Student Life

Agricultural College of Utah

January, 1905
Vol. 3 No. 4
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.
"A Happy New Year."

CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Famous Parisian Playhouse</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Man and The Gun</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Broken Compact</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Goodwin Sands</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tycoon Series</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Social Hen-coop</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who Wouldn't?</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Library and Card Catalogue</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editorial</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Department Notes</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campus, Classrooms and Corridors</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exchanges</td>
<td>143</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
It is extremely difficult for an American, unfamiliar with French society, to realize the high place of honor that the theatre holds in France; and by France I do not mean Paris alone, the mental center of that ultracentralized country, but every little provincial city from Lille to Marseilles. To say that the French worship the theatre is to employ an overworked metaphor and to state the case mildly. The attitude of Parisian first-nighters is not only one of reverent attention, but is also severely and artistically critical, for with the French the theatre is much more than a place of amusement; indeed,
with them, good acting ranks among the fine arts, the profession of an actor is one of respect and esteem and the majority of plays produced each year at Paris are valuable contributions to the literature of the country. This is all due mainly to the artistic temperament of the Frenchman, precious inheritance from his Latin ancestors, and also to his highly emotional nature directly passed on to him by his Celtic forefathers. Their innate love of beauty, their quick responsiveness to every appeal to the emotions, make the French a nation of actors par excellence whose work is characterized by fine shades and great distinction. Could they combine with these admirable traits the serious reflectiveness of the Anglo-Saxon, their acting would have besides its brilliance and distinction, the equally important quality of force. A recent American critic states that the seriousness of English actors and the light, easy grace of the French are combined today in American players and, taking this as a text, he goes on to prophesy a great future for dramatic art in this country. We should be overjoyed to believe this and possibly might, did we live in New York or Boston, but those of us who are compelled to follow the ins and outs of a Logan theatrical season could not do so without praying to be forgiven for highly presumptuous sins.

Thus equipped with a heaven-bestedowed gift of a dramatic sense, the Frenchman has established social conditions wholly unknown to us and especially favorable to a flourishing theatre and opera. Government subsidies ensure eternal life to the classics, adequate and often sumptuous staging of plays, and provide for the actor well paid, uninterrupted work and an old age free from care. Dramatic conservatories, with the best actors of Paris as teachers, train pupils worthy of entering this profession and literary men are proud to consecrate their talents to it either as critics or playwriters.

We English speaking people have to go back to the Elizabethans of find a substantial basis for our dramatic literature; sometimes we add the names of Sheridan and Goldsmith, and some rather unliterary people might insist on including Bulwer Lytton, but these men, though painting faithfully human nature, date too far back to give us the point of view of our times; and as, unfortunately, our modern writers of note neglect the drama entirely, the few people we know who read a modern English or American play may be counted on one hand and the five digits will more than suffice for the enumeration. In America, not even Clyde Fitch, that most prolific of dramatists, has produced anything of any literary value; England, though, has given us Pinero and Shaw, whose names are sometimes seen in bookstores, and yet the former's work is too closely based on French and Norwegian
models to have much originality. In Paris, however, from the Cid to Cyrano, a successful play has had nearly as many readers as hearers, as the works of Dumas, Rostand and countless others will testify.

Remembering then that the Parisians are theatrical in their tastes, conversation and gestures, that a first performance with them is a literary as well as a dramatic event of almost national importance, and that the French government does much to encourage the theatre, we have no cause for wonder that in the excellence of its acting and in the careful elegance of its theatrical performances, Paris is the first among the cities of the world. When travelers say, "They do these things better in Paris," they are perfectly right if they refer to the theatre. The universal recognition of the theatrical supremacy of Paris was shown a few years ago by the world-wide dismay with which the news of the burning of the Comédie Française was received. Every traveler of culture had spent at least one evening of pure delight in this temple of dramatic art and it is with this famous playhouse that any description of Parisian theatres should begin and end. It is to the drama what the Louvre is to painting and Bayreuth to music. Equally well known as the Théâtre Français and the Comédie Française, it is often referred to, especially by journalists, as the House of Molière, and it is this last title which takes us farthest back in the history of this theatre.

