wants.

During the five days of camp an insight was had into outpost and patrol duty, as well as the correct performance of interior guard duty. The cadets in turn assisted the regular army cook, in this way learning how to handle the ration and to prepare food in general

The competitive target firing between the companies aroused much interest. This exercise included volley, individual and skirmish firing, and in this Co. "A" came out ahead. Later, in a competition between two teams of five men each, selected from the companies, "B" company won, and so honors were easy.

On Sunday the regular work except guard duty was suspended but the solicitations of our visitors whose name was almost legion, persuaded the companies to give what the civilian calls a "sham battle." In this case it took the form of an attack and defense of camp.

On Monday morning, the 16th, the battalion returned to the college, the problem being in this case the disposition of the

rear guard to protect a retreating army from the attacks of an aggressive enemy.

It is safe to say that the experi-

[Image] Image caption: General Bisbee

Page 244

[Image] Image caption: The Most Popular Man in Camp.

Page 245

-ment of a summer encampment has proved to be a decided success and that the interest shown in the practical manoeuvres [maneuvers] augurs well for the future of the military department.

Notes.

Number four in the rear rank of the last set of fours is of the opinion:

That tent ropes should be withdrawn or submerged immediately before a night attack;

That for a small bunch, the seventy campers appeared to disorganize slightly the arrangements of the attendance committee;

That Sergeant Downey's nose will heal before next fourth of July or Christmas;

That the Sorosis girls are invited to capture the next camp every day and all the day;

That Myers of the 12th Field Battery, in addition to a vote of thanks, deserves a degree in the cooking department for his laboratory work during camp;

That reveille in camp is not what it is cracked up to be;

That the sentinel on number three is apt to be a very busy man just about taps;

That "A" Co. [Company] is all right on the target range and so is "B" Co. [Company];

That Camp Bisbee might have been somewhat sad and cheerless without our tuneful and breezy band.

Tall Sentinel on No. [Number] 3. (Turning over his orders) "My construction is to allow no insipid persons to cross my beats."

Short Sentinel. "Dry up your monkeying around here. Make this post scarce."

No. [Number] 2. "Halt! Who art thee?"

At the Guard Tent, "Silence, prisoner! The commanding officer's orderly speaks?"

The military department desires to congratulate the local papers on their journalistic scoop in finding out that the encampment actually lasted over Sunday, (after some few hundreds of citizens had brought the news to town).

General William H. Bisbee, in honor of whom our camp as named, is the commanding officer under whom Captain Styer served as regimental quartermaster for three years in the Philippines. Entering the service as a private in 1861, General Bisbee soon won his shoulder straps and served through-

[Image] Image caption: THE HEROIC VANGUARD

Page 246

[Image]

-out the civilwar as a company officer. He became Colonel of the 13th Infantry in 1899 and was retired at his own request in 1902, after forty years active service, having attained the grade of brigadier-general through merit only.

The only form not used in camp was the sick report. Doctor Estelle, in charge of the hospital arrangements, found it necessary to abolish sick-call. The only casualties in camp were on sore finger, Connelly's scratched paws and the nose mentioned elsewhere.

"I haven't been saluted but once today, and that was when I looked in a mirror, and saluted myself," sighed Capt. [Captain] Johnson.

The Cadet Band was a happy surprise to the visitors who came up on Saturday and Sunday. The boys had practiced faithfully during the entire encampment, and this coupled with the untiring efforts of Jos. A. Smith. Jr., [Junior] of Logan, the new leader, made it possible for them to give such a good account of themselves. The following composed the membership: Smith, S. Lee, W. Lee, Stephens, McCloud, Powell, Armstrong, Annett, Riter and Jacobs.

The prettiest ceremony at the encampment was the lowering of "Old Glory" every night at sunset. The companies were brought to a "present arms," when retreat was sounded, and, as the old flag slowly descended, the familiar strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" floated out upon the still evening air, filling every heart with a thrill of patriotism, and love for the mother country.

The ladies of the Sorosis society paid a visit on Saturday. They

Page 247

made trouble immediately for the commandant, as they proceeded to take possession of the camp and run things to suit themselves. Only the pleadings of Capt. [Captain] Styer prevented them from taking the whole encampment back to Logan with them.

The soldier boys fed on the best that could be obtained and no complaint was heard even from some of the "retired officers" in camp.

Sunday was visitors' day, and several hundred people were guests of the camp. A sham battle, general inspection of camp, guard mounting, and a band concert formed the day's entertainment.

The "Kodak fiend" was conspicuous, and shot everything in sight. The pictures will be prized as souvenirs.

For amusements, baseball, boxing and shooting were favorites among the cadets. Several of the fellows were given a strenuous bit of exercise in the form of blanket tossing. Each one of the victims took it all in good part.

