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STUDENT LIFE

Agricultural College of Utah

Vol 1 December 1902
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Manufacturers of Confectionery.

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We carry a Full Line of Bakery Goods. 31 Main St.

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LOGAN STEAM LAUNDRY

Have your work done at home, done right and save express.

C. A. CUMMINGS & COMPANY

Proprietors.
FOUR FEET ON THE FENDER.

The room within is cozy, warm;
   Her smile with welcome glowing;
You doff your coat and make remark
   The skies without are snowing.
She draws two cushioned rockers up—
   She witching, sweet, and slender;
You two sit by the open grate
   With four feet on the fender.

The fire burns up with cheery blaze,
   All shadowy corners quelling;
And shows the clock upon the shelf
   The hours serenely telling.
You talk of politics and art—
   Promise a book to lend her;
You feel that truly comfort this—
   With four feet on the fender.

The flames that danced, and leaped, and flared
   Die to a bed of embers;
The flickering shadows lurk and creep—
   Dark bodies without members.
A dreaminess fills all the air,
   Your thoughts seem strangely tender;
Close, close together draw two chairs,
   And—four feet on the fender.

Your heart grows full and romance wings,
   The dusk your mood enhances.
You softly press a willing hand—
   That light touch—it entrances!
You talk of love, new struggling hopes—
   With saints and angels blend her.
Oh, bliss ineffable is reached
   With four feet on the fender!

But snowflakes chill a burning heart—
   The magic spell is blasted.
You wonder if she meant it all
   Or, like you, while it lasted.
You trust she'll know a man's not true,
   To fancy can't surrender,
When daylight takes the glamour off
   Four feet upon the fender.
THE OBJECT OF ART.

As far back as we can trace the history of humanity, we find art. It manifests itself in that still more obscure period which precedes authentic history. By art, man has, from the beginning, chiefly distinguished himself from the crowd of inferior animals with which he seems to have so much in common on some sides of his nature. In the dark caverns which formed his first habitation, because they alone could protect him against beasts of prey, we have discovered among the first formed arrows and knives, objects which could have been used only for ornamental purposes, necklets, bracelets, rings, etc., made of stone and bone, more or less roughly worked out, but enough to show that art is not, as has been often asserted, the product of a superior civilization only.

Those savages at least made an effort to create something beautiful. Their weapons of stone were decorated; and by means of graver’s flint they cut upon flat bones the leading features of many animals with enough accuracy to enable us today to recognize the different species. Probably the prehistoric man who cut roughly upon a piece of bone the outline of a cave-bear wished to convey to his companions an idea of the animal he had seen or killed. The idea was one of imitation, but it clearly suggested that art might become a means by which ideas or thoughts could be expressed.

If we look back into the past to the time of Egypt or Assyria or to the oldest Indian civilization, a time so early in the history of humanity that its most primitive instincts may be supposed to have operated without the restraint of the critical habit which grows upon us afterward, we perceive that these races possessed an art full of might and majesty, whose silent language is still intelligible to us and conveys a clear conception of their mind and life.

Every art which is thoroughly genuine is the spontaneous expression of a nation’s character, taste and feeling and has in it some precious quality, which is a part of the great mind of humanity, setting itself forth in the most perfect shape. There is no such thing as the greatest art; there is no such thing as the greatest art epoch. The very highest and best in our art of today is as great as the art of the Italian Renaissance and the art of that period is as great as that of the Greeks, because the arts of any great period have been a perfect reflection of the character, taste, feelings and ideals of the people who produced them, and have given expression to the spirit of the age. That knowledge which we have gleaned from the past and which has given us an insight into the lives, thoughts, and aspirations of different races of different times has been gained almost entirely through their great monuments which they have erected: the poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture they have left behind them.

The love of the true, beautiful, good, and right with the aspiration to attain them as personal possessions forms the ideal of a complete man. Truth speaks to the intellect, beauty to the sensibilities, goodness to the instincts, and righteousness to the conscience of men. Under the idea of the beautiful is found the admiration of the delicate, graceful, melodious, harmonious, grand and sublime. These emotions, when produced by objects appealing to the eye, ear, or conceptions of the mind, make up what is properly termed the love of art, and these objects of perception and conception which man has created in order to awaken these emotions, come under the name of The Fine Arts.

Art is a language by which an idea, a thought, a fancy, a conception of the mind or an emotion of the heart may be expressed. There is very often a charm about a manner of talking
True painting and sculpture are classed among the imitative arts, and so is poetry. But consider how far removed from reality is poetic language and how very wide the gulf between nature and the greatest masterpieces of painting. This idea of imitation is a false conception of art throughout. Sir Joshua Reynolds said of the artist: “He regards nature with a view to his profession, combines her beauties and corrects her defects. For the works of nature are full of disproportion.” Our own great American artist, Whistler, made the statement: “That nature is always right is an assertion artistically as untrue as it is one whose truth is universally taken for granted. Nature is very rarely right, to such an extent, even, that it might almost be said that nature is usually wrong,—that is to say, the condition of things that shall bring about the perfection of harmony worthy a picture is rare and not common at all.”

To hold any art and make it great there must be a deep human interest behind it. If we would have our work loved or cared for by others, we must first love it ourselves. A man can not do this and be an imitator. Painting is a language; and trees, sky, earth, air, water, men, cities, streets, and buildings are but the symbols of ideas which play their part in the conception. Perhaps we may say literal imitation is despicable enough, yet generic truth to nature is absolutely necessary and the measure of this truth attained makes a great artist or an inferior one. Truth is not the aim of any art. Their great object is to give expression to an aesthetic emotion and truth becomes valuable only so long as it acts as a means toward this end. Painting should please us with aesthetic ideas received directly through the sense of sight, precisely as music should please us with aesthetic ideas received directly through the sense of hearing; and the value of each depends very much on the quality and quantity of pleasure given.

The great English landscapist, Turner, was once approached by a lady who seemed to be worried by the fact that she had never seen a sky in nature, just like that in one of his pictures, but we can fully agree with him when...
he calmly replied, "Possibly not, madam, but don't you wish you were the object of the arts, Gerome would be greater than Raphael or Michael Angelo, and Pope greater than Shakespeare or Milton. This is not an argument against the painter's or poet's veracity, but to discriminate between an accessory and a principle.

Then we hear, certainly the plain brutal truth is not wanted; it is too realistic, the painter must strive for the ideal. But how many know what they mean when they use the word? People talk of the ideal of Phidias or Raphael, and when they make a practical application of it in modern painting they usually mean a characterless insipid face or figure imitated from the artist's recollections of Greek sculpture or a figure or object formed by many fancies. Such work is quite worthless and, except for purely decorative purposes, has no good reason for existence. There are others who think they recognize the ideal in another way. If a great landscapist like Daubigny paints a landscape with a certain haziness of atmosphere and line they call him an idealist and when Rousseau paints the same landscape without the haziness they call him a realist. People will continue to write and talk in a vague way about ideals and fancy they feel them. Perhaps they do. When they refer to the painter's ideal they usually mean his idea, which is an individual conception. It is that personal meaning which they should look for in a picture and strive to find out what he is saying. They should try to put themselves in his place and try to see as he sees. In other words, they should look for the idea which they may readily discover with practice, rather than the ideal which they may never recognize. For the ideal is more in the head of the metaphysician than of the modern artist.