When Molière came back to Paris in 1658, after his barn storming days in the provinces, and secured the favor and protection of Louis XIV for his troupe of players, he found two rival theatres; one, the Théâtre du Marais, which had the monopoly of Racine's plays; the other, the Hôtel de Bourgogne which had the honor of producing Corneille's tragedies. Soon after Molière's death in 1680, the king arbitrarily decreed the union of these three companies into one and thus, by a simple royal fiat, created the Comédie Française, which still flourishes today after a life of over two centuries. The twenty seven original actors and actresses first introduced the principle of profit sharing on which the theatre is still conducted. Each had his share in the royal subvention. At the end of the year the net profits were divided into a certain number of parts and distributed among the members of the company, the so called sociétaires. At a later day, when it was necessary to engage other actors, the plan was introduced of taking them as pensionnaires on fixed salaries without any right to the annual profits, and of selecting the most promising among them to fill vacancies as they arose among the sociétaires. On these lines the theatre flourished down to the Revolution and then was reconstructed by Napoleon in a famous decree, dated in 1812, from the imperial
headquarters at Moscow, and this code, with some unimportant changes, holds today. The manager of the theater is appointed by the minister of Fine Arts and thus acts as an intermediary between the government on one hand and the company on the other. He is usually a man of letters, a most unheard-of thing in America. The present incumbent is Jules Claretie, a man well known for his novels and critical essays. He has a salary of six thousand dollars and acts with the company in selecting new plays and in selecting new sociétaires. A sociétairc forms a contract for life with the theatre and on his withdrawing to play elsewhere suit may be brought by the company against him and he may have to pay a large indemnity. It is at this price that the older Coquelin, Jane Hading and Bernard left the Comédie Française, but they left behind them artists of no mean ability. The places of Adrienne Lecouvreur and of Rachel, perhaps the two most famous actresses the French stage has known, are now filled by such charming women as Bartet and Barreta, while the younger Coquelin is considered by many the equal of his famous elder brother. Mounet Sully, the present dean of the company and for over thirty years a sociétairc, has won for himself a most enviable reputation in tragic roles, and following close behind him in the same line are his brother Paul Mounet and the handsome and clever Albert Lambert.

Just as the actors of this theatre stand for what is highest in French dramatic art, so its repertory is made up of the best plays of the French drama. As it receives its building rent free from the government and also a large subvention on condition that it play the classics frequently, the plays of Racine, Corneille and Molière form naturally the basis of its repertory. The classics are most usually given at the Sunday and Thursday matinees (these are the two matinee days at French theatres) as school children form a large part of the audience at these performances. In the eighteenth century the best of Voltaire’s plays and the two famous comedies of Beaumarchais were first performed here and the following century saw the Romantic school triumph on this stage after the famous first night of Hernani. Augier and Dumas, both father and son, won fame here, so that the history of the theatre’s productions is well nigh co-extensive with that of the French drama. Indeed, from the number and character of the plays given at this one theatre in any three months, so often is the bill changed, one can get a very clear idea of the richness and history of French dramatic literature, for the plays range all the way from Corneille’s Cid to that ultramodern play, Busi­ness is Business, by Octave Mira­beau.

