

Student Life, March 1907, Vol. [Volume] 5, No. [Number] 6  
Transcribed by: Madison Thomas

Page 3 of PDF

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Page 4 of PDF

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Page 164

[Image]

Page 165

STUDENT LIFE.

Our Treatment of the American Indian.

A Paper compiled from Humphrey's "The Indian Dispossessed."

[Image] Here are two well defined sides concerning our treatment of the American Indian. One of these vividly portrayed in histories and stories of frontier life and a pitiful one it is- describing clearly and definitely the horrors of the cruel deeds perpetrated by savage Indians upon many innocent man, woman and child residing along the frontier. The picture of the tomahawk, red with innocent blood, the burning dwelling, the scalp of the Indian's victim, dangling from his

girdle, has been so vividly imprinted on our minds that we can never forget it.

But to the humanitarian, there is another picture equally pitiful. The story of the abuses endured by these semi-civilized people, at the hands of their more enlightened kinsmen, has not been place on the pages of history, nor has it been written in the stories of frontier life. In fact, it comes to our ears only through government reports. Had some kindly preceded the Pilgrim fathers to America and first taught the Indian agriculture, the meeting of the races might have resulted very differently, for then he Indian civilization might have been such the white man would have had to recognize it; but it was decreed that the Indian should receive his first impression of the better mode of life from mere mortals. While the good Puritans seemed to have yearned for the salvation of the Indian's soul, they labored more effectively for the possession of his land. A brilliant member of the United States Senate, speaking of this very point, some twenty years ago, humorously remarked, "When the Pilgrim Fathers landed upon the New England shore, they first fell upon their knees, and then upon the aborigines, and forthwith, the American people assimilated an unwelcome mess without so much as making a wry face."

With a quick perception of the white man's motive, the Indian soon brought himself to see, above all else, in the new civilization, a despoiler of his one possession, the great hunting ground of his fathers. Because of these conditions he moved continually westward

Page 166

#### STUDENT LIFE.

with his heart full of hate for the white man, and the first great lesson in civilization still unlearned.

With the coming of the troublous times that led to the Revolution, the good fathers found themselves in the role of the oppressed, and then how changed became their views of man's rights. It was then that the growing nation announced to the world the discovery of these mighty truths in human affairs- "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among them being life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." With the impassioned cry and protest that "None shall be set above us," no thought was given to those below, nor was the voice of love heard, saying, "Arise, my brother, and stand with me." On the contrary, there had grown up a strong feeling of "no right for the Indian until he has turned to the white man's way." But whatever our belief, on right the Indian did have; namely, the tangible right to be shown a new and better way by those who had made his way impossible. The very lack of his rights as a savage have measured the white man's tremendous obligation to bring him by all reasonable means into the rights that come with civilization; for one of the three things must follow when the higher civilization comes in contact with the lower; namely, transformation, subjugation, or extermination; and this eternal, inevitable law of God the American people tried to avoid by fencing in

the Indian, expecting to make his civilization equal to the of the higher.

The tragic results of the long, unequal contest, were made more tragic because of the unyielding conviction of the Indian that his right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" was being ruthlessly trampled upon. To his untutored mind, there was no difference between defending his native land against the incursions of other wild tribes, as he had often defended it, and his final contest with the white man. There was the same bitterness in defeat, the falling of his braves was as tragic, and the suffering of his women and children as real as though he were yielding to another barbarian.

How is it possible for the United States Congress in the face of such a mighty truth, as that "All men are created equal," to violate, through its regularly constituted authority, the real right of the Indians to the ownership of land, can be but faintly imagined. Yet to learn that such has been the case, one needs only to read of the reports of the many Indian agents.

With the final placing of the Indians upon reservations, thirty, forty, or fifty years ago, the Government found itself, for the first time in its history, in full control of the Indian situation, and consequently, for the first time with full responsibility for his care and civilization. The Indian was sub-

Page 167

#### STUDENT LIFE.

-duced in a manner which made him generally friendly, willing to accept the white man's way, so far as his mind was capable of grasping it; but to turn him from the responsibilities of tribal life, to the first responsibilities of civilized life, was clearly to turn him from the pursuit of game for a living, to the pursuit of agriculture. He must be turned from the hunting of the buffalo and the deer to stock raising; from the gathering of roots and berries to the gathering of vegetables; and from ignorance and superstition to scholastic training and Christian teaching. None but the most sanguine could hope that most, or even a large majority of the Indians would take readily to the new way. But it was the natural and the shortest way, and the first step, and consequently the Government set out in good faith to teach the Indian agriculture. But no sooner was the poor red man established, and well on the way to civilization, than he was made a political football. Congressmen, together with other officials, had to pay respect to the demands of the vociferous few or be turned out of office. Out of such conditions came our great national reproach. The Indian has been compelled to give up his best to his white neighbor. New treaties, curtailing his reservation, have been entered into, often unwillingly on his part, or old treaties have been disregarded, and each time the Indian has been removed to positions of his country more remote and less desirable. This lack of permanency has mad any continued effort in agriculture impossible. With protection in this pursuit, the Indian would have learned much, and become better able to play an effective part in the strenuous game of

the "survival of the fittest," in which he finally found himself. Outwitted, and with no better defense than his own philosophy, he was forced to turn back to his old way. Whether he were [was] the tiller of the soil of the Northwest, or the comparatively skillful agriculturist of the Southwest desert, with its ancient systems of irrigation, the Indian was never regarded as a man, in the eyes of the law; and for that very reason the settler dispossessed the irrigation Indian with even less than usual formality, securing his highly cultivated lands because they were much more valuable than the rest of the surrounding country. This was accomplished by driving him into the desert and pre-empting his land, or by divesting him of water, thereby making his land a desert. To this class of Indians, belong the four thousand Pimas of Arizona. They practiced agriculture by irrigation along the Gila River for more than three centuries. They were farmers and lived wholly by tilling the soil, and in the earlier days of the history of this territory, they were the chief support of both the civil and military elements of that section of the

Page 168

#### STUDENT LIFE.

country. In 1886 the whites began to divert the waters of the Gila river; a suit in the federal courts, maintaining the clear rights of the Indians was talked of, but it was never pressed, because no district attorney who would prosecute such a case against voting white men, could ever expect to live politically. What was the result? Within seven years the Pimas were reduce from independence to the humiliation of calling for rations, while the white settlers used undisturbed the water belonging to the Indians. Can that be called just?

