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[Image] Image caption: "The Day Was Cold, Bleak, Dreary--The Pass a Mile Away."

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[Image] Image Caption: IN THE SHADOW OF THE OLD CLOCK TOWER

A Series of Eight Stories in which is Evolved the Intangible Something Called College Spirit.

IV.--The Character.

Around every college there are fellows, whose names, when mentioned before a dignified faculty member, cause the latter to merely knit his eye brows, shake his head, and remark dryly: "Oh, characters; truly characters." This, of course, is not one of those conventional recommendations which would procure for the "character" a position of trust, with those people who take life as a very serious proposition. There are people, however, whose appreciations are so enlarged as to employ the Old Nick himself as a confidential clerk, simply because he is a "character"-there are not many who partake of his characteristics. The "characters," after school days are over, usually do get positions of trust, simply thanks to the law of equality, because there are some appreciative employers, but that's off the subject.

Harry Harward was a "character" at Blake. Impetuosity, persistency, "bull dog" courage, and nerve were mainly his characteristics. He had also a good judgement when he wanted to use it, but that was not very often. He used to say that when a man relied upon his judgement, his other resources became dormant.

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Harry was called by a nick name, (most characters are) given to him in his Freshman year. He earned it the night of the "Soph" raid on the Freshman of the dormitory.) When the commotion started, and the guileless "Freshies" were being pulled out of bed, and rushed, in night attire, out onto the campus, Harry realized what had "broken loose," and he betook himself to the next floor, where the Juniors and Seniors slept in peace. At the top of the stairs was a fire plug, and safety hose. Here, Harry waited. After all the available "Freshies" had been pulled out, the "Sophs" started a search of those who had sought safety. When a party of them searched the bend in the flight of stairs leading to the floor where Harry lay in wait, the fire hose went into action, and Harry was on the business end of it. Soon the stair case became a miniature water fall, and the floors below formed artificial lakes. Still Harry operated his hose until the "Sophs" gave up and fled. The day of settlement brought Harry a new boarding place, a bill for repairs, and a nick name- "Mad House." The latter never left him during the remainder of his college days, for, truly, his career well fitted his name.

If there was any devilment or disturbance, "Mad House" was usually located as chairman of the committee on arrangements. During his junior year, he was "carpeted" before the discipline committee three times, and only escaped punishment because, -well, nobody really ever did know why he was not sent home. The truth is, he never knew

himself. One of the dignitaries of the punishment committee summed his case up: "Bright fellow; fair student; clever, but-we'll graduate him to get rid of him."

During "Mad House's" spare hours, he played foot ball. He has a reputation as a "half" at high school, and he brought that with him. During his first three years at Blake, he made the first eleven-with no questions asked. During his junior year, while his "case" was being tossed about in the college faculty, and his classmates feared that he would soon favor his father's homestead with his presence, some fellow with a sense of humor produced figures to the effect that in the previous year's game with the State "Tech." school, "Mad House" carried the ball 225 yards out of 290 covered by Blake. Of course, there was no connection between this incident of figures, and the discipline committee, even in this day of "muck raking."

Nevertheless, "Mad House's" senior year found him as captain of Blake's eleven. Of course, the big game was with the State "Tech." and "Mad House" lived on the strength of that game. Everybody had an idea that the "Tech." was using peculiar means as to securing players, and public opinion

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was against Blake meeting the "Tech." team. Finally the matter was passed up to Blake's team for consideration, and the decision was to be final. The team was divided; part wanted to play; part believed themselves justified in serving all athletic connection with the "Tech. school" Finally a meeting was called, and the team assembled. "Mad House" came in late, but was made chairman of the meeting. The truth was that "Mad House" had not shown his hand yet, and it was not known how he stood. Speeches were made by exponents of both sides of the question, and finally a vote was called. All this time "Mad House" kept quiet, but when he put the question, as chairman, he added quietly, "I have nothing to say further than that there is but one way for you fellows to vote on this question as long as I am captain of the team." Just then, one member of the team, discovered that to vote by secret ballot would be a very satisfactory way-that was the straw that broke the camel's back. Up jumped "Mad House," and-well, we have neglected to state that another of "Mad House's" sins was his profanity. As "Peachy" Little, another "character," put it, "Maddie's cuss words roll out like the water did down the Dorm. stairs."

The meeting came to an end right there. "Mad House" put the hard pedal on and his double forty effect acted like magic on the members of the team. After pacing up and down the floor in front of them, terming

them several kinds of "quitters," he stopped, and bringing down his fist with a bang on the table, he hurled at them: "Yes sir, we're going to play that game-play it if we have only two men-play it if the "Tech's" are all paid-play it if we're beaten a hundred to nothing. We are going to play, not quit." Then in a lower tone of voice he added, shaking his fist at his listeners, "Any man who disagrees with this decision can get out; he's a 'quitter' we don't want him; we won't have him; he can't play on this team. Any man who votes 'no' on this question takes himself off the team. There will be no secret ballot; we are going to throw the 'quitters. Gentlemen, are you ready for the question?"

It was put; a silence followed; then a unanimous "yes" came forth "Mad House" had won. Do you understand now what is meant by the expression, "a character?"

The N. C. & S. [Nashville, Chattanooga and Saint Louis] Railway was extending its lines, and was endeavoring to reach the rich Cardovan gold fields in California. It had for a strong competitor the T. & T. W. [Tonopah and Tidewater] Railway, which also aimed to secure the traffic to and from that district. All summer, both roads put forth their best efforts, and each hoped to reach the destination before everything was white. Naturally, each road desired to lock the other out, and prevent entrance

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to the Cardovan district. The terminal point was the town Thermopolis, which lay on the western side of Silver Zone pass. This place was the goal, and the railroad reaching it first, would be the victor. The most available and cheapest route was through Silver Zone pass, and both roads were striving to secure an entrance through it. As winter neared, it was evident that the scene of struggle would be at the pass.

The N. C. & S. [Nashville, Chattanooga and Saint Louis] Railway had let the contract for building the road to the Western Construction Co. [Company] The terms were peculiar, as it was specified that should the Construction company fail to secure the route through the pass, it must build the road over a neighboring hill, at the same cost per mile as it would have cost through the pass, and be ready by January first. Failure meant an enormous expense to the Construction company and a loss of profits on the summer's work. On account of the difficulties encountered, the Construction company placed as superintendent over

the work their most experienced man, Dan Fitzmaurice, an old railroad man of thirty year experience.

As November days came on, the task become more difficult, and the Construction company became more anxious as to the general outcome.

Finally, conditions reached a crisis, when the T. and T. W. [Tonopah and Tidwater] Railway people carried the case to the State Supreme court, which declared the pass neutral ground and that the railroad which ran a train through it first, would have legal right of way. This simply meant that there could be no temporary road bed build over the pass, so as to hold the right of way, but it meant that a continuous track must be built, so that a locomotive and train could pass. It was plain that the construction train would fill the legal requirements.

The T. & T. W. [Tonopah and Tidewater] people were nearest to the pass, and were straining every effort to reach it first.

It was just at this stage that Fitzmaurice, of the Western Construction company was sent to the hospital with his legs broken, as a result of a runaway accident. The Construction people hastened their general superintendent to the scene. When he got to the Construction camp, he found more trouble.