We hear of the beautiful in art and may wonder what part it plays in painting and just where it comes in. Beauty may be an attribute of things tangible or intangible. It may attach itself to the form and features of a head and it may also be an attribute of thought emanating from the head. One set of metaphysicians will declare that it exists in the form and features, that beauty is objective. Another set will tell you that it exists in the thought only, that beauty is subjective. If we view the matter in a broad way we see that neither is exclusively right. Beauty may belong to both the objective and the subjective worlds.

It ought not to be hard for any one, particularly any one living in this part of the country, to believe that there is a beauty about sunsets, mountains, valleys, and animals independent of man or his thoughts. If you claim that loveliness is an attribute of a flower, why is beauty not an attribute of higher creations? Our perception or lack of perception has nothing to do with its existence. The African Hottentot or the Australian Bushman may see no beauty in the forest, but that does not signify there is none. Because a man just begins to realize that there is very great beauty in his natural surroundings does not mean that beauty did not exist in those same surroundings ages before him. Whether seen or unseen it is there and that beauty which is seen by all, is usually of a common-place kind, often portrayed in painting. It is the object of one kind of art to picture this natural beauty and when accompanied by some individuality, enthusiasm, feeling or method in the artist, it is not an unworthy aim. Much oftener however it appears without these latter qualities and sinks to a level of expressionless decorative art. It is most frequently portrayed in the human figure.

Every exhibition has its portion of these so-called ideal heads and figures, which if analyzed, usually prove to be only modified likenesses of pretty-faced studio models. The same model poses under all sorts of titles upon many compositions, but she rarely has anything to commend herself but her face. They are pleasant enough in their way especially to the masses, and it is to these pretty, pink propositions that some painters are indebted for their popularity.

Natural beauty is again represented by the productions of the common-place scenes in landscape with which we are all familiar. They correspond to the pretty studio model, and are chosen and painted as they happen to
be with lack of thought and want of feeling: painted simply that we may have a fac-simile of something we may not actually possess in reality. Such pictures are good reminders of places we have visited, like photographs which are sold along lines of travel, and they often serve to cover soiled places on the parlor wall paper, but they add nothing to the world of art.

A change, however, takes place in the character and value of the painting when the natural beauty is not common-place but comparatively unknown, for the object of every true artist is in one sense to discover hidden beauty and reveal it to the world, which by reason of not possessing the eye of genius is blind to this beauty. We then have a new beauty and the artist assumes the position of seer or prophet. For artists represent the eyes of the world as musicians represent the ears. It may be that the hidden beauty lies in a form common-place and almost repulsive. There is such a thing as the sublime beauty of ugliness. The face of youth is not alone beautiful. Age possesses beauty even in humble life. It is found in the great portraits of Rembrandt and Franz Hals' where those aged and wrinkled faces bathed in a golden light peer calmly out upon you from behind their immense frames. Leonardo Da Vinci has shown it in his demons. Millet, Breton, Mauve, Segantini and Israels have all thrown charm about the coarse-featured, heavy-headed peasantry whom they have chosen for subjects. It is all true and beautiful but it was entirely unknown and unseen before these painters came into the world. In a similar manner there is a new beauty in the morning and evening light of Corot, the foliage of Rousseau, the gray voyaging clouds of Daubigny, the sunset skies of Turner or the stormy skies of Courbet.

These men are not imitators; but on the contrary, revealers of new features, interpreters of new beauties. It is not a little part of the artist's aim that he discover and interpret to the world new beauty; and the value of his work may be estimated by the importance of his discovery. This is the rendering of objective beauty, tinctured by the painter's individuality, method or feeling.

There are many painters who possess the idea that the aim and greatest beauty of art lies in the expression of technical skill. It could be as well maintained that the object of poetry is to display rhythmical words and sentences after the manner of Swinburne, and that poetic ideas are of no consequence. Skill of hand is absolutely necessary, but it is the means of saying and not the end in itself. The verse of Poe or Tennyson is admirable even though it may contain no meaning, and to those who can appreciate the technique of painting, the manner in which Rubens and Velasquez paint a cloak or robe, the power with which Rembrandt focuses light, the dash and brilliancy of Fortuny give almost as great pleasure as the ideas of Michael Angelo and the poetic sentiment of Millet. But the work of the hand and the conception of the mind must not bear a false relationship to one another. We should admire the beauty in both, but the thought is greater than the means of expression.

The most perfect beauty lies not in external surrounding but in the conception of the human mind, and it would seem, therefore, that the artist who discovers natural beauty and interprets it is not so great as the artist who creates beauty and uses forms of nature merely as a means of explaining his creation. Take the Sower of Millet. Most people have seen reproductions of this great painting. What is there within this picture which gives it its place? A hundred living artists could excel the drawing as far as perfect accuracy goes. A hundred could excel the rendering of light and textures. The figure of itself is not of any great consequence; you can find thousands of men of more perfect physical make-up. But it is the conception of heroism in humble life, which is strikingly beautiful.

Before Millet's time the peasant had been considered a most degraded subject for art. A man might paint a number of people in a drawing room, but to choose such a prosaic theme as a common laborer at his work was vulgar. But in this shadowy figure moving across the fields at dusk and with rhythmic motion scat-
tering the grain, he has shown us the dignity and grandeur of the man who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, and who in his humble sphere is no less a hero than the man who moves at the head of an army or leads a charge of cavalry over that same field. He looks gigantic in his proportions; a man of sinew, heart and brain, a type summing up within himself many generations of toilers. It is one of the great Pictorial Epic Poems. This is Millet's Conception, and what he is striving to tell you with his colors, form and shadows: this is what you feel and the impression you receive. This, by the way, is the real value of the picture and not the fact that it sold for so many thousand dollars. It is this universal human interest which all great art possesses to which a great artist referred when he made the remark, "Because people pay so many hundred dollars for a picture they think they own it."

There is, in Rome, a statue of Moses by Michael Angelo. As a piece of mechanical art it is not considered very wonderful. Probably as a carver and polisher there are a number of modern sculptors who can equal, if not excel, Michael Angelo. But there is something in the figure that is worth all the marble these men ever cut. It is the conception of tremendous power, the conceived ability of Moses to overawe, crush and destroy all things before him. A man who was well able to rise up and lead a people through the wilderness. Again in his sad-browed Sibyls and mighty Prophets of the Sistine Chapel, this same power is apparent, combined with solemnity, mystery, weirdness and even the spirit of the prophecy which characterized the originals. The conceptions are lofty to sublimity, and the forms are perfectly worthy of the ideas they embody, for Michael Angelo's line is perfectly related to his subjects, but they are not so great as the latter. As far as accuracy goes Gerome could have drawn them as well. Delacroix could have given them a more harmonious color scheme. Alfred Stevens or Sargent could have painted their garments much better, but all combined could not have created the mystery and power. This ceiling is probably the most sublime piece of painting ever executed and while it may not possess quite the breadth of Shakespeare, it has all of the power and strength.

