11-1904

Student Life, November 1904, Vol. 3, No. 2

Utah State University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/newspapers

Recommended Citation
Utah State University, "Student Life, November 1904, Vol. 3, No. 2" (1904). The Utah Statesman. 34.
https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/newspapers/34
Now Is The Time

_.Fall_.

No better time than now to purchase your Clothing, Shoes and Furnishings.

No better place for up-to-date and reliable goods than DUNBAR, ROBINSON & Co.

Crouse & Brandegee and Hirsh, Wickwire & Co., Famous Clothing.
“Keith Konqueror” Shoes for men.
“Queen Quality” Shoes for women.

DUNBAR, ROBINSON & CO.
TWO STORES
37 & 67 N. MAIN STREET.
CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Michelangelo Buonarroti</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pat, The Hero</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meeting of the Club Women</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Football</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That Blasted Hoodoo</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editorial</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Department Notes</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Locals</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>College World</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Union Mercantile Company
——“U. O.”——
51 and 53 Main Street

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES
DRESS GOODS, LACES, RIBBONS, HOSIERY,
TIN AND GRANITE WARE,
GLASSWARE
DISHES OF ALL KINDS

Special attention paid to the needs of Students
MOSES.

Michelangelo.
Michelangelo Buonarroti.

The year 1475 saw the birth of one who was destined to become a power in his age, and who was to leave his mark indelibly engraved upon all the centuries which followed him. He was born in Caprese, where his father, Leodovico, held the office of chief magistrate. The boy was of noble birth; and there were legends which traced his descent from the aristocratic house of Canossa.

As was the custom of the day, the child was sent away shortly after his birth to be nursed by a foster mother. This person happened to be the wife of a stone-cutter residing in Settignano, so that, in after life, Angelo was accustomed to claim that he had acquired the love
of marble, mallets, and chisels, from his first nourishment. As the boy thrived and grew, he began to show an undoubted leaning toward the arts. But his father, as so many fathers have done, very strongly opposed his wishes, looking rather contemptuously upon the profession as an erratic and unreliable calling and even pushing his objection so far as to soundly thrash the boy. Angelo, however, with that invincible and persistent determination which was shown very early, and which formed one of his great characteristics, finally carried the day and induced his father to apprentice him to the painter Ghirlandajo. Here he learned the rudiments of that art which was to form the climax in a great epoch.

At the age of sixteen he was sent by his master to the gardens of San Marco, where Lorenzo de Medici, the ruler of Florence, had opened a school of instruction in the arts. The abilities of the youth were quickly discerned by the duke, and he took the boy into his household and placed him at his own table. Here Angelo’s real education began. He found himself surrounded by the most intellectual and cultured men of the time and came in touch with the highest thought and literature, for the court of Lorenzo held the same position in that day that the house of Pericles did among the Greeks. The boy very early listened to readings from Dante, Petrarch and Homer. Also, at this time, he heard the impassioned utterance of Savonarola. The words of that fiery prophet sank deep into his nature and roused that latent religious spirit which gives such majesty, glory and terror to the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. Later, when he saw that same master strangled and burned at the stake, he exclaimed, “His living word will always remain branded in my soul.”

From now on the Old and New Testaments became part of his reading. Thus, early in life, he had the opportunity of realizing the importance of a message, the value of expression,—that the fundamental qualities in all great works, those things which make them what they are, lie deeper than cleverness, talent, brilliancy or technical facility; that all things are valued and honored by men in proportion as they grasp the life and heart of humanity. These days were undoubtedly the beginning of that appreciation which led him, later in life, to rely to a young sculptor who questioned him in regard to the lighting of a work:

“Do not trouble yourself too much about the light on your statue; the light of the public square will test its value.”

When Angelo was twenty, Lorenzo died and not a great while later, on account of the banishment of the house of Medici. Buonarroti left for Bologna, where he found a hearty welcome. He went to Rome, however, shortly afterwards, where his fame had preceded him. Here, before he was twenty-five, he carved the Pieta in St. Peter’s, still consid-
This period was fruitful of results, and from now on no man's name stood higher in general esteem. His first great commission came from Pope Julius, in the form of a mausoleum by which the ambitious pontiff hoped to keep his memory fresh in the minds of the people. This tomb, if Michael Angelo had been allowed to realize his conceptions, would have been the grandest monument of sculpture in the world. Of this colossal scheme, however, only one drawing remains—the gigantic sculptured Moses and the bound captives. When he first received the commission, he went to Carara and spent eight months there selecting marbles for the work. When he returned, he found that enemies had been poisoning the pope's mind against the plan. Brannante, the architect, and Angelo's sworn enemy, had said that it was ill-omened for a man to build his own sepulchre and that it would be well to use the artist's abilities upon the ceiling of a Sistine, thinking that, as Angelo was avowedly a sculptor only, painting would lead to his downfall. In vain did Angelo point to his designs, to the months spent in the quarries, to the mables which had arrived, in trying to persuade the pope from abandoning the mausoleum. The Moses and captives, which were a part of the scheme, comprising at least forty figures, remained in his workshop for as many years. For forty years he cherished the hope that he might still be able to carry out a modification of the plan, claiming it would have been better had he learned to make sulphur matches in his youth than to have learned the desolating artist's trade. "My youth has been lost, bound hand and foot to this tomb." Every day I am stoned as though I had crucified Christ," he exclaimed.

The figure of Moses, however, will always stand as one of the grandest and most exalted conceptions hewn in marble. "The Moses," said Paul III., "is enough for one pope." It is one of the most serene of all Angelo's works. There is a reserved dignity and strength in it, with a suggestion of the terrible, which is found in so much of his work. It is the representative leader, possessing those qualities which are found in every great leader in any age. The spirit of the work seems to breathe a majestic calmness and repose; with a feeling also that the man is ready at any moment to rise and lead a persecuted people out of bondage.

In 1508 the great project of painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel was laid before Angelo by Pope Julius. The artist at first protested, claiming that he was a sculptor by trade, and that painting was not in his line. His reluctance was speedily overcome, however, and the cartoons produced. It was completed in four years, the actual work taking only about twenty months. When we realize that it contained
three hundred and forty-three figures, that of this number over two hundred were of the first importance and most of them colossal in size, and that they represent the mental and physical labor of one man, the result seems tremendous, the display of an energy almost superhuman. There is nothing in the history of painting which rivals in audacity, force, and sublimity this design in its entirety. It represents all the powers of Angelo at their best, and side by side with the expression of severity and force are linked qualities of a delicate, graceful, even tender nature. The themes represented include such subjects as "The Separation of Light and Darkness," "The Creation of the Sun and Moon," "The Creation of Man," "The Creation of Woman," "The Deluge," etc., etc., and possess the very spirit of the Old Testament. The Prophets and Sibyls, of which there are many arranged over the ceiling, embody the highest ideas of meditation. While resting from his labors, he communed with Savonarola, Dante, and the Hebrew prophets. Of Dante he wrote one day, "Would to heaven I were such as he, even at the price of such a fate! For his bitter exile and his virtue I would exchange the most fortunate lot in the world!" And one feels that between these men there existed a close affinity, that the designer of the scenes of "The Creation" and "The Last Judgment" possessed the soul of Dante. Both minds were occupied primarily with the reflections on the beginning and end of life. In the frescoes which sprang from his brain, Angelo reveals to us the inspired prophet, the penetrating seer, the true disciple of Savonarola.

Now and again Julius climbed the ladder to view the progress of the work. Fearful lest death should overtake the artist before the completion of the task, he kept crying, "When will you make an end?" "When I can," the worker replied. "You seem to want that I should have you thrown down from the scaffold," answered the irritable old gentleman. Finally the last strokes were placed, the scaffolding was removed, and Rome looked upon the work which represents almost the only scheme which the artist was ever allowed to produce as he had originally conceived it.