The labor employed on the work was entirely foreign, composed of Greeks, Italians and Austrians. When they realized the importance of their position, they became arbitrary, and made demands of the Construction company. At first, these demands were met, but as they became more unreasonable, the company hesitated, and discontent arose. When Fitzmaurice became helpless, the "hooligans" seized the opportunity and called a "strike."

Everything was tied up when General Superintendent Henderson of the Construction company

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arrived. First he sent Fitzmaurice to the hospital; then he called a meeting of the camp foremen.

The meeting was held in the commissary car of Camp No. [Number] 1, the steel gang camp. This camp was in charge of a young fellow by the name of Harward, who was popularly known as "Mad House Harry." He had railroaded but a few years, but had earned a right to the claim of "head foreman" on the job. He, of all the men on the job, did not give

up hope of obtaining the right of way over Silver Zone Pass. At the meeting that night, Henderson told his foremen the state of affairs, and for the first time asked advice. He turned to Harward first. "Can we reach the pass before the other fellows?" was the question. Every body was alert. Finally, "Mad House" spoke. "Yes, by the gods, we can reach the pass, if all of you are strikers, not 'quitters,' and if you are fighters we will eat our New Year's dinner at home." That was enough. Soon every man present expressed himself similarly. As the meeting broke up, Henderson whispered to Harward, "It is up to you, old man, you are boss now. The board of directors voted yesterday to increase force and take the hill road, under the conditions that you foremen agreed and were ready to lay down. But you have'nt got enough yet, so go to it, and sucess." Henderson stuck out his hand. Harward took it and replied, "They thought we would quit, eh? By the time you sit down to your New Year's feast back in civilization, you'll have a railroad over the pass. Remember that. All I wanted was a chance, and now I have it. Well, I can take a defeat, but I won't quit."

After the meeting in the commissary car that night, the subforemen held a short "conflab" in their bunk car, after they had "turned in." All realized the responsibility and preponderance of the task before them. When they learned that Harward, the youngest railroader on the job, had been given sole authority, some of the older men shook their heads, but all expressed a willingness to "fight." The immediate question for consideration was the settlement of the trouble with the laborers. Old man Mullins, a lining foreman, was giving his idea as to the proper settlement, when a knock was heard on the car door. Mullins got out of his bunk to unbolt the door, and found "Mad House" outside on the steps. "All the fellows asleep yet?" asked the intruder. "Naw, they won't sleep either, with this job in their hands," responded Mullins. "Well, what I want is you, Castello, and Hill to come with me." Candles were lit, and soon the three foremen were pulling on their clothes. "Better take your guns with you," said Harward, as he finished lighting his pipe. "You might need them, as there is some missionary work to be done."

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Finally, the four men, armed, left the "bunk car," and arriving at the first car, where "hooligans" slept, "Mad House" stopped them. "I know where this trouble is," he whispered; "there's a lot of 'half-breed' agitators working these fellows up, and we've got to get rid of them tonight if we intend to work in the morning. Castello, do you know who started this strike? and can you pick them out?" Castello replied to the effect that he could "purty nigh get all un 'em."

At this juncture, the supply train locomotive began panting, and soon "Mitchell, the conductor, swinging his lantern, came up to Harward. "We're all ready for your train load of anarchists," Mitchell whispered; "where are they?" "We will show you 'em in a minute," came from Harward, as he ran up the steps leading to a car containing Greeks. He gave the door a kick, and it flew open. Mullins grabbed Mitch's lantern, and the three foremen, with drawn guns, followed Harward, while Mitch went back to his train.

This sudden entrance to the car awoke the sleeping Greeks, who sat upright in their bunks, shaking with fright. "Shut up, and don't open your heads," yelled "Mad House" as he drew his two Colts. Then turning to Castello, "Who do you want in here?" Castello pointed to a little Greek with bright black eyes, and lamp black hair. "Yank the cuss out," and suiting his actions to his words, he soon had the poor Greek sitting on the floor in undress attire. "Now dress," said Harward quietly, sticking his "smoke wagon" under the Hellenic citizen's nose. The Greek was trembling partly through fear, and partly through surprise, and, as he stood up, he began to don his work clothes. "Now the rest of you, find this fellow's trunk." A half dozen dark-skinned sons jumped out of their bunks, and the trunk was soon produced.

After the excited Greek had dressed, and all was ready for departure, "Mad House" turned around and said to the remaining laborers. "Every body works tomorrow, see; same pay; same time; same boss." Then Hill and Mullins picked up the trunk, while Castello and Harward leveled their guns at the owner of the trunk, and they said, "Now you get out of here." The Greek understood; he got. When the four Americans and their prisoner got outside the car, Harward turned to close the door. "Now, you fellows, keep your d-d heads shut, or you all get back to Ogden, like Mike. Sabe? With this expression the door came shut with a bang, and a lock snapped on the outside.

"Mad House" stopped for a minute and listened. All was quiet within the car, save an occasional whisper. Then he walked down the steps and muttered, "That ought to hold 'em."

In the meanwhile, Mitchell had backed the train, composed of a

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caboose, two empty box cars and the locomotive, down in front of the Greek car. No sooner had the train stopped than the trunk was thrown into one of the box cars. After having searched the prisoner for fire arms, they commanded him to get into the remaining car. The time he hesitated, but Mitchell and Bennett, the brakeman, were not in a mood

to trifle, so Mr. Agitator entered the side door "Pullman" head first, ably assisted by the before-mentioned train men. The freight car door slid shut and Harward whispered, "Which is the next car?" Castello found his bearings and said, "Third down from here." Mitchell signalled [signaled] Cunningham, the engineer, to "back" while the four "reformers" started up the steps of the car already designated. The scene which followed here can be described with ditto marks as regards the previous one, and so can all of the remaining ones, which transpired in the searching of the rest of the cars. Castello picked out his men with ease, and they were handled with no disturbance. Mitchell slid the car door shut for the last time, when the tenth man had been injected, and he fastened it securely with a padlock as Castello remarked, "That's all uv 'em; ten count 'em, ten."

"Take 'em back to the headquarters on the main line, Mitch," ordered Harward, "and be back here by day break: We work tomorrow."

Mitchell swung his lantern, and after the warning "toot-toot," the train slowly moved away. "What time is it," questioned Harward. "Two o'clock, and all's well," answered Hill. "Let's hope for that at least, and good night," said "Mad House" as he entered his car. "Better sleep on your guns tonight," he added, as a parting word.

When daybreak came, the foreigners were astir early, talking and "jabbering." They could not get out of their cars, but Harward was ready for this, and one by one the locks came off of the cars, and slid into his pocket. The "hooligans" greeted him with a subdued "Morning, Mr. Harry." "Good morning, boys," he replied; "be ready in a half hour; for the train goes to the front then." After breakfast, when the time came for a departure to the scene of work at the end of the track, and the work train stood ready to leave, the laborers were on hand as if nothing has happened. With sacks and buckets, containing their lunches, slung over the shoulders, they jumped onto the train, and labor troubles were settled for good.

The days which followed were days of excitement. Those men, from Harward down to the water boys, seemed to be fully imbued with the spirit of fight. They understood what was expected of them. Rebellion disappeared from the ranks of the foreigners, and, they all agreed with the statement of little Mike Preato, a water boy,

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"Mr. Harry, good man, good boss; he no 'fraid a fight; he like a fight."