There is a painting by Rubens' of the Dead Christ hanging on the Cross, alone in the night with drooped head and flowing hair, and in the background over the distant Jerusalem hangs a black sky. The color is of no great consequence. Yet color was a great feature of Rubens' art. The drawing is good but nothing extra, and many of his works would surpass it in technical qualities; but the idea rushes upon one; the blinding horror of the scene, the blackness, the awfulness of the deed; the full significance of it all. How the mind of Rubens ever soared high enough to grasp that conception baffles comprehension, for the idea seems great even above Rubens' greatness.

In all the greatest art one does not see the paint, line or texture. The conception absorbs everything else, and this is the most enduring part. The highest aim of art then is the embodiment, in form or color and their variations, of an idea, impression or emotion regarding something conceived, seen or felt by the artist.

-H. J. S.

The Morning After.

(We are extremely sorry, but the author of this article absolutely refuses to allow his name to become known.—Ed.)

I am glad that you are all back to Logan again without any broken limbs, but we are all sorry that you didn't bring back a broken record. If my speech has a sorrowful tone, I trust therefore you will consider the circumstances.

For want of a better subject I will say a few words on the weather. The weather is a safe subject. Neither is it very deep. For these reasons, as well as others, I shall try to confine myself to the weather.

We are all interested in the weather, more so than we think we are. Our happiness, our lives often, depend upon the weather. We
have all to take the weather into account. The
success of many an undertaking hinges on the
weather. Many a battle has been won and lost
because of the weather. The weather interfered
with Napoleon’s march and changed the
history of Europe and of the world at large.
The Government of the United States spends a
million dollars every year on the weather. The
public is warned when storms are brewing,
when frosts are incubating, and many a vessel
has been saved or lost with all on board because
of its heeding or not heeding the warnings sent
out by the weather experts. Many a farmer
has saved his crop of fruit by heeding the frost
warnings and taking measures accordingly.
A man looks at the weather bulletin in the
morning and if it says: “Rain today,” he
leaves his best hat at home and puts on an old
one. A lady looks at the weather bulletin in
the morning paper, and if it says, “probably
rain,” she leaves her new spring bonnet at
home, and stays home with it. During the
haying season the farmer sits up all night
waiting for the publication of the weather
bulletin and long before it is published he has
prepared for the worst—has fed and harnessed
his horses, rousted the hired man out of bed
and hid himself away to the hay-field; and
many hours later when the bulletin says “probably
fair today and tomorrow,” the farmer
won’t let the hired man haul the lucerne back
to the field.

Everybody takes the weather into account,
except the football player. The football player
never looks above the earth to see if it is going
to rain or snow or thunder or blow a cyclone.
He doesn’t know there is such a thing as
weather. If he wades in mud up to his quarter
or half back, if he happens to be several feet
horizontally under the alkali, he is happy, if
only the pigskin is under him. He takes no
more account of the weather than he does of a
broken limb, if only he has a bone doctor in his
vest pocket and his best girl in the grandstand.

Speaking of weather and football, I watched
a game a few weeks ago. The doctor was kept
very busy running with his medicines, and the
noise of the breaking of the bones was drowned
by the cheers of the spectators, and when I
looked and saw that the young ladies were
joining in the cheer and waving their hand-
kkerchiefs as the doctor ran, the tears that were
welling in my eyes suddenly took flight. The
fact is that this would be a very sad world,
many tears would be shed, but for the dear
ladies.

The weather is a safe subject to speak about.
I am opposed to football. I will tell you why.
It endangers the lives of heads of many fami-
lies.

The other evening I was reading an account
of a great football game in the east. I had
seated myself comfortably in an easy chair
with the evening paper to enjoy a quiet even-
ing, and had warned the five-year-old and
seven-year-old youngsters to be good boys. I
had read that the game was a great one, was a
beautiful one. It told about the first touch-
down; about the brilliant run of the left tackle,
or some such personage; how on the 47 yard
line the ball was fumbled; how a new man was
hastily brought onto the field to take the place
of the half back who had fractured his skull.
(Nothing, however, was said as to what became
of the skull or its owner.) A tremendous
struggle was on, and I fancied I could hear the
shout of the spectators, and then “down!”
Then in a second, the signals 21, 17, 43, 36, 92,
rang out on the air, and two seconds afterward
I shouted “down!” tore myself out from under
a pile of youngsters and easy chairs and hur-
ried myself around about the house in search
of a strap or birch or any old thing as fast as a
dislocated knee would permit me, and I finally
succeeded in calling the game off.

I am opposed to football for the reason that
it jeopardizes the lives of heads of families.
They haven’t always an expert doctor at hand.
If it keeps on, the average family man, in self-
defense, will have to don a sweater for an even-
ing dress, a nose-guard, ear protectors and
limb preservers; and then to be doubly safe,
betake himself to the attic and sit there until
time has been called on the last half.

In the interest of domestic felicity; in the
interest of gentlemen who want to establish
homes of their own, I am against football.
A Christmas Legend.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, there lived in the northern part of Norway a priest by the name of Peter Dass. He was a good shepherd and a great poet. The wonderful clearness and simplicity of his style, and his masterly way of portraying nature, made him the most popular writer of his day. Even to this day his writings are held in high esteem, especially in the locality where he lived.

Greater still than his works was his personality, out of which has grown the most wonderful legends wherein he was the hero. People said he had been to the Wittenberg school of black art, and that he was even greater in that profession than Martin Luther himself. He could, at his pleasure, make the witches dance in a hot skillet, until they would scream and beg to be released. The devil himself would obey his command as a slave would his master. No one ever dared to enter his private room after dark. A candle was always burning there whether he was home or not, and the strangest sounds were heard from within.

Though many of these legends have only local fame, a few have a wider circle. One, however, has attained to national fame and is told from one end of the country to the other.

It appears that the King of Denmark and Norway had heard of the famous magician of the north and wanted to test his power. He therefore sent a command wherein Peter Dass was summoned to preach the early mass in Copenhagen on Christmas morning. The King designed for the message to reach Peter on Christmas Eve, thinking it impossible for him to be there. This was, in those days, at least a week's journey. Peter Dass, not abashed at this, summoned the devil at once and the journey began, Peter resting calmly on the old one's back.

At first all went well. In passing over the North Sea, however, Peter Dass noticed they were sinking and soon his feet were dragging in the water. Suddenly the Devil said: "What do you say, Peter Dass, when your life is in danger?" Thinking, "Now I've got him, for as
usual he will say 'Lord Jesus help me,' and I'll drop him." But Peter Dass, too shrewd for Old Nick, answered sharply: "Higher up, and quickly forward, you black devil."

Christmas morning, to the astonishment of the King, Peter Dass was in the pulpit and preached a powerful sermon. During the sermon, the King noticed that the preacher was smiling, and after the service asked his reason. "That I can not tell," said Peter. "But I command you," said the King. "Well then, said Peter, "I saw the Devil standing beneath the pulpit, taking the names of all who slept in church. The calfskin on which he was writing proved to be too small. At first he tried to stretch it with his hands, but found it impossible. Furious at this, he placed one corner of it between his teeth and gave a sudden pull. The skin broke, and the Devil struck his head against a sharp corner of the pulpit." At this, the king laughed also.