In 1521, the Cardinal Guilo de Medici, who shortly after became Pope Clement VII., gave Angelo another great commission in the shape of a monument intended to glorify the famous house of Medici of which he was a member. This work represents another tomb and contains six carved figures. Two of the statues represent Guiliano and Lorenzo, sons of the house. They are placed on elevated positions and face each other on opposite sides of the room. Just below Lorenzo recline the symbolical figures of Dawn and Twilight; below Giuliano, the forms of Day and Night, all of them gigantic in size.
Although two of the reclining forms are masculine and the other two feminine, they represent neither man or woman, nor do they express the natural day of the world, but are purely types of ideas. In making them, the unexplained mystery of life and death haunted him; the struggles, longings, and unrealized hopes of man oppressed him. He was stung by the shameful condition into which his country had fallen. These statues have a greater sense of vagueness and mysticism about them than almost any of his other works. They touch the vast realm of music where thoughts define themselves and fade away. They possess a world of suggestion, a spirit of mystery, which strongly touches the imagination.

Nearly all of Angelo's creations are titanic. They represent a race of giants which live in a world outside of our own. In struggling for fuller expression and movement, he was led to distort and greatly exaggerate. He has almost given the human form a new anatomy. But these qualities which had meaning and were virtues with him, become vices in the hands of the men who followed. They grasped at the letter and failed to comprehend the spirit. With Angelo, art must always have been a struggle. His emotions were so powerful that anything with such definite limits as painting and sculpture must have hampered him continually. And there is in his work, as always in the work of the higher artist in any line, the feeling that he never knew all, that restraint which tells one that all secrets have not been divulged, that there is something beyond, that what we have is only a mere suggestion of a limitless amount unexpressed, which lies outside of the province of material form.
Pat, the Hero.

Loud and heavy was the roar of the "fast mail" as it sped on through the dark, wet night, toward the little station of Alma. One long blast of the whistle rang out upon the midnight air—a signal that the train was coming to a halt. That long piercing sound was of little consequence to the operator, who sat leisurely by a warm fire. He knew full well that No. 6 always took water there. But to Pat Carthy, the tramp, who stood shivering by the water tank it meant more, a new home perhaps, at least a new "place for his hat."

It was a long time since he had ridden even on a slow freight, to say nothing of a "fast mail." But Pat's mind was made up. Yes, even more, his "Irish" was up also. He would stay at Alma no longer, to suffer the sneering insults of the operator, who had kicked him out of the waiting room into the cold.

As the engine steamed slowly up to the water tank, Pat knew that his chance was near at hand. "Now for it!" he exclaimed to himself; "I must act purty slick. Oh, there! I see. If that fireman drops off, I'll drop on, and then—then I'll stay
on.” With this one thought he stood waiting while the fireman left his post and ran back along the train as if carrying some message back to the station. The engineer, however, did not see this, and when he heard the pipe raised from the coal car and a voice call out, “All right,” he thought that the fireman had taken what water was necessary; so he pulled the throttle, and in a few moments the fast mail was again roaring along over the rails.

“It worked purty slick,” said Pat, as he drew himself down between the coal and baggage cars, that he might not be seen. The train had not gone far until the engineer called to his companion. No answer came. He called again and still there was no reply. “What,” said he, “have I lost him?”

“Not a bit of him,” thought Pat, as the engineer went on wondering what could be the matter. How he had lost his fireman was more than he could tell.

Pat grew ambitious. “Try me,” he interrupted, as he slid down from the coal car.

“You! What in the devil are you?”

“Why, I'm an extra hand that—” just then things became exciting. Pat saw that the engineer was reaching for his revolver, so “to prevent any fuss” he dealt the big fat, greasy fellow a blow that sent him down in a heap upon the cab floor.

Now Pat was indeed in trouble. He stood alone in an engine that was hurling him and a large train of people on at a lightning speed. What could he do?

On dashed the roaring monster over its winding path. Still the engineer lay apparently lifeless on the floor. “Guess I'm left to run 'er,” said Pat, after he had time enough to realize what he had done. For some time he stood wondering what to do. To jump from that fast moving train meant death. No, he dare not do that. He was certainly “left to run 'er.” Louder and more threatening grew the clatter of the flying train as it tore across the small bridges, and heaved its weight upon the rails at every curve.

Pat was looking out of the front window, when he saw far down the track what he thought to be the headlight of an approaching train.

“'Te gosh!” he cried, “an' we're goin' to have a smash-up if I don't stop 'er!” Taking hold of a large lever, he tugged and pulled with all his might, but could not move it. Still the train hurried on. Pat's eyes began to bulge out as he pulled away at the lever and thought of the horrible end toward which he was rushing.

“Sure, an' that can't be the brakes!” he cried, as he let go his hold and tried a second lever. With a mighty effort he threw himself against it and it yielded. “There! I've got 'er!” he exclaimed; and at the same instant he was thrown headlong into the front of the cab.

He had reversed the engine. The great commotion caused by the sud-
den stopping of the train sent the conductor ahead to see what was the matter. Before he realized it, the engine was backing past him with so much speed that he failed to catch it.

There he stood, shaking his fist and swearing vengeance on some poor, unknown operator who had caused all the trouble; while Pat, the hero of the hour, was pulling himself out from where he had been thrown.

"Be jabbers," said Pat, as he wrenched himself loose, "an’ I guess I’ve put her on the bum." Just then he looked out and saw that he was moving in a new direction. He was going back to Alma.

Pat was not the fellow to get frightened over little things. On seeing that the train was moving from all danger, he began to pull and shake the lifeless engineer whom, in his struggle to save the train, he had entirely forgotten. He raised the man’s bruised head and saw that he was breathing faintly, but was still unconscious.

As Pat had simply reversed the engine and left the steam to play at will, it was of course but a short time until the train was again running at a rapid rate. The heroic Irishman became somewhat agitated over this. Beside, he was afraid that he had put the engineer into a state of unconsciousness that might never end. Poor Pat, when he thought his troubles over he found they had just begun.

Back went the train like some wild demon, frightening the people of the various stations with the strange sight. Little did Pat know of the danger there was that the rear car might jump the rails at any curve and send the whole train to destruction. He heard the people scream out as the train dashed by the small stations. His brain was in a fever. He reached again for the level that had rendered him so much service in his moment of peril. Another hard pull and Pat felt himself jerked back so hard that his arms felt as if they had been stretched a yard. Just then there was a loud report. The cylinder head had blown out, and the noise so frightened Pat that he cried, "Be gosh, an’ I’ve blewed ‘er up, sure!"

The stunned engineer by this time was rapidly regaining his senses; and rose slowly and gazed about the cab like some corpse rising from the bier.

Pat had ridden far enough. He saw that a longer stay might prove disastrous. He sprang from the crippled engine and vanished in the darkness.

Little did it matter to him how the engineer stopped the train, how the passengers were all nearly frightened to death, or how the conductor of No. 6 found his way back to the scene of excitement and made all things right again. Those were all matters of secondary importance to Pat, who was busy in finding, as he would put it, a way to “make himself scarce.”
He indeed had been the hero of an hour. He had thrown a whole train of people into the greatest of peril and then had saved them. He had reversed and had been reversed; but he decided to reverse no more, and above all never again to ride a fast mail.

T. J.

The Meeting of the Club Women.

Logan has been the scene of many a convention, and numerous have been the delegations which have wended their way to this "Athens of the North"; but, accustomed as the Logantites have become to these meetings, there was something new in the one held here on October 20 and 21. At that time, the eleventh annual convention of the Utah Federation of Women’s Clubs occurred. On the evening of the 19th, the club ladies from all over the state ar-ived, and to say that they took the town by storm is putting it mildly. For the next two days they were numerous and ubiquitous. Had one asked, "Why this unusual illumination, why this dashing back and forth of many carriages, why this bustle and stir among butchers and bakers and candlestick makers?" the answer would have been, "It’s for the club women."