Still with all the exertion put forth, it seemed as if the T. and T. W. [Tonopah and Tidewater] construction force would reach the foot of Silver Zone pass before "Mad House Harry" and his men. To reach the foot of the pass meant victory. The T. and T. W. [Tonopah and Tidewater] force was just two miles from the foot, at the close of day on Dec. [December] 24. Harward was one and one-half miles away, but had an uphill grade against him. Christmas day would decide the matter. One track or the other would hold the pass before another night fell. Each force watched the other. The T. and T. W. [Tonopah and Tidewater] people had their road bed constructed up to the foot of the pass; nothing remained but the laying of steel. The N. C. & S. [Nashville, Chattanooga and Saint Louis] company's road bed met that of the opposition just at the foot, where it made a wide curve from the north. To pass the junction was all that was necessary, and Harward would block out the competitors.

On the afternoon before Christmas day, a genuine blizzard came up and the thermometer fell. Harward had intended to work by moonlight that night, but now it looked impossible. The men still rolled out the steel rails, and tumbled the ties onto the road bed, kept clean of snow, only by constant shoveling. By four o'clock in the afternoon it became colder, and the wind howled. "Mad House Harry" was standing at the end of the track tram. He saw the conditions his men were fighting against, yet they did not give up. A smile broke over his face, and under his breath came, "Gad, what a foot ball team they'd make, poor devils."

Then he caught the beseeching glances from the faces of the laborers. Again he glanced, and saw scowls. He understood; the limit was just about reached. Darkness came on, and still the storm raged. It was time to stop work for the day. "We can't work tonight, for the poor devils are human," growled Harward. He signaled to the engineer to sound the whistle for work to cease. Back went the work train to camp.

After supper, Harward sent his men around to the laborers to tell them to be ready, if they were called during the night. They caught the point. "Mr. Harry, he know whole pile-maybe storm stop," they said. Harward had not slept for the past week, and he dozed off for a short time after he lay down on his bunk. About eleven o'clock he awoke, rubbed his eyes, and jumped up. Something seemed to run through his head. He pulled on his boots, threw on his storm coat, and wrapping up his head, he rushed to the car where his foreman slept. The blizzard raged outside. Kicking the door until the men inside were awake, he yelled, above the noise of the wind, "Everybody up. Castello, send the men to wake up

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the 'hooligans.' I'll get the train crew ready." Off went Harward, plowing through the snow to the caboose, where the train crew slept. Castello jumped out of his bunk, glanced at his watch, and just then a terrific blast of wind shook the car. "He's crazy-clear bug house," growled Castello; "we can't work in this storm. The lights can't burn." Just then another kick came at the door. "Are you up?" came a question; the train will be ready in a half hour." Castello opened the door and looked at "Mad House." "You can't work tonight-my God, look at the storm! You're crazy; no man will work even for you." "Mad House" came into the car, and laying his hand on Castello's shoulder, he said, "I am superintendent here, Castello, not you. I said 'wake the men.' You do I; understand?" That was enough; Castello understood.

There is an old saying, "The darkest moment is just before the dawn." It has been proved true scores of times before. This time was no exception. When the work train, loaded with material and workmen, whistled out of camp at midnight, the storm seemed to be at its worst. The wind was like a mighty giant, breathing his icy breath, and wilting everything before it.

There was a silent crowd in the caboose around the red hot stove. Harward sat in the center, quietly filling his pipe. Fifteen minutes passed, then a lull came, and the engine got up more steam. The lull in the storm became more perceptible, and then, a smile broke over Harward's face, and he simply said in a subdued tone of voice, "I knew it would come." His foremen caught his words, and Castello moved towards a window, and looked out. "Well, I'll be hanged; look at that damned moon." That was enough; Hill started, "God moves in a mysterious way," and-well, those voices did the old sang credit.

It did not take long to reach the scene of work. By the time of arrival, the storm has subsided, and the full round December moon was smiling gloriously. Harward was the first to alight, and soon had the shovelers going, clearing the way, and but a few moments later the rumble of the ties, the clank of the steel, and the tap, tap, tap of the spikers filled the air. The rest of the night was spent thus, and when daylight came, the junction point was but a mile away. Every one by now had caught the spirit, and when the men, who had been sent out by Harward to ascertain the position of the opposition came back and reported the track "where it was last night," a cheer went up, but still, the rumble and the clank, and the tap, tap, tap went on. By eight o'clock, coffee was served. Baker, the engineer, had found several pounds in the caboose, and with his hot water, he soon made a drink which would stimulate the tired workers.

When the Christmas sun came

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out, and the white plains began to glitter, and the far away mountain tops threw off shafts of sparkling light, a suitable scenic setting was given to the act now transpiring. Soon, in the distance to the north, could be seen the engine of the T. and T. W. [Tonopah and Tidewater] construction train sending up rings of smoke as it "spotted" the tram car. Nearer and nearer the junction point came. Harward's men were working like machines, and every man made every move count. It was five minutes to twelve when the shovels cleared the junction point, and the tram cars were about one hundred yards behind. Down the other grade, a half a mile away, could be seen the toiling, puffing locomotive of the opposition. Steadily "Mad House Harry's" steel gang neared the critical point, and at 12:20, "Mad House," himself, hooked bridling rods onto the rails which closed the way to T. and T. W. [Tonopah and Tidewater] Railway company. The men could hold themselves no longer. A hard, long cheer broke the monotony of the everlasting pound of falling steel, and the tap, tap, tap of the spikers, as hats and coats went into the air.

To be sure of the victory, Harry worked his men for the rest of the day, and pushed a half mile up Silver Zone pass. About quitting time, a long whistle was heard, and a train was seen coming up the track behind the work train. When the engine of the new arrival stopped behind the caboose of the work train, Mitchell jumped off of one of the cars. "Here are your residences, gentlemen," he cried bowing; "and gentlemen, our friends of the other road have started over the hill—the road we didn't take." Christmas day was done.

That night, Harward remained alone in his office car. He sat smoking in darkness, except for the flickering light from the stove. Suddenly, he arose, and opening his trunk, he took out a college penant [pennant] with a big "B" on it. He laid it on his bunk and then, delving down into the trunk again, he produced a picture—just the customary picture of the customary girl. Then he resumed his seat, and for some minutes he sat, looking at the picture he held before him. He began to whisper softly to it.

"Little girl, you gave me the penant [pennant], and this picture, the night after we played "The Tech," and they beat us. You were sentimental, and so was I; and you said you loved me, because I wasn't a quitter?"

Turning the picture over, he read what was written on the back of it, "A woman never loved a man who was a quitter." Macgregor.

[Image]

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The Return of the Octagon.

They called him the Octagon because, seemingly, there was nothing in the line of "stunts" that he could not do. He was the best fellow going to college. The only thing that kept him from winning highest honors was his instability of character, his lack of concentration; but still he was the most brilliant man in his class. He edited the college paper for two years, made the football team and the debating team.

The strangest part of the whole thing was how he came to go to college. He was picked up by a benevolent old gentleman who was attracted to the tousleheaded little ragamuffin by his bright face and quick wit. By him he was sent to school where his progress was remarkable and he soon distanced the little fellows in his class. But the tramping spirit seemed to be ingrained in his bones; and in the spring when the "hobo" hails from the dives and dens of the large cities and "hooks" the rods for foreign parts, he would long for the care-free life with a yearning that he could hardly resist.

