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Transcribed by: Carma Nielson

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[Image] Image Caption: In the Western Mountains

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Air Castles.

On a drowsy August afternoon, a long, long time ago, down in the corner of the meadow, on the mossy banks of a brook, sat three small people, a boy and two girls. The drowsy atmosphere, and the quieting influence of the surroundings, gave a mystic charm to the trysting place. It was on afternoons like this that gnomes and fairies came out of their hiding places, and held high carnival, all for the purpose of entertaining the small dreamers, a privilege to that class only. On many other afternoons the three small people had spent their time here - just dreaming.

Today they had forgotten all about fairies and gnomes, and were engaged in that ever pleasant occupation which even large people enjoy, building air castles. The boy was talking.

"When I become a big man, I am going to be a lawyer, like Uncle Ned, and have my picture in the paper. Papa says I can go away off to school and learn how to speak and help reg'late the gov'ment. Then I'm coming back and marry both of you, just like Uncle Ned did, only he married just Aunt Cleo."

The little girl with golden hair and brown eyes, tossed her head, and then she spoke, seeming to realize the weight of her speech: "Oh, you funny fellow, don't you know you can't marry both of us - just one? Then, any way, I am never going to marry. I am going to be like Aunt Jane, and live in a big house all alone, with flower gardens all around, and write books and be President of Federation Clubs. So you will have to marry Dorothy, see?"

"Oh, I'm never going to marry," broke in the little girl with chestnut hair and blue eyes. "I am going to be a nurse, and wear a white apron and cap, and a red cross on my arm, just like my Aunt Margaret, and mamma says, anyway, that I have a 'career' ahead of me. So I won't marry you."

Disappointment showed itself all over the face of the little boy, and just as he was going to speak again, the willows parted, and soon Nurse's voice was heard: "Dorothy! Dorothy! Where are you? Don't you know you mustn't be here? You'll get yourself all dirty, and there is company tonight at dinner. Come right back to the house, and play with a nice little boy, whose papa is a big Captain in the army." The little girls with chestnut hair and blue eyes knew that nurse's word was law, so hesitatingly she

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arose and followed Nurse. The other two little people trailed along behind her out to the path, which led from the meadow to the big summer house on the hill. When the path was reached, the little girl with chestnut hair and blue eyes turned around, and said, "Goodbye. Tomorrow I can come down again." Then she slowly walked up the path out of sight. The little girl with golden hair, and the little boy stood still for a moment, and then they moved down the path across the meadow to the houses beyond.

At last they came to where their path divided, and there stood a fourth small person - a small curly headed, bare-footed youngster-son of a flock tender. A mutual recognition followed, and the little boy turned to the little girl with golden hair, and said, "Good night, I can go to the brook tomorrow." "Good night," said the little girl with golden hair and brown eyse [eyes], "So can I, if I want." Then she

walked up the other path with the fourth small person, while the little boy took the path towards home. He turned before he reached the door, and looked back at the forked path which led to the big house on the hill, where the little girl with chestnut hair and blue eyes played with a Captain's son, and to the little cottage near the meadow where the little girl with golden hair and brown eyes said "good night" to a wee curly-haired, bare-footed youngster.

It was a conventional after-theatre reassemblage [reassembly] at Sherry's. Around a table sat four of the Metropolis' leading dramatic critics. They were discussing Broadway's latest success — a dramatic success before it. Really, however, the success lay in the opinion of these four men, for they constituted the dramatic supreme court, from which there was no appeal. The court's decision was favorable to the play, the author, the star, and the manager. However, in this case the author and manager were one.

"Yes," said the most elderly looking of the four, after cigars had been lit, "'Air Castles' is a success, but let's forget about the play, and talk about the author and manager. It's more interesting, as we four are unanimous in our opinion of the work. Ever hear Cortland's history? No? Well, here goes. Born out West, among the mountains and Indians. Had experiences which you or I would give half of our lives for; had an appreciation, also, for what he saw, and then he had a memory. Put experience, appreciation, memory and talent together, and you get the rough materials which mold into a Broadway run of 500 nights. Finally he came East; his governor decided that he should delve into Blackstone. He delved, and dug hard, and finally left the halls of his college, ready to battle for justice. However, at college he got missed up in a "Mask and Sandal," or "Sword and Dagger"
Dramatic

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Club; wrote several clever skits for the club; did some turns himself — the 'call' was sounding in his ears.

"Finally he got stalled down here in New York, and began as sort of assistant in a law office. Blackstone got awfully dry, and the white lights of Broadway were beckoning. Finally he concluded that Justice was blind even if he did remove the bandages from her eyes, and that there were other men, who would willingly cure her blindness, so he closed his Blackstone for the last time; wrote his "Gov." out West that he had a son who was a failure; and then came down and had the nerve to ask Malesco for a job, and kept him. Cortland's parents were bitterly disappointed — their fond dream was gone, and their air castle tumbled over. Since he was a boy, they had planned that he should be a barrister. This was ten years ago. Malesco is dead, and the worms are eating him, and Cortland, by sheer hard work, has become his successor as a dramatic magnate and author.

"Well, Cortland has written a play, which is worth while; has staged it elaborately; given it a cast of 'scintillating stars,' and there logically follows a success."

"How about the star? Who is she anyway? She is a new face to me," said the youngest of the critics.

"Well," the oldest man continued, "Cortland 'brought her out.' She is a 'Girl from the Golden West,' and I understand that she and Cortland have been life-long friends - boy and girl together, you know. Her first triumph - but she is worth the laurel wreaths. She, too, never intended to become what she is. Wrote a book or two, but they weren't among the 'six best sellers.' Funny, isn't it, how 'the plans of mice and men gang aft a-glee.'"