Each evening a huge bonfire was built and around it collected the cadets, who listened to the singing and playing of the

musicians in camp. Lee, Smith, Annett and Jacobs distinguished themselves by their work.

There were twenty-one tents pitched at the camp. The roll shows that there were between 75 and 80 men in active service.

On Sunday night came the night attack. It as a clever bit of military work, and the sleeping cadets crawled out and fought like real soldiers, both companies being on the skirmish line within three minutes.

The water-works system of the camp comprised 50 feet of rubber hose and a mountain spring. The Cook used the hose for macaroni at the last breakfast in camp, but the spring is still there ready for further service.

"Am I kitchen police or general?" cried Hillman as he swung a vicious looking sword and a dangerous

[Image]

Page 248

slide trombone above his head during the night attack.

The band returned home Sunday night in order to be able to play for the Cosgrove concert on Monday.

Both on the march to camp, and on the return, skirmish fighting was indulged in. Lieut. [Lieutenant] Holmes and Sergt. [Sergeant] Dawney, had a charge of the attacking forces.

Stoops and Eliason, special artists for STUDENT LIFE, were on hand looking after their paper's interests.

No accidents of any kind occurred in camp proper, but down the canyon several of the visitors met with misfortunes with their carriages and teams. No one was hurt, but some of the young ladies were a bit frightened.

It was comical to see the boys line up at mess call and march to the cook tent to receive their rations. Even a dyspeptic would have enjoyed seeing the hungry lads down their first serving and return for more.

Serving on Capt. [Captain] Styer's staff were: Adjutant, Lieut. [Lieutenant] Jensen; Quartermaster, Lieut. [Lieutenant] Burton;

Volunteer retired aides: Capts. [Captains] Barrack and Rich,
Lieuts. [Lieutenants] Kerr, R. B. West and Frank West.

President Kerr was a visitor at camp on Sunday and was received
with the usual salute by the guard as he entered. He inspected
camp and tasted army beans, the piece de resistance of Sunday's
dinner.

[Image]

Page 32 of PDF

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Page 33 of PDF

[Image] Image Caption: A Bunch of Seniors. Photo by Odell.

Page 34 of PDF

[Image] Image Caption: Another Bunch. Photo by Odell.

Page 35 of PDF

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Page 249

[Image]

Commencement Program.

Due to the early appearance of our paper the commencement
exercises can only be indicated in our columns as a matter of
record. The senior committee submits the following program:

Sunday, 10:30 a.m.

Hymn Choir

Prayer

Hymn Choir

Baccalaureate Sermon Rabbi Reynolds

Hymn Choir

Benediction

Monday Class Day.

SHORT MUSICAL PROGRAM. 10 A. M.

FIELD SPORTS 11 A. M.
CLASS LUNCHEONS 1 P. M.
SENIOR CLASS PROGRAM 8 P. M.
President's Address. Geneva Egbert
Class History R. B. West
Quartette G. W. Thatcher,
G. B. Thatcher,
F. Baugh & A. Farrell.
Ivy Oration E. G. Peterson
Class Poem Grace Fisher
Piano Solo Jennie Eliason
Class Prophecy Wm. [William] Jardine
Vocal Solo Minnie Peterson
Valedictory Ray H. Fisher

Tuesday.
Processional.
Prayer
Hymn Choir
Students' Addresses. F. D. Farrell,
F. L. West,
Geneva Egbert.
Solo Miss Berkhoel.
Address to Graduates Sec. [Secretary] of State Hammond
Instrumental Music.
Presentation of Diplomas and Certificates Pres. [President] W.
J. Kerr
Solo Miss Berkhoel
Hymn Choir
Benediction

Page 250

[Image] Image Caption: The Track Team.

Page 251

The Intercollegiate Track Meet.

Urged on by the frantic cheers of their supporters, the track athletes of the four big state institutions decided the question of superiority in track athletics on Cummings' Field May 21st.

Brass bands, tin horns, leather lungs and streamers all united in making it the most successful track meet ever held in the state.

Excursion trains from Provo and Logan arrived during the morning, bringing nearly 700 rooters to the scene of action. It is claimed by reliable persons that the visitors, mistaking the whir and buzz of the city for something else, nobly attempted to drown it with their cheers, but found it useless.

Representatives of the U. of U. [University of Utah] met the visitors at the station and escorted them directly to the University grounds, where, after a speech of welcome from Pres. [President] Kingsbury, luncheon was served by the 'Varsity girls. The spread, though not elaborate, was first class and was much appreciated by the hungry visitors. The girls are to be congratulated on the success with which the affair was carried through.

From the tables, the visitors were taken in hand by the U. of U. [University of Utah] faculty and shown through the institution, after which they did a sprint for Cummings' Field.