His benefactor watched him closely and would take him for a long journey when these fits would come on, and Barstow, for this was his name, would "get into the collar again."

Now he was at college, and it appealed to him more than anything else he had ever struck. He had plenty of money and gave liberally to every mendicant and beggar who asked. He did not question where the money came from; he was just glad that it did come; for it enabled him to live and associate with the careless happy class of fellows that he loved.

Here again it was the happy-go-lucky strain of the life and his love for his benefactor that kept him "digging" and doing things. Occasionally the roving spirit would come on so strongly that he could hardly resist it. When any of the fellows saw him in this state of mind they would clap him on the back and tell him to "back up." It didn't take much jollying to cheer Barstow, and in a short time he would be singing as lustily and smoking as strongly as any of them.

"The only trouble with college life," said Dennis one evening, "is that you mustn't think about it. You must just live it, for if you think about it you realize how short this little gambol in the green of life is, and how soon you will strike the woods."

Then the fellows would roar, "Hear! Hear!" and clap him on the back and tell him he had the

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making of a second Daniel Webster in him.

"Jolly good times they all are," he would continue; "but soon memories, when a fellow gets to going up against the realistic thing in this life."

The night of Barstow's graduation, he received a message, stating that his benefactor was dead; and that his money had all been left to a charitable institution.

That night at the exercises, Barstow was pale and silent, and he afterwards went to his room and began packing.

Now he was free, free to do and to go where he wished. As long as the old man had lived he would have gone on working to try to achieve something that would repay him his charity. Now he sat down and wrote a letter, refusing the position that had been offered him in a big law firm. As he sat in his window, there was comfort in gazing at the starry sky, comfort in allowing this imagination to picture what was going on in the silent, sleeping cities all over the world.

The next morning he bought a ticket for Denver. The West had always held a charm for him. He got a job in a ranch "punching" cows; a year later, he found himself in California. From here he went to China with volunteers, and thence all over the world. Wherever he went, he was loved; everyone liked the attractive boyish face; and his humorous way of being chronically "broke," yet happy, added to his charm. After ten years of roving, he found himself one night in the old college town. The light of the old town cast a dim radiance through the falling snow. The holiday spirit was in the air and everyone was jolly. But Barstow wandered about, hardly knowing where he went. He had often said that all the world was his home; but, just at this time, this place seemed more like home to him than any he had known; the very atmosphere was balm to his weary soul. His overcoat was shabby, but many a fellow stared at the manly figure and remarked of "the football stuff in a man like that."

At last he found himself before a brilliantly lighted place. His meditations had been disturbed by someone asking him to give a lift with something. He seemed to recognize the voice, as he turned about;

the two men gazed at each other; their hands struck in simultaneous greeting.

"Billy!"

"Jack Dennis!"

"You old rascal, where in time have you been for the last ten years?"

Barstow's head was in a whirl. "Why, what?" he said; "Oh! I remember, this must be the night of the old class annual."

"Why, of course it is, you old fogie. Come right in. We all thought you had been interred in the sarcophagus long ago."

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"Boys!" he yelled; "here's Billy Barstow."

"Billy Barstow!" echoed twenty voices, and then Billy found himself seized and "Rah! Rah!" after "Rah! Rah!" rang back echoes that shook the building.

That night when Billy got up to give his little speech, he said:

"Fellows, I have been all over the world hunting for a nameless something that I can't express. But tonight I have had once more a glimpse of the heaven that I have dreamed of on the plains and seas." He paused a moment and then, raising his glass, he said: "Would that there were a fountain like the one Balboa sought, where every one of us might be regenerated with an eternal, unending college existence."

I will not tell how Billy went into a law office, and married Dennis' sister; and best of all, was satisfied. "That," as Kipling says, "is another story." Jones.

On the West Range.

For a number of years, trouble had been brewing between the sheep-men and cattle-men of the West Range; and at times, it merged into a complication which resulted in a lone sheep-herder [herder] or cowboy being secretly, but effectively, removed from the scene.

"Old Parry's" large cattle ranch was located in the path of the regular Fall and Spring drives. As these seasons approached, the very slight of the white invaders fairly nerved him up to "fever heat." At all times, he was kept keenly alert by his determination to maintain and protect his own at all cost.

On a stormy night, in the latter part of April, when all without seemed black and heavy, surrounded by rings of curling tobacco smoke, in the center of the cabin, sat "Old Parry" and his two hired men. Each was enjoying the companionship of his closest friend on the ranch, the corn-cob pipe, while they talked over past hardships and pleasant memories. This reviewing of "old times" brought vividly before Parry his many hand-to-hand conflicts in which he had invariably won; sometimes, however, at the peril of his life. The cause of the conflicts was the encroaching of sheepmen upon his cattle range.

Parry was an "old timer" who had spent his entire life in caring for and handling cattle, so that he could appreciate the value of a range exclusively for cattle and realize the devastating effect of trailing sheep over it.

In these conflicts, he realized that he had not always used jus-

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tice, but in defending his range, he considered that the means would justify the end. This very fact held him up as a prize and he realized that the ambition of his enemies was to remove him secretly from the range.

The old man's anger was kindled by relating conflicts in which he had experienced close calls at different times. It burst into flame when the men told how a rancher on the next range had been killed by a band of sheep-herders. Rising from his chair, he walked the floor in a fit of madness; his past acts, in that lawless country mingled with the fear of the fate which he knew would be his, should he chance to meet his enemies, bore heavily upon his mind.

Just at this time the sound of horses galloping toward the cabin and the thrilling bark of the dog reached Parry's ears. For a moment, he paused; but thinking the sound was that of loose horses in the pasture, he resumed his troubled walking about the floor. Without warning, a volley of shots suddenly came crashing into the room. Having seen Parry pass along by the window, the attacking band of sheepmen knew that he was in a trap, and so lost no time in forcing entrance. In the struggle that followed the intrusion, the two hired men were securely bound. Now, feeling confident that "Old Parry" was captured, they discussed plans for disposing of him, in a way that would end Parry's career as a rancher, at least, in that district.

Much to their surprise, on lighting a short stub of a candle, they found two strangers whom they had bound with the rope, and Parry was gone. A very short search revealed a trap door in the floor, through which the prize had escaped into a small cellar. From there, he had gone to where his faithful horse was standing, saddled and ready at all times for any emergency. By listening on the outside of the house, they could hear the sound of a horse galloping toward the hills. The two leaders of the mob immediately started in the direction of the sound, hoping in a short time to overtake their enemy. The rest of the mob commenced a close search about the premises.

It was a dangerous trail over which Parry led his pursuers; but he felt no fear, because he knew exactly where the dangerous points were, and how to avoid them. At the risk of his own life, however, he hoped to lead his followers over the dark, broken trail, which hung high on the rough canyon wall. Not knowing how to avoid it, they would plunge headlong down into the rocky canyon. Accordingly, he slackened his speed and attempted to leap a broad gulch. But, in doing so, his horse loosened a large stone and, with it, went tumbling into space. So close were the pursuers, so eager to lay hands on the man who had been the trouble of their life, and so narrow was the

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trail, that they, too, tumbled down into the depths of darkness.

Before the rocks had ceased rolling, the three were lying unconscious on the stony bottom of the canyon.