The reassemblage [reassembly] then broke up.

For forty weeks "Air Castles" had run, and the public and critic alike were unanimous in praise of the work of the author and star.

It was after the regular Saturday matinee. Cortland sat alone, smoking and thinking, in his office in the second story of the Malesco Theatre building. He had not yet turned on the lights, and he sat in the fast falling twilight. Outside, the white lights of Broadway were gradually coming to life, and the evening rush sent up its pandemonium of noise. Suddenly the door from the ante-room opened, and the rustle of skirts awoke Cortland from his reverie. It was Miss Hartly, the star of "Air Castles." Cortland was surprised, but regaining his composure, he quietly said, "Miss Hartley, er - Maude - come in."

She entered and seated herself in the chair proffered her. After she had unlaced her glove, she extended her hand to Cortland. "Bobby," she whispered, "I-I have come to say good-bye." Cortland did not understand her, but he took her hand. "What's that, Maude?" he

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demanded. "I am going to quit," she explained, "and go home. Now listen, Bobby, and don't get excited. I am going to tell you all about it. Don't you remember when you were just a little shaver, and I was a little girl, with red hair, and there was another little girl with chestnut hair and blue eyes? Do you remember that day we three sat down in the corner of the old meadow by the brook, and boasted of what we were going to do when we were big? Cortland was strangely quiet now, and a sad, pathetic look was in his eyes. "Do you remember that you were going to be a big lawyer, and the little girl with chestnut hair was going to be a nurse, and I planned to write, and when we were right in the midst of our dispute as to why you shouldn't marry both of us when you grew to be a big man, an Angel of Destiny, in the form

of a Nurse girl took the little girl with chestnut hair and blue eyes away from us, so that she could play with a Captain's son? Then we two wandered down the path together, till we met a curly-headed, bare-footed boy, and he and I went away from you?"

Cortland had hidden his face in his hands, and bent forward in his chair, but still was silent.

"A long, long time after this, when we were grown and you had gone away to college, and left the little girl with chestnut hair and blue eyes—you left me, too, but I had another playmate—the curly-headed, bare-footed boy. The little girl with chestnut hair missed you terribly—I did, too, but in a different way. She used to wonder if you would ever come back when you had become a great lawyer. She wondered and waited, but you never came, and she thought you had forgotten all. Finally, the time came when I had to leave that little girl away out West. I came here, and helped you smash your old idols of Blackstone, and we two together broke down the old air castles, which were built down in the corner of the old meadow, a long time ago. You didn't become a lawyer—nor I an author, and the little girl with chestnut hair and blue eyes out in the Golden West did not become a nurse."

Cortland arose and walked to the window, but still was silent. Soon he felt a pair of feminine arms around his neck, and a whisper, "Bobby, you've been like a brother to me, but I must leave you, just as I left you that night at the fork of the old meadow path, where the bare-footed boy waited for me. We are at the fork of the path now, and"—her voice became softer, "and the bare-footed boy waits for me still." All was silent, Cortland turned about, not attempting to conceal his emotion. "Maude," he said in a husky voice, "that night of so long ago, after I had left you to go home with the bare-footed boy, and the nurse had taken Dorothy away to play with the Captain's son, I stopped as I went in the door, and gazed back at your old home, near the meadow,

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and at the big house on the hill, and I felt so lonesome. I did forget for awhile, and during that while the little girl with chestnut hair and blue eyes passed out of my life, and went away to play forever with the Captain's son. Now that you and I have come to the fork in the path, I must still go on without you, as I did before, but when I reach the Home I will turn and look back at the big house on the hill, and the little cottage near the meadow. I will ever feel so lonely. Our air castles built down by the brook that day have not been in vain, but good-bye, and if, by chance, you ever see the little girl with chestnut hair and blue eyes, tell her that when my air castle fell, it blinded me, and I forgot."

Cortland quietly kissed the girl, and with a sigh he slipped from the shadowy room. When all was silent, he moved to the window and stood looking down upon the life of the "Great White Way."
Riter.

[Image]

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By Telepathy.

A man sits before a fire in a luxurious room. The lights are out. But the occasional upward flicker of the flame in the open grate is reflected on the gleam of some old bronze, a suit of armor; or, for a moment, a face flashes from one of the many canvases on the wall, as if coaxed out by the warmth of the firelight, which momentarily plays over it.

The man that now sits before the fire is not a common sort of man. The half light of the fire throws the broad shoulders in silhouetted relief against the ceiling, and brings out the strength of the jaw, the quiet melancholy in the eyes, and the slight droop of the mouth. He is thinking of the strange things of his life. And first of all comes an incident which stands separate from the others. He mentally looks back to the place of the occurrence and sees a crowded pier. A ship is just leaving the wharf. On board, leaning on the rail, is a girl.

He had gone down to the wharf to see a friend off, and had turned from a half-spoken good-bye, by an impulse he could not account for, to gaze at this girl. He was not an excitable or superstitious man, but for some reason, unexplainable, when he gazed at the pale, ascetic face of this girl, he knew that in some way they were indissolubly bound by a tie—he knew not what. Even at this moment he desired to know more about her; he knew at once that she was the one woman.

He had, by some mad impulse, started for the gang plank, only to see it raised, and with its raising he had felt that all earthly hope had gone out with the ship.

He had gone to his hotel, and afterwards, this little incident had a deciding, guiding, influence on his life.

Every night, after letting his second cigar go out, as inevitably as the needle of the compass swings north, his thoughts would turn to the incident. There had been nothing so particularly noticeable about the girl, and yet the memory of her was stamped indelibly on his mind. For two years, after scoffing at himself for acting like a rank sentimentalist, he had searched for her in every probable place in Europe and America.