How shall we describe this meeting? According to the humorous page of the average paper, such a body of women represent those whose floors are never swept, whose dishes are never washed, whose babies are continually uttering loud and prolonged howls, and whose husbands are lean and lank and hungry, with the furtive look of one who fears his wearing apparel may come off for lack of proper fastening. On the other hand, if we take the opinion of the chronic "jiner," they represent all that is noblest and best in womanhood, and echoes of rocking cradles and ruling lands reverberate through the air.

Perhaps it is safest to form our
own opinions. The federation was a meeting of bright, intelligent and happy women, largely house-mothers (to borrow an expression from our Teutonic brethren) who find club work a pleasant and profitable avocation.

As club work is continually taking on a more philanthropic and charitable aspect, and as such institutions as the Home Finding Association and the Free Traveling Library are under the auspices of the federation, the increasing importance and benefit of these annual meetings is evident.

The Logan ladies had planned carefully and labored diligently to make the meeting a success, so far as lay in their power, and judging from the opinions expressed by the visitors, it was the most successful ever held so far as entertainment is concerned.

The unique features of this entertainment were the luncheons served at each college. On Thursday the session was held in the assembly room of the Brigham Young College, and during the noon intermission a dainty and palatable luncheon was served to the ladies who were seated around small tables. Thursday evening the A. C. Woman's club gave a reception in the college reading room, to which came the visitors and also several hundred Logan people. On Friday the session was held in the Agricultural College chapel, and when the meeting adjourned an elaborate banquet was served in the reading room, where plates were laid for 180 guests. After the banquet, the visitors were taken over the buildings and grounds.

The federation was enjoyable, not only to the hostess but also to the visitors, some of whom have since written back to their hostesses that the trip to Logan and the meeting there was of educational value to them, as it opened their eyes to the wonderful facts of which they had before been ignorant.

The following was the program:

**PROGRAM.**

Thursday, 9:30 a. m.—Session at Brigham Young College building. Meeting of Executive Board. Presentation of Credentials.

Thursday, 10 a. m.—Address of Welcome, Mrs. L. A. Ostien; greeting, President Linford, Brigham Young College; response, Mrs. C. S. Kinney; music. Reports of officers—Delegates to Biennial; director of G. F. W. C.; standing committees of U. F. W. C. Music. 12:00—Luncheon served by the Brigham Young College.

Thursday, 2 p. m.—Music. President's annual address, Mrs. C. S. Kinney; "The Early Training of Children—the Moral Phase," Mrs. J. C. McLain, H. P. League, Salt Lake City; "Ruskin," Mrs. H. F. Horton, Aglai, Ogden; music; "Japanese Art, Architecture and Dress," Mrs. A. C. Ewing, Ladies' Literary, Salt Lake City.

Thursday, 8 p. m.—Reception to visiting ladies at Agricultural Col-
College Building, tendered by A. C. Woman's Club.

Friday, 10 a. m.—Session at Agricultural College Building: Greeting, President Kerr, Agricultural College; response; music; unfinished business; “What Does the Modern Woman Read,” Miss Emily Jessup, Salt Lake City; “What Reciprocity Can Do for the Small Club,” Miss Julia Alleman, Springville Woman's Club; “The Critic,” Mrs. Wight, Woman’s Athenaeum, Park City. Open parliament and conference of presidents. Music. “The Value of a Domestic Science Course,” Mrs. Dalinda Cotev, Agricultural College, Logan. 1:00—Luncheon served by the Domestic Science Department of the Agricultural College.

Friday afternoon.—Devoted to seeing the college.

Friday, 8 p. m.—Session at Brigham Young College Building: Music; original poem, Mrs. Mary Kelly, Utah Woman’s Press Club; music; “The Race Question,” Mrs. D. H. Calder, Nineteenth Century Club, Provo; music. Adjournment.

The Women’s League Reception.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 19, the Women’s League of the Agricultural college gave an informal reception to the “new girls” of the college. The time was spent very pleasantly by the members of the league in becoming acquainted with the strangers, and better acquainted with one another.

A few old-fashioned games, entered into with spirit by the “old girls,” broke the ice of restraint, and soon all were chatting as freely as if they had been acquainted for years. After simple refreshments were served, the girls went home, feeling that they had spent the time very pleasantly and profitably.

The object of these social gatherings is to foster a good relationship among the ladies connected with the college, and we hope that all the girls will take advantage of these opportunities for social culture and development.
The Record of Howard.

An Account of his Warriors from the time they left the Valley of Cache until they were Delivered into the Arms of the Sorosis.

CHAPTER I.

And it came to pass in the third year of the reign of George Peter Campbell, that, there being much peace in the land of Zion, the sons of Utah did thirst for gore, and did go forth to do battle against them of the mighty web-feet and various other warring peoples. And they did leave the vales of their forefathers amid much rejoicing and blowing of trumpets and cheering of cheers.

And behold, one with white hair, who in the moons past had been mighty as a warrior, and had broken many bones of the enemy, had
been appointed chief captain, and verily he did go by the name of Howard Peter.

And verily this mighty captain did lead the chosen through the beautiful forests and did wade with them through deep rivers, and behold he did halt at the burglet of Seattle and did demand battle of the warriors therein.

And behold, they did respond, and did come forth to do battle. And it came to pass that one Shaw did show himself to be a great warrior and did many valiant things against the Sons of Utah, such as jumping over them and jarring their heads with his mighty straight arm.

And the warriors of Seattle did fight a good fight and did push their opponents many times behind their H, yea as many as eight times. For behold, the followers of Howard Peter were large, exceeding large, and did move with exceeding slowness, whereas the enemy were small and moved with great speed.

And lo and behold, Seattle did chant "forty-five" and they of Utah did groan "zero." And when the tidings reached Zion there was mourning and settling of bets throughout the land.

CHAPTER II.

And behold, the defeated warriors of Howard Peter did take their journey toward the city which was called Corvallis. And it came to pass that while they were journeying thither, being weighed down with sorrow, and suffering with much anguish of soul because of their defeat, that George Peter, of the house of Campbell, did assail them with many words, and behold, he did use such terms as "cold molasses," "thick mud," "snails;" and he did shed bitter tears of sorrow and anger.

Nevertheless they did harden their hearts and they did assail the warriors of Corvallis mightily; and lo, they were again pushed behind their H eight times; and their opponents did again chant "forty-five" and they did again groan "zero."

And it came to pass that during the game, one John, of the house of Nelson, did bump his head against the head of one Peterson, of the Valley of Cache, and behold one with an M. D. and a needle did stitch their heads exceedingly, yea, even ten stitches in each head.

And the Sons of Utah did suffer many broken ribs and collar bones, for the battle waxed bloody and fierce. And lo, they did leave on the field their broken bones and lost hopes, and verily they did long for home and the Sorosis.

But, though the followers of Howard Peter did again feel much sorrow, there was less groaning and settling of bets in Zion.

CHAPTER III.

Then the warriors of Utah did eat and were filled, and verily they did again do battle with the enemy
at the village of Portland. And behold they did battle fiercely and did break many bones and did force the enemy across many white lines; but verily they did weaken and were overwhelmed and it came to pass that the enemy did rejoice and did chant “Twenty-nine,” and their enemy did as usual chant “Zero.” And behold, the Portland warriors did collect around Utah’s campfires after the battle and they did bitterly assail our style of battle. And they did convince George Peter and Howard Peter that “all line bucks and no end runs make Jack a corpse and don’t win battles.”

And there was scarcely any mourning and settling of bets in Zion.

CHAPTER IV.

And now Howard Peter did lead his warriors with much caution toward the battlefield of Palo Alto, and lo and behold, on the way they did see more beautiful fields, and did pass through more beautiful forests, and verily the sunshine did warm their souls and their hopes did again revive and I say unto you, George Peter did get wise and did charter a flat car and, on their journey to Palo Alto, they did meet on the flat car and did fight many sham battles, and they waxed strong and mighty.