COMPLETED PROVERBS.

"Until a man finds a wife he is only half; thereafter he is still less."

"He who sings drives away sorrow, but often causes sorrow to his neighbors."

"True love never grows old. It is generally killed by its mother in infancy."

"Woman is the apple of man's eye—the apple of discord." —Ex.

ANOTHER GOOD WAY.

Chimmy:—"Wot is de best way to teach a girl how to swim?"

Johnny:—Well, yer want to take her gently by de hand, lead her gently down to de water, put yer arm gently around her waist, and—

Chimmy:—Oh, cut it out! It's me sister.

Johnny:—Oh! push her off de dock.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

Johnny:—Mother, may I go in swimming?

Mother:—When, my son?

Johnny:—Yesterday, if you please.

Lady entering a store:—Have you smoked herring?

Clerk:—No, but I've smoked a Pittsburg stogie.
STUDENT AFFAIRS.

Athletic Mass Meeting.

For some time students have expressed themselves as being desirous of doing something for the football boys, to show them that the general student body fully appreciated their efforts on the gridiron during the past season. Until Tuesday, November 24th, however, nothing definite was done. On this date the Athletic Association met and would have decided upon definite plans had not one of the thoughtful members of the association suggested that the student body be given an opportunity to join, as they were interested in the football team as much, perhaps, as was the association. Accordingly the meeting adjourned and arrangements were made with the President of the College to call a mass meeting of the students on the following day. At this meeting President Kerr congratulated the students on their thoughtfulness and good judgment, stating that the football warriors had done excellent work and should receive some sort of recognition from the students. Wishing the occasion to be entirely a student affair he called Mr. Callister to the chair. The students were not at all slow to act. After spirited speeches by Messrs. Callister, Swendsen, West, Miss Maughan and others, it was decided that a college sweater would be the most appropriate token to give the boys. The entire student body then voted to present each of the football players with a blue sweater decorated with a large white "A."

Upon the suggestion of one of the students, those present decided to subscribe money with which to purchase the necessary apparatus for base ball, basket ball, tennis, etc., and also to build a track in the large drill hall on which the track team can train during the winter months. Before twenty minutes had elapsed subscriptions amounting to $195 were at the disposal of the Athletic Committee with which to purchase these equipments. After singing some college songs and indulging in a few college cheers, the meeting adjourned.

Football Boys Entertained.

The foot ball boys were entertained by the Egbert sisters at their home Saturday evening, November 22nd. Progressive High Five was the principal game of the evening. Will Jardine and Jennett Izatt won the first prizes. Edmund Crawford and Effie Nebeker captured the "boobies." An interesting feature of the evening was that of moulding gum into the form of animals. If any one thinks the football boys can do nothing but chase a pig-skin he should see some of these would-be animals. Egbert's lion was guessed to be a spider, and every one was certain that Madson's horse was a rattle snake. Capt. Nebeker did excellent work on his lamb, but he couldn't convince the crowd that it was not intended for a donkey. Promptly at 11:30 a sumptuous luncheon was served. After luncheon, games and college songs ran high until a later hour, when all dispersed feeling that they had had one of the best times of the season.

Senior Class Ball.

Students always enjoy themselves when school closes for a holiday, and especially for Thanksgiving. For the time school work is all forgotten and nothing seems to concern them but pleasure. They are thinking too seriously of turkey and cranberry pie to let such little things as lessons detract from their pleasure. This probably accounts for the general good time that was had at the Senior Class Ball
Thanksgiving eve. The music was at its best, and the Seniors knew how to manage things in order to give everyone a good time. No energy was wasted in elaborate decorations or vain attempts at the “swell,” the chief effort being to see all enjoy themselves. The '03's are noted for giving excellent parties, but the Thanksgiving ball surpassed all previous ones. It was the opinion of those present that it was the most successful social event of the year. Not until some time after the regular hour for closing did the dancers feel disposed to leave for their homes.

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Scrub Aggies.

On perusing the foot ball “write up” in the first issue of the Student Life one is apt to get the idea that there has been nothing but a series of defeats to record. I would like however to call attention to a fact that seems to have been forgotten by our honorable foot ball editor,—That is the glorious record made by the redoubtable second team, or to give them the appellation of the local newspapers—the Scrub Aggies. This name however, has proved to be a mis-nomer, as the second team has never known defeat. Three times we have easily defeated the Logan foot ball aggregation. It was with disappointment that we received the refusal of the Pocatello team to play on Thanksgiving day.

Our ardent admirers were surprised in the way we easily (?) handled the first team in several practice games. Of course we are too modest to think of challenging the defeated heroes that have gone down in so many hard fought contests, but we are nevertheless proud of our record and predict a bright future for the second team.

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First Year 0--Second Year 6.

And still we have football. The First and Second Year classes met in football array Saturday, December 6th. After the first scrimmage it was next to impossible to tell the players apart, the field being covered with mud “quarter back” deep. The Second Years were somewhat surprised when the little yearlings pushed them down the field for a touch-down in ten minutes play. Owing to a dispute arising between some of the players and the officials the latter were not disposed to honor the touch-down. The Yearlings, thinking they could easily make another one or more, did not press the question. As it resulted, this touch-down would have saved them from defeat. The Second Years braced up in the second half and after fifteen minutes of hard playing and a streak of good luck, made a touch-down which Coburn converted into a goal. This made the score 6 to 0, the yearlings getting the little end of it. All escaped without receiving any serious injuries. Time was taken out but once: this being necessitated by having to fish Kirk out of the mud. Terry was the only one in the line-up fortunate enough to have his picture taken. Girls wishing to see the proof will find it standing out boldly in the south-west corner of the gridiron.

Professor Campbell was seen taking notes on the boys in their new positions. He has probably decided to have the following in the line-up for next year: Kirk and Egbert, ends; Morteson and Madsen, halves; Sidwell, quarter; and “Zilligo” Sampson for center.

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Agricultural Club.

At the last meeting of the Agricultural Club Professor Merrill gave an introductory talk on the aims and objects of the organization, and was followed by Professor Ball, who discussed agricultural education in the Ohio, Iowa and Colorado Agricultural Colleges. Professor Ball spoke very encouragingly of the agricultural equipment in this institution and said that it compares favorably with the equipment of similar institutions in the older and more thickly populated states.

The newly elected officers of the Agricultural Club are Will Jardine, President; J. J. Hobson, Vice President; M. C. Merrill, Secretary; A. E. Jordan, Treasurer; McDermott, Sergeant-at-arms.
STUDENT LIFE
Published Monthly by the Students of the
Agricultural College of Utah.

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Application has been made to enter this periodical at the Logan, Utah, post office as second-class mail matter.

Editorial.