So the years went on. In 1900, came the cry from the desert that the water, their one resource, their very life, had been taken from them, and they were perforce, lapsing into indolence, misery and vice. Thirty thousand dollars was appropriated for more rations. Finally, after eighteen years, the suit to recover the rights of the Indians received its quietus, and the following report was made by the district attorney in 1904: "There is no doubt but the case could be taken up and prosecuted to a favorable ending, but it would be impossible for the court to enforce its decree, and the expenses of prosecuting such a suit would cost between twenty and thirty thousand dollars." Why had the Government lost the right to enforce a federal law in behalf of these agriculturists? Tillers of the soil one hundred years before the Pilgrims landed on the New England shore; agriculturists until the white men stole their water, were now reduced to want and were looking pitifully for rain in a rainless country, only because the Government officials would not disturb the political balance of Arizona, and the Indians were an unrepresented people under a representative government.

A still more lamentable story is found in the history of the removal of the Poncas from their reservation in Montana, or the Nez Perces

from their reservation in Oregon and Idaho to the Indian Territory, a veritable Siberia for the poor red man who had been born and raised in the higher altitudes of the North. The present condition of the Mission Indians in California, the disregarded treaty with the Umatillas, as well as the story of the Bitter Root Valley, could be dwelt upon at length, did space permit; but suffice it to say that ugly facts never stood out more plainly, than in the case of the removal of the Poncas and Nez Perces to the South. That Congress has, in this Indian matter, persistently betrayed the nation's ideals at the behest of a small fraction of the people, can be seen by looking up the different Indian Agents' reports; and the Roe-bud land scandal of 1904 shows that Congress can be led as easily now as every before. When we hear of the dark injustices among the natives of Africa or in Russia's Siberian wastes, we turn in horror from the oppressed

Page 169

#### STUDENT LIFE.

to vent indignation upon the oppressors. But when the tale of our own "Poor Lo" is told, we lift our eyes to Heaven and murmur reverently, "'Tis the survival of the fittest." Those who think lightly are wont to exclaim impatiently, that the story of the Indian is a closed book. True it is, or nearly so; but the book of history is never closed except by those who think lightly. And in the calm of the long afterwards, when we sing our song of liberty:

"I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hill."

it will do the Indian no more than a sentimental justice at least, to remember the song as one expression of his feeling in his own glad days, when he had loved the same rocks and rills—the same woods and templed hills.

H. E. Jensen.

Page 170

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

A Series of Eight Stories

of

College Spirit and College Life.

#### VI. His Mamma's Son.

[Image] ARTHUR WELLINGTON EDGERLY BROWN was "meat for the "gang;" e was also the pride of his mother's heart. The word "gang" is used advisedly, as it was the name generally applied to the inhabitants of the second floor of the boy's dormitory at Hefley College. The "gang" was a had proposition; Arthur Wellington Edgerly was a soft one. These two characteristics, of different extremes, is the cause for the action which is to follow; and the excuse for telling the story. Now it happened that Arthur Wellington Edgerly's family was well connected. In fact, he once confided to "Skinny" Hawks, secretary of

the "gang" that his grandfather on his mother's side several generations back, came over in the "Mayflower." "Skinny" immediately told the "gang;" again, Arthur Wellington Edgerly's mother was the vice-president of Women's clubs, and associate editress of an historical magazine. When "Skinny" learned these additional facts, the "gang" also learned them. Further, Arthur Wellington Edgerly's mother had raised him "properly:" given him a private tutor;

Page 171

STUDENT LIFE.

had him taught dancing at home; and, above all, she had always insisted that he mingle with only select society. She regarded too much freedom more harmful than too little for young people, so her only son was made strictly answerable to her for his actions. "Skinny" also communicated these items of interest to the "gang." Again, Arthur Wellington Edgerly had received his preparatory education at a private school, where the young men in attendance came from the "best" families. He had won medals for scholastic excellence, and his report cards stated that his deportment was "A." Above all, he was the valedictorian for his class. How proud his mother was, when, on class day, he stood before the audience (composed principally of mothers like Arthur Wellington Edgerly's) and with "perfect composure" delivered his address; and how jealous the other mothers looked. All of this information, "Skinny" came into the possession of; so did the "gang."

When the time came, the autumn after leaving "Prep." school, for Arthur Wellington Edgerly to go away to college, there was a prolonged debate in the Brown household prior to this time. Arthur Wellington Edgerly's father did not concern himself in the early raising and education of his only son. It was let entirely to the mother, and probably the father would not have been concerned in the college training of Arthur Wellington Edgerly (further than sending the weekly check), had not his classical wife accidently dropped a remark at the breakfast table one morning. This remark fell of fertile ground. "I hate to think that Wellington must mingle with all classes of people when he goes to college. I do wish we had an Oxford or Cambridge in America, where only the best "blood" could gather. I don't want Wellington to brush shoulders with the rude, vulgar fellows with pipes in their mouths, who speak only slang."

Much to the credit of Mr. Brown it can be said that he is intensely patriotic, and any remark which conflicts with his views concerning "democracy," means a conflict with Brown himself. Generally however, he lets his good wife have her say, and he disregards any remark of hers which conflicts with his views. If he did not, their would be a perpetual hurricane in the Brown household. On this morning, however, cook had let the rolls burn, and the good husband was not in humor. When his wife let the above remark fall, he caught it up: "Tut, tut, that is enough of that. Arthur is old enough to take care of himself. If you don't throw the boy off on his own responsibility, he won't be worth his salt. This talk about the 'best blood' is a lot of rot. In

this land of ours there is no 'best blood;' it is all the 'best blood.' We will send Arthur to Hefley College this fall, and have him enter his Fresh-

Page 172

#### STUDENT LIFE.

-man year. Let him brush up against those fellows with pipes; it will do him good. Now, when I was at Yale, I had the best pipe-" Mrs. Brown left the table.