And the two Peters with their followers did linger many days at Palo Alto before they did do battle.

And verily they did enjoy themselves hugely, preparing for the battle. For behold, the enemy did treat them cordially, and behold, John, of the province of Bear Lake, did deliver many toasts at the strongholds of the various clans, known to the invaders as fraternities.

And I say unto you, the Sons of Utah did wax wise; and they did eat and rest much and did prepare daily for the battle against the Sons of the Golden State.

But now behold, because they had been taken in and fed, their hearts did soften and they did lose their “original intentions” of destroying the enemy. And lo, they did come upon the battlefield with no feeling of anger in their souls, and, in the kindness of their hearts, they did permit themselves to be pushed many times behind their H by the Sons of Leland, verily ten times. And they did feel no remorse after the battle when their enemies chanted “fifty-seven.” And the force of habit was strong in them and they did chant “zero.”

But behold there was no mourning, nor settling of bets in Zion.

CHAPTER V.

And now, when the Sons of Utah had done this thing, and reflected, they began to mourn and think of the Sorosis in their native hills. And they did decide to redeem themselves in the eyes of the fair ones. And verily they did eat much raw meat, and did drink many buckets of blood and in many ways they did try to strengthen themselves for one more battle.
And behold, I say unto you, George Peter did swear and Howard Peter did threaten, and they did again instill a feeling of ferocity into their warriors. And verily they did depart from the valleys of the Golden State and did proceed against the enemy at the hamlet of Reno.

And they did encounter the enemy on the sandy plains, and they did assail them savagely; but behold, they of Reno were strong and fleet of foot, and they did again push the followers of the two Peters many times behind their H. And they did chant “twenty-four,” and they of Utah did depart from a time worn custom and did chant “five.”

And behold, the warriors from Utah were now sore indeed, and verily their pride was humbled, and verily they did again long for their native hills and the Sorosis.

And verily George Peter did climb to a high steeple and gaze toward Utah and, lo, he did choose the shortest trail and they did turn their backs on the land of the setting sun and did trot swiftly in single file. And when they did bring the tidings to Zion there was much handshaking and summing up of debts throughout the land.

How it Looked to a Blind Man.

“Why don’t they play ball?”
“We'll freeze to death waiting.”
“There they go!”
“One more trial.”
“Heavens! Montana’s ball on downs.”
“That’s right, Roberts! Hoorah, Hoorah, a loss!”
“Another loss!”
“Our ball on downs.”
“Holy smoke! They start slow.”
“Now, we are off for a touchdown, hoorah, hoorah, hoorah! Lord! a fumble.”
“Just like ’em, got to kick.”
“Now we sure score.”
“Five yards! Whoop, ten yards, hoorah! Fifteen yards, rah, rah!”

“Mother of Moses, the half is up and only ten yards to go.”
“At it again.”
“Montana’s ball.”
“Twee end and tackle for thirty yards.”
“What the devil is the matter with our fellows?”
“There they go again.”
“Jamison circled.”
“Good tackle, Jardine!”
“Twenty yards more.”
“Hold ’em, boys; hold ’em, don’t let ’em score.”
“Heavens! a touchdown.”
“Good, he missed goal!”
“Now we get even.”
“See that Indian stop Oleson.”
“Stopped him again.”
“Good heavens, aren’t we going to score?”
“Our fellows are too slow to stop quick.”
“Look at those fellows play under our men.”
“Knew Jamison ‘d never make an end.”

“Why don’t they hurry up? What are they quarreling about?”
“It’s going to snow.”
“Listen to Montana yell.”
“Got a right to.”
“What is it—5 to 0?”
“Let’s go home.”
“Beastly day.”

The Doings of the Scrubs.

Who said there was anything the matter with our second team? Whoever it was, certainly had a bubble in his think tank. Our second team is there with the goods, and we are proud of them for it. But, by the way, they are only living up to their rep. Who ever heard of the “Scrub Aggies” ever sustaining a defeat? Show him to us, and if we don’t preserve him in a carboy of alcohol and hand him down as a horrible example of nonveracity, if we don’t hand his name down through history alongside of Ananias—well, watch our smoke.

But seriously, everybody knows the first team left for the Coast Wednesday, October 19. That night the second began practice and the following Saturday went to Ogden and decisively defeated the Junction crowd. That the score was only 5 to 0 was the result of hard luck.

The boys all played star ball and several men are developing who will have no difficulty in stepping into the first next season.

Pocatello journeyed down October 29th, to take a fall out of our valiant scrub aggregation. Pocatello hadn’t been beaten all season. Perhaps it was their first game, but that doesn’t matter; their record was clean. Our boys in forty-five minutes ran up a score of 25, showing to the satisfaction of everybody that they are one of the swiftest and strongest secondary teams in Utah or Idaho.

The game was too one-sided to be interesting. It was simply a question of how many H’s, after the first few moments of play. Our team work was good. Conley, between left end and tackle, was our most consistent ground gainer. This play never failed to make distance, Conley at all times “icing in” with both feet. With a little more beef, Mat should have no difficulty in playing
on the first. He is strong, swift, and likes the game.

Captain Coburn's dash through tackle for fifty-five yards and a touchdown was the feature of the day.

Hermansen was another good ground gainer. In the tandem formations, he could always be relied upon to make yardage, his hurdling being exceptionally useful.

Pocatello played rather a ragged game. Never once did they hold the Scrubs for downs. They played loosely, all seeming to play individual ball. They put up a gentlemanly game, too gentlemanly, if possible. Instead of trying to stop our rushes, they laughed and joked as we ran up the score.

Their tackling was woeful, too much of the “run up and lean on the other fellow” tendency. We had no chance of seeing their offensive work, as they always fumbled when given the ball. They might have held the score down by playing a punting back. The boys say they left their punter at home. Nuff-sed.

The line-up:


The All Americans.

R. B. A. Decisively Defeats the Commercial School. Score 5 to 0.

Saturday, October 5th, about three hundred spectators saw a football game as bloody and desperate as it is possible for such a thing to be. Eleven men, whose names appear in the line-up below, representing one of the school fraternities (R. E. A.), got together and arranged a game with the Commercial club.

The game started by Jardine (arid farmer) running the ball up sixty yards from the kick off. This ended Jardine's star work. Tuttle advanced the ball, in three downs, fifty yards, and Connelley scored. Langton missed a difficult goal. That was all the score, but not all the features. Findlay for the Commercials played hard and fast. Tuttle repeatedly appeared as the best player in the bunch. Peterson (Re-
pete) did work of a championship order in stopping end runs. But the great and brilliant star was Kearns. From whistle to whistle he was there. With a pair of leg mittens that would do justice to "American" Tommy himself, he dished up an article worthy of Hooper. All praise to Jimmy. May his head grow bigger, his legs shorter and his hair redder.

The line-up:
R. E. A. Commercial.
Hooper-Kearns .......... Gleed
Rafferty-Tuttle ............. Jensen
David C. Peterson .......... Chase
Heston-Jardine ............. Barrack
Johnson-Taylor ............. Oleson
De Witt-Pierce .......... Frederickson
Hogan-Farrell .......... Riter
Davis-Stephens .......... Howell
Foulke-Peterson .......... Findlay
Seth Langton .......... Johnson
Mat. Connelley .......... Coburn
(No definite positions were played. Twenty-two men were on the field.)

Musical Recital.

The first of the series of recitals to be given by the Faculty of the School of Music is announced, and the program, selected from the more poetic works of Beethoven and Schubert, will be found below. The date is not definitely settled at this writing.

The purpose of these recitals is to afford the opportunity to all students at the college, of becoming acquainted with some of the most famous musical compositions, thereby developing, in time, a genuine appreciation for music as an art.