We lament the fact that the first issue of the “Student Life” was late in making its appearance. A combination of circumstances caused the delay. The manager and editor not being adepts in their professions unavoidably made a few mistakes; and, along with this came the difficulty of securing paper. It happened, too, that the local printing press was unable to secure the necessary power to do very rapid work. Now, since we have learned to place our orders in time and since a new electric motor has been installed in our printing plant, we expect to have every subsequent issue of the “Student Life” appear on time.

Something has happened of late; something decidedly agreeable; something that marks a change in the management of our institution. For many years the lady members of the faculty have taken no part in our chapel exercises. This we are happy to announce is true no longer. About three weeks ago, Prof. Cotey delivered a brilliant article on the subject of Domestic Science and Art in the United States. A week later Miss Moench sprang a pleasant surprise when she appeared on the rostrum, reading from Hale’s “The Man Without a Country.” If we were in a comparative mood, we might say something. But we will let it pass.

Just a Word.

The Chronicle publishes the following: “Hon. Aquila Nebeker offers to bet $1,000 that his son’s band of Logan warriors can defeat our boys. It’s up to Manager Riser’s father to take the bet. But, as Manager Riser says, playing under such circumstances would be professional—and this is the very thing the honorable gentleman has been making such a protest against. It is amusing, however, to think that the Logan boys did not enter a charge of professionalism coupled with a protest before the game. Since they did not do so, their attitude is ridiculous, and they should be quiet. After all, it requires a hero to stand defeat.”

We wish to inform the Chronicle that the Agricultural College took no part in the $1,000 bet nor did the college know of it until it was made. We do wish, however, heartily to indorse Mr. Nebeker in his interest in clean and honest foot ball. It is a pity that there are not a few more such men in Utah. If there were she would see better sports. The Logan boys do not and did not protest against professionals playing in the late game. The reason is obvious. At a time by no means remote, the schools of the State of Utah mutually agreed that no professionals should play on the College teams of the State. We preferred to place the University on its honor rather than to parade a disgraceful squabble before the people of the State. We still assume that attitude. While we are proud of our team, and anxious for them, to be victorious, we do not propose to elevate them by attempting to disparage the good work of other teams.

What others shall say and do is not for us to decide. In football as in other interests, our loyalty is first for our institution, second for our State, and then for the Union. There-
fore should the University team meet the players from Wisconsin, we wish them every possible success and hope that Utah will come out victorious.

A Suggestion.

It is generally an accepted rule that you can judge the character of the inhabitants of a community by the condition of its streets and sidewalks. Of course there are exceptions to all rules. We hope that Logan is one of the exceptions.

Logan has a population of six thousand. It contains two of the leading educational institutions of the state. Nine months out of every year its business men and other residents receive the support of about fifteen hundred students. The Agricultural College and the Brigham Young College engage about forty of the leading educators of the country who make their homes permanently in Logan. It contains a prosperous sugar factory. Besides these, many other enterprises tend to make the "Temple City" an up-to-date community. Despite these facts, Logan undoubtedly has the worst streets and sidewalks of any city in Utah. In the muddiest seasons of the year, it is almost an impossibility to navigate through the main streets, not to mention the suburbs. At the present time it is no small feat to travel from the business part of town to the Agricultural College. There is a cause for every effect. The public should know the cause and, if possible, remove it. It cannot be lack of material, for right at our very doors are whole hills of gravel waiting to be distributed. It cannot be lack of means, for the cost of this gravel is so little that five dollars would repair the walk in front of any ordinary lot in town. According to a recent estimate. Indeed, the sum of money paid in Logan for overshoes during the last five years would give us perfect sidewalks throughout the city.

Winter Athletics.

Athletics at the college are booming. The football player is a thing of the past and everybody is looking forward to the sprinter, the jumper and all-around athlete. No time in the history of the institution has there been a better opportunity than the present for the strenuous man to "shine."

The Drill Hall is being fitted up to accommodate the track workers during the winter months. The basketball teams are practicing regularly and developing much good material. A few more weeks will see an excellent team in the field. By the first of January our skating rink will be in good condition. Everything is in a fair way towards a brilliant year.

The present condition of our athletics is due largely to the efforts of our president and the athletic committee. These gentlemen deserve praise for their work. It is truly relieving to see a professor who looks a little beyond the class room for the education of his student. The Agricultural College is blessed with many such professors. With such a support from the faculty and such other advantages as we possess, no reason exists why we should not lead the state in athletics. It is with the students, however, that the final answer lies. We feel confident that they will prove equal to the emergency.

So Kirk, take a good rest, for we depend on you to put the shot out of danger; and Bill will take care of the hammer. Nebeker, Egbert, Madsen, Mortison, Findlay, Gardner, everybody wake up and come back after the holidays with some ginger in your back bone. The potato race we reserve for—well, say Fisher.

Minister to small boy in a circus:—Oh, that one so young should cross the threshold of iniquity.

Small boy:—I never crossed no threshold. I crawled under the tent.

CORRECT IN ONE SENSE.

Lady geography teacher:—"Class, what is a strait?"

Over in the corner a hand went up. "I know, teacher," said a small boy.

Teacher:—"Well, what is it?"

Small boy:—"It beats three of a kind," was the triumphant answer.
DEPARTMENT NOTES.

Commercial.

Teacher: “From the appearance of your paper, I fear my time has been wasted.”

Rich: “That’s nothing; so has mine.”

Riter is seriously contemplating engaging in the wholesale candy business. Ask him for particulars.

Though the Commercial Department is not making much bluster, we desire to state that we are still at the top—near the roof.

Cashier: “I am sorry we cannot honor your checks, but your account is over-drawn about $15.00.”

Barrack: “Oh, that’s alright; I’ll give you a check for the amount.” But the cashier could not see it that way.

In order to supply some suitable material for the literary department of “Student Life,” Mr. Rich has kindly consented to act as one party to a flirtation. Any lady desiring to serve as the second party will please notify the department editor.

Lost:—Some place between the A. C. and Klondike, a headful of knowledge, contents and value unknown. Finder will confer a favor by returning the same to the commercial department, where it will be delivered to its rightful owner.

The class in Bookkeeping II. have started their work in the wholesale dry goods business. Ladies, watch these columns for the fire sale announcement to appear when they get “roasted” for inaccuracy.

A disinterested party overheard Barrack softly singing these words to the old familiar tune:

“There’ll come a time some day,
In Klondike far away,
There’ll be no girls there to guy me—
There’ll come a time.”

Accept our heartfelt sympathy, old man.

Silently he trudged along, his face buried in the lapels of his overcoat. With frighted glances he looked furtively from side to side, fearful lest someone discover his precious burden, which he sought to conceal from curious eyes.

He started when a friend approached him and addressed him: “Is that you, Riter?”

“Yes,” he replied breathlessly, “I have it, but don’t tell Barrack.” With this injunction he proceeded up the street whither, no one knows.

“THE MARTIAL SPIRIT MANIFEST.”

Captain Rich was out of sorts;
The privates hadn’t drilled
As most cadets are wont to drill
While they are on the field.

An awkward move by private Blank
Had roughed the captain’s fur;
And when the awkward move was made
Rich shouted “As you were!”

The captain strutted up the stairs
To “type” a perfect page;
The Remington shook in its keys
So great was Rich’s rage.