Within the course of a few hours, "Old Parry" regained sufficient consciousness to hear the moaning and passing words of the other two, from which he understood who they were and that they were nearing death. Then his mind wandered, and it was only a short time until he, too, was breathing a last breath with the satisfaction that again he has beaten his old enemies. A. D. S.

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Student Affairs.

Art Exhibit.

The exhibition of paintings by Utah artists, held in the reading room of the library just before and after the vacation, was one of great interest to all who had the time to study the pictures, and especially so to the students of the Art Department. The most noticeable feature

of the exhibit as a whole was that all the artists, both in choice and treatment of the subject, had evidently felt strongly the influence of French life and art. This was but natural, as all the exhibitors had received their training in Paris. The subjects were almost exclusively French. The old houses of Mr. Richards and of Mr. Leo Fairbanks, the street scene of Mr. Young, and nearly all the landscapes of Mr. Wright could be located within twenty miles of Notre Dame, the geographical center of Paris; and all bear witness to the strength of the spell that France has cast on these artists. The "Coasting" of Mr. Young, though thoroughly American in subject, has an impressionistic, unreal coloring. Even the "Harvest Near Ogden" by Mr. J. B. Fairbanks, which one would suppose to be a typically Utah scene, is treated in an essentially French manner. The coloring and grouping of the trees in the background, and the soft light that pervades the whole picture are much more reminiscent of the mellow atmosphere about Barbizon than of the strong, violent light that inundates Ogden at harvest time. This string light, or lack of atmosphere, which the majority of artists cordially hate, and which for the layman lover of western scenery has a charm, is most apparent in Mr. Wright's pictures. We have all if us seen, and can still see with our "inward eye," our Utah poplars standing out vividly against the sky in the full glory of their autumn gold; and it was a pleasure to each lover of Utah to find them thus faithfully represented and not shrouded in banks of opal fog or veils of amethystine haze.

Mr. Young and Mr. Wright are by far the most versatile of the group. The bits of Paris and the views of the Marne River by the latter show a strong feeling for the picturesque of French city and country life, and for the "intimate" quality of the French landscape. He feels a French landscape, sees into it, is penetrated with its poetic qualities and soft and dreamy setting; in short, he understands it as though he had made it. His portraits show a wide range of treatment from the iridescent, impres

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sionistic tints that glow on the gown of the woman in his "Book of Poems" to the stern realism that characterizes the portrait of Bishop Thomas X. Smith. In every case, Mr. Wright seems to have adopted the pose best suited to the person he was painting, and then to have brought out the speaking traits of the face and figure. Whether we know the subject of the portrait or not, there is an appealing quality about each which commands one's attention. The artist seems to be, in saying: "Here is a face with character. Study it."

The college is very fortunate in having artist friends of ability and talent who are willing to lend it their work for exhibition, and the opportunity thus afforded to study paintings should be considered by students as one of the richest and most profitable that their college life offers them. The man who can feel the beauty of a good painting has within him a source of joy which will bring him as much pleasure as a love for books or music.

Stag Party at Caine's.

Thursday night, Dec. [December] 27, John T. Caine III. gave a stag party at his home on Seventh East. It was rather a novel affair and was much enjoyed by the small crowd of fellows who were there. The company indulged in conversation and various varieties of holiday cheer until midnight. One novel thing about the party was that the people present were so congenial that it was not necessary to resort to the usual cards or other games in order to keep things moving. Everybody had a bunch of jokes to tell. In this line, Carl Garff and Geo. [George] Torgeson were especially entertaining. Both are stars at story-telling. Twelve o'clock came before it was expected, and then Caine's big hit-the fatted calf.

We don't know whether or not it was exactly a calf in years; but if we may safely take tenderness as an indication of youth and innocence, then we are sure that that beefsteak came from a youngster. It was a home raised product. From its infancy, John T. had exercised all his broad erudition in animal husbandry in order to prepare this particular steak. And it certainly repaid him for his pains, if the pleasure of his friends may be counted as remuneration. The cooking of the steak, and the many other good things which were enjoyed, was done by Blanche Caine and Minnie Peterson, two of our

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Domestic Science graduates. When the meal was over, all the guests arose and called the cooks and the host blessed.

The company spent another hour after the feed in praising the host and his hospitality, and then went home to dream of pure bred yearlings.

Woman's League Reception

The December meeting of the Woman's League, on the afternoon of Dec. [December] 17, was in the form of a reception given to all women of the College, at the home of Mrs. P. A. Yoder. In the reception rooms, the window shades were drawn; the decorations of evergreens, and a

Christmas tree, festively dressed, looked very pretty in the electric light; an open fire in the parlor added to the cheer. Punch and wafers were served in the library, where the table decorations conformed to the Christmas scheme of the room decorations. Games were played and a general good time was enjoyed by all who attended. Those who were not present missed a merry afternoon.

Doso.

On New Year's Eve, the Dosos spent a very enjoyable evening at Vesta Kerr's. A doubly good time was had owing to the presence of Frances Smith and Mell Homer of the old bunch.

It might be stated here that the Dosos could give some valuable information as to how to gain entrance to the college at midnight without the assistance of the night watchman. An electric globe and "cut glass" cake plate are the remains of their successful escapade.

All Night Sorosis.

On New Year's Eve, just at nine o'clock, thirteen dark figures stole silently across the college campus to the east door of the main building, where they were admitted by the night watchman. By the aid of a borrowed lantern, they found their way through the darkness to the Sorosis Room and found the door locked. But some one had seen a step ladder somewhere on the second floor and there was a transom above the door. It was not long before the girls were safely in the room. Several old Sorosis members were in a town for the holidays, and the girls had come up to the scene of so many happy meetings, for one more—the last of the old year. The time was soon passed in general discussion and reminiscences.

Some time before midnight, a number of inviting looking parcels were produced and their contents spread on the floor. These soon disappeared. Just before 12 o'clock the whole crowd went to the south end of the building to ring out the old year. All together, they succeeded in gathering as much strength as "R. O." has, and the

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bell was rung until the old year was gone and the new one ushered in.

By the time the room was reached again, the remains of the "banquet" had disappeared! On the way home, the girls saw the missing eatables on the table in Pres. [President] Kerr's dining room, and the Dosos

seated around the table looking as if they wished the Sorosis had left a little more.

However, the Sorosis gave a hearty cheer and best wishes for the Dosos, who returned the compliment, and the happy bunch of thirteen wended its way homeward.

[Image] Image caption: A Hint to the Anvil People.

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[Image] Image caption: Athletics

In order that all student of the college may have a permanent record of the proceedings of the conference held by the L. D. S. U. [Latter-day Saints University], the B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University], the B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College], and the U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College], to formulate rules to govern future athletic contests between any two of the schools, we publish the following "Conference Rules," which were recently adopted:

Article I.

Section I.—"No person shall participate in any intercollegiate sport unless he be a bona fide student doing ten hours work and having passing marks in the same in a regular or special course, as defined in the curriculum of his college; and he must not have more than one condition, exclusive of this ten hours, at the time of competition.

Section 2.—"No person, who has participated as a student in any intercollegiate game, as a member of any collegiate team, shall be permitted to participate in any game, as a member of any other college team, until he has become a matriculate in such college, under the above conditions, for a period of one year, and until after the close of the succeeding season devoted to the sport in which he last participated. This rule shall not ap

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ply to students who have completed the course in which they were enrolled when they last competed.