Next week the good wife had a new set of furs, but Arthur Wellington Edgerly Brown came to Hefley. This history of how he came to enter Hefley was told by, himself to "Skinny;" "Skinny" told the "gang." Arthur Wellington Edgerly Brown had been duly installed at the "Dorm." for a couple of weeks. His mother had gone home, after she had thoroughly organized and arranged everything for her son's comfort. Carpenters, painters, and paper hangers worked for a week on the room assigned to him, and finally everything was overhauled and made new. He had been duly registered at the College and had begun his year's work. When his mother left him, her final words were, "Now Wellington, don't get too familiar with any of the young men, and write me twice a week." Remember, reader, the good mother said nothing about getting "too familiar with the young ladies." There hangs the tale.

At the end of his third week at Hefley, Arthur Wellington Edgerly had met "Skinny," and by the end of his fourth week, "Skinny" and the "gang" knew the "how, why, when and wherefore" of Arthur Wellington Edgerly Brown's entrance. In mentioning his home training there has been one fact omitted. Mrs. Brown limited her son's acquaintances in the feminine line to about six young ladies. These were from select families and all had "careers" before them. Furthermore, he met them only in the parlor, in company with the mother. As a result, Arthur Wellington Edgerly was very shy and bashful on the girl question. It didn't take "Skinny" or the "gang" long to find this out. When his room was finally fixe up there were no picture of "co-eds" to adorn it. So it was that his weak spot was located.

Of course, the "gang" never admitted to Arthur Wellington Edgerly into their official secrets or meetings, but they did nick-name him "Sissy." The name stuck.

All went well for "Sissy" until the annual Freshman dance. "Skinny" came into "Sissy's" room one night and incidentally dropped a remark as to who the young lady was, that he was going to escort to the affair, and asked "Sissy" who was going to be favored in his company. "Sissy" stammered, turning red, and finally answered to the effect that he "guessed he would go along." "Ah, you don't want to do that; get next to a 'queen,' and then brace up and ask her to go. It's lots of fun." "But whom can I ask?" helplessly replied "Sissy." That gave "Skinny" an idea. "I'll tell you, I'll think of one for you and the tell you, 'Sissy,'" he replied. Then "Skinny" went to confer with the "gang."

Mrs. O'Mally had a "bun shop"

STUDENT LIFE.

on Hefley's campus; she also had a daughter. The "bun shop" was the base of supplies for all the wants of the boys, from lead pencils to pie, but the daughter concerns us. Her name was Sadie- and her failings were red chewing gum and green Freshmen. We won't say anything further about the red chewing up, than to state she was generally chewing it, when not talking. She talked about as much as any ordinary girl. Her failing for green Freshmen was noticeable, very noticeable. In fact, it was said that Sadie was never without a beauty the supply of green Freshmen being unlimited. However, green Freshmen alone were not sufficient; they had to have the "brass" as she called it. Like any girl, she was fond of roses, candy, an occasional theatre, and buggy rides. Now, Sadie was not a bad looking girl. She had a gay, winsome littler manner about her, a soft little laugh, and big blue, sympathetic Irish eyes. Really there was an excuse for Freshmen becoming victims of her wiles. As it happened, "Skinny" was the last victim, but he was summarily "bounced" without sufficient cause for action, so he thought, and was, therefore, waiting for "revenge." So, was it strange that next day, after his conversation with "Sissy," that he managed to introduce "Sissy" to Sadie? Of course, the "gang" had been consulted, and they agreed that it would be just the proper caper to see "that blue-blooded Puritan" get "rolled." It was surprising how that introduction "took." "Sissy" mentally debating with himself as to whether or not he should ask for the privilege of escorting Sadie to the Freshman dance, when "Skinny" came into his room. "Well, have you found any girl for me?" asked "Sissy." "Skinny scratched his head and drawled out, "Naw, but say, why don't you ask Miss O'Mally? She's a popular girl, nearly every higher classman has sported her," he continued slyly. That night, before "Skinny" left the room, it was decided that "Sissy" was to escort Sadie to the dance. Then "Skinny" went up and told the "gang." The "gang" has a good laugh and predicted great fun, "when that love vaccination takes" announced Jack Conroy. The dance came off, and "Sissy" escorted the little Irish girl. Behind his back, the "gang" smoked and poked each other. "Skinny" went up to "Sissy" during the evening and whispered in his ear, "Bully, good for you; half of the fellows envy you tonight." Of course, "Sissy's case" on Sadie went along the same course as all of the preceding ones, but as "Sissy" and Sadie became better friends, the "gang" became bolder, and began taunting the "Puritan" to his face about being such a good friend of the daughter of a keeper of a lunch counter. "Sissy" stood this for a while, then

STUDENT LIFE.

he went and confided in Sadie. "Who said this to you?" she asked. "Jack Conroy," was the reply. "I thought so," she went on, "that guy



never did like me for a long time, but I know why." Then "Sissy" became confrontational, and he told Sadie everything that he told "Skinny," and that "Skinny" had told the "gang." When he finished, Sadie sighed, and said, "So your folks are sporty people, are they? Well then, of course you don't want anything to do with me. My father is dead-died a drunkard, and my mother and I live by what she makes selling to stuff to the college guys. The guys think I'm a 'grafter,' but I'll show Jack Conroy [Conroy] who is a 'grafter.' I hate him," she finished, by clinching her fists, and stamping her foot in a really feminine style.

As days went by, and the warm spring months came on, "Sissy" and Sadie were seen much together on the campus. The "gang" were not so vociferous in their "guying," but Jack Conroy, alone became bitter in his remarks to "Sissy."

It might be of interest to note that during this entire time the aristocratic Brown household knew nothing of Arthur Wellington Edgerly's actions at college. He knew his mother, so he wrote only of professors, classes, examinations, and prizes, and she-well she thought she knew her son.