PROGRAM.
1. Morning Greeting. ..... Schubert Quartette.
2. (a)—The Wanderer .........
   (b)—The Stormy Morning.
          Schubert Quartette.
   (Pathetique) ....... Beethoven
4. (a)—Wasserfluth (The Water Course) .......Schubert
   (b)—Der Lindenbaum (The Linden Tree) ....... Schubert
5. Ave Maria ..........Schubert Quartette.
6. (a)—Serenade.
   (b)—Who is Sylvia?
7. Larghetto (Trio) .Beethoven
   (From Second Symphony.)

How to Use the Library.

To find the resources of the library on any given subject:
1. Card Catalogue—In which a record of all the books in the library that have been catalogued, may be found arranged by author, title, and subject. Printed directions for using the catalogue will be found on the bulletin board.
2. Shelves.—All books on one subject stand together. The letters and figures in the upper left-hand corner of each catalogue card represent the call number, and
show to what class the book belongs, and where it may be found on the shelf. The books on the shelves are arranged in numerical order from 100 to 900, and under each number, alphabetically by author. Fiction has no class number; but the books are arranged alphabetically by author.

3. Special Subjects, Lists, and Special Bibliographies covering some subjects can be obtained. The reader should consult the card catalogue to see if a bibliography of a subject is to be found, before time is taken for consultation of indexes.

4. Indexes. A. L. A. Index to General Literature. This indexes a large number of standard works.

Poole’s Index to Periodical Literature. 1892-1896, 1897-1900. List of magazines owned by this library are noted on inside front cover.

Readers’ Guide to Periodical Literature. This monthly publication supplements Poole’s index to the present date.

Document Indexes. Some of the most valuable material in the library will be found in the documents published by the government.

5. The librarian or assistants will be glad to explain the use of the catalogue and indexes, or to give other information desired.

Sorosis Society.

The girls of the Sorosis Society have commenced this year’s work with their old vigor and enthusiasm, and great interest is being taken in all new plans and suggestions.

The study of art is to be continued, but a new phase of the work is to be considered and only the later artists and their works are to be discussed.

Occasionally during the year Kensingtons will be given for the purpose of making cushions and fixtures for the sanctum. Days for mounting pictures have been set aside, and the Sorosis room promises in itself to be a study in art at the end of the school year.

The football boys report but one excuse for their series of defeats on the coast. Shortly after their arrival in Seattle they received a telegram from the Sorosis Society reading as follows: “In victory or defeat, we are yours.” The boys (and the captain especially), realizing that if the telegram were true, their fondest hopes were realized, lost the game and wired back, “Victory or defeat if you are ours.”

Other telegrams have been exchanged, only confirming them in the belief that, after all, football scores don’t amount to anything.
That Blasted Hoodoo.
That Blasted Hoodoo.

"His horse went dead and his mule went lame,
And he lost his cows in a poker game.
Then a hurricane came on a summer day,
And blew the house where he lived away;
And an earthquake came when that was gone,
And swallowed the land the house stood on.
Then the tax collector he came 'round,
And charged him up with the hole in the ground."

This is the story Prentice tells us. The settler he referred to got off lightly.

With us it is not a question of earthquakes, tax collectors or poker. These sink into insignificance. Everyone knows that since school started a pall has hung over "campus, classroom, and corridor," alike. What have we done? Has anyone started anywhere or started anything on Friday? Has a black cat crossed anyone's path? Has anyone heard the ominous croak of ravens in the night? What has brought the hoodoo on us and what can we do to rid ourselves of its dread presence?

School, and the football season, opened with a question mark. Kirk had left us and that large hole to the left of centre filled the minds of everybody with doubt. That doubt has been realized. Utah, Nevada, California, Washington and Oregon have done their utmost to show us that something's wrong in the athletic department.

The Thing doesn't confine itself to athletics. At the beginning of the present school year, the faculty tendered the students a reception. It crept in unseen and the reception was converted into an eruption.

Student Life was next smitten. The engravers, the printers, the express company and even old Uncle Sam took up its cause. Orders were mistaken, goods missed, and letters lost. Student Life struggled valiantly in the clutches of the Hoodoo, and put in an appearance a week late, somewhat used up in the struggle, but welcomed by something over ten subscribers.

Where will the Thing strike next? Prepare yourselves to shake it off! Away with this doubt, this uncertainty! Brush the Thing aside and let us see some of that spirit that pushed us on to victory a year ago! Let us make a determined, united effort to rid ourselves of this dark shadow that is settling over our grand old institution. Drive It away! let in God's sunshine, and let us see the glorious old A. C. of old.
Editorial.

The Election.

On Tuesday, November 8th, the work of the great political campaign closed. With the party leaders, the work commenced in earnest a year or two ago. But to the general public the campaign means the thirty days just preceding election day, when orators spring up on every side with the full conviction that it is their duty to "lead the people in the way they should go." It would not be profitable nor interesting to enter into a discussion of the platforms at this time. We have heard nothing else during the last month; and we have had those logical and convincing arguments coupled with the profoundest expressions of sentiment and most powerful bursts of oratory.

But let us turn our attention to the election problems that confronted the two big parties and made necessary strenuous and energetic work to secure votes.

After a preliminary canvass, was made, the Republicans felt sure of the electoral votes of most of the northern and eastern states, but conceded to the Democrats the entire South.

The total number of votes in the electoral college is 477, and 239 votes are required to elect. Out of the total number the Republicans were sure of at least 224 and the Democrats were safe in figuring on 159 long before the fall campaign opened. Of the 93 doubtful votes, therefore, the Republican party had to secure only fifteen in order to win, whereas the Democratic party realized that they had to get eighty of them or be "snowed under." Still the work of securing the necessary votes was far from a hopeless undertaking on the part of Democracy. New York with 39 and Indiana with 15 electors, were among the doubtfuls. Moreover the two states nearly always vote the same way and are almost in-
STUDENT LIFE.

57

variably found with the winning party.

The so-called American party, springing up in our own state and sidetracking more Republicans than Democrats, gave the latter more hope for securing the Utah delegation for Parker.

The Republican party in Wisconsin was also badly broken up; but after considerable discussion and lobbying the two factions agreed upon the same national ticket, with different state tickets. Hence the great factional fight in Wisconsin was only of local importance.

It was also doubtful if Delaware would support Roosevelt. But it is never safe to bet on Delaware. She always does the unexpected thing and finds it hard to stay on the earth during an election.

New York was one of the first states heard from. Her reports came frequently during the night. Before midnight we were assured that the Empire State was in the hands of the Republicans, and the re-election of Theodore Roosevelt was made practically certain. Before morning nearly every doubtful state had sent in similar reports.

President Roosevelt's administration has been most satisfactory. It has been an era of general prosperity and good government. In minor affairs, there have been some faults; and there are now existing some conditions that perhaps should be changed. Still, by popular ballot the citizens of the United States have made their choice and have said, in substance: "We would rather bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

Fairbanks is practically a new man in politics, but he is without question a great financier, a sound character, and a genuine patriot. We are willing to entrust Roosevelt and Fairbanks with the administrative policy of our government during the next four years.

Was it Fear?

Without a doubt, one of the worst cases of "rind" that ever came under our, or anybody else's, observation was the recent action of the directors of the Salt Lake High School Athletic Board in refusing our second team a return game.

Persons acquainted with the circumstances know that from time immemorial the A. C. has brought the Salt Lake High School to Logan for an annual game. This is the first time we are aware of that we have asked for a return game. Salt Lake says, "We have everything to lose and nothing to win; you have nothing to lose and everything to win," or words to that effect. Fine exhibition of interscholastic sportsmanship.

Our second team, after three days of practice, beat the Ogden High School 5 to 0.

A week later they defeated Pocatello 25 to 0. Perhaps, after all,
it wasn't the fact that Salt Lake had nothing to win that kept her from accepting our challenge.

The Advertising Bureau.

Before this year, the advertising of all college entertainments, football games, etc., has been in the hands of different organizations or in charge of the society giving the event. As a result, the advertising has been poorly done, and as a consequence all college amusements have not been a success financially.