Adams of the B.Y.U. [Brigham Young University], Wade and Whitney of the U. of U. [University of Utah] were the stars of the day. Adams took first place in the pole vault and high jump and second in the broad jump. Wade carried off everything he entered, while Whitney made a new record for the State in the 100 yard dash and distinguished himself in the 220 and relay race.

Among our boys, Allred, Phillips, Nelson and Kirk came up to all expectations. Allred by one of the most sensational contests of the day took the 220 yard hurdles form Christy, and in the high hurdles came second with Christy first. Nelson had "practly" no opposition with the hammer. Phillips surprised everybody by his good work in the high jump, going beyond any record made by him in practice. Kirk also sprung a surprise on his admirers by putting the shot thirty-eight feet, one and one-half inches, losing to Bennion by one-fourth of an inch. Reader and Smith did good work in the sprints. They were handicapped, however, by having to work for a starter who did not hold the men at the mark until the gun was fired, as our boys had been taught.

Considering the fact that we have done nothing in track athletics until this year, we made a fairly good showing and have no cause for dis-

-appointment. Coach Campbell feels encouraged with the work of the team and realizes now where his timber for next year's team lies.

The meet as a whole was very satisfactory, there being room for criticism, however, in the way the events dragged along. The records made indicate that Utah is coming to the front in athletics.

The events were won as follows:

100-yard dash Whitney, U. Of U. [University of Utah]; Moore, U. of U. [University of Utah] Time 22 1-5 seconds.

440-yard dash Rideout, U. of U. [University of Utah], Butler, U. of U. [University of Utah] Time 22 1-5 seconds.

Half-mile run Wade, U. of U. [University of Utah]; Stallings, B.Y.U. [Brigham Young University] Time, 2:08 1-5

Mile run Wade, U. of U. [University of Utah]; Judd. U. of U. [University of Utah] Time, 5:06

120 hurdles Christy, L.D.S.U. [Latter-day Saint University]; Allred, A. C. [Agricultural College] Time, 19 2-5 seconds.

220 hurdles Allred. A. C. [Agricultural College]; Christy, L. D. S. U. [Latter-day Saint University] Time, 27 1-5 seconds.

High jump Adams. B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University]; Phillips. A. C. [Agricultural College] 5 feet 8 1-2 inches.

Broad jump Lund, L. D. S. U. [Latter-day Saint University]; Adams, B.Y.U. [Brigham Young University] 20 feet 3 inches.

Pole vault Adams, B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University]; Russell, U. of U. [University of Utah] 11 feet 9 inches.

Shot-put Smith, L. D. S. U. [Latter-day Saint University]; Bennion, U. of U. [University of Utah] 40 feet 4 inches.

Hammer-throw Nelson, A. C. [Agricultural College]; Peterson, B.Y.U. [Brigham Young University] 115 feet 9 inches.

Relay Whitney, Pitt, Moore, Rideout, U. of U. [University of Utah] Time, 1:35 1-5.

Officials.

Referee, Dr. [Doctor] J. A. Anderson; starter R. A. Barney; judges of the finish, D. A. Callahan, Dr. [Doctor] G. W. Plummer, W. E. Rydalch; field judges, Dr. [Doctor] W. L. Ellerbeck, Dr. [Doctor] T. H. Ebaugh and W. W. Hall.

[Image]

Page 253

The Students' Reception.

For more than one reason, the Women's League received the thanks of the students for their unsparing efforts on Sat. [Saturday], May 7. In the first place the "leaguers" relieved the monotony of the infernal" dance, which has more than inflicted itself upon us this winter. The fact is, that "tripping the light fantastic toe" has become more of a regular grind than a novelty to most of the students, and the "League," realizing this, brought forward a substitute which was indeed a happy one. Not for this reason alone do the students appreciate what was done for them, but also for the delightful evening afforded them.

The library and reading room were converted into a reception hall. Cozy corners, settees, and "seats just right for two" were arranged in suitable places. The decorations were of a floral design, and entwined among the flowers were the college colors, giving an effect which was altogether a very pretty one.

The wives of the professors, assisted in their labors by some of the prettiest blue eyed "girlies" in the school, served delicious refreshments.

Thatcher's Concert Orchestra was present and thanks are due it for laying aside the familiar waltzes and two steps, and playing concert music which every one enjoyed.

Late in the evening, when it came time to depart, the students sang college songs and gave the old familiar cheers. "This was the best part of the evening," some one said, and truly it was, because the old spirit was there, and, reader, you know what the spirit once did, and will do again when the time arrives.

The Faculty Game.

Much interest was aroused by the announcement on the bulletin board, that on May 5, the faculty would play a game of baseball with the Agricultural Club.

When the date arrived, a most enthusiastic crowd gathered upon the college field and indeed they were not disappointed in the game.