Down went the wrong key with a thud;
The page became a blur;
And then in accents terrible,
Rich shouted “As you were!”

Engineering Society.

The members of the Engineering Society met in the Society Hall Friday, December 5th, for the purpose of re-electing officers. A considerable war was waged by the members of the different classes, each class trying to get as
many of its members elected as possible. Dead-locks were numerous and could be broken only by "dark horses" entering the race. The following officers were elected: President, A. C. Nebeker; Vice President, John Tuttle; Secretary, R. B. West; Treasurer, Charles Darley; Custodian, Richard Ballantyne.

It is the policy of the society to have the practical engineers of the State lecture before them during the year and thus keep them acquainted with the principal engineering work of the day. That the society will be a success this year is evident, for not only are the officers able leaders, but the members themselves are some of the most enthusiastic and energetic students in the college.

**Agricultural.**

Much interest is manifested by visitors to the barns these days, in the digestion experiment which is being carried on with sheep. The digestibility of beet pulp, sugar beet molasses, and different cuttings of alfalfa is being determined.

Cards giving the pedigree, date of birth, and weights of the pure-bred animals at the barn, have been placed in the stalls. Students in other departments of the College will be welcome at the barns and they will see animals there, unequalled in excellence anywhere in the west.

The by-products of corn recently received from a manufacturing house in Chicago are exhibited in the class room used by the Department of Agronomy. Thirty-five samples are in the collection, and they are exceedingly interesting, showing as they do the possibilities of the king of forage crops.

Members of the Agricultural faculty have been interesting themselves in the work of the Farmer's Institutes in Cache County during the past few weeks. This duty added to the regular class and Experiment Station work, has been rather burdensome to the members of the faculty engaged, but the interest manifested at the meetings held is evidence of the fact that this is not the least important branch of instructional work of the department.

On Monday the 14th inst., Director Widtsoe, and Professors Merrill, Hutt and Ball left for a ten days Farmer's Institute trip in the central and southern part of the State.

Professor Dryden is at present working on a bulletin that will be of great value to poultry men throughout the country. Poultry feeding for profit will be discussed and a somewhat new and unique subject treated, viz., the raising of pedigreed layers from the greatest egg producing birds. Professor Dryden has obtained some records for egg production that surpass all known records on this continent.

Professor Hutt is conducting some interesting experiments to find out the best fall treatment of orchards for this latitude. For this purpose the Station orchard has been divided into three parts, one of which received no tillage, the second was roughly ploughed, and the third ploughed and irrigated. Test borings were made to ascertain the moisture content of the three plats. Moisture determinations will also be made in the spring to show the value of each method in conserving soil moisture. It is expected that results of considerable value to Utah Horticulture will be obtained from these experiments.

**WINTER IN AGRICULTURE.**

One very valuable feature of our College work is the winter school in agriculture. This is of inestimable value to the farmers who have not had the advantages of a college training. Lectures will be given on the underlying principles of practical agriculture, including field crops, animal husbandry and horticulture. It is to be hoped that a large number of farmers will, during the winter season, come to the College and take advantage of this course.

After the ball is over,  
After the field is clear,  
What have you done with my eyebrow,  
And where is the rest of my ear?

Teacher:—Bobby, what is the largest known diamond?  
Bobby:—The ace.
NEW STU DENTS ARE DAILY ARRIVING AT THE COLLEGE.

Mrs. Burchell is a student of the college this year.

Fred Pyle is beginning to cast sweet smiles at the girls.

A large number of our students spent their Thanksgiving vacation at home.

A number of the ladies frequently forget to take off their blouse waists after physical culture.

For the benefit of a member of the alumni, Miss R——announces that she will be at Manti Dec. 21.

The students were out with shovels Dec. 8, preparing a portion of the campus for a skating field.

The football season being over, our songs are now inappropriate. Let us compose some college songs.

It is a remarkable coincidence, that the next day after the Athletic subscription, Professor Campbell invested heavily in saddle horses.

Prof.—“Give me an example of an endless screw.”

Pyle—“A sausage grinder.”

Santschi, desiring to be conspicuous, has borrowed Prof. Swendson’s surveying shoes to wear. In order to make more noise, he expects to have them hob-nailed.

A number of the students were very much disappointed because their names did not appear in our last issue. We shall try to avoid any disappointments in the future.

Miss Fisher recently attempted to skate down a flight of stairs. She found it a little more unpleasant than she expected, and, as a result, fearful screams were heard all over the building.

Recently the chemistry students were experimenting with neutralized solutions. After wards, one of them was heard to say: “I had fine success with that neutralization experiment of mine.”

Miss Izatt expects to spend her holidays in Malad.

Dr. Widtsoe has a new charge. It came to him Thanksgiving day in the form of a baby boy.

The other day a number of young men were on the roof over the gymnasium watching the young ladies drill.

Dec. 6.—Pres. Benj. Cluff of the Provo Academy, conducted chapel this morning. He gave some of his experiences in Central America.

The students were successful in getting their petition granted for an extended Thanksgiving recess. They intend to ask for a sixty days “lay off” for holidays.

Evidently there are occasional pugilistic encounters in the physical culture department. At any rate, one of the instructors was seen with a black eye the other day.

Prof.—“What was the area of Lake Bonneville?”

Santschi (looking wise)—“Well, about a half million sq. miles.”

If the mechanic arts department would donate a hammer to the Sorosis society, it would be appreciated by the members. At present they are compelled to borrow shoes from some of the young men when they wish to tack their carpet down.

On the side-lines at the class game, a prominent senior speaks to a crowd of students: “Wont you fellows please be kind enough to make a little room here?” To an innocent small boy:—Here you infernal little brat; get off the earth or I’ll beat you to death!!”

A student who accompanied our football team to Salt Lake chanced to go into the smoker. Being a student of the Agricultural College, of course the perfume didn’t suit him very well. A friend coming in said: “Oh, you’re in here are you?” The reply was: “Yes, how do you get out of here?” Sunday school papers please copy.
Mabel—"I don't thank you a bit for telling about John T.'s intentions."

Nov. 26.—The lady members of the geology class are wearing new ties today.

The lady students have organized two basket-ball teams, and are doing excellent practice work.

November 18.—Professor Dryden conducted chapel this morning, and as usual, there was "something doing."

Lady Student—"I don't see why some of us girls can't get a "stand in" with the president's private secretary.

Mr. Fisher is looking somewhat down-cast these days. Miss M— is cognizant of the source of his depressed feelings.

Mr. Crawford was heard, the other day, telling a clerk in a grocery store that he desired to purchase a revolving book case.

A class in practical astronomy has just been organized. There are a number of astronomical instruments on their way to the college.

Ella (referring to the local about the sweaters)—"Oh dear! I wonder if the boys will think I meant that." Presto—veto—change-o!!

The ladies of the Agricultural College Woman's Club are studying art now. They hold their meetings on Mondays at the houses of the members.

Our students are extremely indignant about some articles which recently appeared in "The Chronicle," having reference to the "supposed" conduct of the A. C. boys.

The band is holding its practice in the Mechanics building now. This adds to the comfort of those who formerly did work near them during drill hours.