Having given something of the history and organization of this theatre, I want to describe an even-
ing I spent there and incidentally mention many of the little differences that exist between a French and an American theatre. Even the ordinary tourist, making but a short stay in Paris, becomes very familiar with the outer aspect at least of the Comedie Francaise, for it is one of the landmarks of the city, situated as it is in the heart of Paris, at one end of the Opera avenue, and separated from the Seine only by the Louvre. In getting my ticket in advance I was surprised to find that I had to pay more than if I had waited until the night of the performance, and instead of using a map of the theatre to choose my seat I selected it from a miniature model of the interior of the house, so that I was able to see at a glance my future position. In the evening, as I approached the theatre I was assailed by a crowd of program sellers, for no French theatre furnishes a program to its patrons. Once within the theatre, my ticket was given a genuine custom house inspection by three men, for the French carry their love of red tape even into their pleasures, and the omnipresent paternal eye of the government scrutinizes a theatre-goer as carefully as it does a criminal. One of these three was the regular ticket taker of the theatre; the second was the government envoy who sees that a correct statement of the gross receipts is made up so that the poor may get their tithe, as according to city regulations one tenth of the proceeds of every theatre goes to the city poor; the third man was the agent of the society of dramatic authors and composers who also verifies the gross receipts so that the author may have his due share. These three dignitaries, having found that my ticket was above reproach, let me pass through a little, narrow, dark passage which still retains the disagreeable name of vomitoire, an inheritance probably from the Roman circus, and the I was shown to my seat by a venerable dame dressed in black and topped off with a white cap trimmed with pink ribbons. With an officiousness, characteristic of her kind, and which, in the idiom of her nation, smelt of the tip, she offered to get me a footstool, take charge of my hat and stick, in fact do anything within her power to minister to my creature comforts. Ushers in France are never men and many aged women, often recruited from the ranks of the demi monde, drag out a useful and honorable existence in this occupation, though the majority of them are better fit to gossip in an old ladies' home than in the corridors of a theater. From my seat in the orchestra, I had a good chance to observe the general physiognomy of the house, which in the main is like that of most Parisian theatres, and very unlike American playhouses. Behind the orchestra chairs is the pit or parterre, as it is called, extending only to the first balcony under which is a circle of boxes called baignoires.
or bathtubs, most appropriately named when one thinks of the heat and poor ventilation one suffers in them. The first balcony has only two or three rows of chairs, backed by a row of boxes; the second balcony is usually all boxes and above is the gallery given up mostly to benches. No orchestra plays in French theatres not given up to music and the only indication that the play is to begin is three sharp knocks on the stage floor just behind the curtain loud enough to be heard all over the house. The plays given that night were Le Dépit Amoureux, a two act farce by Molière, and L'Evasion, a modern problem play by Brieux. It was a typical Comédie Française performance, embracing as it did two masterpieces of French drama and setting side by side the classic and the modern play. The parts even to the smallest were all admirably filled. Never have I seen more natural, graceful and finished acting. The younger Coquelin took one of the smallest roles in the second play, that of the gamekeeper, and, being thus willing to apply his talent to a small part, he invested it with dignity and importance and helped make the performance a harmonious whole. This willingness of the older and more experienced actors to fill small parts is so common as not to call forth comment and it is one of the reasons why the company can give such flawless performances.

During the entractes, which are much longer than with us, nearly the entire audience passes into the foyer to get a little coolness after the heat of the theatre and to meet and talk with friends. This foyer is a large hall connecting with balconies looking on the street and contains many of the art treasures of the theatre, chief among which is Houdon's statue of Voltaire. This is on one side of the foyer opposite an immense fireplace, and the thin, drawn, soulless face with its sarcastic smile seems to dominate the place like a living presence. An evening spent at the Comédie Française is thus one in which a Frenchman naturally takes much pleasure and of which he is justly proud. He has before him the finest company of actors in the world, interpreting for him the masterpieces of his country, and, as he walks about between the acts, his artistic nature is further delighted by the sight of an apartment in which the treasures of a museum harmonize with the well appointed elegance of a salon and in which he comes in contact with the keenest literary minds and the most brilliant conversation of his native city. It is an evening at the theatre with a reception thrown in.
In the days of the "old army," which means about forty years ago, practice in firing with small-arms was practically limited to emptying the loaded rifle in the direction of a mark in the rear of the guard-house, after a tour of sentinel duty had been completed. The soldier who was most fortunate in this haphazard competition was granted some special privileges for a day or two. Occasionally the old musket would hang fire for a few seconds and astonish the marksman by discharging its load into the air after he had shouldered it and was turning away in disgust to return to his barracks.

A long step, indeed, there is between this method and the carefully arranged system as laid down in our present firing regulations for practice with the modern high-power rifle.