It will be necessary to go back into a little of Hefley's history to know why Jack Conroy, Sophomore, was so bitter against the little Irish girl, and was always making uncomplimentary remarks about her to "Sissy." When Conroy was a Freshman, he became enamored of the smiles of the little Irish lassie, and was her willing servant. About this time, the little "bun shop" was burglarized and a considerable quantity of "nick-nacks" taken; but there were no clues as to the guilty parties. Conroy was particularly bitter against the person "who would rob a widow woman." But a week or so afterwards, Sadie and he had a "fall out" and had not spoken since, so the campus gossip went. To outward appearances, the thief or thieves were never discovered. However, had any one been able to look "behind the scenes," they would have seen a brave little Irish girl make a big fellow with a coward's heart, confess. The girl knew her mother's wrath would not let her keep the secret, so the mother never knew. The girl and the fellow drove a bargain. He was to pay her for the goods taken and she was to put the money in the cash drawer. He could make payments, whenever he had ready cash, and for all this she promised to keep as a secret the identity of the thief. No wonder Jack Conroy hated Sadie-he was the thief.

By the time of the arrival of "Sissy" on Hefley's campus, the whole incident was almost forgotten, for Conroy had paid the debt and the girl kept the promise. The

Page 175

STUDENT LIFE.

hatred of Conroy for the girl was only natural, but fearing to strike at the girl, he was now taking his revenge on "Sissy," who he knew was afraid to retaliate. "Sissy" was a boy; Conroy nearly a man. One afternoon in April, Sadie stood in the doorway of the little "bun shop." Down on the bridge over the creek, near the entrance to the

campus, stood "Sissy." Approaching in the distance behind him was Conroy. "Sissy," ignorant of Conroy's approach, stood looking down at reflections on the water beneath. Conroy came up; looked about, and seeing no one, deliberately picked the innocent "Sissy" up and tossed him into the creek below. Conroy, leaving the water-soaked "Sissy" to get out of the creek the best he could proceeded towards the "bun shop." Sadie saw all of this. Her hot Irish blood was aboil in a moment. Inside she went, grabbed a broom and way to the seat of war she hastened. Half way down the path she met Conroy, and with him a cry of rage, she jumped at him. The broom came into action, and a dozen times it beat a tatoos [tattoo] on his head. With a final effort, she dropped the brooms, and springing at Conroy, she took two big handfuls of his hair, and then down came the surprised bully to the ground. For a moment he lay still and during that time she rained a shower of blows on his face. Finally he struggled to his feet, a badly beaten up man.

The little Iris girl, white with rage stood before him. "That that, Jack Conroy; I'm a 'grafter,' am I? I am robbing that Puritan, am I? Well, I'm not a thief." With that she turned on her heels and fled back to the little shop.

Once inside and up to her room, the eternal feminine took possession, and throwing herself on he bed, she wept.

The story of Sadie thrashing the bullying Sophomore soon leaked out and Conroy, unable to stand the taunts hurled at him, left college.

"Sissie" and Sadie remained staunch friends for a long, long time. Then one day, she told "Sissy" that her mother had sold the little "bun shop," and they were going away. She went, but the "campus" remembered her forever.

It was Commencement time. "Sissy" was a Senor now and was ready to be graduated. The "pater," "mater," "Skinny," now a Senior, and he were sitting in his room at his "Frat." House, waiting for the final Baccalaureate services to begin. His mother was ransacking his picture frames as the hung on the wall. She came across one of those old style cabinet pictures of a girl. The girl

Page 176

STUDENT LIFE.

had very big blue eyes, a winsome smile on her face, and a big red rose in her hair. The mother looked a second time at the picture and then used her lorgnette. "Who is this plain looking woman, Wellington," she asked. Arthur Wellington Edgerly Brown took the picture, and then smiling at "Skinny," he said, "She, well she was my first real girl friend." Macgregor.

[Image]

Page 177

Out of the West.

The bright animated western girl, as she boards the train that is to carry her away from the big ranch in the West, away from the old familiar life and surroundings, to enter upon a new untried life in a large eastern city, feels not a single misgiving as to that life; she feels merely the simple joy of living.

She is leaving home to enter upon a college career, this free-hearted unsophisticated western girl, and she feels in her bright superabundant spirit as if, like Alexander, she wanted new worlds to conquer. She is certain that she will achieve success and win honors in the new field now opening out to her. Her visions and ideas of that new school life are all rose colored. These ideas she has received mainly from books-stories of the achievements of boys and girls whose college careers have been glorious records of brilliantly won honors. Somehow, the other side of college life,-the story of the one who failed is seldom portrayed. Perhaps the reason for this is, that one who will allow himself to fail does not deserve to be known. Be that as it may, the girl from the West has not considered the possibility of failure. In her small world, she has always been acknowledged star, and had always received from all, from the head employee or foreman of the ranch down to the chore boy, the most reverent and chivalrous homage, to say nothing of worshipping admiration of her father, and her big, rough, sympathetic brothers.

Surrounded by this atmosphere of simple admiration, she has developed into a true, whole-souled, generous-hearted girl, trusting in everyone, and extending a cheerful word of good comradeship to all. In fact she is a girl fully alive to the beauties of nature, and believing implicitly in humanity, but wholly unacquainted with the rules and etiquette of society. To her, the free life on the ranch has represented the ideal life, and notwithstanding she has had higher aspirations,-longings to feel that she had achieved something that would justify her father's and brothers' pride in her, she has been, on the whole, well content and exceedingly happy in that life.

But from the moment when she leaves the train at the big noisy eastern depot, all this is changed. That happy existence, which had seemed to her so complete, is broken, and she finds herself face to face with a new problem, a problem with which she is totally unprepared to cope.

Page 178

#### STUDENT LIFE.

Accustomed to the general broad atmosphere of good fellowship, and simple informalities of the West, she finds her well meant friendly advances met with a cold stare and haughty reserve. She is snubbed repeatedly, and treated as if she were some crude savage, likely at any moment to go upon the warpath, until she gradually draws about her a shell of reserve equal to that with which she has been met. A great wave of lonesomeness overwhelms her,-lonesomeness such as she has never known even when she has never known even when she has found herself after a hard gallon out on the great range, miles away from any human being, with her pony for a companion.