A very laughable appearance was presented by the faculty team. Their suits consisted of a conglomeration of stiff bosomed white shirts, a pair of dirty football pants and socks reaching about two inches above the shoe tops.

The game commenced with the Aggies at the bat, and before the inning closed, it was quite evident who was to win. The Faculty shut them out, not allowing them even first base. When the Faculty's heavy batters came in, the game began in earnest, J. W. Jensen starting with a two bagger. The Aggies "threw wild" and allowed the Faculty two runs. Thus ended the first inning.

The Aggies became more deliberate as the game progressed. At the close of the fifth inning the score stood 8-4 in favor of the Faculty, but in the sixth inning, the Agronomists made four and the Faculty one, bringing the score 9-8.

Page 254

The Farmers went to the bat in the seventh, but were shut out. Score 9-8 in favor of the Faculty. It is probable that another inning or two might have changed the results.

For the Faculty, Prof. [Professor] Ball did excellent work on second, as also did J. W. Jensen and Prof. Peterson in the field.

For the Aggies Stuart Lee, Logie and John Stephens did excellent work. Mr. Stephens, who had never played ball before, made a record for himself, making 3 out of 8 tallies and knocking several two and three baggers, some of which proved to be fouls—after the crowd had persuaded him to run the bases.

Faculty. Line-up. Ag. Club.

Prof. [Professor] Langton C. [Catcher] Hermansen
John Bankhead P. [Pitcher] Wm. [William] Lee
Jos. Jenson 1st [First base] Melvin Merrill
Prof. [Professor] Ball 2nd [Second base] Logie
William Jardine 3rd [Third base] Pond

W. M'Laughlin S.S. [Shortstop] Stuart Lee
J. W. Jensen L.F. [Left field] Jno [Jon] Stephens
Wm. Peterson R.F. [Right field] Freece
Wangsgard C.F. [Center field] Fleming

Baseball.

Our baseball team represents what can be done by anybody when everybody is kicking him in the ribs. The history runs something like this: The Cache Valley Baseball League was organized, consisting of the following teams: A. C. U. [Agricultural College of Utah], B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College], Wellsville, Hyde Park, and Smithfield. A manager and captain were elected. Practice began. Timber crowded the diamond like logs in a jam. The track director began to get worried. Track men were playing ball. He supervised the construction of a diamond over which a Rocky Mountain Goal would find difficulty in traveling. The weather man sent a storm every day at 4 o'clock. The manager spent two dollars and fifty cents in advertising a game. The gate receipts amounted to twenty cents. Thereafter the team had to practice with a yarn ball. The grass grew so high in the outfield that none but six footers could play. And even then they had to carry compasses in order to know which way to throw the ball. Even under such circumstances not all the games were lost.

There was not much to win or lose in the Cache Valley League. There was not much honor or dishonor attached to winning or losing a game. But there are men who played ball this season who could compose a winning team against harder aggregations than they have met this year. Support and practice is all they need. Given a school championship to fight for, the baseball team could tell a different story.

Page 42 of PDF

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Page 43 of PDF

[Image] Image caption: Photo by Odell.

Page 44 of PDF

[Image] Image caption: Phi Delta Nu.

Page 45 of PDF

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Page 255

Phi Delta Nu.

A new movement in our school societies was begun last October, when the Law Club was reorganized, or rather disorganized, and Phi Delta Nu Fraternity established. The boys entered upon the work of the new society with enthusiasm and brotherly love, determined to derive social and intellectual benefit from their associations. Their expectations have been realized. Rich has proved his executive ability as president of the club, and the hearty support he has received from the members has enabled him to place the fraternity in the front rank of college organizations.

The Phi Delta Nu is the oldest fraternity and the only Greek letter society in the school; and while no credit is claimed by the boys on these minor points, they are indicative of a progressive and pioneering spirit on the part of the organizers.

Not all of the meetings of the "frat" are secret sessions, nor is all [???] time spent in social enjoyment. Some very instructive programs have been rendered. Perfect preparation has characterized each speaker in all the debates that have been undertaken; and in these discussions, Hillman has distinguished himself by flights of oratory, Olsen by his cold logic, and Jones, by hot air. Jones, by the way, has been a popular hero and universal favorite since he played the role of "Orlando" in "As You Like It," and he will probably be nominated for the office of president at the next election.

One thing incident to fraternity life must be obvious to all, and that is the fidelity, friendship, and mutual trust that exists between the members of the order. Whether this spirit is the logical outgrowth of the initiation ritual or a development due to the general trend of work of the society is a question to be referred to the boys who have experienced both—perhaps they will answer it, and perhaps not.

A half tone reproduction of a photograph of the "frat" members is presented in this issue. We regret that Gee and Rich had discontinued school before the photo was taken and otherwise the entire club would have been represented.

1905

[Image]

Page 256

Department Notes.

Domestic Science.