It is generally conceded that of the three arms of the service, infantry, cavalry and artillery, the
first is the most important, because it must always bear the brunt of a great battle, and by rifle fire the result of battles is generally decided. One of the introductory paragraphs of the U. S. Army Firing Regulations reads as follows: "As the effect of infantry fire depends upon the number of hits made, not upon the number of shots fired, it follows that soldiers who cannot hit what they shoot at are of little value on the field of battle. To send troops into battle without thorough preparatory training in the use of their arms is to expose them to death uselessly."

It has happened at times, however, that troops had to be sent into battle without this preliminary training.

When in the course of a long time of waiting for my turn to be promoted to a captaincy, I at last fell heir to a company and became responsible for the military efficiency of a hundred or more of the nation's defenders, I found that more than half of my men were recruits who had never fired their rifles with the service charge.

Eight of the twelve companies of the regiment were in the same predicament, having been stationed since their return from Cuba at posts near cities, where there were no facilities for firing.

No one in particular was at fault, but the blame properly belonged with our system, or rather lack of system in preparing for war. Since 1898 many of our citizens have given up the idea that a man with a gun and a uniform is necessarily a soldier, or that generals can be made by a stroke of the pen. It will be another great stride toward the efficiency of our army if popular interest in rifle firing can be aroused so that our recruits can hit what they shoot at, when they first enter the service. There may be just a grain of truth in the following jingle, from "Uncle Hiram's Reflections,"

We've bin a durned brave nashun,  
We've fit a lot of wars,  
An' jes' because we're lucky,  
Our old eagle he still soars;  
And'll keep on soarin' grandly,  
Till some nashun w'at kin shoot  
Will put us out of bizness quick,  
And swipe a lot of loot.

A national board for the promotion of rifle practice has lately been established under an act of Congress. The plan of this board is: (1) that rifle ranges shall be constructed near all our large cities, to be open to civilians on Saturdays and holidays; (2) that those who care to practice shall be supplied with the government rifle and ammunition at a reasonably low cost. It is claimed that if these plans are carried out, the country will have a National Marksman's Reserve of one million men within five years.

Meanwhile, valuable work is being done at over a hundred of our schools and colleges which include military training in their courses. Our own institution has reason to be satisfied with the progress of the
work in general and especially with the success of our first rifle team, which came out ahead in the Western Inter-Collegiate Rifle Contest of 1904.

The average man has but little idea of the patience, self-control and careful attention required for attaining a high grade of proficiency in marksmanship. It is true that some men have more natural aptitude than others, while a few never can become excellent shots, but the majority of men are on equal footing. In general, success is the result of painstaking effort and careful attention to the instructions of those having experience.

The practical course in rifle firing at this college includes the following:—

1. Tripod sighting drills.
2. Position and Aiming drills.
3. Gallery practice, with reduced charge,—in spring.
5. Individual firing at known distances, 100, 200 and 300 yards.
7. Company volley firing.

In the known distance firing the element of time is not considered, but in skirmish firing rapidity is combined with accuracy of fire. In the volley firing, sights are set for distances as given by the company commander, while in skirmish practice each man estimates the range for himself. Volley and skirmish firing are held during the annual summer encampment, following the known distance practice.

The work on the target range is perhaps the most interesting, as well as the most important of the practical exercises in the military course.

—H. D. S.
"THE GLEANERS."

"As far as practicable, let every student bring a new student back with him after the holidays."
The Broken Compact.

Then he drew her closely to him and spoke hoarsely, fiercely: "You say you love me better than life. Do you mean what you say?"

"I do," she answered. "But why do you look at me so strangely?"

"Listen, my love, my deity," he went on passionately, "if you love as I do, you know that life without love is worthless. Yet in loving me, you risk honor, position and peace. There is peril for ourselves and others in every moment that we spend together. For you I am willing to end it all. In you I have heaven. I desire to die before it crumbles away before my eyes. Darling, let us die together."