She is homesick,-utterly, miserably homesick,-try as she will to disguise this fact from her inner self. She longs with an almost uncontrollable longing for the great, rugged, purple mountains out there in the West, for one breath of the sweet pure mountain air, untainted with the smoke of the city. Just to feel again the open good fellowship of the westerners, to get away from the mass of unfeeling humanity around her, who seem to her like so much carved marble. She longs feverishly for mutual human companionship,- the one moving force of the world-such as she left behind her in that other life. Her dreams of a college career in which she was to figure so brightly are all rudely broken, and it seems to her that she is the most insignificant, friendless creature in the whole big city of cold selfish humanity.

At last comes a day when she can bear it no longer, Bitter as is the thought that she must go home a miserable failure, her college career ignominiously ended by homesickness, she cannot endure the artificial restraints on her nature, or longer resist her longing for home. When she is once on the train, speeding swiftly westward, the awful lonesomeness of the last few weeks slips from her, and she is again the light-hearted joyous girl, full of life and love. Arrived at home again, she stretches out her arms to the big purple mountains that she loves so well, and in their soothing shadows she finds a balm for the bitterness of her failure. The charm of the West has not lost its power.

Page 179

#### STUDENT LIFE.

[Image] Image is of a cartoon. Cartoon is a drawing of chemical terms and reactions. Image caption: As our Cartoonist sees it. Chemical Terms.

Page 180

#### STUDENT AFFAIRS.

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

The first debate this year in the Utah Intercollegiate Debating League, was held at the Utah Agricultural College on the evening of March 1, between the teams of the B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University] and U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College], and resulted in the a victory for the latter.

The question read "Resolved, That, by a System of Reasonable Shipping Subsidies, the Untied States Should Attempt to Build up a Merchant Marine, providing that such attempt should not be limited to Latin American or Oriental Trade." The affirmative was argued by J. W. Robinson and A. T. Rasmussen of the B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University] and M. C. Harris and I. E. Kerr of U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] defended the negative.

Pres. [President] M. J. Ballard of the Cache Commercial Club acted as chairman. The judges were: Col. [Colonel] A.B. Irvine of Salt Lake City, Judge Whitecotton of Provo, and Attorney J. C. Walters of Logan. Prof. [Professor] Swendsen of the B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University] and Prof. [Professor] Ostein of U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] were timekeepers.

Robinson of the B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University] opened the debate with a splendidly delivered argument for the affirmative. Throughout his twenty minute talk, Robinson displayed ability as a speaker. His manner was easy, his delivery pleasing, and the effect of his efforts showed that our team would have no easy thing of it refuting his argument. U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] supporters were anxious to hear just how our first speaker would meet them.

In opening for the negative, Harris immediately showed that every question has two sides. He brought forth a good strong answer to each one of Robinson's statements. And before he was through there wasn't much left of the affirmative's argument. Harris crowded into his sixteen minutes' talk about as much good, hard logic as it is possible to express in so short a time. He not only refuted his predecessor's arguments, but he piled up a collection of facts and figures for his opponent to consider before advancing more direct argument for the affirmative.

Rasmussen, B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University] followed. He was inclined to be assertive. He tended strongly to the notion that what the affirmative said would be taken as conclusive. Otherwise, we did well. He was perfectly at ease. It was probably his self-assurance that made his assertive. With his self-confidence and general ability, Rasmussen will doubtless develop to a good debater. For force, fight and impressive-

Page 181

#### STUDENT LIFE.

ness, one would have to visit a good many colleges to find another debater equal to Kerr, who delivered the second speech for the negative. Kerr is simply a whirlwind of insistence. He had a large amount of strong argument, and his presentation was little short of irresistible. He did the thing usually most effective in debating-stated his proofs clearly and forcibly and drove his conclusions home with such energy and decisiveness that the effect was necessarily telling. After delivering his argument proper, he summarized his own and his colleague's arguments in a thoroughly masterly way. Harris and Robinson then made respectively, the negative and affirmative rebuttals, immediately after which the judges rendered their decision: two for the negative, and one for the affirmative. The debate was of a high order throughout. Both teams were thoroughly prepared and enthusiastic. They fought with determination from beginning to end. In fact, it would be difficult to find four other men who would work so persistently and vigorously. They are all four able debaters. Their respective schools have every cause to be proud of their representatives.

Notes.

The train bringing the judges was about an hour later than usual, and the waiting audience was entertained with some selections by the college glee club, and college songs by students of both schools. The song sung by the visitors, called forth loud applause and an encore was responded to.

It was pleasing to see such a large crowd in the auditorium on such a disagreeable night. The presence of so many people proves that debating is popular here.

Both sides used charts, but as far as we can see, neither side profited much by it. Charts have been abandoned by some debating leagues as nuisances, and this seems to us to be a good plan. Their appearance is enough to condemn them. When both teams got their ungainly placards displayed, the platform looked less like the scene of an intellectual contest than like an Irish clothes line in full bloom.

Both Harris and Kerr were candidates for the College team last year as well as this. Their excellent work in this debate shows that they have been debating for a long time. The pleasure of the mental effort is itself a reward for their arduous efforts. The appreciation [appreciation] the students and faculty feel is still further remuneration.

It is much regretted that better entertainment could not be given the visiting team. The fact that we were almost overwhelmed with preparations for entertaining five hundred legislative visitors the following day prevented it.

Page 182

STUDENT LIFE.

The Military Ball.

The fourteenth annual military ball, given Feb. [February] 22 by the college cadet battalion, was, as usual, an extraordinary event. Near invitations for the affair were out beforehand, and from their appearance to the last note of the medley, everything was a pronounced success.

The old "Gym." was again pressed into the service for the function. The guests arrived there at about nine o'clock. Attractive dance programs were presented at the door. The room was decorated with large flags arranged tastefully about the walls, in the corners, and suspended from the ceiling. A large portrait of the venerable George graced a prominent position on the west side. Well arranged swords and rifles completed the decorations, which lent a distinctly martial atmosphere.

A grand march, participated in by cadet and guest began at nine o'clock. After this there was dancing until ten, when a platoon of cadets in command of Captain Winsor, gave an enthusiastically received exhibition drill.