The school is growing, and with it Student Life. The paper is becoming the recognized light of the school. Everything it does, it does well, and everything that is not being done as it should, it is going to try and have it done better. It was seen that better results could be obtained with less work by having some special bureau handle the advertising of all college amusements. Student Life was better fitted to handle this work than any other college organization; as a result, a new department was added to the paper, namely the Advertising Bureau.

This bureau has full control of all the advertising and "hustling" that is necessary to draw a large crowd to witness our college amusements; also, the printing of tickets, programs, etc., is to be placed with it. And in placing this work in the hands of the Advertising Bureau, you can be sure that the work will be well done.

It is the intention of this bureau to put before the students and the public the newest, Wittiest and most attractive ads. the city has ever seen. In advertising, the two most important features are, first, to attract the attention of the public, and then to keep it, by plastering the town with posters, filling the papers with "ad" locals, filling the windows of the business houses with cards, and various other methods familiar to the advertising world.

No doubt you have already seen some of our work, as we have had the chance of advertising several home football games. Were they not well advertised, and was not the style of window cards and posters new?

After the football rush is over, several theatricals by college talent will no doubt be given; thus giving the bureau a wider and better field for using new schemes in advertising.

It is the purpose of Student Life Advertising Bureau to make all our college amusements a success. In so doing, we must have the support of the students. Come out to the college entertainments, bring a friend, and help in every way you can to swell the crowd. With our united efforts we will make everything at the college a "howling" success. Do all you can, and we will try to do the rest.
Department Notes.

Domestic Science.

The Domestic Science Department certainly merited the many words of praise which it received for the dinner which was served to the Utah State Federation of Women's clubs during its convention at Logan. The tables were set in the reading room and there were 170 guests. The dinner was cooked and served by the girls of the department; and, though elaborate, was yet a home dinner. The system of serving was such that there were no collisions, the forty waitresses moving in a continuous circuit; there were two waitresses for each table. The dinner was served while hot.

This is what was served:

- Bouillon with lemon.
- Crisp wafers.
- Baked chicken.
- Jelly.
- Pickles.
- Olives.
- Sliced Tomatoes.
- Stuffed Potatoes.
- Bechamel Sauce.
- Creamed Cauliflower.
- Pressed Veal.
- Egg Croquettes.
- Hot Rolls.
- Butter.
- Fruit salad.
- Orange dressing.
- Philadelphia ice cream.
- Assorted cake.
- Coffee.
- Chocolate.
- Whipped cream.
- Fruit.

The class in fruit work has finished its practical work and will now have lectures in the class room.

A class in chafing-dish work has been organized. This subject has been added this year to the Domestic Science course as an elective. Some "tasty" parties are contemplated.

The girls in the laundry class are learning to launder collars and cuffs. Boys, here is a chance to have excellent work done cheap. Send in your orders early.

School of Commerce.

The class in finance has just completed the organization of a national bank. All the papers and documents used were from the Comptroller of the Currency of the United States, and the bank was organized just as any national banking concern would be in starting out in the banking business. At the first meeting of the stockholders, November 5, the following directors were elected:
J. E. Barrack ..........President
B. F. Riter, Jr. ....Vice-President
Luther Howell ..........Cashier

The corporation is capitalized at seventy-five thousand dollars. Business is to be carried on in accordance with the national banking laws of the United States.

Instructor Jensen, who has been ill for some time, is improving rapidly, and will be at his work in a few days. During his absence Messrs. Gardner and Bankhead are taking charge of his work.

Dr. Engle lectured before the Commercial club, November 2, his subject being "The Necessary Qualifications of a Business Man." A large number of club members and a few visitors were present. The lecture was instructive and interesting, the subject treated being of special interest to commercial students.

Correspondence work has been taken up with the Ogden High School and Idaho Academy at Pocatello. Last year several eastern commercial schools were on our correspondence list, but the work was found inconvenient and less instructive than the correspondence carried on with home schools. As a result no correspondence work will be carried on with the eastern schools this year.

To the R. E. A.: "There'll come a time some day."

Prof. Faris, at one time principal of our School of Commerce, was a visitor October 29.

Has every student in the institution visited the Commercial rooms? Does he know what they contain and what kind of work we are doing away up on the third floor? If not, why doesn't he become acquainted with all the departments of the institution? We are justly proud of the School of Commerce and of the work we are doing. We want every student in the institution to know us, and see our department. We have no wild animal exhibits behind those bars you can see from the door, nor have we anything that will injure you. So come and see us in our home; it is part of your institution, and a vital part. Visit us; see what the people "on top" are doing.

Agriculture.

And still our numbers increase, demonstrating the fact that the farmers are getting alive and that the Aggies in the near future will be the leading school in the college.

Owing to the large number of students in the Chemistry I class this year, it was necessary to divide it into two sections.

Prof. L. A. Merrill and wife have just returned home from a two weeks' visit at the St. Louis exposition. Prof. Merrill while there spent
most of his time in the Agricultural building, which covers 26 acres.

The students in stock judging have had the opportunity of passing their opinion on some of the leading town horses. The experience will result in a great benefit to them.

The year's experiments with the codling moth have been closed with very satisfactory results. In orchards which have hitherto born fruit, between 40 and 95 per cent wormy, the college experiments have resulted in 90 to 95 per cent clean fruit. The results will be published as soon as possible.

Director J. A. Widtsoe has returned from Des Moines, Iowa, where he attended an association meeting of the directors of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations. During his absence of about three weeks, he visited the St. Louis exposition.

Mr. W. W. McLaughlin has recently returned from Uintah Indian reservation, where he has been looking over the agricultural possibilities.

Mr. H. W. Crockett, the Horticultural foreman, threatening to report trespassers who were in the orchard, received the pleading reply from the culprits: "Please don't report us, mister; please don't; we will never do it again."

The experiment station has in running order a drainage experiment in Hyde Park, covering 80 acres.

Prof. R. W. Clark is anticipating a trip, for the stock-judging class and all others interested, to Collinston, Ogden, Salt Lake City, Draper, and Mt. Pleasant. The object of the trip is to have the animal industry workers in the college become acquainted with the leading stock growers in the state, and also to give the students practical experience in stock judging.

A new museum pet, who travels under the name of Chelonis Testudinata, may be seen by visitors frequently flirting with the Chimpanzee.

**Engineering Notes.**

For the first few days after the foot ball team left, there was woe in the Engineering Department. Hansen tried to hold three classes the first hour, but finally settled down with that ever-enjoyable subject, Physics II. The shops lost Madsen and Wangsgard, and Larson, "Little John." The kinks were at last straightened and everything is now running smoothly.

Mr. Jensen has been acting in Prof. Jenson's place since the latter has been following a pig skin.

Tuttle was recently in Sanpete County making a survey for a canal which will be used in connection with an arid farm, where experi-
ments are being carried on by the station.

The new 100-horsepower transformer has arrived and will soon be put in place.

The civil engineers received the order for rods, chains, etc., which was long looked for. Among the other is a new and up-to-date Gurley compass.

There are still a great many students entering the Mechanic Arts courses. Over one hundred are now enrolled.

During the absence of Madsen and Dahle, E. J. Passey has been acting as assistant in the carpenter shop.

The seniors are getting some valuable experience while doing the work on the proposed reservoir in Logan canyon.

**Military Notes.**

Among the new exercises that will soon be held are included skirmish firing, estimating distances, instruction in First Aid to the Injured, and practice marches on Monday to neighboring towns,—if pleasant weather holds out long enough.

The enrollment in the department this month is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Band</th>
<th>Trumpeters</th>
<th>New cadets</th>
<th>Artillery detachment</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>121</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Signal squad .......................... 4
Old cadets ............................ 24

Total ................................. 186

The game with Pocatello came just in time to allow us to fire the salute that we had been saving so long for a Pacific Coast victory.