He felt the slender form, so perfect in its delicate outlines, shudder in his strong embrace. She made no answer for a while. She was stunned by the awful proposition. Her face flushed again and her strongest emotion was the womanly one of pride in being loved so well.

"Impossible," she whispered at last, nestling even closer to him. "If we should die together, what would the world say? But, oh! it would be sweet to die now—this way."

"Listen a moment," he replied, "we will not die tonight. Let us take our farewell of the heaven we have known. But tomorrow night, at a moment we shall fix upon, we will die, you in your home, I in mine. In that way no one will sus-

They passed slowly along together, by the dull grey water that rose up almost to their feet. The man’s eyes, which were bent on the face of the woman at his side, had both passion and despair in them. She directed her gaze out upon the heaving mass of murky water and remained silent. As by common instinct, they stopped and faced each other. It was dusk and they were quite alone. The woman spoke:

"It is foolish of you to love me so," she said.

"Folly?—yes, some would call it so. What do I care for opinions—for anything save my knowledge that to you I owe the supreme joy of my whole life? The mere thought that you adore me, that you are mine in soul and spirit, compensates me for all the wretchedness that our love entails. Before I loved you, I existed. You have taught me what it is to live. One hour of your sacred companionship is worth a century of existence without it. While you permit me to worship you, I am content, even though our lot is so bitter."

The woman smiled, and her sweet, childish face flushed slightly at his words. She released one of the tiny jewelled hands and gently caressed his cheek with it. "I love you," she said very softly, "better than my riches, I think—than honor, or even life itself."
pect. We shall be separated, it is true, but our souls will take flight at the same instant. In that supreme moment we shall know the culmination of our joy. Do you consent?"

The woman gazed with swimming eyes into the face of the man and received from that passionate glance something of his ghastly project. Then she sank half-swooning into his arms again, murmuring, "I consent."

"And so I'm to die tonight," she mused. It was within half an hour of midnight, and the tall lamp with its orange-hued shade stood before the mirror. Her white gown, caught at the waist by a belt of gold, fell in graceful folds to her slippered feet; the polished surface of her arms and throat shone like marble. The sweet but childish features bore the expression of a fixed resolve. If she feared her fate, she did not show it.

"Ah, how he loves me!" she thought. "How precious this dying together. Shall we meet up there, I wonder, or do the fables of the priests go for nothing?"

What a picture!—this dazzling, sylph-like creature, standing there in the soft lamp-light, every line of her face and figure suggestive of the joyous, radiant life that surged within, and yet calmly contemplating a self-inflicted death within the narrow limits of thirty minutes. For midnight was the hour agreed upon. When the gilded clock on the man-

tel should chime the hour of twelve that little vessel of laudanum would do its deadly work. Her eyes grew moist in the serene contemplation of a dreamless and infinite sleep. She folded her hands and waited. The gilded clock gave forth three musical peals. A quarter to twelve.

* * * * * * * *

He lay half dressed on a lounge in the room he occasionally occupied at his club. A little pile of letters that he had just written and addressed lay on the table. He was very pale.

This was to be the end, then? This was the gruesome termination of a love that had been one long, delicious poem! Well, better so. And yet—

The hands of the clock marked a quarter to twelve. His pallor increased.

Last night he was ready to die. Was he ready now?

Standing in the center of the apartment, he tried to realize that in five short minutes his life would end; and oh, the bitterest thought of all!—she would disappear and become as nothing. Their very love would pass out of existence along with the million million other loves of the innumerable and unknown dead!

The clock chimed the first hour of midnight, and still he stood there irresolute. "Merciful God!" he gasped, "why don't I shoot?" He cast down the pistol. "Coward!" he moaned. "What have you done?"
Then he flung on his coat, leaped into a carriage and drove past her house. It was dark and silent as the grave. He wandered aimlessly about the streets until morning, and then returned, worn out, to his club.

They met two nights after that, at the opera. She was arrayed in a queenly gown of white satin, over which great gems were scattered like stars. Both blushed.

"I was a poltroon," he managed to stammer, "but I am glad of it now."

"For my part," she whispered back, "I would not kill myself until I found out if you loved me enough to die for me."