Section 3.—"No student shall participate in any intercollegiate contest who shall not have been in residence a semester and who shall not have full credit for a semester's work previous to the term of semester in which the sport is held.

Section 4.—“No person shall be allowed to participate in any intercollegiate contest who receives any gift, remuneration or pay for his services on the college team.

Section 5.—“No student shall participate in college athletics upon the team of any college or colleges for more than four years in the aggregate; and any member of a college team who plays during any part of an intercollegiate contest does hereby participate in that sport for the year, provided always that the first three games of intercollegiate foot-ball in each season shall not count as participation. It is further provided that four years of preparatory work shall count as three years participation, and further, that this rule does not take effect until June 1st, 1907.

Section 6.—“No person who receives any compensation from his school or college for services rendered by way of regular instruction shall be allowed to participate in any intercollegiate athletic contest.

Section 7.—“Ten days before an intercollegiate contest, the respective chairmen of the athletic committees of the institutions concerned shall submit to each other a certified list of the players eligible, under the rules adopted, to participate in said contest. It shall be the duty of the captains of the respective teams to exclude all players from the contest except those certified.

Section 8.—“No person, having been a member of any college athletic team during any year and having been in attendance less than one college half year, shall be permitted to play in any intercollegiate contest thereafter, until he shall have been in attendance one full semester.

Section 9.—“All questions which cannot be settled by the schools themselves shall be submitted for final decision to an arbitrator and all evidence and testimony shall be given to him on demand.

“The arbitrator shall be elected for the ensuing year at the Spring meeting. The expense of the investigation shall be borne by the losing party, as determined by the arbitrator.”

The State University sent representatives to the conference, but they disagreed with the representatives of the other institutions on so many of the rules proposed that they withdrew and refused to enter the State Intercollegiate Athletic League.

Athletic Notes.

There is at present an over supply of basketball candidates from each of the three departments, and things bid fair for three strong school teams.

The department games, which will determine which department the F. W. Thatcher trophy cup will adorn for the next year, are to commence soon.

There is a greater interest in gymnasium work this year than has been shown for some time. Arrangements have been made whereby the students may register and have regular periods for this work.

The first of the league series of basket ball games will be played on January 19th.

Debating.

The great interest aroused in intercollegiate debating last year, and the victories captured by the teams, brought a large number of students into the work this year. Each of the two series of tryouts has shown up some promising material, and those chosen on the two teams are equal to the occasion, and will certainly do justice to their task.

M. C. Harris, I. E. Kerr, and A. D. Skeen were chosen to meet the B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University] at the A. C. [Agricultural College] in the latter part of February. For some time the trio has been wading through records and reports with a determination to leave no stone unturned.

The team chosen to meet the B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College] is composed of R. O. Porter, J. L. Kearns, and J. W. Johnson. Miss Moench has been chosen as a member of the Faculty Committee on debating, and the debaters will receive some careful training in delivery.

There is a great deal in stablishing a good reputation, and still more in keeping it up, when once established. The reputation established here, in our first year in the field, is certainly a good one; and, as the debaters are working to maintain it, they should receive the support of the student body, for whose interests they are really working.

STUDENT LIFE.

Published Monthly by the Students of UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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EDITORIAL

[Image]

The winter course registration far exceeds that of any preceding year. It is more than double that of a year ago. This looks exceeding good.

One subscriber said, the other day, that the stories appearing in "Student Life" were too good to be original with any of our students. Just show us the person that contributes a "pinched" story, which he calls all his own, and "we'll hang him-that's what we'll do to him."

To the "Republican."

Concerning the December number of "Student Life," the Logan Republican in its issue of Jan. [January] 5 made some complimentary remarks, which are duly appreciated. It also said some extremely

uncomplimentary things about the publication of one of the cartoons. Our knowledge of the Republican and its gentlemanly editor, assures us that the latter wrote the last part of his article without an understanding of the facts concerning the cartoon. In the first place, he completely misinterpreted the meaning of it, and secondly, he misrepresented conditions when he stated that "the reactionaries were wild with delight" at the cartoon's appearance. There is absolutely nothing about it to send the so-called "knockers" into paroxysm of joy; and the statement, that "It is one of the little ways the knockers have" of persecuting the athletic director, is absolutely groundless. The cartoon simply portrays a page of actual college history.

The editor of the Republican should give his misinformant, (if

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the latter is responsible, as we think he is) the honorable swift kick, and then go forth and sin no more without more trustworthy authority.

Library Additions.

During the past two months, over six hundred books have been added to the library. Three hundred were presented by the Wisconsin State Historical Society. They treat of various subjects, mainly historical, economic, and scientific. They were obtained through the efforts of our excellent Librarian, chiefly. The other three hundred were purchased by the college. These, too, cover a large number of subjects; about fifty are standard fiction.

We hope the students will appreciate the additions, and profit by them. With such a courteous and competent librarian as Miss Smith, and with our other splendid library facilities, there is no reason that the students should not benefit greatly by the free use of the Library.

Contribution.

Some of our subscribers have recently criticized "Student Life" because we do not publish more articles contributed by the lower classmen; because there are so few locals concerning Freshmen and Sophomores; and, in short, because the upper classmen are given the most prominence. They say, in effect, that, since the paper is supported by students of all classes, said students should be equally represented.

The criticism, we believe, is given with the best possible intentions. It is certainly taken in good spirit and is even gratefully received. One thing about it, however, is that it is aimed at the wrong persons. The lower classmen, themselves, and not the staff, are responsible for the comparative lack of prominence they receive.

In any community, it is the people who do the most for the public (or, in some cases, who "do" the public the most) who are the most talked of. The college is, in this respect, as well as in many others, simply a miniature community. If the lower classmen wish to have more of their contributions published, they must first contribute something for publication. We should be delighted to publish any worthy contribution from a member of any of the lower classes. But so long as their contributions are inferior to the writing done by the Juniors and Seniors, or if they do not contribute at all, we are forced in justice to all concerned, or by necessity, to give our space to the upper classmen.

Stir yourselves, you Freshmen and Sophomores. If you have a thought that you would like to give to the world, write it down "the best you know how" and hand it in. You have chosen us to pass

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upon its fitness for publication. If we consider it worth while, we will gladly print it. We have no preference among the classes.

We hope these statements will cause some of our Freshmen and Sophomore friends to do something in a literary way. When you contribute an article for publication, remember that "Thine and thine only is the glory."

Mix.

It is an old story, this thing about the benefits of college associations, yet like many old stories, it is well to repeat it occasionally. We have often heard that the friends we make in college are the nest we ever had. It is often sad that we profit more by association with educated people and with people seeking knowledge than by any other one thing. These things are probably true. Their importance can hardly be overestimated.

If a fellow wishes to make a failure of his college career, we know of no surer way than for him to recite his little lessons every day and grind every night, neglecting to put aside his books occasionally and

"mix." His grades may be all of the great first letter; his knowledge of what a few great men have written may be profound-probably will be; but after he graduates nobody is going to go around asking him to recite a few chapters verbatim from Darwin or Richter or Schopenhauer; nobody will be likely to ask him to give, offhand the names of all the animals considered in a treatise on evolution. It is well to know much about these things; it is essential to a well rounded education; but to spend numberless weary hours in "grinding them out" and doing nothing else, results in an intellectual one-sidedness and social stuntedness that will forever prove disastrous to the recluse student.