[Image]

The Seniors in Household Economics are soon to discuss and offer solutions for the ever recurring Domestic Service Problem.

The pictures of bread, pie, and cake making, taken for the catalogue and St. [Saint] Louis Exposition, were very good.

On Saturday, May 14, Mr. Ostien entertained at tea, Mesdames Naylor, Robinson, Peterson, Thompson, and Merrill.

The popularity of A. C. [Agricultural College] kitchen products is evidenced by the fact that on one occasion thirteen lemon pies were sold in five minutes. Also, that twenty-six boys treated themselves to ice-cream and cake on another occasion, with evident satisfaction.

Miss Millie Lowe and Miss Merrill served tea in the college dining-room to the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Lowe, Mr. Johnson, Miss Bertha Lowe, Miss Orella Merrill, Mr. Melvin Merrill, and Mr. Lewis Larsen.

The sewing classes are now finishing dresses which are very beautiful indeed and well worth the attention of any one who may be interested in the work.

The sophomores are now having practice in giving afternoon teas. Each girl is required to select her own menu, limiting the cost to a definite sum. The plan of serving followed last month in the dinner giving is also followed here; the two girls serving the tea take turns at being hostess and waitress. A representative menu is given below.

MENU.

Cream of Tomato Soup.

Crisped Crackers.

Cream of Asparagus. Twin Biscuit. Mushroom and Sweetbread Patties. Egg and Nutt Salad.

Ribbon Sandwiches.

Baked Bananas. Raspberry Punch. Philadelphia Ice-Cream. Cake. Chocolate. Bonbons.

Page 257

Agricultural Notes.

[Image]

Director Widtsoe and Prof. [Professor] Merrill left the college on May 9 for a two-weeks' tour of inspection of the experimental arid farms throughout the state.

Farmers' Institute Annual No. [Number] 7 is now being prepared for the printer.

The members of the class in Agricultural Chemistry were assigned special topics of research to be reported on upon the return of Dr. [Doctor] Widtsoe. These reports afford opportunity for considerable intensive work along particular lines.

Bulletins 86 and 87 have now been mailed. The former is entitled, "The Right Way to Irrigate," and is a popular exposition of some of the results of Bulletin No. [Number] 80. It is written by Dr. [Doctor] Widtsoe and Prof [Professor] McLaughlin. Bulletin 87 treats of "The Codling Moth," and is written by Prof. [Professor] Ball.

Extensive experiments in sugar beet growing have now been begun by the Ex. [Extension] Sta. [Station] in co-operation with the U. S. [United States] Dept. [Department] of Agr. [Agriculture]. The mother beets, the sucrose content and the weight of each one having been determined, are now planted. The seeds from each beet will be sown next year and thus the beginning will have been made for successful experiments later.

The flumes for the irrigation of the sugar beet land on the farm of Frank Houser (which the College has leased for five years) are now nearing completion.

The class in Agronomy 3, during the absence of Prof. [Professor] Merrill, was taken by Dr. [Doctor] Yoder. The different methods of the mechanical analysis of soils were studied, and the class had the rare privilege of receiving instructions and explanations regarding the construction and use of the machine invented by Dr. [Doctor] Yoder for mechanical soil analysis.

In looking back over the work of the Agricultural department the past year, one sees great improvements over former years. While there is still room for improvement, yet with the standard where it now is, the prospects for continued growth and advancement are bright.

Page 258

Engineering Notes.

[Image]

The Seniors have been measuring the flow of water in the surrounding canals.

Swendsen, one of our senior engineers, has discontinued school and entered the civil service under Ross of Idaho.

The class in hydraulics has completed the text and begun a systematic review.

The cement testing machine has arrived and been set up.

On the metal testing machine, the Juniors are working in two sections, one afternoon a week each: the Seniors in one section, one afternoon a week.

The Sophomores are still doing field work.

With the close of the present school year, the Engineering Society completes what has been one of the most successful year's work in its history. Once a week throughout the year, the society has met and listened to lectures by the members, on the various phases of engineering, and to biographical sketches of the leading engineers of the present and past. The boys are to be congratulated on their excellent work and it is hoped that the impetus given this work will be taken advantage of by the society boys next year.

We think it proper to announce to "the winning bunches" of some of the other departments that the Dunbar-Robinson Trophy has been properly engraved and now, seated on a handsome little hardwood table donated the society by Prof. [Professor] Jenson, ornaments the society room. "Nuf sed."

Commercial Notes.

[Image]

A number of the Budgets representing the best efforts of the students

Page 259

in accounting and stenography are now on their way to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Mr. P. P. Thomas is now bookkeeper for the Young Men's Consolidated Co-op [Co-operative] of Spanish Fork, Utah. We are all pleased to hear of his good fortunes and wish him success in his new work.