H. C.

The Goodwin Sands.

The Goodwin Sands, which lie off the coast of the County of Kent, England, have been more destructive to life and property than any other part of the British coasts. No narratives of heroic deeds are more thrilling than those which relate the exploits of the noble life-boat-men of the Kentish shore in their daring rescue of ship-wrecked crews that have stranded on the treacherous sand-banks.

At ebb-tide the banks appear to be smooth and harmless, and even at high water the ripple is, often, so gentle as to deceive the unwary; but the sailor, who knows the treachery of their unstable sand, dreads the place more that of the most dangerous sunken rocks. The reason of his fear is easy to understand, for a lighthouse or beacon of some kind can be placed upon a rock, but on the "Goodwins" no sure foundation can be secured, and even the anchorage of the lightships is unsafe.

The sand is firm at low-water and may be walked on with safety; but as the tide rises the mass of sand becomes saturated, and is transformed into a pulpy substance of about the consistency of mud. It is when in this condition that the sands are most dangerous; for ships striking on them sink gradually into the ooze. The constant moving of the mass renders a chart useless for any length of time.

Once, while a wild storm was raging, news reached Ramsgate that a ship had struck and was going to pieces. The master of the harbor immediately ordered the life-boat to be manned, and at once there rushed to the pier the brave fellows who had been waiting for the order. No time was lost in preparation, for the motto holds good in every instance; "First come, first in." The news spread rapidly. Each boatman, as he heard it, snatched up his bag containing his suit of water-proof ma-
terial, and pulling his south-wester cap well over his ears, he made for the boat with all speed, hoping to find a vacant seat. If the race were for his life instead of to risk his life, it could not have been contested with greater vigor.

On reaching the scene of the wreck, the life-boat crew saw that the hull of the ship had settled down on the sand. The fore-mast was gone, but the main-mast was still standing, and on this seven or eight men huddled, while others clung to the shrouds, half dead with cold and fear, and all hanging on for dear life. Huge waves were breaking over them, every moment making their position more and more perilous.

The life-boat at last reached the wreck. She cast her anchor over the side, then gradually and cautiously gave out her cable, and the rolling waves carried her nearer and nearer to the distressed ones. An immense wave seemed to lift the boat mountains high, but it landed her alongside of the wreck. Three men yelling with joy jumped into the boat, while from the other poor fellows still on the wreck a sad wail was heard. But do you think the rescuing crew will leave them to die on that ill-fated vessel? Oh, no! Again they approached the wreck, and wearied not in their work until every soul on that sinking ship was safe.

The life-boat had been away from Ramsgate for more than six hours, and crowds of people were waiting on the pier, anxiously looking for her return. When, at length, the steamer, which had been sent to help the brave and dauntless sailors, was seen to advance with the life-boat in tow, such a cheer went up from thankful hearts as made the very place re-echo, and as the boat with its rescued and rescuers entered the harbor with the brave boatmen shouting "Saved! All saved!" cheer after cheer again broke from the crowd. Nor did the cheering cease here, for as the intrepid fellows passed along the pier escorted by their loved ones, the joy of the crowd was sent forth again in louder and still louder applause until the very heavens reverberated with the sound.

The boat sent out on this errand of mercy was built on the banks of the river Trent, it was launched on that river, and passed on along its waters until it reached the open sea through the Humber. It was then towed southward to Ramsgate, six miles from the "Goodwins," its destination having been chosen by the people who had subscribed money to build the boat and to maintain its crew.

Mrs. Alice T.
The Tycoon Series.

THE BAND CONCERT.

Several individuals around the school are always indulging in fantastic dreams. Sometimes their dreams become realities, and then they go on dreaming something new. One of these pet dreams became a fact a few nights ago, and now the dreamers are shaking hands with each other. This dream assumed a tangible form, the minute Director G. W. Thatcher and his thirty-five musicians took their places on the auditorium stage on Monday eve., Dec. 19, 1904.