The match-making mothers of the country thought him a strange man; but when a hostess desired especially to have him present at some big dinner or function, she would summon him "to meet a tall, slight girl with a pale face." It always brought him, and he had as often been disappointed. For five years, now, he had gone on

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Dreaming his dream, clinging to something which his friends regarded as "tom foolery," but which he knew to be as real as the day. On this particular night he could not sleep. He had risen, poked up the fire, and, lighting a cigar, had sat down before it. The thought of her was driving him mad. He paced up and down the floor, his thoughts racing. Would he never get to see her? Why not "cut loose?" There were plenty of other girls willing, yes eager. But while he argued against himself he knew that he could never forget her. Finally, grown weary with the turmoil of his thought, he had sat down in the chair and dozed off. Awakening, he found the fire grown low, but what had awakened him? Surely he heard some one speak. There was a certain tenseness in the air that made him sit up and open his eyes. Again, after what seemed an infinite interval, he heard the voice, soft, sweet and insistent: "Thursday night, 8 o'clock," it said, "24 Madison Square;" and again, "Thursday night, eight oclock [o'clock], 24 Madison Square," it came, like the insistent click of a telegraph instrument.

There had been a strange buzzing in his ears. Now it broke off, "24 Madison Square. Thursday night, eight o'clock," he said. "Well, I'll be there all right."

During the time between then and Thursday, he was in an ecstasy of excitement and doubt. Had some of the boys been playing a trick on him? Impossible! Could it be the intervention of Providence? Then he would dismiss the whole thing but only to start over again. Thursday he was out all day. Thursday night, seven-thirty, found him, faultlessly attired, seeking No. 24 Madison Square. The cabby had said that he did not know of any such number.

At last, tired and despairing, he leaned against an old stone gateway at the upper end of the street. As he did so, his shoulder rubbed something sharp. He turned, and at the upper part of the stone was carved in Roman numerals, almost invisible, "XXIV." He went at once through the gate, up the stone steps, paused a moment at the door and then unceremoniously entered. He went into the hall, passed the astonished butler, and walked into the little room on the left.

Just as he entered, the old clock in the hall chimed eight. In the room, sitting by a grate, was a girl in a black gown, with a red rose pinned across her bosom. When he entered she arose, scanned his face, and then confidently held out her hands. "Thou are the man," she said.

He crossed; took her hands in his, and in a half whisper answered, "Yes, and thou are the woman."

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

A Series of Eight Stories
or
College Spirit and College Life.

V. The Two Types.

Kingston and Parker belonged to Blake, class of '89. As students their rank was equal, and as to their general standing in the college community, it is hard to say which one ranked the higher, but it is certain that their temperaments showed a startling degree of difference.

In the first place, Kingston was one of those "high strung" persons with a nervous attachment which went out of commission about once a fortnight. He believed that the highest degree of satisfaction came from constant work, and he put this doctrine into practice to such an extreme that his fortnightly physical "break-ups" were the natural results. What were pleasures for most of his associates, he classed as mere passing frivolities, and looked upon the class of college fellows who are popularly termed "hellers," as idle, brainless creatures. In other words, he took life as a serious proposition, and in doing so laid low his natural appreciation for his fellow beings around him. He entertained views as to the aesthetic side of life as against the constant chase for wealth. He lamented the fact that theatrical bill boards, covered with variegated posters of a "premier danseuse" faced the college campus, and that everybody was advised to try "Boan's Boneless Herring" by a monstrous wooden cook, who stood

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constantly by the fence of the athletic field. The professors used to say that Kingston was a profound thinker. That was all right—until Kingston heard about it.

Parker was one of those "hale-fellows-well-met," with a bunch of gray matter in his cranium. He was "so bright, that you could see it sticking out all over him," as his room-mate once said, and his class record testified to the fact that he was a well balanced student. He regarded life as a happy medium of passing away the time. He took it neither seriously nor as a "joke," but he considered that life was an opportunity to live, love and work. His whole school life partook of this belief, and he found pleasure in the company of those around him. True, he did not entertain views as to "over burdened" fortunes, nor

the destructive influence of the slap-stick advertiser upon nature's handiwork, but he did regard work as the only means to secure the necessary requisite for living, the "velvet," as he termed it. Of course, Parker did not expect a dignified old "Prof." [Professor] to say he was a "heavy thinker or had a profound mind," but he did want it said that he could work.

Finally, when the last Commencement came around, and Kingston and Parker were billed to be graduated, with other candidates for "worldly" honors, Kingston was selected by the Faculty Committee to deliver the "heavy" address. He seemed to realize his "responsibility, (?)" and set about his task in earnest. He burned the midnight oil, and in time his oration was ready—The Goalless Strife for Wealth.

It might be stated that during the period of preparation of this glorious oration by Kingston, Parker was busily engaged in making arrangement with a certain law office to enter it, and begin his career. When these arrangements were completed, so was the oration—of the other fellow.

Kingston delivered his oration on Commencement Day, and was the "lion of the hour." Parker sat on the back row of the platform and kept still. The oration closed with an eloquent appeal to "desist from the vain-glorious pursuit of wealth, and give more attention to the aesthetic side of life; to worship nature undefaced; to love her roses and violets as symbols of life; and to offer up to her chants and verses in sweet melody." Kingston sat down, midst applause, while everybody said, "Noble ideas, beautifully expressed."