Prof. [Professor] Bexell reports that new text books will be introduced in all the courses in accounting. Williams and Rogers' "New Complete Bookkeeping" will be used in Accounting I; Marshall's "Accounting Business Practice" in Accounting II; and Marshall's "Banking, Corporation Account, and Modern Office Practice" in Accounting III. These changes were necessitated through the revision of the Commercial Courses.

J. L. Coburn has accepted a position with the Cache Valley Improvement Co. [Company], of this city. He will return, however, to graduate next year.

Prof. [Professor] Bexell is now secretary of the college; Secretary Maughan having resigned. The Board of Trustees also elected F. D. Farrell, a Commercial student, to the position of assistant secretary.

Prof. [Professor] Bexell has worked out a set of books to be used in farm accounting. The set will be photographed and the pictures used in the Farmer's Institute annual.

Have you noticed Glead's Mexican shoes? They will be a special attraction during Commencement week at the Agricultural Museum.

Armstrong (to Prof. [Professor] in the Bank) "The cash doesn't quite balance; it is out \$2,947,326.42. Isn't that near enough?" (N. B. The Prof. [Professor] and Armstrong still enjoy each other's friendship.)

Music Notes.

[Image]

[Image]

Page 260

STUDENT LIFE

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

STAFF.

James T. Jardine, '05 Editor-in Chief
Elmer G. Peterson, '05 Associate Editor
J. Edward Taylor, '05 Business Manager
Benj. F. Riter, Jr. [Junior], '07 Assistant Manager

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Ray B. West, '04 Student Affairs
Melvin C. Merrill, '05 Department Notes
John H. Tuttle, '05 Locals
Laura Nebeker, '07 Alumni and Exchange.

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Vol. [Volume] 2. May, 1904. No. [Number] 8

Editorial.

[Image]

The annual meeting for the election of officers for STUDENT LIFE staff, and for making necessary amendments to the constitution was held April 18.

Professor Upham called the meeting to order and presented two amendments, which were voted upon and carried. Art [Article] IV, Sec. [Section] 3, of the constitution was made to read: None but officers and students of the institution who are paid up subscribers, shall have the power to vote. Art [Article] II, Sec. [Section] I, now reads: STUDENT LIFE shall be a paper of eight issues of thirty-six pages each.

The election of officers was as follows:

Editor-in-Chief Walter Porter
Associate Editor Preston G. Peterson
Business Manager B. F. Eliason

With the appearance of this issue of STUDENT LIFE, the present staff enter the retired list. During the two years that we have served, our aim has been to keep pace with the growth of our institution, giving at all times a record of student life as it appeared to us, and offering occasional suggestions to the wicked at heart, to the fickle, and to those who failed to see themselves as they appear at large.

Since we no longer have the privilege of fighting our battles through STUDENT LIFE, we wish to make friends with all. Of those from whom there has been "wailing and gnashing of teeth," owing to our personals, we crave pardon and ask

Page 52 of PDF

[Image] Image caption: "Quiet Hour" in the Sanctum.

Page 53 of PDF

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Page 261

no fee for lessons taught. Our subscribers and advertisers we sincerely thank for their patient, untiring support. "The Knocker's Organ." the rights and privileges belonging to its

right-hand man, the staff, together with our best wishes, we leave to our successors. To all we extend our wish for a pleasant vacation. Farewell.

To those of our readers who are watching the growth of our institution a few words regarding the work and prospects for the coming year may be of interest.

The policy of the Agricultural College is, as ever, to meet the demands of the people for a "liberal and practical education," and to aid in developing the many resources and industries of the state. Such changes and revisions as have been made for the work of next year have been made with the view of more effectively accomplishing this end.

Since it was established, in 1889, the college has made rapid progress. The present value of the plant approaches very nearly 600,000 dollars. Nor is this to be the value long. During the past years 20,000 dollars has been added. Arrangements are at present under way for the installation of a new plant for distributing light and power throughout the buildings. It will be furnished with complete equipment of the latest model. Bids for furnishing new equipment for the library are also being considered. The furnishing will probably be put in during the summer months.

Since the establishment of the department of music in June, 1903, musical instruments amounting to over 1,500 dollars have been purchased. The work in music during the past year has been quite successful and it is encouraging to note that at least three persons will be employed as instructors in the department next year.

Next school year should certainly be a prosperous one. New equipment will be added, the faculty will be strengthened and we have every reason to believe that the enrollment will be larger than ever before.

[Image] Image caption: "How the Child Has Grown."

Page 262

St. [Saint] Louis Exposition.

In magnitude the Louisiana Purchase Exposition surpasses anything of its kind previously attempted. It is attracting the attention of the whole world and especially the educational

world, for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is distinctly an education affair. Demonstration is the key note of the exposition. The exhibits are characterized by life and motion.