For several years the college has struggled along with a little band of about 15 pieces. Each year the band progressed so far, and that was the last heard of it. But how different this year! We've got a band that is one, in every sense of the word. We are proud of it. We have a band that can play, and play something too, as was well demonstrated at their concert. Great praise is due Prof. Thatcher and his
assistant, Mr. Smith, for their efforts, which have brought us a creditable musical organization. Every one of the "kid" musicians deserves the thanks of the school for his labors, which have been long and constant.

We cannot comment at length on the concert, other than to say that after each succeeding number on the program, the enthusiasm of the audience, which half-filled the Auditorium, increased until pandemonium almost reigned. There was a pretty demonstration during and at the close of the "American Fantasie," the medley of American airs. If this enthusiasm be used as a criterion to judge the band by, the only fair conclusion to be reached is that the A. C. of U. Military Band is the best organization of its kind that Logan and vicinity has seen for several moons.

The program, which was published in the last issue of STUDENT LIFE, was carried out, with the exception of the saxophone quartet selection. This was omitted on account of the illness of Whittemore, a member of the quartet. A vocal selection was rendered instead, by Frank Baugh, and it was very acceptable. The following is the instrumentation of the band:

**Clarinets:** Roy Rudolph, Wm. F. McCloud, Alma C. McClellan, John F. Wright, Alf Crane, Guy Smith, Burton Tuttle.


**Saxophones:** William Lee, Lorin Whittmore, B. F. Eliason.

**Trombones:** J. E. Works, L. D. Stuart, William Bassett.

**Baritone:** Stuart Lee.

**Tenors:** N. S. Lofgreen, R. H. Hansen.

**Altos:** John Stephens, J. A. Armstrong, June Whittmore, Bertram Pond.

**B Flat Bass:** Bernard Jones.

**Tubas:** James Grue, J. S. Powell.

**Tympanies:** Benjamin Carlisle.

**Trabs:** A. W. McKinnon.

**Bass Drum:** B. F. Riter, Jr.

**G. W. Thatcher, Conductor.**

**The Little Tycoon.**

It must be kept in mind that all of the entertainments given by college people this year, have been united under one head and named "The Tycoon Series." Foremost among these entertainments stands the Japanese-American comic opera, "The Little Tycoon," to be given by the musical department under the direction of Prof. G. W. Thatcher.

The plot of this musical fantasia hinges on the desire of Gen. Knickerbocker, one of the old New York Dutch, that his daughter, Violet, shall marry Lord Dolphin, a foreign nobleman. The opening scene of the piece is laid on board of a trans-Atlantic steamer returning from Europe. A company of tourist maidens, under the guiding care of Miss Hurricane, and a company of college boys returning from Eu-
rope, are aboard. Among the passengers are Violet, her father—Lord Dolphin, and Alvin Barry, a young Wall street broker. Alvin is in love with Violet, and she, reciprocating the passion, declines the offer of Lord Dolphin for her hand. The act closes with a ludicrous scene in the custom house, where the effects of the tourists are examined by the U. S. port officials.

The second scene takes place in Gen. Knickerbocker's stylish drawing-room at his villa at Newport. The General still desires that his daughter marry Lord Dolphin, but Violet stands firm for Alvin. In the meanwhile Alvin has enlisted the services of his friend, Rufus Ready, and they devise a scheme to present themselves at Newport. Disguising themselves as Japanese noblemen, and going under the names respectively of Sham, the Tycoon of Japan, and of Gull-Gull, his interpreter, they succeed in entering Gen. Knickerbocker's villa. The deception is carried out until discovered by Violet. This is the beginning of the end, in which Violet has her own way and everybody becomes happy, even Lord Dolphin, who is made so by an unexpected turn of affairs.

As may be seen, this production is no "operine" or cantata, but a regular comic opera. Special stage settings have been ordered, and the costumes will be elaborate. A chorus of 50 will assist, and a 15 piece orchestra will furnish the accompaniment. With the cast that has been selected, and the long, hard work they are doing, it is an even wager that this production will equal, and probably excel anything along this line ever attempted by amateurs in Logan.