The Agricultural Club has organized with the following officers: Wm. Jardine, president; Jesse Hobson, vice-president; Melvin Merrill, secretary; and Wm. McDermott, sergeant-at-arms.

The domestic science girls have been ironing shirts, collars and cuffs. They think they can beat the laundry now. They have completed their practical fruit and pickling work, but are continuing theoretical work in the class room.

The Sorosis girls desire to announce that their room is for the use of the society girls only. They say that a few young men are presumptuous enough to take complete possession of the room at times, and offer no apology whatever when found there by the members.

In chapel, Nov. 27, Mr. Stuttered read a very interesting paper on art.

During the noon hours there is a scarcity of chairs in the reading room.

Mr. Barrack was recently seen deeply absorbed in a lady's fashion book.

T. C. Callister was seen downtown the other day trying to buy a pair of velvet boots.

The Sorosis society expects to present "Midsummer Night's Dream" in the near future.

Brown—"I was in a storm in southern Utah that carried a squash 120 miles without bruising it.

Mrs. Cook has been absent on account of the illness of her father. Her assistants had charge of the work.

Miss Josie Munk does not expect to return to school after holidays. Several of our young men are very uneasy.

The volunteers laboring on the skating pond afforded a beautiful illustration of Geometrical Progression working backwards.

There are three advanced courses in chemistry being taught this year. Fourteen students receive the benefit of the instructions given.

The Sorosis girls entertained the football boys at the college Nov. 30th. A great variety of games were played and an excellent luncheon was served. All present had a very enjoyable time.

Prof. Jensen (announcing a special recitation) —"Mr. La Munyon, will you please come to my office tomorrow morning." I.—(rapidly untangling himself from an equation)—"Why, I handed in my excuses."

The Seniors gave their class ball Thanksgiving eve. Those present had a very enjoyable time. The presence of Prof. Jensen was much appreciated by the class. He was the only professor in attendance.

A mass meeting of the students was recently held in which it was decided to present the football players with college sweaters. One hundred and seventy-five dollars was also collected to meet the expenses of the athletic association.

The football season being over, the engineering society has resumed its work. There are ten new members this year. The officers are as follows: A. C. Nebeker, president; John Tuttle, vice-president; R. B. West, secretary; C. T. Darley, treasurer; and R. B. Ballentyne, custodian.
Dr. Croxall lectured to the physical culture class Dec. 4.

Prof. Merrill de-horned some cattle before his students the other day.

The military drill work is now done in the basement of the new building.

A penmanship class has recently been organized. How about a spelling class?

A young lady was recently seen chasing Nebeker and Lemmon out of the reading room.

The Juniors gave their class ball in the college gymnasium, Thursday evening, Dec. 18.

The students in English 5 are expected to read twelve standard works of fiction this year.

M.—“How do you like shop-work, Casper?”
Pond—“Fine; I’m a “daisy” carpenter, I tell you.”

Dec. 6.—Mr. Tremelian is courting in the reading room today. No doubt he will soon learn the regulations.

The farmer’s institute work has again commenced in Cache valley. The members of the station staff are out every week.

The library has just received a number of the latest novels. They are intended to serve as dessert for Christmas reading.

Miss Sadie Goodwin is not at school now. She is visiting with her aunt at present, but will return to school after the holidays.

The art department is under very good leadership. This is evident from the work that the students of the department are doing.

The library contains a complete set of the Silva of North America now. There are fifteen volumes in all and each volume cost twenty-five dollars.

John Illum went home Thanksgiving day expecting a nice visit with his sweetheart, but lo! an official made him spend his time on the road, working out his poll tax.

Since the Seniors and Juniors have issued their proclamation of rights and wrongs, there is no excuse for any youngster to go astray. It takes a brave crowd to intimidate this year’s Freshman class, however.

During the holidays, Dr. Moench will attend the annual meeting of the National Philological Association, at St. Louis. He has accepted an invitation to deliver a Latin address before this body, an honor that rarely comes to our western colleges.

The English and American Men of Letters series are also nearly completed.

Some of our girls have the peculiar gift of being able to change their complexions at will.

The new method for handling absentees is now fully established. It is an admirable method.

The military boys are now attired in their new suits and caps. It is a pleasure to see them “walk chesty.”

Students desiring to see some amusing sitting postures may keep their eyes “straight to the front” some morning in chapel.

One of the rules is: “Students are not allowed to loiter in the halls during class hours.” This information is given for the benefit of some of our college girls.

Owing to a special meeting of the faculty on Nov. 26, class work was suspended for an hour. The students were so jubilant that they passed through halls and reading room giving class cheers.

A number of our classes are going to request that the students be given blanks in order to report on the absence and tardiness of their instructors. This certainly will be a just request and surely will be granted.

Last month Student Life published a local concerning the mysterious new man in the Forge Room. The next day after the appearance of the paper, half a dozen lady visitors “just dropped in to have a look at a real blacksmith shop.” Who says advertising doesn’t pay?

Our new paper rack is in use at last. The students seem quite dissatisfied with it. The papers are harder to hold and are more easily torn. One lady, however, was heard expressing her delight with it because “the boys and girls have to get closer together to read the papers now.”

Some critical comments on the cover design:

Prof. Merrill—“It doesn’t look one bit like the College.”

“Prof. Caine—“I can’t see what has become of my house.”

Prof. Hutt—“There isn’t a single apple tree in the picture.”

Dr. Moench—“Mein goodness, there shouldn’t be a picture of my Arabian steed already.”

Chorus of Students—“Where do those frogponds come from?”

Taylor (disgusted)—“I suppose they want a life-size portrait of a family cow.”
Wm. Jardine is to be our next football captain. Opponents, beware!

From present indications, the girls around school seem to think that Hobson has no choice whatever.

Prof. Campbell was recently compelled to remain away from his classes for a few days on account of sickness.

Judging from the ties that some of the ladies are wearing, the town merchants must be deriving considerable income from their ribbon sales.

Ex-Capt. Nebeker was recently seen examining very closely some price lists of diamond rings. We are busily engaged in drawing conclusions.

Prof. Upham made his maiden speech before a Farmers’ Institute a few weeks ago. It is reported that his subject was Latin and Germanic roots.

The lady members of the faculty are taking their turn in conducting chapel exercises now. Nov. 21, Mrs. Cotey read a very interesting paper on the history of domestic science. Dec. 2, Miss Moench presented the story, “The Man Without a Country,” to a very attentive audience.

Miss L.—(giving an example of a conditional sentence)—“If he were here, I should be happy.” And the class laughed.

A most remarkable athletic activity is manifesting itself at present. Inside the house, the young ladies of the Basket Ball Squad are busily trying to establish a hospital record; and outside, the boys have just thrown up a mammoth earthwork that will serve for everything from a skating rink to the frog-pond on the cover design. In addition to these things, arrangements are being made for a winter running track in the drill hall. Only give us a “sure-enough” gymnasium and we will do the rest.

Some of our girls seem to know that:
Little grains of powder,
Little drops of paint,
Make the ladies’ freckles.
Look as though they “ain’t.”