It may be a comfort to certain young men who wanted to “get out of drill,” to know that the military department is just as pleased to have them out as they themselves are to be out. If they should ever contract the habit of reading, we advise them to borrow their roommate’s file of “Student Life” and read about “Camp Bisbee,” to see what they may be missing. This does not apply to the few who had good reasons for not joining our ranks. It happens, however, that we now have on our rolls as many as can be accommodated with the rifles and equipments on hand. The government authorities at Washington will no doubt furnish more rifles, if the attendance continues to increase, as it surely will.

A number of last year’s cadets who now have shop work during drill hour, three times a week, have shown their interest in the military work by enlisting with us for the remaining two days.

Our sergeant major is reported to have voted early and often. He has been seen of late scratching his shoulders in order to see whether
those lieutenant's straps have begun to sprout.

The members of the rifle team have recently been trying an army rifle of the Krag-Jorgensen type, that Captain Styer brought with him from the Philippines. The calibre is .30 and smokeless powder is used. It is hoped that we will be among the first of the colleges to secure a complete equipment of these improved rifles. Our success on the target range should count in our favor when the distribution is made.

Captain Johnston, of "B" Company, is with us again, and temporarily in charge of the artillery detachment.

A few copies of the new infantry drill regulations have been received and there has been great demand for them among squad-masters. From a hurried reading, it appears that all changes tend to more clearness and simplicity in the commands and their execution.

It is to be regretted that so many of our active young men are disabled for military work by rheumatism, apparently of an intermittent variety.

Among the new cadets who have started out with good records on the rifle range may be mentioned Orr, Corrigan, Chase, F. H.; Burton, E. F.; Burton, W. F.; Chatterley and Irons. In the second year's class, Mathias, Harris, Matthews, and Carter, W. J., are also doing good work.

A representative of the business end of "Student Life" shouldered a rifle the other day and punctured the bull's eye in a few places. Come again, Eliason; the patient, long-suffering hill is still behind the target.

No, Matilda Jane; that eye of Lieut. Jenson's was not the result of a left upper-cut in the sixteenth round. He accumulated it honorably on the fateful field of football.

Arabella Ann—You are mistaken. The command "right dress" has no connection with the sewing department. You should consult some up-to-date drill-master with a crack squad (like Tuttle, for instance).

We are glad to see that First Sergeant Cox is out again, after several weeks spent in nursing a football ankle.

Captain Styer (after Carr's first score)—"I think you will have to hide that marksman's badge for a while."

White (red in the face after blowing a refractory trumpet)—"Well, I have learned the difference between F and G, anyway."
Canopus, Classroom and Corridor.


"Some people don't like us."

"That's the only way we have to express ourselves," cried somebody at the "frat" football game. Evidently somebody might be mistaken for a variety of bovine.

Luella at present practices her music lessons on the "upright agony box," at the Bun-shop. Smiles now may be seen flitting across the face of even "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

Herbert Morton Stoops is the last arrival at Room 37. Student Life staff is now complete.

Such sundry odors as boiled cabbage, burned cauliflower, singed tomatoes and hot vinegar make life very "angelic" (?) these days.

"Caesar sic dicat an de cur, egessilicturn."

Edwards (translating)—Caesar sicked the cat on the cur; I guess he ficked him.

Two home-sick preplets engaged in a battle of honor the other day. The forge room was the scene of activities, and for a few minutes things looked bad for everybody.

Both participants are nursing "crow" eyes now.

Prof. Arnold recently made his debut in chapel. He gave an interesting talk on Modern Languages.

"Student Life" staff has determined not to ask more than an A in Dutch.

Luther has been busily engaged in "being a good fellow to the boys," since his paternal guardian has again ascended the congressional platform. Of course all of the fellows voted the right way, so Lute doesn't mind the strain on his pocketbook.

It is said that certain young ladies in the school are contemplating establishing a "pie day" at the college, on which occasion every variety of pie known to pie-eating humanity will be served. The exact date of the affair has not been decided upon, but "Student Life" staff anxiously awaits the announcement.

Saturday night has become a favorite time for students to rest from their work a little while and enjoy the amusements (?) which Logan offers. The "vaudeville" has become the center of attraction for
some of them, who enjoy such a delightful experience as a public "call-down."

The "cold, gray dawn of the morning after" election night revealed the fact that some of our students were compelled to work in night shift, on this occasion.

A crowd of "people's," styling themselves the "Fourth Team of the A. C. College," recently played a game of football with a bunch of town youngsters. According to reports, the "kiddies" had a very strenuous time, and the "supervisor of free kindergartens" was obliged to take a hand in the affair, and cry "let there be peace."

Verna is still trying to figure out the problem that if a young lady attends church once, and is appointed a member of a supper committee; what will happen, if she attends to her religious duties regularly?

After reading some of the letters received from the boys at the "front," several of the students were perplexed to know whether an ambulance or a brass band would be the proper thing for the reception committee to order, when the team returned home from the Coast.

A a means of explanation of our article on football games, we might say that "to kick an H." means to kick the ball over the goal posts. We state this for the benefit of the un-initiated.

For the benefit of new students, we wish to announce that the eleventh street railroad has been built to the college—on paper.

The Thatcher String Quartette appeared in chapel for the first time, recently. They were received enthusiastically.

Several Hallowe'en parties were given by different students on October 31. No arrests yet for petit larceny.

Miss Moench has charge of the public speaking section of the English VII class.

Student Life will have a quantity of college badges and megaphones for sale for the U. of U. game.

Ariel Cardon, the football team's official photographer, has changed his snap-shot kodak for a long-time exposure outfit. The work of the back field has necessitated this.

Dr. Morrill of Logan spoke in chapel on November 5, on "bacteriology."

The band boys have ordered handsome new uniforms. They will be a very dark blue, with black trimmings, and the coat will be the officer's style.

Anna Taylor, sister of our first business manager, is employed at the office of the "Alien and Sedition Laws" people, where she keeps the record of good and bad students.

The local department can use all the locals that are sent in, so "fire
away,” you people who star in this line of work.

The college band has been playing for the political parties. The boys appeared at different towns in the county, during the past two weeks.

Since Eliason, Lee and Whittmore have purchased saxophones, the “Beanery” people sleep during the day time.

The band dance, on October 31, was a success financially, although the crowd was a mixed one.

The ex-business managers of Student Life wish to state that they have no animosities towards the Sorosis Society. The fact is that they would like to love the ladies—one and all—but they can’t, for there are other fellows.

Bob Hillman went home on election day to vote, at least he said so, and we take it for granted it is true.

The first year class is holding a literary meeting weekly. An interesting (?) paper was read last week on the “Life and Works of Frank Merriwell.”

Cardon, the jeweler, has some neat souvenir bookmarks and watch fobs of the Agricultural College. They are novelties in Logan.

Now that the harvest days are over, the experiment station farmhands are happy.

Some people went so far as to say that the Coast Bulletins were false. For the benefit of these people, we will state that those dispatched were received via “the Grape-vine, Clothesline, and Air Tight Telegraph Co.’s” line, direct from the scene of activities.

It is up to some of our musical artists to compose a march and two-step, dedicated to those moon-light nights on the boulevard. Luella or Verna could furnish the necessary information, so as to make it a tone poem.

The Athletic Association gave a dance in Thatcher’s Pavilion not long ago. Everybody had a huge time. There will be more of these.

The “Celluloid” society had an initiation recently. Anna Taylor, Eunice Jacobson, Edith Rudolph, Effie Smith and somebody else took the degree, but all are now alive.

One of the features of the test was the “Round Robin for the Purpose of Discussing the Bad Qualities of Men.” Student Life staff got all that was coming to it, especially ye local editor.

On the 19th of November occurs our only University game again. A special train will be run to Salt Lake, where the game will be played.

Between politics and the A. C. of U. football team, the Salt Lake papers are having a sad time of it. If our team is so lamentably weak, why should the city dailies take up columns of reading matter in heaping abuse upon our management and
football record? A good bluff is all right, but sometimes the bluffer is caught at his own game.