Parker didn't seem to notice the whole occurrence, and did not appear to hear a word of the eloquent appeal. Instead, he sat looking intently at a little "co-ed" down in the audience. When the final benediction was said, Parker took a shortcut to find the girl, but lo and behold! The "lion," Kingston, was engaging her attentions. The maid was saying, "Oh, Mr. Kingston, I never heard anything so beautiful. I have wanted to say the same things myself, but could never find

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words. Now that you've said them for me, it makes me feel as if I had been inspired by the same spirit that inspired you." To all this, our orator meekly bowed his head, and replied, "I am so happy; you regard life as I do." Parker came upon the conversation, and after hearing this much of it, he looked sick, concluded he was not wanted, and then went down and asked a dear little "college widow," whose eyes flowed crocodile tears, and who sympathized with everybody, to go to the banquet with him that night.

"There's a weepy lady who wants to see you, sir," whispered the office boy to Parker, successful lawyer. "Let her come in, Tommy," was the reply. The "weepy lady" came in, and Parker showed her a chair. "You are Mrs. Kingston, are you not?" Parker asked, quietly. The reply was in the affirmative. "What can I do for you?" was the lawyer's next question, as he carefully examined the "weepy lady's" non-too-new dress. Evidently she was trying to decide within herself what she wanted, for she hesitated. Suddenly she responded, "I want a divorce." Parker looked questioningly at his would-be client. "On what grounds?" he inquired. "Oh, said the lady, "on no grounds, but-but, we don't have enough to eat or live" She stopped and put her handkerchief to her face. Parker got out of his chair, and walked over to the window. "Is Prof. [Professor] Kingston your husband?" was the question. The lady stopped her weeping. "Yes, and I love him, but no one will accept his writings, and they are so beautiful, and he works so hard, so we decided I had better go home to mother. He has just finished a book. He calls it "Unfallen Snow," and it's so grand; but the publisher sent back the manuscript this morning, and I came right away to see you. I don't want to leave my husband, but that's the only way out of the trouble."

Parker pulled a chair up by that of the lady, and began: "You don't want a divorce, you only think you do. I know you don't because I know you and I know your husband. I remember the day he was graduated from college. I was a member of his class. He made one of those 'grand, beautiful speeches.' Do you remember? You told him it was and you believed it was, just as you believe 'Unfallen Snow' is, a grand and beautiful story. I entertained plans for your future, but when I heard you 'grand and beautify' his oratorical efforts I knew who had your future to look out for. You are responsible for your present unhappiness. If you will do what I wish, I think you won't ask me to get you a divorce. Will you promise me?" The lady consented. "Go home and make a fire of every 'grand and beautiful story' around your home, and then tell your husband that you are not going back to mother, but he is going to work like the rest of us, 'strive for wealth.' Tell him to forget

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about Loving Nature, and to learn to love you."

The little woman dropped her head on her arm, and was silent. "You promised me," continued Parker, "now you must." After a while, the "weepy lady" raised her head. "If you think it best, I will," she faltered.

A year or so later, Parker was standing at the entrance to the Neapolitan Theatre, a few minutes before curtain time. A carriage drove up, and well-dressed man and woman got out and started to enter the foyer, when suddenly the woman caught sight of Parker. Parker

recognized her and she advanced towards him. "You remember me?" she asked. "Indeed I do," was the reply, from the lawyer. "Did you do as I asked you to do?" he inquired. This question was answered by the woman when she introduced the man by her side as "my husband," and added, "I want to thank you so much, both for Mr. Kingston and myself. You taught us what true happiness is." Turning to the husband, the lawyer asked, "What are you doing now?" The husband faltered, colored up, but smilingly answered:

"I am manager of the Western Advertising and Bill Posting Company."

Macgregor.

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Lehman Cave.

In the eastern part of Nevada, at the foot of Mt. [Mount] Wheeler, is a large cave, known as the Lehman Cave, a cave which is considered by all who have been through it to be a great and marvelous work of nature. In it are many curious formations, made by the continual dripping of water upon the limestone, some of which bear a strange resemblance to objects and beings in the outer world.

The cave has been explored about two and one-half miles into the mountain, and the rooms, chambers and passages into which it is divided by limestone columns and walls are full of beautiful and interesting things. But there are so many unexplored branches leading in every direction from the main branch that it is impossible to find one's way in this immense cavern for even a short distance, without a guide.

In June, 1902, in company with a couple of eastern tourists, I went through the cave, and although we spent several hours in it, we did not see all the features of interest.

We started about nine o'clock in the morning. Arrived at the mouth, the guide equipped us with lights, and giving us a few necessary precautions, led the way down a flight of board steps, unlocked a door at the bottom, and we were in the entrance of the cave, which was a low, narrow passage way, about ten feet long. This passage suddenly broadened out into an immense room or chamber. We could not discern even the faintest outline of the roof of this spacious apartment called "The Entrance Chamber."

The sudden change from the sunshine of a bright June day, to the dark gloom of the cavern, with its cool air and damp, rocky walls, was most strongly felt.

After leaving the chamber, we were obliged to descend ladders, and scramble over large boulders for some distance. Then the way became more smooth under foot, while it would continually around immense

white columns of limestone formed by the meeting of stalagmites and stalactites. The long, high chambers, with these great columns, reminded me of a dim old cathedral of massive architecture.

Scrambling down some natural steps in the rock, we found ourselves in a long gallery with rows of smooth limestone columns along either side. This, the guide informed us, was called "The Music Gallery." Looking around, I was beginning to wonder where the "music" part came in, when the guide, taking a small piece of stone, struck

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one after another of the pipes, and each produced a musical sound.

Passing on through this gallery, we soon came to another large apartment called "Monumental Hall." In it there were a great many rock monuments bearing a resemblance to human figures. These monuments had been named after some of the world's great men, according to some real or fancied resemblance to them.