Then there was more dancing, interspersed with refreshments, which were served in the reading room. The things to eat and drink were quite as acceptable as the other features, and were much enjoyed. There was an exceptionally large crowd present, and with good music and excellent entertainers, everybody appeared to have a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The committees, to whose efforts the success of the ball was due, were as follows:

Arrangements: Captains Fleming, Winsor and Jones.

Invitation: Lieutenants Mortimer and W. F. Burton and Sergeants Plant and Ballantyne.

Decoration and Refreshments: Lieutenants Beck and E. Burton; Sergt. [Sergeant] Major Kerr; Sergeants Johnson, Marley, Paddock, and Monson, Corporal Peterson and Privates Reed and Worley.

Reception: Lieutenants Child and Passy; Sergeants Kerr, Greaves, Stewart, and Sharp; Corporal Woodward; and musicians Carr and Hansen.

[Image]

Page 183

Departments.

Agriculture.

The free clinics given every Wednesday afternoon under the direction of Dr. [Doctor] Frederick are proving extremely popular. Thirty-five cases has been the average for the past several weeks.

One of the two pure bred Cotswold ewes purchased at the recent Davis County Fair, became the mother, the other day, of two bouncing lambies. All concerned are doing nicely.

Logan's third big horse show will be "pulled off" here on April 13<sup>th</sup>. The Cache Commercial Club, and Professors Cine and Frederick of the College are pushing the affair.

The Agricultural end of the department track and field meet, promises to undergo a change for the better this year.

The Animal Industry classes contemplate trips to Colliston [Collinston], Draper, Mt. [Mount] Pleasant and Layton in the near future. The object is to visit and inspect the pure bred stock and sheep of Messrs. [Misters] Hanson, Allen & Bro. [Brother], Seely and Allison. It will undoubtedly be the largest affairs of its kind ever attempted by an Agricultural class of our institution. The fellows intend to be gone about two weeks, and will look up everything possible in their line during that time.

A set of Herd Books of the Galloway association was recently received through the courtesy of the secretary of the Galloway association, Mr. Robert Gray. We thank Mr. Gray and wish him and his long-haired proteges all kinds of popularity.

A number of the fellows are contemplating accepting jobs through the summer, as sheep inspectors.

The class in Botany III. are rapidly assimilating about all that was ever known concerning cryptogams.

Engineering.

The Engineering and Mechanic Arts exhibit, during the visit of the Legislature, was, indeed, highly spoken of by the visitors. Many of them retracted by their steps in order to admire and examine in detail the cabinet work, and hand carvings, etc., and especially the

Page 184

STUDENT LIFE.

Mission style furniture. Suffice it to say that the department may well feel proud of its efforts, because the display spoke "volumes" to an unbiased mind.

In a recent issue of the 'American Blacksmith,' our forging department received honorable mention, and is spoken of as being "thoroughly modern ad up to date." Several cuts and pictures accompanied the article.

The Engineering Society received a postal from Allred '06 who is doing Government work in the Philippines. He keeps a number of "native valets" busy carrying his transit and holding a shade over him.

Chambers-Hudman vs. Mumps.

Izatt has discontinued school on account of illness.

The Juniors are doing a series of very fine tests on iron, steel, and cement briquettes. The data are very valuable.

The Sophomores are getting a great deal of field practice these days. Now that the track work was opened, the department is filling out a schedule that promises to make the other departments hustle.

Domestic Science.

The Legislature and friends visited our school March 2 and the banquet served them by the Domestic Science girls was the most successful thing of the kind in the college history. The girls did both cooking and serving and proved themselves very capable at both. Our friends might be interested in knowing that the girls made and baked fourteen hundred (1,400) rolls without burning one.

Miss Myrtle Ballard and Mayme Adams gave an elaborate Washington Birthday dinner at which Miss Effie Smith acted as hostess. The guests were Mrs. Eliason, Miss Eliason, Mrs. Bexell, Mrs. Charlie Hanson, Mrs. McLaughlin, Miss Bowman, and Miss Holmgren.

Miss Morrison and Miss Bybee celebrated St. [Saint] Patrick's day at the college. The decorations were unique and the dinner was well planned throughout. Miss Morrison was hostess and her guests were: Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. W. S. Langton, Mrs. Leo. [Leonard] Campbell. Mrs. Budge, Mrs. Frank Thatcher, and Mrs. Perry.

The display of sewing March 2 could not have been excelled. Everything from basing to the most elaborate fancy work and complete gowns was shown.

Page 185



## STUDENT LIFE.

The cooking and serving of three course dinners will end March 28. Those professors who were fortunate enough to secure places at the tables are wondering how they can go back to bread, butter, and jam again.

Prof. [Professor] Cotey will entertain the Senior class at dinner Mar. [March] 23. Mrs. Cotey has kept up the custom ever since her first year at the college, and those who have been entertained always remember the event as one of the most pleasant during the year.

Commerce.

The different companies of the Commercial department have recently declared to their stockholders dividends as follows: The College National Bank, a semi-annual dividend of 12 1-2 per cent. and the Jenkins Company, a dividend of 5 percent. This ought to be a proof of our ability to do business so don't be afraid to invest your money in out stocks.

[Image]

The income tax question was thoroughly thrashed out by the class in Banking and Finance on March 5<sup>th</sup>.

This fine spring weather is bringing the Commercials out on the track in full "bloom."

Miss Radie Hansen, one of our old students, has accepted a position as stenographer with City Attorney Sneddon.

Did you ever hear the "Coms" sing "Poor Old Salt Lake"?

Mr. W. H. Kerr, an old Commercial student, lectured before the Commercial club, at a recent meeting, on cad writing and window decoration.

One of the leading stenographers captured the first prize at the rink the other night.

Professor Bexell: "What is the most essential thing in keeping books?"

Mr. First Year: (promptly) "An ink eraser."

War with Japan has been anticipated by the class in Banking and Finance. The class has very wisely been considering ways and means for providing an increase in revenue.

A.W. McKinnon, a Short Commercial graduate, passed through Logan during the month in a bank at Randolph, Rich County, but has resigned his position there to accept a better one in the First National Bank of Price, Utah.

Page 186

## STUDENT LIFE.

Interest has been kept from waning in the department through the unique idea of having shooting contests in the armory.