In this age, it is absolutely necessary that we be able to "meet" people, to make a good impression, at once. We are judged much by our manner of appearing, our pleasantness of address and the degree of our resourcefulness. These characteristics are usually the results of careful cultivation, and are possible only to those who have associated much, and with many classes of people. The student who neglects the social side of his college life will almost invariably lack address. Hermitic habits will seldom result in great resource.

Greater opportunities for the cultivation and development of these requisites are found in college than perhaps anywhere else. People of rather heterogeneous tastes, ideas, and ideals are found in every college. Association with these people cannot but be broadening to any receptive mind.

It may be unnecessary to advise any student in this institution against the practice of overstudying-we think it is-but too few

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of us are getting the benefits of mixing. We don't go out enough. We don't know each other well enough; and we are letting pass too many opportunities for enjoyment, education and wholesome development.

Get out; see people; learn of their ways, their beliefs and ideas, and teach them yours; give yourself a chance to grow, to advance, and to enjoy. In other words-mix!

Departments.

Engineering.

Perhaps some who have visited the testing laboratory [laboratory] in the Mechanic Arts building have noticed a model of a weir standing in one corner. This weir gate and raising device was worked out by profs.

Jenson and McLaughlin, and a patent has been applied for. The model mentioned above was exhibited at the Irrigation Congress in Boise last September.

The weir, being the work of men in the department, naturally arouses our interest, and it will doubtless be worth while to mention some of its principal features.

The lifting device embodies the following:

While the gate is in motion, it is entirely free from the sill and the side guides. This not only eliminates the sliding friction, but also permits the use of a packing, or cushion to secure water tightness. The sill scours automatically, always leaving a perfect seating for the gate. These features are obtained in the following way: The gate, or weir, is operated by winding a wire cable onto a roller at each end of the gate. The roller shaft is turned in either direction by a common reversible pawl and ratchet lever. When the gate is seated at its lowest position, the first up-motion of the roller shaft closes a scissors combination of levels, thrusting the gate directly up stream until it is entirely clear of sill and guides. The gate is then raised free from friction, on the arc of a circle to the desired height. It will be seen that the total force required is the weight of the gate only, which is further lessened by the buoyant effect of the water. By locking the lever combination, the gate can be forced down, still free from the guides, to the bottom.

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Since the gate is forced down in front of the sill, it causes a rush of water under the bottom of the gate and up between the gate and the sill, thus flushing out any silt that may have been deposited against it. The lever combination is then unclamped and the back lever drops and seats the gate.

The entire lifting apparatus is of the simplest possible type. It contains no gearing or intricate mechanism of any kind.

The weir gate itself is of special design, well adapted to gates of considerable length. By means of a truss on the rear side of the gate, it may be sprung forward by tightening the nuts at the ends of the truss bar to counterbalance the backward spring of the gate due to water pressure. The setting for the longer weirs is of reinforced concrete, but some of the smaller ones can be set in lumber flumes.

All weirs are graduated to read direct in second feet, thus requiring no reference to tables of coefficients or discharge and eliminating all computation.

Twenty-five students registered for the winter course in mechanic arts during the first two days after the holiday recess.

Prof. Jenson spent the holidays working for the State Engineer on the design of the dam and headworks of the Hatch Town reservoir.

E. B. Acuff, a former engineering student, was a visitor at college Jan. [January] 8 and 9. He is now working for the government in Idaho.

Agriculture.

The Animal Industry Department has been strengthened recently by the addition of a pure bred Hereford bull, "Lelax Alamo 20, out of Alamo, by Lelax." The youngster is about fourteen months old and traces his ancestry back to the great "Dale." The purchase was made of Gov. [Governor] Sparks of Nevada.

The new greenhouse is about completed, and the Horticultural Department intends moving in shortly. The heating apparatus is the hot water system, and seems to be greatly superior to the old steam process; it is independent of "'Arry's 'ouse." Matthews runs opposition to 'Arry and occupies an elegant suite of rooms in the new building.

The Agricultural Club wish to thank the Sorosis for the generous and timely Christmas remembrance of a half dozen sofa cushions.

Quite a number of Ag. Students and Faculty members expect to attend the meeting of the National Wool Grower's Association, which will be held in Salt Lake Jan. [January] 17-18-19. A fine stock and fat stock show will be held in connection.

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Dr. [Doctor] Frederick was in Weber County recently, conducting tests for tuberculosis on some Weber County dairy herds.

Prof. [Professor] Jardine has recently been honored by being selected to appear on the program before the Dry Farming Congress, which will convene at Denver in February. Prof. [Professor] Jardine leaves for Washington about that time and will cover Denver en route. He is on

for the principal address from this section of the country and will probably discuss "Dry Farming Problems."

Domestic Science.

The Domestic Science Department has recently received from the Proctor & Gamble Co. [Company], Cincinnati, O. [Ohio], manufacturers of "Ivory" and other soaps, seventeen samples of materials used in both soap and candle manufacture. The samples represent each stage of the process, from the crude materials to the finished product. This collection is remarkably complete and especially valuable, as most soap manufacturers refuse to give such samples. It is a very desirable addition to the Museum collected by Prof. [Professor] Cotey, which has elicited much comment from visiting educators as being the only one of its kind outside of Pratt Institute. It is something of which both the Domestic Science Department and the College are justly proud.

Of the oils used in the manufacture of soaps, samples were sent of a white, solid coconut [coconut] oil, of refined cotton-seed oil and its crude original, and the so-called "Red Oil." A sample of the lime from which the caustic lye and pure soda ash are made, is given together with the products mentioned. The byproducts, chemically pure glycerine [glycerin] and the glycerine [glycerin] and dynamite are represented in various stages of concentration and refinement. The block of stearic acid ready to be moulded [molded] into candles is a beautiful specimen and reminds one that really good candles are made and sold, though we seldom see them. With this were sent also the crude fat ("still stock") from which the stearic acid was separated and the by-product known as "candletar" composed of oxidized fats, glycerine [glycerin], and waste matters. An examination of the samples gives a clearer understanding of the process of soap making than anything short of a visit to the factory, and will be valuable not only to the students of the class in Laundry, but to the students of Chemistry as well.

Commerce

A number of new students have registered in the Department since the holidays. The registration to date is about 140.

Two of our students, V. W. Justeson and W. W. Olson, went

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to Ely, Nevada, to accept positions as stenographers in the office of William McKnight, was has recently been elected to the position of

Recorder and Auditor in White Pine county. It will be remembered that Mr. McKnight was a student of the College two years ago. After leaving school, he went to Ely and accepted a position as stenographer in the office of the Recorder and Auditor. We are glad to hear of his good fortune. The department wishes our boys in Nevada every success.

Mr. Guy M. Smith has accepted a position as bookkeeper with the Telluride Power Company of this city.

This school is now adorned with a new departmental flag. It is made of felt. The back-ground is of white and blue with the word COMMERCE written in red letters. The flag was made by Miss Allie Bowen and other Sorosis girls, to whom much credit is due.

Mr. Hyde has withdrawn from the Department and has accepted a position with the Telluride Power Company at Provo.

The work of the "County Convention" will be continued at the next meeting of the Commercial Club. Every scheme and trick known to politicians seems to have been tried in this convention; some have worked while others have resulted disastrously for the promoters. An unusually keen interest is taken in the work and it sure to result in much valuable practice for those participating.