After leaving "Monumental Hall" we came to a very small passage, which was most appropriately named "Fat Man's Misery," for in order to get through it, we were obliged to lie down on the ground and wriggle through. This was not a very pleasant task, and when we finally got through, we were rather warm and disheveled.

A few yards from this passage we came in sight of a quaint little sheet of water called "Lake Como." Its clear, smooth surface reflected the beauties of the overhanging rocks, which were of pure crystal formation, glittering like diamonds. The water of this miniature lake we found to be clear, cold and sparkling. This cavernous room, called "Crystal Palace," was universally conceded to be the prettiest spot in the cave. Here we rested and ate our luncheon by the lake, and never was luncheon more appreciated and enjoyed than in this picturesque banquet hall. After an hour's refreshing rest, we resumed our explorations, as there were two more interesting rooms to be seen, "The Vegetable Garden," and "The Devil's Court."

"The Vegetable Garden" was soon reached, and proved to be, as its name intimates, an almost exact reproduction of a garden. The formations were in plant form, and were of reddish brown color. They were scattered around on the bottom and suspended from the roof of the cavern in rank profusion.

After securing some specimens of these odd and most interesting formations, we proceeded to the last apartment "The Devil's Court," which was a dark, yawning abyss. The guide cast a large stone into this great pit, and we listened intently to hear it light, but we heard no sound. The awful chasm was apparently bottomless.

We did not remain long here, but wandered back almost as slowly as we had come, securing specimens of various things.

We were soon breathing the outside air again, which seemed gloriously fresh and invigorating, and the sunlight, too, was greatly appreciated by us, we having been so long in the gloom of the cavern—a gloom which was only enhanced by the candles we carried.

Although very tired from scrambling over rocks and through the rough passages, the wonderful things we had seen more than repaid us for any little extra exertions or personal discomforts.

N. F. J.

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[Image] Image caption: As Our Cartoonist Sees It, The Legislator's Faces

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Basket Ball.

A Brief Record of Six Victories, Two of Which are Ours.

U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] vs. W. S. A. [Weber Stake Academy]

Our second game, with the Weber Stake Academy, at Ogden, on Jan. [January] 25, came our way by the close score of 21-19. We won, because we were just about as much stronger than the Ogden team as the score would indicate. Neither side played basketball. At only one time during the evening was there ever even a glimpse of a scientific game. That was during the last half minute, when the tie was being played off. Then our men got into the game in earnest, and virtually swept the Academy bunch from the field. In less than half a minute, Brossard dropped the winning basket.

For the greater part, the game was nothing more than a wrestling watch, and amateur wrestling at that. The ball would disappear in a struggling mass of players who would roll around, push, shove, and finally bounce it out to another bunch, who would repeat the performance. Occasionally, some player would recover it, and shooting quickly to avoid being knocked down, would score a field basket.

It was exciting from the evenness of the score, neither team ever being more than three or four points ahead of their opponents. A hall full of Weber enthusiasts, assisted by the school band, kept up the excitement. Bingham put up the heavy end of Ogden's score from the foul line. The game brought one point out vividly, the U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] and Weber Stake teams are going to have absolutely no opposition at all as league "tail-enders."

U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] W. S. A. [Weber Stake Academy]
Brossard C. [Center] Greenwood
McNiel L.F. [Left Forward] Brown
Peterson, Izatt R.F. [Right Forward] Bingham
Coburn, Beck L.G. [Left Guard] Ensign
Cook R.G. [Right Guard] Hancock

AFTER THE GAME

The team was entertained at a banquet by the senior class of the Academy. They were steered up against a menu that caused everything else to sink into oblivion. The girls of the little Ogden school are royal entertainers, and this affair only added to their reputation in this line. Coburn's toast, "Our Ogden Girls," nearly lost Jack to us, and Miss Taylor's response, "Our A. C. [Agricultural College] Boys," nearly caused the kidnapping of the popular young

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lady. The affair was enjoyable from whistle to whistle.

U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] vs. W. S. A. [Weber Stake Academy]

A week later we met the Ogden people again, and after forty minutes of excited wrestling, succeeded

[Image] Image Caption: Basketball Squad.

in squeezing out another close victory. For the first few minutes it looked as though the audience was going to be treated to a basketball game, as the locals got into the play in earnest, and in the first five minutes ran up a score of 8-0. At this time, however, Brossard was kicked by somebody, under the heart, and after a five minutes' cool off, our men refused to get into the game, and Ogden rapidly closed the gap. At the end of the first half the score stood 10-8.

In the second half Ogden led off and kept a lead of 5 or 6 points till the last few minutes of play, when our bunch again woke up for a moment, and forged sufficiently far ahead to win out by one point.

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Bingham was off in his throwing from the foul line, or Ogden would have won in a walk. Score: 19-18.

The line-up:

U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] W. S. A. [Weber Stake Academy]
Brossard C. [Center] Greenwood
McNiel L.F. [Left Forward] Brown
Peterson R.F. [Right Forward] Bingham
Parkinson, Cook L.G. [Left Guard] Ensign
Beck R.G. [Right Guard] Hancock

U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] vs. B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University]

Our basketball season opened Jan. 19, with a defeat handed to us by the B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College] During the game, the B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College] boys showed strong team work; and our men showed good individual work. It was clear that, from our standpoint, it was purely a defensive game. The ball was in the B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College] field the greater part of the time, where our guards and center worked hard to keep the score down.

Brossard and McNiel played well considering their experience in the game.

The final score was 41 to 11 in favor of B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College]

The return game was played on the afternoon of Feb. [February] 9.

Probably the largest turnout Logan has had at a basketball game was there, and intense excitement was kept up throughout the game.