As the plans began to mature in the minds of the projectors it was seen that, to accommodate the enormous display, much more space would be occupied than any previous exposition had required. Exhibits of finished articles do not require as much space as that required for demonstration of processes.

The present Exposition covers 1240 acres, while the area at Chicago was 633 acres. The Paris Exposition covered 336 acres, the Pan-American Exposition 300 acres, the Centennial at Philadelphia 236, and the Trans-Mississippi at Omaha 150. Chicago had eighty-two acres under roof in its principal exhibit palaces; the World's Fair at St. [Saint] Louis has 128 acres. Buffalo had but fifteen and Omaha nine acres.

Among the numerous special features, one, especially interesting to college reading, is the Olympic Games. These will be revised and given an elaborate production. Athletes from all over the world will compete. The games will be daily events from the opening until the close of the exposition. Another distinctly college feature will be the National Oratorical Contest. Every leading college and university will compete in this contest and consequently every college man will be interested.

Numerous special features might be enumerated. Numberless processes might be named which will be exhibited at the Fair. A million articles might be mentioned which will be on display. But through all runs one idea—education. Education lies at the base of all the movement and, as such, it appeals to every intellectual man. The Exposition will be more than a mere sensational display. It will be a record for the progress made in every line of human thought. It is a stupendous and commendable undertaking. It will undoubtedly be the greatest record of human achievement ever collected in a single place.

For You and You and You

Few alma maters are faultless, but the student who cannot construe a fault into a virtue is certainly to be pitied. In great institutions, which have centuries of honorable activity behind them, loyalty is almost instinctive. In such an institution, where every corner and fence has a thousand associations, loyalty naturally rises to devotion and worship. Love, as deep-set and everlasting as life, grows with the

developing mind. Such worship and devotion is perhaps the purest emotion of life. It is as entirely separated from life's ordinary sordidness

Page 263

as light is from darkness, and its purity is commensurate with its abstractness.

Such feelings are passive and require no effort other than complete absorption of the spirit of the school life. It is better that it is so. But all life is not the same, as all institutions are not the same. Some have yet a history to make. Thoroughly enjoyable is pride in history. Honorable are makers of history. The Agricultural College of Utah has a history to make. She has faults; let us forget them. She has virtues; let us remember them. She is struggling for an honorable place in history. To those who help her attain that place will be the thanks of the future.

Another year of school is over and students return home to be judged by their neighbors. Be good, is ordinary advice. Passive goodness never made history. Let us suggest something that can help the Agricultural College by making history in Utah. If there is a person in your locality who can make a living by trading horses, a person who never bets but what he wins, who never trades but what he cheats, a person who never works but who lives high off the toil of his friends, bring him back to school with you. He will make a good business manager for our paper. Do you know a person with enough gab to talk the hind leg off a kicking mule? He may become a debater. Bring him back. You certainly are acquainted with good baseball players. We don't need them, but bring them along anyway. No community is without its poet. Bring a few in. Bring back the champion runner, jumper, swimmer, worker, the best shot, and the biggest liar. Bring your champion lazy man and champion fat man. But look out especially for football timber. If you know anyone who is seven feet tall and too mean to eat, don't lose him. You all know men who could excel in something. The Agricultural College needs them and it is your duty to convince them that this is the place for their activity. Seriously now. Each man be a special agent. Show by you actions that school has improved you. Do more. Strengthen the school by the addition of a good man.

[Image]

Page 57 of PDF

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Page 58 of PDF

Casper demonstrated the fact on Arbor Day that he is really a student of the soil. It seems to be a part of him.

A large number of students have left school. There are others who would leave were it not for the fact that Logan has a city physician.

Manager Iglehart and Mr. Lovey, cartoonist, of the Salt Lake Herald, gave a very interesting lecture March 19.

The Phi Delta Nu has discontinued work for the rest of the year. However they expect to continue next fall.

The "Delta Tennis Club" has in prospect a tennis tournament at Salt Lake City some time before commencement.

Powell has discontinued school. He is anticipating a trip east in the near future to take a course in designing.

April 8th. Important business called Mr. Barrack to Ogden today. The nature of the business we do not know but presume he is taking a course in pugilism.

There is talk of clearing the campus for Gold Links. Those who are pushing the affair predict that Golf will be part of our athletic curriculum.

The "Aggie" track team was seriously disabled by Mr. White's leaving school. He was one of the most promising distance men in the college.

If you feel depressed and chilly; if the weight of your aching head makes your back ache, never mind, for the time being, about. Notifying the attendance committee, but tell your troubles to a policeman.

The Seniors evidently believe in the converse of the old adage, "Example is better than precept." Bravos!! Their enthusiasm was commendable in chapel. However they refused to take part in Arbor day exercises.