Pistol practice is now being indulged in by the cadet officers.

The old cadets are trying to arrange for what was to be the annual encampment. They ought to succeed, for the department has more cadets enrolled now than ever before.

All of the Krags have been cleaned and may now be viewed resting on the right shoulders of the cadets.

Credit is due Capt. [Captain] Perry for the way he has kept the interest up in the department.

Target practice will begin as soon as the weather permits.

Many favorable comments were heard on the appearance of the cadets while on parade for the legislators.

The program for fair weather drill will be battalion drill varied by extender order.

All is calm and sublime in the department, all the sundry windy aspirations having passed over.

[Image] Image is a cartoon. Image caption: It was reported at the College that someone had threatened to drink the town dry.

Page 187

STUDENT LIFE.

STUDENT LIFE.

Published Monthly by the Students of  
UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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A. D. Skeen, '9 Associate Editor

Fred Matthews, Jr. [Junior], Business Manager

R. L. Judd, '09 Assistant Manager

DEPARTMENTS.

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E. P. Hoff, '09 Advertising Bureau

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

One year \$1.00

Single Copies 25c [cents]

Extra Copies to Subscribers 15c [cents]

Entered as second class matter Dec. [December] 21, 1903 at the post office at Logan, Utah, under an act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

College delivery is made from Student Life office, Room 85.

Vol. [Volume] 5. March, 1907. No. [Number] 6

## EDITORIAL.

The enemies of the Utah Agricultural College failed to get a consolidation measure through the legislature, and the "One Board" bill failed to get the requisite number of votes. The aforesaid enemies did succeed, however, in cutting our appropriation lower than it has been for ten years. The people of the state are doubtless proud [proud] of these indications of progress. The action of the legislature is most unfortunate for this institution. The whole policy of the college must necessarily be changed and narrowed. The present administration will go out and the incoming one will be handicapped by a too small amount of money.

These things look rather dark at present; but the cause of education for the people will not down, and we confidently expect that the people of the state will rub some of the sleep out of their eyes before another two years, and give their Agricultural College a square deal.

"The White and Blue," the official organ of the B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University] student body, contains a writeup of our recent debate that is unworthy of any one professing to be a college man. It must have been written by one of the B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University] Kindergarten students, one with a severe attack of colic. You ill-tempered little boy, Provo, we have often lauded you as a "graceful loser." Your comments are too childish to deserve anything but the contempt of college men; so we pass you up.

Page 188

## STUDENT LIFE.

We are somewhat amused to notice that a large number of our readers are eagerly looking for "connections" in Macgregor's stories, appearing under the title "In the Shadow of the Old Clock Tower." Many of our exchanges are saying good things about the "The serial story in Student Life." It is not a serial story, but a series of stories. However, enthusiastic "freshies" who are anxiously awaiting the happy marriage of the heroine and the long-delayed and well-deserved destruction of the "villyan" will have their cravings satisfied in the July issue.

Before the next number of Student Life appears, there will be an election of an Editor-in-Chief, an Associate Editor, and a Business Manager for the school year of 1907-8. Subscribers should be thinking about this, so that when the proper time comes, the best selections may be made. We hope to see a reasonable amount of rivalry in the election.

A number of men who have taken the course in dairying at this institution have recently organized "The Dairy Students Association of the Utah Agricultural College." The purpose of the organization is to further the interests of the dairy industry in the intermountain country, to improve dairying methods, and for the benefit of the ex-

students generally. At a meeting held last month, the following officers were elected:  
President, Joseph Ririe, Ogden, Utah.  
Vice President, G. M. Christensen, Paris, Idaho.  
Secy. and Treas. [Secretary and Treasurer], S. L. Bingham, Riverdale, Utah.

We wish the new association prosperity.

[Image]

Page 189

Locals.

Frank Dixon lectured at the B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College] Mar. [March] 9.

Horace Kerr is home from Stanford again.

Kearns, Porter and Johnson are working hard on their B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College] debate which "comes off" about Mar. [March] 30<sup>th</sup>.

[Image] Image caption: MUMPS

After 'four years' absence, Prof. [Professor] Dryden made his appearance in chapel, Mar. [March] 12.

In German 1:

Prof. [Professor] Arnold: "Mr. Wendleboe, please translate, 'Der Koch kocht.'"

Wendelboe: "The rooster crowed."

The classes in Math. 4 have started their work in Trig. [Trigonometry] Leo Irvine, a former U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] student, midshipman in the U. S. [United States] navy visited the College March 2.

E. Hudman is down with the mumps and is threatened with typhoid. The band gave a matinee in the Gym. Wednesday, the 13<sup>th</sup>. Everybody had a good time.

John Taylor had his hand severely burned by phosphorus in the Chem. [Chemistry] Lab. recently.

Jack Major has been very ill but is recovering rapidly.

Capt. [Captain] Perry to Prof. [Professor] Robinson's prep. class: "Who were the aborigines of South America?"

Bright Youth: "The Nephites."

Capt. [Captain] Perry: "Say, youngster, this is no missionary class."

Jim Barrack, '05, dropped in on his way Easy from Alaska. He is the same old Jim and hopes soon to have his pile. We hope to see him again in June, as he returns to the North.

Page 190

STUDENT LIFE.

A bunch of enthusiastic track men are taking long cross country runs nearly every afternoon. They run from three to eight miles, stopping only for fences.

Jim Phillips, high jumper and captain of our track team two years ago, is at his home in Morgan County. It will be impossible for him to be with us this year but he wishes us success and sends his regards to all his friends.

In room 87:

"I must again insist that Kaiser is not cheese, that Gott is not goat, for he has neither horns nor tail. Viel is not a young calf, but means 'many' or 'much' and is pronounced like 'feel.' It seems to me that a fairly developed college mind could grasp these simple facts. They are peculiarities of the German mind; but why they are so I cannot tell you. Where was your mind trained? If you will but rise to the occasion, I will applaud you with both hands, but I can plainly see that higher education is not for you, and you should hunt a job on the section."

The State championship game of basketball was played at Salt Lake City, March 16, by the teams of the B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University] and B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College] It resulted in a victory for the B. Y. C. [Brigham Young College] with a score of 27 to 24.