Mr. Webster Adams, paying and receiving teller at the First National Bank of Logan, a graduate of the "Short Commercial" was recently elected Treasurer of the Logan City Schools. He will continue his duties in the bank in addition to his new work. The genial "Web." is quite a favorite at the bank and is succeeding [succeeding] conspicuously.

Military.

[Image]

Company A won the recent rifle contest.

Preparations for the military ball have begun in earnest.

Are the new uniforms loud enough?

The outline of our work is: Tuesday and Thursdays, drill in

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the drill hall; Wednesday and Fridays, lectures for coms.
[commercials] and noncoms, [noncommercials]; Saturdays, indoor target
practice or rifle contests.

Three new swords were added to the armory Jan. [January] 8.

The Krag rifles, sent for last fall, are expected before spring.

During these dreary months, interest is kept from lagging by Captain
Perry's efforts.

Captain Jensen of Company A, '05-'06, is now with Uncle Same in the
Philippines.

Captain Hillman of Company B, '05-'06 is teaching in Idaho.

Captain Connelley, Company C, '05-'06 is studying practical
agriculture in Oregon.

Monthly inspection will be held the last day of each month until June.

[Image] Image is of a cartoon.

Image caption: (Jany. [January] 8) "I've got 'em on my list."

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Locals.

Bishop Spaulding, of the Episcopal church, spoke in chapel Dec.
[December] 15.

Miss Wilkinson read a very interesting paper in chapel last month.

A dignified member of the faculty was heard to say something which
would not appear well in print, when he went up to his knees in
Lewiston mud.

Joe Munk at sugar factory: "Say mister, please sir, and where do they
top the beets?"

Employee: "In the beet fields. Miss."

Bertha Eccles was a visitor at the college in December.

A new way of grafting is to thank a person for a present before you
get it. For further information, apply to Christie Crawford.

Con. Snow has completed the plans for his new home. Now, girls, get
busy.

Dr. [Doctor] Thomas: "What did Luther do with the papal bull?"
Wright: "He drove him outside the city gate, killed him and burned him."

Grace Fisher royally entertained the Sorosis girls at a chafing dish goo party before the holidays. By excellent headwork (?) Effie Smith received first prize at a progressive game of A. B. C.; while Janie Roberts got the booby prize. Much amusement was afforded by Effie Smith and Mab. Nebeker, who dressed in unique costumes and did stunts. The girls say Grace is a bum hostess.

Miss Barrows, of Ogden, was visiting prospective relatives at the College during the month.

The Sorosis entertained the Dosos at Kensington Dec. [December] 19.

Some new physical culture apparatus has been installed in the gymnasium.

College dance parties may have to be given in the old Gym. again.

Jan. [January] 10: Sorosis went sleigh riding yesterday.

John Griffith, who is playing the role of Richard III. this season, lectured to the students in the auditorium, Jan. [January] 10.

Hazel Pond visited Logan during the holidays. We can't see

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what on earth she came for, when there is nothing here but Snow.

Swan Olsen, a former student, and Miss Mabel Miner of Salt Lake were married Jan. [January] 16. Olsen is with the Reclamation Service. Congratulations.

J. R. Carl, an excellent student, a member of the Second Year class, left school Jan. 9 to take a position with an electric company at Bingham. Mr. Carl is a splendid fellow, possessed of an optimum of common sense and many other desirable qualities that make us regret his departure. His offer was such a flattering one, however, that he discontinued his studies. He certainly has our best wishes.

Willie G. Pyle recently launched himself upon the sea of matrimonial bliss. It is rumored that E. P Hoff will soon be paddling a canoe on the same pond.

J. T. Jardine went north during the holidays. Now, he is "going south."

Captain Styer and family sailed from San Francisco, for the Philippines Jan. [January] 5. Miss Lena Hoffman, a last year's student, accompanied them.

Mell Homer, Frances Smith, and Eliza Peterson, of the Dosos, were home during the holidays.

Mark Brown is very popular at the U. [University of Utah]; his good appearance and voice secured for him invitations to join all three frats. [fraternities], one of which he accepted. His ability as a shot putter and his excellent shape will bring him points and laurels in the spring, especially with the ladies.

If, during this cold spell, you should get very chilly, just go into room 87 without your lesson. You will get warmed up.

The basket ball season opened with a game between the teams of our school and the B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College] Jan. [January] 19.

Provo took her defeat on the track very gracefully last Spring, consoling herself with "Just wait until the basket ball season opens." It's almost here, Provo; now give it to us.

Because of so many sore shins last year, the board track will not be used to train this winter.

Weekly skating parties instead of dancing parties will probably be given at the Logan Pavilion by the Athletic Association.

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[Image] Image caption: ALUMNI

Prof [Professor] W. M. Jardine.

The alumnus who is at present receiving the greater part of our attention is Professor W. M. Jardine. He was recently chosen to fill the position of Agronomist, in charge of Dry Land Investigations in the U. S. [United States] Department of Agriculture, and left here January 25 to take up his new duties at Washington, D. C. [District of Columbia]

Jardine is a member of the class of 1904. He took out a degree in Agriculture. For two years prior to his graduation, he filled the position of Assistant Agronomist at the Experiment Station, while pursuing his Junior and Senior studies. He continued in this capacity until March, 1905, when he became Secretary and Manager of the Utah Arid Farm Company. In July of the same year, he was elected Assistant Professor of Agronomy and Station Agronomist, returning to the college to occupy this position. In April, 1906, he was made full professor, and he held this position until he accepted the new one as stated above. He has done much for Agriculture in a public, as well as an academic way. His writings in "Scientific Farming" of which he is associate editor, have created widespread attention.

In his college career, Jardine was always a leader. He played football during his entire course, acting as captain during the season of 1903. He has left his impression in more than one opponent of the White and Blue.

Personally, he is the proverbial "hale fellow." To know him is to be his friend. It would be difficult to find another with so much

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determination and enthusiasm. He never knows defeat. He refused to be beaten when his team played the University, and the result was the only victory we have had over the "U" [University of Utah] for a good many years.

He has already done much for his Alma Mater, and he will do more. His success is assured. We join his many friends in extending congratulations.

J. S. Baker '99 is at the head of a large engineering project in Montana. His office is at Helena.

S. G. Rich '05 will return from Great Britain in time to enter Columbia in August. He will probably study law.

Christian Larsen, '96 is teaching modern languages at the L. D. S. [Latter-day Saints] University.

W. D. Beers '99, is an engineer in the U. S. [United States] Geographical Survey, Reclamation Service. His office is at Salt Lake City.

J. E. Barrack '05 is mining at Fairbanks, Alaska. He is out for a fortune, and he is the kind that usually get what they "go out for."

B. P. Fleming, '00, has been chosen as an associate editor of the Experiment Station Record, the monthly publication of the office of Experiment Stations at Washington, D. C. [District of Columbia] He has charge of the department of Rural Engineering.

Blanche Caine '05 and Minnie Peterson '06 both teaching Domestic Science in Sanpete Country, spent the holidays in Logan. They report much success.

J. H. Tuttle, '05, and Miss Mary Daniels, of Malad, Idaho, were married during the holidays. Alumni and students extend congratulations.

J. H. Smith, '05, passed through Logan Jan. [January] 22, on his way to Salt Lake, where he has an engineering position.