* * *

“Not much in this life,” complained the chronic kicker. “Not much for me. Everybody else I know seems to get along, but I am left out in the cold.” “Well, that won’t happen to you in the world to come,” remarked his companion.

ALUMNI AND EXCHANGE.

Alumni.

Owing to the fact that the members of the Alumni association are scattered throughout the country and have no way of knowing what their classmates are doing, a sort of catalogue is here printed in the “Student Life,” so that they will have a means of knowing. It is also desired that the readers of our paper shall know something of the achievements of our graduates.

All due acknowledgement is made for information taken from a former A. C. catalogue, and it is hoped that any one who discovers a mistake will promptly inform us.

The first class to graduate was the class of “94.” The largest class was the class of “97,” containing 14 members. The total number of alumni is 56, two having died.

The classes are as follows:

“94.”
Robert W. Erwin, B. S., Chemist at Granite City, Ill.

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“94.”
Robert W. Erwin, B. S., Chemist at Granite City, Ill.

Bernard Dougall, B. C. E., deceased.
—— Larsen, B. C. E., Rail Road Mail Clerk,
Salt Lake City.
Martha Hoyt, B. S., Manager of Creamery at Hoyville.

“95.”

Fred W. Culmer, B. C. E., Civil Engineer,
Salt Lake City.
L. A. Merrill, B. S., Professor of Agronomy
and Veterinary Science, A. C. U.

“96.”

W. S. Langton, B. S., Prof. of Mathematics
and astronomy, A. C. U.
Christian Larsen, B. S., Instructor of English,
L. D. S. University.
Walter W. McLaughlin, B. S., Instructor in Mathematics and Mining, A. C. U.
Lorin Merrill, B. S., Dairyman, Richmond.
Amos Merrill, B. S., Instructor in Mechanic
Arts, B. Y. College.
Josiah L. Read, B. S., Civil Engineer, Corinne.
Joseph R. Thomson, B. S., Principal of City Schools, Richmond.

"97."

John Bankhead, B. S., Assistant in Commerce, A. C. U.
- Ola Barker, B. S., Teacher in Ogden.
Clara Louisa Foster, B. S., Instructor in Domestic Arts, A. C. of New Mexico.
Alfred A. Hart, B. S., Bloomington, Idaho.
Hermione S. Hart, B. S., Bloomington, Idaho.
Thomas H. Humphreys, B. S., County Surveyor of Cache Co., Utah.
Charles A. Jenson, B. S., Assistant in U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.
Victoria Landberg, B. S., Teacher, Logan, Utah.
Rachel Maughan, B. S., married and settled down to private life, Pocatello, Utah.
Charles Pond, B. S., Lewiston, Idaho.
Mamie Smith, B. S., Teacher in New Mexico.
Anna Spenser, B. S., Deceased.
John Stewart, B. S., Chief Chemist, Logan Sugar Factory.
Osborne Widtsoe, B. S., Instructor in Chemistry and Physics, L. D. S. University.

"98."

Anna Beers, B. S., married and settled down to private life, Logan, Utah.
Mable Bullen, B. S., Richmond, Utah.
Joel J. Harris, B. S., Teacher, Logan, Utah.
Alexander R. Irvine, B. S., in Germany on a mission.

"99."

John S. Baker, B. S., Instructor in civil engineering in the A. C. of Montana.
William Duke Beers, B. S., Instructor in military science and assistant in civil engineering, A. C. U.
Ethel Bullen, B. S., Teacher, Richmond, Utah.
Robert I. Gordon, B. S., Civil engineer, Cardston, Canada.
John C. Hogensen, B. S., Student at A. C. of Michigan.
Fred Merrill, B. S., Instructor in Oneida Stake Academy, Preston, Idaho.
Joseph H. Peterson, B. S., Farmer, Huntsville, Utah.
William Peterson, B. S., Instructor in mathematics and Geology, A. C. U.
Walter W. Simmonds, B. S., Bookkeeper, Lewiston, Utah.
Arthur P. Stover, B. S., Engineer in U. S. geological survey.

"00."

Stanley Crawford, B. S., Chief engineer for the Fountain Green electric power plant.
B. F. Flemming, B. S., Assistant in engineering, U. of Wyoming.
Rose Homer, B. S., Instructor in domestic science, B. Y. College.
W. H. Homer, Jr., B. S., In Germany on a mission.
J. W. Jenson, B. S., Instructor in mathematics, L. D. S. University.
Elizabeth C. Maughan, B. S., Instructor in domestic arts, Deaf Mute College, Ogden, Utah.
William Nelson, B. S., Newton, Utah.
George F. Taylor, B. S., Student in Harvard University.

"01."

Almeda Perry, B. S. Instructor in mathematics and physical culture, B. Y. College.
Ester Evans, B. S., Teacher in city schools, Malad, Idaho.
Blanche Cooper, B. S., Teacher in Fielding Academy, Paris, Idaho.
C. B. Smith, B. S., Engineer for Hercules Power Company.
Mattie Stover, B. S., At home taking life easy, Logan, Utah.

"02."

Robert Stewart, B. S., Assistant chemist, A. C. U.
E. P. Pulley, B. S., Instructor in mechanical engineering, A. C. U.
Amanda Holmgren, B. S., Student of graduate school of Chicago University. Will probably take a Master's degree in August, 1903.
In addition to those above mentioned, John T. Caine, Jr., B. S., is also an alumni, but did not graduate with any class. He is now principal of the preparatory department, and instructor in English, A. C. U.

**EXCHANGE.**

"It's all up with me," said the umbrella,
"How so," asked the needle.
"It was this weigh," began the scale,
"Shut up," retorted the umbrella,
"Nix," said the yarn,
"Oh come off," replied the button,
"Hit him," said the hammer.
"I'll stand by you," said the easel,
"You can count on me," said the slate,
"Take that," responded the pill,
"It's all over now," said the ceiling,
"I'll keep shut hereafter," said the umbrella.

—Ex.
Little Georgie sat on a tack; but—"My little Georgi-a Rose."—Ex.

* * *

In days long ago (in the sixties, you know) when Grandma went walking she held her skirts so.

What would she say if she saw girls today with skirts clutched so tightly they all look this way? —Miami Student.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE WEATHER.

It takes nine tailors to make a man
To be all that a man should be,
But how many Tailors made the first man
Who dropped from the greenwood tree?
Did they rub off from his nape to his toes
And remove by erosion his tail?
And how could they teach him his thumb to oppose
Or to hitch up his pants with a nail?
Whether 'twas tailors did this or did that
Search me—I go back and sit down,
But I'll bet my dolichocephalic hat
They invented the hood and the gown.

Oh Tailor, thou beast, I would slay upon sight
Who developed the gown and the hood
From the garb of the mendicant begging a "bite,"
Take heed of thy work—is it good?
Each breeze as it passes inflates my attire
'Tis punctured with patches of dirt,
My pendulous tassel stirs wildly my ire
I mop up the mud with my skirt.
Let tailors beware or their garments we'll tear
And consign them to tormentcondign.
Wear garbage that pleases thee—that's only fair,
But I want no suggestions for mine.