Lynn Stewart, who was out hurdler during the past two years and who won more points than any other man on the team is at the B. Y. U. [Brigham Young University] this year. Unfortunately for the Provo school, Stewart did not enter until Feb. [February] 18, which fact excludes him from any school meet. Stewart wants to be remembered to all the fellows and co-eds.

Some anonymous [anonymous] angel recently sent to the staff a box of "Little Henries." Thanks. They were much enjoyed. No deaths yet reported.

Members of the 'White and Blue' staff favored us with a visit March 1<sup>st</sup>.

[Image] Image caption: Basketball: U. A. C. [Utah Agricultural College] - 25%

Page 191

Alumni.

We suppose that it is not an uncommon thing for college publications to have difficulty in securing items concerning alumni. It has always been impossible for us. This year we have endeavored to give the alumni a fair representation, but it is such a task to find out anything about them that several issues of the paper have appeared with no alumni notes. The alumni themselves are responsible as much as we are. They all seem to hesitate in letting us know occasionally what they are doing. Practically all the alumni news we have published thus far have been received accidentally. It will be a favor to us and to the members of the association if anyone will advice us the progress and work of the alumni.

F. L. West, who is a member of the class of 1904, has recently been employed as an assistant in physics, and as an instructor in the gymnasium at the University of Chicago. West made an excellent record while here. His principal work was done in physics and chemistry, with, incidentally, a great deal of work in athletics. He is one of the most scholarly men that the college has graduated. After leaving here, he studied at Stanford one year. In 1905-6 he taught physics at the B. Y. [Brigham Young] University at Provo, leaving there last June for Chicago to take up his studies in the University. West will be heard from again. His aptitude for scientific work, and the excellent preparation he is getting will, no doubt, result noteworthy. Word comes from Jardine, '04, to the effect that he is getting comfortably settled in his work at Washington, D. C. [District of Columbia] He will spend the coming summer in western states, locating experimental farms and superintending government investigations. R. B. West, '04, has left Oregon and is doing railroad construction work in southern Utah. I. Allred, '06, writes us from the Philippines, where he wet last November. He is doing government engineering work, and is stationed at Santa Rosa, Laguna. The following is taken from the 'College Weekly,' published at the New Mexico Agricultural and Mechanical College; "Prof. [Professor] B. P. Fleming has been elected to the position of head of the Department of Irrigation Engineering, one of the new courses authorized by the Board of Reg-

Page 192

#### STUDENT LIFE.

ents. Mr. Fleming comes very well prepared for the work at hand having been graduated from the Utah Agricultural Colle [1900], and having spent one year at Harvard and two years at Cornel, taking his doctor's degree at the latter place. Mr. Fleming is a man of much experience, and comes directly from the Irrigation and Drainage department at Washington, D. C. [District of Columbia] Osborne Widtsoe and W. H. Homer, Jr. [Junior], two alumni, visited the College March 2.

Page 193

#### Exchanges.

Much has been said by editors of college papers regarding the college editorial. We believe that the following just about "sizes up" the whole situation. In addition to the mere truth of the statements, the editorial, written by the editor of 'The Polytechnic,' possesses that virtue so often lacking college editorials-it is interesting. Read it. "Once a month the unlucky edit-of a school paper must sit down and evolve from the depths of his inner consciousness an array of paragraphs, wise and otherwise, which are commonly known as editorials. Insofar as our observations have extended, they may be

divided into four great classes, namely, appeals for school spirit, appeals for the students to patronize the advertisers, paeons of victory, and miscellaneous.

"The appeals for school spirit are of interest from a psychological point of view. The first month the editor is full of enthusiasm. His staff have not, as a rule, lost the sense of the importance of their position, and turn in their copy on the stroke of the hour. Least of all, has the editor lost his appreciation of the honor of his position. He writes now not merely from the edification of a supercritical English teacher, but for the whole school. His impassioned rhetoric shall fire the student body, and not the furnace. The year looms large with responsibilities and possibilities. Perhaps there may be customs or organizations in the school which do not meet with his approval. They shall feel the withering scorn of his contempt, and accordingly efface themselves, instantly and effectually. These things and others like them will be accomplished under the protection and solace of the editorial 'we.'

"The first issue comes out with an editorial which is a masterpiece. It proves beyond doubt or peradventure the desirability, the necessity, the potency of a school spirit. Oh well, you know its contents, brother editors. It has come to out exchange table from Massachusetts and from Honolulu, and divers places between.

"But about its results. Maybe the fault lay with us, maybe we did not succeed in making out appeal eloquent enough. Did the students paste yours in their hats, did they use it to declaim it before football games, did you ever find students reading it in obscure corners, saying the school yell under their breath meanwhile, did you, oh did you ever see that it did a darn bit of good?

"Next in importance comes the

Page 194

#### STUDENT LIFE.

appeal to "patronize our advertisers." We think we can usually see the fine Italian hand of the business manager there. We were a business manager once upon a time and we know the delights thereof. But just a word here. It is our candid belief that the students read the advertisements before the editorials anyhow, so we proceed on that basis.

"The paeon of victory, whose stirring phases waltz through the brain of the editor as a last glorious touchdown is made, or a favorable decision is announced, usually cools down to a self-satisfied review of events before the copy goes to the printer. And it is better so. Time means everything to a paeon. If Saul had heard the praises of David chanted in a cold type a month after the Goliath [Goliath] episode had occurred we are very sure that he would not have envied David that meed [mead] of praise.

"The miscellaneous editorial is much in evidence in the later days of the editor's incumbency. If we may, judge of them through our own experience they are—we whisper it—to fill up space, even as this one. Their nature varies from descriptions of dances to introspective studies of the values of different studies. By this time the wise

editor is paying more attention to the exclusion of the ubiquitous typographical error, and improving his josh columns.

"Such is the prosaic end of the editor's career. He has though, in all probability, learned a good many things which all men know in time, but which he might have had to acquire under more humiliating circumstances. No one but yourself knows how far you have fallen short of your aim, or better, how far you have shortened your range. And if they did know they would forget it. 'There is no remembrance of former things, neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come after.'"