If a person should leave one state (after living in that state quite a while) and should enter another state, yet still stay in the same state, where would she be at? We refer you to the persident [president] of the Senior class.

The assistant in animal industry was severely attacked by Pinto, the large Hereford bull, while exercising the latter on the

ferry. Nothing more serious resulted than a pair of dilapidated trowsers [trousers] and a free ride over the hennery.

Prof. [Professor] Wilson: I can tell a junior by his smell.

Mr. Nelson: Why-a-we came to the conclusion that-a-the faculty has been discussing some unsavory question.

Prof [Professor]: Well, yes, we had been talking about the Junior class.

If inoculation will prevent a man from having smallpox, it is a positive fact that Kirk is immune. He drank three gallons of fumigating bath, got vaccinated, fainted and fell on his stomach, came to his senses, rolled over and declared he was positively ashamed of himself.

Page 59 of PDF

Prof. [Professor] Jensen: What can I do for you?

New Student: I'd like to take a case in forgery. The student was referred to the head of the Commercial Department.

Tarbet sings in a down-town choir. At all funerals he generally participates and sends his excuse in as follows: "Absence on account of death." The committee always approves it.

Trustee McAllister certainly had great hopes in mind when he said he looked forward to the time when every seat in chapel should be as full as those before him (looking at Kirk and Morgan).

The opening concert of the Musical Department was a rare treat in the line of music. The performers were all distinctly artists and the program was very much appreciated by the large audience.

Darley is playing the part of a villain in the Wellsville Dramatic Co. [Company] Such people sometimes become so engrossed in their work that they forget all else. It might pay the Sorosis Society to investigate.

Some thirty-seven of our modest young ladies jointly administered a thin layer of flour to one of our gentleman students. If flour had the same effect upon one's actions as it does upon one's complexion, we could not blame the girls for slinging it.

The club house girls have petitioned STUDENT LIFE staff, asking that an assistant local editor be stationed at the Dormitory that the good things emanating therefrom may be more widely appreciated.

We extend an invitation to you all. The little box on the second floor was designed especially for the preservation of good things.

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Page 60 of PDF

"We hear enough 'tommy-rot' now, without having students take part."

"I admit that it would be good practice for students to take part in chapel exercises; it is also excellent practice for some members of the faculty."

"I think it would be better to turn chapel over to the students entirely."

Some New Year Resolutions

Grabbed Unawares from Somewhere or Other, Somehow or Other.

We resolve to give STUDENT LIFE as little support as possible. Student Body, Alumni and Friends.

I resolve wear my Prince William and look exceeding wise until "Rural Sociology" is completed. John Franklin Engle.

I resolve to excuse unconditionally all football players hereafter. Attendance Committee.

I resolve to magnify my calling more in the future than I have in the past, Charles Batt, Superintendent of the Public Morals and Steam Heating.

I resolve that my choir shall learn one new song before Commencement. S. Mitton.

We resolve that Santschi should have a successor. Sorosis Society.

We resolve that we are. Track Team.

I resolve to diet myself and learn how to dance. Tal Kirk.

I resolve to continue to sport that girl if the old man has to sell the farm. Rich.

We resolve that the art teacher is a jewel. Most all the Girls.

I resolve that Miss Nebeker will have me, whether she will or not. Glead.

I resolve to live as becomes a retired social gentleman. Fisher.

We resolve to be exemplary, upright, public spirited, liberal in support of the college, slow to criticize, and quick to respond to any public duty. Anonymous.

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Page 61 of PDF

The place and we shall hereafter expect some new and instructive Bible readings for chapel exercises.

Neilson fell on his leg, and as a consequence is unable to practice this week.

Rich: "Have some taffy, Mildred?"

Mildred: "No, thank you; that's all you've been giving me for two years."

Mortensen, the star full-back of last year, is employed in the baggage department of the O. S. L. [Oregon Short Line] Ry. [Railway] at Pocatello.

J. T. Jardine was recently elected president of the Engineering Society.

In a recent meeting of the Phi Delta Nu a student about to be initiated asked what the spirit of the society was. The president quickly informed him that beer had been adopted.

Dr. [Doctor] Yoder: "Mr. Pond, what is contained in a chemically impure substance?"

Pond: "Impurities."

Dr. [Doctor] Yoder: "Very bright answer."

The new instruments are beauties. There is no reason why we should not have a first class band.

Allred is showing up splendidly in football.

Hon. [Honorable] C. W. Nibley of Baker City, Oregon, gave a very instructive talk in chapel Nov. [November] 7.

Prof. [Professor] Ball: "If I should saw this bone in two, what would you see?"

Scottie: "The inside."

Miss B. (after a Hallowe'en party). "No, he didn't get any black on his face, but I rubbed some on from mine." After a moment she added, "They had to hold him while I did it."

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Page 62 of PDF

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