The following little clipping was taken from one of our best exchanges. Suppose you substitute "A. C. U." for the word "Washington," and see if the cap fits:

"'GREATER THAN THOU.'

'There is no spirit more out of place in college life than the 'greater than thou' spirit. There is no real growth in power and character which is not accompanied by humility. A knowledge of any individual or organization's high standing makes possible the complete repudiation of all littleness and narrowness.

'The 'greater than thou' spirit says: 'I am a big It, therefore let all others keep silent;' or 'we are the crowd, no good thing can be found elsewhere.' Sometimes it says: 'It (or we) must always lead. Others will be asked to follow. Any attempt to reverse this order will make me (or us) very sore.'

'There is only one spirit to be tolerated in a healthy college atmosphere. That spirit asks: 'How can I (or we) best serve Washington? To what she asks I (or we) will humbly yet enthusiastically respond. Giving others credit for like sincerity regardless of what they do, I (or we) will stand committed for what seems best for Washington.'

"This last spirit is patriotism. The other is 'pig-headed littleness.' The last spirit springs only from large hearts and unprejudiced minds. The other is born of conceit and suspicion."

Our ex-associate editor, El. Peterson, has at last a romance. We always thought better of Pete; the fact is we gave him credit for possessing more tact than to get mixed up in such a trifle. His friends have commemorated his actions, with a beautiful little ode entitled:

**LAKE BONNEVILLE'S LASS.**

(Tune: "Navajo.")

1. 
Up 'midst the strata of Lake Bonneville,
There rode an Indian maid,
Her eyes with deep, deep thoughts
his soul did fill,
For they with love were lade,
When she rode by, the twinkle of
her eye
Made all the world look bright,
There in the silvery glow of the
sky,
O'erwhelmed him with delight;
And when she dropped her comb,
Pete butted in and won a home.

Chorus—
Angel! Angel! Angel of light,
Eyes that are liquid, dusky as night,
Teeth so pearly, lips soft with dew,
Soul that is ever true.
Christian Larsen, after a year at Harvard, is back in his old position in the L. D. S. University.

Lorin A. Merrill is connected with the celebrated condensed milk factory at Richmond.

Josiah S. Rhead is doing civil engineering in California.

Jas. R. Thompson is not dead, but is at Richmond. He visited the college this year for the first time on record since '96. He belongs to the class of '96.

Olla Barker is still teaching at Ogden.

Clara L. Foster, former professor of Domestic Science in the A. C. of New Mexico, now has charge of the domestic science department of her husband, Mr. Bacon of the Telluride Power company, and lives in Logan.

Alf. Hart is still at Bloomington, Ida., and is reported about to be married.

Chas. A. Jensen, soil expert in the U. S. Department of Agriculture, spent part of the summer in Utah.

Victoria Lundberg hasn’t been seen at the college for a long time. She is invited to visit us.

Chas. Pond is still in the mercantile business at Lewiston. We would be glad to see him, too.

Mamie Smith is married.

John Stewart still looks sweet at the sugar factory.

Fred Atkinson is making a great record as an accountant at Baker City, Ore.

Annie Beers Petty will spend the winter in Chicago, where Mr. Petty is studying dentistry.

John Hogensen came home last Christmas; married Miss Baker of Mendon; and returned to Washington, D. C., where he is soil expert in the Department of Agriculture.

Joseph H. Peterson, lost for several years, has been located in Provo, where he is in business.

Walter W. Simmons should give an account of himself. He used frequently to visit us.

A. P. Stover is a professor in the University of California.

Burton P. Fleming is finishing a course in civil engineering at Cornell.

William Nelson was at home in Newton for a short time last summer.

Blanche Cooper is studying domestic science at Columbia, N. Y.

The Alumni Department of Student Life is sorely in need of first-hand information about our graduates and former students, in both long and short courses. Write us occasionally, won’t you?—some
good, long, gossipy letters about the conditions in which you are working and the life you are leading. Ask for information about the fellow you used to know and have lost sight of, and we shall be glad to pass the word along. Come back and see how the old school has grown, and be sure to make yourself known at Room 37.

College World.

Credits are being given this year in many colleges for work in literary and debating societies, glee clubs and college papers.

From 4 to 150 students have been injured in class rushes in different colleges this year. Railroad accidents, with equally large mortality lists, would get half-page newspaper write-ups. Some of our exchanges devote twenty words to the events.

Classes are taught to swim at the Universities of Pennsylvania and Nebraska.

At Johnson City, Tenn., a college will be opened in December for those who were unable to attend college in their youthful days.

In the game between the Columbia and Pennsylvania football teams, fifty players in uniform sat on the side lines.

The Wyoming Student, the pocket edition of college papers, is bigger than its size would indicate.

The following extracts from the exchange departments of the L. D. S. U. Gold and Blue and the Miami Student give you a study in contrast:

"We have received several exchanges since the last issue of the Gold and Blue, but there are only a few which contain laughable jokes. It seems strange that all exchange editors should be short on wit. Probably some will mature later on. Till then, we'll wait for something to put in these columns that will cause a smile to come over the reader's face."

"The old idea of an 'Exchange' was that it should be a jingle, cut from the 'Exchange' of another paper and marked "Ex." The Courier would print something, it would next appear in the Argosy, and it would be a year before it would run itself down, as it were. No one has so good a chance to study the common failings as the so-called Exchange editor. It has long been apparent to us that a cramped, small print "Exchange," hidden away among the bargain columns is worse than a waste. How often this department serves merely to fill the gap between "ads" and "stuff," the latter term being now commonly applied to the material making up the reading matter of the publication. The size of the gap, then, determines the scope of the editor's
liberty. In other words, the department of College Reviews is made the least important of the divisions of the publication. The term "Exchange" is misleading. It is proposed to make an earnest effort to remedy some of the greater defects in what should be a very important part of college journalism. The editor of this department assures the readers of the "Student" that he will put fewer copied jokes before the readers than last year. Gradually, perhaps, the work throughout will become what the great college publications such as those of Purdue, Wabash, Cornell, Michigan, and others have practiced for some years."

An exchange whose vocabulary is somewhat pithy remarks thusly: "My son! Follow not in the footsteps of the loafer, and take no example of him who is born tired; for verily I say unto you, their business is overstocked, the seats on the corners are all taken, and the whittling places are all occupied. It is better to saw wood for two bits a cord than whittle in a loafing match and cuss the government. My son, while thou hast the sense of a jay bird, break away from the cigarette habit, for lo! thy breath smelleth like a glue factory, and thy whole appearance is less intelligent than a store dummy; yea, thou art a cipher—with the rim knocked off."—So to Speak.

“Our students are fortunate in having an opportunity of seeing Romeo and Juliet at the foot of the stairs nearly every day.”—Ex. (So are ours.)

“Student Life (Logan) displays much artistic taste. The cover, half tone engravings, and pen sketches are excellent, yet in perfect accord with the tone of the literary articles.”—The Trini onian (Waxahachie, Tex.) (Your turn next, brother.)

The University of Virginia is to have a new Y. M. C. A. building, to cost $60,000.

Bowdoin College recently celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He, with Longfellow, graduated from this institution in 1825.

Six hundred megaphones have been donated to the rooters of the U. of Chicago, to be used at their football games.

Columbia has cancelled the football game arranged with the University of Michigan. Michigan has long been football champion of the West, and has for several years tried, without success, to meet the "Big 4," Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Pennsylvania. It begins to look as if the big Eastern teams were slightly afraid of the West.

Thirty-six students living in various states of the Union, who won the Cecil Rhodes' scholarships for a course of study at Oxford University, sailed on September 27 from Boston for Liverpool.—Ex.

Bible study is becoming very popular in many colleges.

The girls of the U. of Nebraska have organized a "Rooters' Club."