Here again, lack of close team work was shown by our men, and it was their main object to keep the score from rising out of sight.

In spite of these efforts, the final score was 65 to 14, again in favor of the other fellows.

The line-up:

U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College]
McNiel R.F. [Right Forward] Wilcox
Peterson L.F. [Left Forward] Hill
Brossard, Izatt, Cook C. [Center] Jensen
Coburn L.G. [Left Guard] Roskelley
Beck R.G. [Right Guard] Wangsgard

U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] vs. L.D.S.U. [Latter-day Saints University]

On Friday, Feb. [February] 15, at Salt Lake, our team was overwhelmingly defeated by the L. D. S. [Latter-day Saints] aggregations. The score was 57-7.

Our men were never in the game for a moment, being apparently unable to find themselves in the peculiarly shaped gymnasium. The speedy home team, by shifty foot work, shook the big visitors off and scored at will. The ability of the L. D. S. [Latter-day Saints] team to throw baskets was the feature of the game. They size us up about the most accurate basket throwers in the League.

Miller and Taylor did the heavy work for the home team, Miller making about two-thirds of the points scored by his team.

U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] L. D. S. U. [Latter-day Saints University]

Cook R.G. [Right Guard] Taylor

Coburn L.G. [Left Guard] Hammond

Izatt C. [Center] Horsfal

McNiel R.F. [Right Forward] Metcalf

Peterson L.F. [Left Forward] Miller

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U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] vs. B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University]

Saturday evening, Feb. [February] 16, our team met its second Waterloo at Provo. The big Provo men played nice, easy, lazy ball, being contented at piling up a score of forty-one, and allowing the visitors eleven. Coach Teetzel caught one of his forwards perspiring during the second half and promptly replaced him. Our men, with Web. [Webster] Adams as chaperone, did much better work at the ball given in their honor immediately after the game.

The line-up:

U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] B.Y.U. [Brigham Young University]

Beck R.G. [Right Guard] Perkins

Cook L.G. [Left Guard] Greenwall

Izatt C. [Center] Christensen

Brossard R.F. [Right Forward] Chamberlain

Peterson L.F. [Left Forward] Gardner

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[Image] Image caption: The Revival of Sherlock Holmes. - "Who Smashed the Ag. [Agriculture] Club Room?"

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STUDENT LIFE.

Published Monthly by the Students of
UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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EDITORIAL

Stay.

During the warm days in the early spring, the usual uneasiness and
discontent—the desire “to get away from everywhere,” and see something
new—are plainly visible about the college. In the library, students
sit with books or magazines lying idly before them; gaze wistfully out
into the clear blue atmosphere and long to be away from all restraint
and convention necessary in a college community. Studies seem more
than usually arduous, class lectures become a bore, and in fact,
everything connected with school work is more or less irksome. The
desire for the freedom of the open country, the soft spring breezes,
and lazy companionship of awakening Nature, frequently overpowers our
other instincts and inclinations.

The practical result of this is invariably a falling off in
attendance. The students remain away from classes when the afternoon
sunshine is particularly irresistible; or, if the previous night has
been unusually beautiful, they have so neglected to prepare lessons
that they remain away from class in order to avoid the embarrassment
incident to non-preparation. A still more serious result is the
withdrawal of a large number of students. They grow indifferent to

their educational welfare, and succumb completely to the siren song of Spring.

Everybody who has a normal appreciation of the beauties of Nature is liable to be attacked by "spring fever." The test of resistance is the important thing. Each year about fifty per cent of our students fail in this test, so that at commencement time, the attendance is only about half what it should be. We

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think we are not overestimating when we say that ninety per cent of the students leaving before the end of the year do so unnecessarily. A little extra will power, and a few minutes forethought would prevent this undue exodus.

The student who has remained and done his work since last September, can do no better than remain in Logan until June. The hardest part of his work is done; his mind can do a given amount of work now in much less time than it could do the same work six months ago; his ability gained in the subjects being pursued enables him to gain new knowledge with less exertion than was necessary in the beginning. The disagreeable winter weather, with its many disadvantages, is about over. It is neither too hot nor too cold, too wet nor too dry. Everything is enjoyable. The student's ability to do his work in minimum time, if he will only compel himself to study a few hours each day, enable him to find ample time to enjoy his natural surroundings. And he enjoys them the more because of his occasional self-denial.

Think hard and long, you who are infected with the Spring bacillus, before you allow yourself to desert the good work you have done and the good foundation you have built for substantial additional work. To leave school now, simply means that you lose practically all you have gained during the past fall and winter, and merely for the gratification of a desire for immediate pleasure. Don't let your longing for the fields and meadows take you away from college. Twenty minutes' walk, any day, before or after school hours, will bring you to as beautiful natural scenery, in mountains, fields or streams, as can be found anywhere. You can enjoy these and do your school work too. The exercise of a little calm judgment now will prevent your taking an unwise step.

Commendable.

The substantial college spirit exhibited by the students of the Utah Agricultural College in the face of overwhelming defeat is truly remarkable. A short time ago, when the basketball team at the B. Y. C. gave us an unusually strong trouncing, our students displayed a degree of loyalty seldom witnessed. There was such a decided superiority in favor of the opposing team that the result of the game was never

doubtful after the first two minutes' play. It was a complete walkaway for the opponents. This was due to their superior training, and ability resulting from long practice. Our team fought hard and well, but were hopelessly outclassed.

Yet, in spite of the obvious defeat, the students present never, for an instant, deserted our team. They cheered and sang and yelled, as they never have before. Even after the game, the spirit would not be subdued. For two or three hours

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the old familiar yells could be heard in every part of town.

Ordinarily when a school team is decisively defeated, their supporters suddenly remember that important business engagements call them home; but this was certainly not the case on Feb. [February] 9.

This determination on the part of the students to stand by the institution "through thick and thin" indicates that there is something in the Utah Agricultural College that compels absolute loyalty; something that is fundamentally worth yelling for. We do not have to look to success in athletic contests alone to find something to "bank on." In view of our many defeats in athletics during the past year or two, it is well that we do not. Our frequent losses have in many respects been beneficial. They have taught us how to take defeat good-naturedly, and how to try again, and again, and again. But, most of all, they have brought out, in the students a realization of our more fundamental superiority, the superior advantages for scientific and industrial education which are offered here, and an undying regard for the school for its own sake. These things are often overlooked by college students when they are flushed with victories in athletic or literary contest.

The very commendable loyalty of our students in the defeat on Feb. [February] 9 has been much and favorably talked of. The team, the faculty, and friends of the college generally, appreciate it highly.

[Image]

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Departments.

Domestic Science.

The first of the series of afternoon dinners was given Saturday, Feb. [February] 2, by Misses Pearl Stratford and Neilie Barker. The decorations of lilies and maiden hair fern gave a very pretty effect. Mrs. Cook entertained a number of quests at the dinner.

The fifth hour class is larger this year than ever before, and is doing excellent work in preparing the regular three-course luncheons. Sixteen guests are served daily, and six to ten extra ones about twice a week. Miss Elizabeth Smith entertained a party of guests on Feb. [February] 8; Mr. John T. Caine III gave a stag luncheon Feb. [February] 6; and Mrs. Aaron Olsen was host to the Signa Alphas on Feb. [February] 9.

Miss Amanda Holmgren is taking cooking this year, and wishes to announce that she is thoroughly enjoying it, and expects to become a model housekeeper some day.

Miss Rose Sorensen, a former student, visited the department on Feb. [February] 9, to get a few new ideas concerning cooking.

The Weber Stake Academy students who came up with their basketball team, were served to luncheon by the Department.

Among the girls doing work in Domestic science this year are Misses Breta Morrison, Lizzie McKay, Lute Foster, Myrtle Ballard, and Carrie McAlister. These girls are all very much interested in their work, and are making rapid progress.

Ben Riter, the hungriest man in school, is often seen in the vicinity of the kitchen.

The girls in sewing are working hard in order to complete the required work for the year.

The Phi Zeta Phi's bought some pies one day. They are wondering whether they were flavored with cinnamon or cayenne pepper. The girls who made them are in no way responsible for their taste.

Engineering.

Prof. [Professor] Jenson gave an interesting lecture on "The Salton Sink," before the Engineering Society, Jan. [January] 17.

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J. H. Smith, '05, visited the college Jan. [January] 22. Since leaving school, Mr. Smith has been employed by the Geological Survey, and has also done some railroad work.

State Engineer Tanner was a visitor at college Jan. [January] 26.

Mr. T. L. Austin, one of our Juniors, has been compelled to discontinue school on account of trouble with his eyes.

Perhaps some remember Mr. A. A. Ohlson, who was a Mechanic Arts student here two years ago. Mr. Pulley recently received a letter from him, which we will reproduce in part: "I worked in San Francisco for the Vulcan Iron Works eight months before the fire. After this I worked for the Southern Pacific three and a half months. Since then I have been employed by the Union & Hercules Gas Engine companies in Oakland, and have gained a good deal of experience by so doing. I am now working for the navy yard, and am getting \$3.25 per day of eight hours and am paid for holidays. The government has a way of doing things here much the same as in the A. C. [Agricultural College] Everything must be done "just so." There is no botchwork, as in some of Frisco's contract shops.

Commercial.

[Image] Image Caption: "Commerce is the dynamic force of modern civilization."

At a recent meeting of the Commercial Club, Capt. [Captain] Perry gave a very interesting talk to its members on the accounting system used by the Commissary Department in the U. S. [United States] Army. The talk was practical, and was much appreciated by all.

The Department is utilizing two of the old paper racks, formerly used by the Library. One is in the Accounting room, on which can be found magazines and periodicals on various commercial subjects. The other is in the Typewriting room, and is used for a similar purpose.

In a recent chapel talk, Prof. [Professor] Bexell said: "The training of the intelligent classes for the purpose of facilitating exchange of products between individuals, states and nations is a duty of the state, quite as important as training for scientific agriculturists and mechanics."

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Mr. Cadmus Wallace has again reported for work at school, this time in the Agricultural Department. We congratulate Mr. Wallace on his choice. The state needs business farmers.

A bill has been introduced in the present State Legislature for the purpose of establishing a Board of Accountancy. The object is to grant certificates to qualified persons to practice as public accountants. In England and in some of the states of the Union this profession ranks equally with that of law.

[Image] Image Caption: "C." He works. The Catastrophe shown in the First Picture Preceded the Phenomenon illustrated by the Second.

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Locals.

B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College], 65; U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College], 14.

B. J. - B. Jones - Begone.

Con. [Constable] Snow is with us again this term.

Con. [Constable] Jacobson will have nothing by a fuzzy dog.

What doesn't the Ag. [Agriculture] Club do?

Cop: "Stop, or I'll shoot you in the legs!"

Verna Bowman, '05, returned to her old haunts Feb. [February] 12.

Karl Reidelsberger gave a violin recital in the auditorium Feb. [February] 8.

Lieut. [Lieutenant] Fred Jensen, former manager of "Student Life," has been heard from. He is stationed at Manila.

Mr. Harcroft spoke in chapel Feb. [February] 15. He was formerly superintendent of schools at Seattle, Wash. [Washington].

Rudolph, forgetting himself in conversation: "The only trouble with me is - Gee, I've got a class this hour."

Jim Phillips, Bob and Bert Hansen may be on our track team again this year.

Mr. Potter of Manti, a very, very dear friend of Christie Crawford, visited the college one day last month.

The A. C. [Agricultural College] Mandolin and Guitar Club played at a meeting of the First Ward Mutual last month.

Mr. W. S. Hansen, one of the most successful western sheep breeders, lectured to two hundred fifty of our agricultural students in January.

The only school organization that does not sing William Tell before breakfast is the "Overdraft Quartette." Adams, choir master; Riter, first tenor; Farrell, first bass; Pres. [President], solo alto.

Cadmus Wallace is with us again and will specialize in chemistry instead of German this time.

Victor Fisher left school at the end of the first term, on account of bad eyes. He has entered the field of frenzied finance by becoming agent for Rocky Mountain Framing.

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All speed records were broken Feb [February] 13, when Pres. [President] Peterson got up, dressed, shaved, ate his breakfast, and got to school in time for his first hour class, in twenty minutes.

The most successful party this year was given by the A. C. [Agricultural College] Amusement committee, in the old "Gym." Everybody was there, and experienced one of those good old times the "Gym." is noted for.

[Image] Image Caption: The Workings of the "Jardine-Holmgren Process."

Mrs. Brehm, a temperance lecturer of note, visited Logan recently. The Aggies were very conspicuous by their absence from her meetings.

E. J. Passey, a fourth year Mechanic Arts student, who left school last year on account of illness, has returned to finish his course. Passey is now a married man. Miss Effie Budge of Paris, Ida. [Idaho], being the unfortunate lady.

Ruby Matthews has not many girl friends now. Dickie gave her a carbon.

A military encampment is to be held the first day of next August down at Jake's resort. Numerous dead soldiers are expected to be present.

Student Life is now threatened with a libel suit. It is said that Jack Tuttle, '05, did not marry the girl we said he did.

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It is rumored that an official "pie day" is to be established in the school, when the Domestic Science girls will make, to order, any style or variety of pie from an apple up to the first-class lemon. Everybody will be invited to expose himself to an attack of dyspepsia. Otherwise he will be barred from the pleasures of that day.

Ben Riter will write a love story for next commencement number, which will be a revelation to all love-sick swains and maids around the school. He promises to expose to profane public view the inside workings of several matches made in the school during the past six years. Advance notices has been received and the manuscript is being reviewed by the editor of the Cache Valley Advertiser.

At the Dog Wagon:

Student: "Was the show blood and thunder?"

Waiter: "No, sir; it was "The Texas Ranger."

Stuart Lee came down from Idaho Falls to visit, and attend the Military ball Feb. [February] 22.

On January 24, the Sorosis Society elected the following officers:

President, Nellie Hayball;

Vice President, Eunice Jacobson;

Secretary, Janie Roberts;

Treasurer, Fee Mathesen.

Miss Amanda Holmgren, a former Sorosis, is again in attendance.

Early in the month a bunch of sickly individuals unceremoniously broke into the elegant club room of the Agricultural Club and disgraced themselves by damaging a number of the furnishings. Our local sleuths are working on the case, and some interesting facts may be developed.

C. Batt's vegetation house fell in the other day. Clues indicate that the tramp who once smoked opium in Student Life room down in 37 did the dastardly deed.

At the second basketball game between the B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College] and U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] this year, more college spirit was manifested than the game has ever before been able to arouse.

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Exchanges.

Ye Polytechnic is among the newest of our exchanges. It comes from Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena, Cal. [California]. It is a neat, attractive, and breezy little publication, containing some good literary material, and some very good drawings.

Augustana Observer is becoming rather dull, especially in appearance. Its tone is somewhat too theological to interest college students generally.

The Wabash is, as usual, probably our best exchange. The November number is unequalled in halftones and general excellence.

The Ontario A. C. [Agricultural College] Review is an excellent paper. Its articles are principally scientific, but to students of agriculture they have much value.

The Christmas number of the University [University] Argonaut pleased us very much. The typographical work could be improved upon, but the literary material was very acceptable. The cartoons were weak.

The Volante is a new publication coming from the students of Grand Island College. It contains some fairly good literary articles and many, we think too many, locals.

Vanderbilt Observer ranks among the very best of our exchanges. It contains about fifty pages of high-class work.

The Doane Owl would be improved if it had some halftones occasionally, and a new cover. That owl has been pouring ink out of the bottle for two or three years. It must be about empty. Don't you think, Owl, it is time for a change?

Whitworth Clionian, published by the students of Whitworth Female College, is a lively, up-to-date magazine. It contains a varied assortment of good material.

"A noble young Roman named Caesar Once called on a maid - tried to squaesar, But the girl, with a blush, Said the Latin for 'tush! You, horrid young thing. Let me baesar.'" Ex.

The Notre Dame Scholastic has no exchange column, because, they say, certain exchange editors "enter

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into petty quarrels which are unnecessary and degrade college journalism." This may be true, yet we fail to see why it should prevent the Scholastic from having an exchange column. Most college papers, we believe, are not guilty of the practice. Incidentally, we consider the Scholastic our best weekly exchange. It always contains excellent articles, and its appearance could hardly be improved upon.

The January number of the Red and Black contains some very good cartoons. Its literary articles are necessarily rather light, but the general tone is good. It is one of our best high school exchanges.

The exchange editor of the Spectator has a good conception of what his department should be.

The Miami Student for January is better than ever. Its halftones are unexcelled.

Gold and Blue for February is an excellent number.