The following is the cast selected:

L. H. Booth—Gen. Knickerbocker, one of the Old Time Knickerbockers.
B. F. Eliason—Lord Dolphin, son to the Marchioness of Pullhimback.
June Whittmore—Teddy, Lord Dolphin's Valet.
Minnie Peterson—Miss Hurricane, Chaperon to Tourist-Maidens.
Edna Daniels—Dolly Dimple, Violet's School Friend.
Chorus of Japanese, Hobgoblins, Brigands, Tourists, etc.

She Stoops to Conquer.

In looking through the Tycoon Folder, you will notice that one of the attractions is a comedy by Goldsmith, to be produced by the denizens of the notorious Room 37, where Student Life claims homage. You at once conclude that "She Stoops to Conquer" is to be given by that bunch of ink-splash-
ers and amateur hack writers. When it was decided that Student Life should again venture over the dangerous threshold into amateur theatricals, the question arose as to what play would be the most suitable, and like a lamb being brought to the slaughter, Goldsmith's 18th century success was marched forward and placed upon the sacrificial altar.

You ought to know the principals of the cast well enough to judge the show. Every one of them has had experience along the line of amateur theatricals, with a possible exception of Barrack, and he has sold tickets for an Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. Miss Jacobson, who "made good" as Rosalind last year in "As You Like It," will again appear, and along with her Eliza Peterson will also star. Miss Love was in the Sorosis production of "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" two years ago, and did splendidly in a comedy role. This year she promises even better. Prof. Stuttered (last year's "Hamlet") will do an old man stunt this time. Just keep your eye on him, as you might do with Repete, as he is going to attempt to knock that "rep," his dear little brother made last year, towards the blue dome of Heaven. Kerr and Barrack are a couple of love-sick individuals (we mean in the play) who get into all sorts of trouble, but finally get the girls they want. So they are all right. Riter,—well you see he is the person who wrote this article, and Prof. Upham has volunteered to write six columns about him in the next issue, if he will refrain from throwing bouquets at himself in this write-up.

Keep your ears open for "She Stoops to Conquer," and if you hear a noise down around the Biological Museum that reminds you of a mine explosion, don't get frightened; it is only the peaceful rehearsals going on.

An Apology.

The cartoonist who drew last month's picture of the unknown individual with his shoes off, wishes to state that he is "pratiecal" worried to death on learning that the unknown wore his shoes all the time. Bear Lake Blizzard please copy.
ANNOUNCEMENT.

Inasmuch as the Agricultural College of Utah is a co-educational institution, STUDENT Life has long been contemplating the establishment of a department for women. After carefully investigating the question, it was found that such a department was practicable, and it was accordingly established. The aim of this department will be to aid and assist the young ladies of this school in their work, and their correspondence is earnestly solicited. Below we announce the staff for the Department:

Hearts and Flowers ............

.......... Dr. Mary Walker

(The Question Box.)

The Happy Home .............

........... Caroline C. Nation

(Suggestions for Brides.)

Dresses as they are made.....

............... Galula Ki-Ram

Address all communications to:

The Happy Home.

The Editoress of this column will be glad to hear from any and all brides, or those who will be sometime. Tell her your troubles, and she will help you make the most of them.
Dresses as They are Made.

In reply to numerous requests for a description of the styles of dress which will be proper for evening wear during the coming season of operas and balls, we will state that nothing definite has been decided on. A spectator at the Novelty Theater during the opening performance of the grand opera, "The Old Maid's Revenge, or better take the Joker if you can't get the King," would have been impressed by the fact that several of the spectators belonging to the gentler sex, were displaying for the first time their new gowns. From appearances Pillsburg Best Flour sacks are the favorite material out of which gowns are being made. The style varies greatly, but leading modistes say that most of the gowns are being made a la Topsy, with undertaker's black crepe as a trimming. Jewels are not popular this year, but large tin roosters may be worn as a head-dress. Feathers and horse hair are tabooed by the most elite, but are still worn to funerals. The opera cloak has been dethroned, and instead reigns the Carlart linen jumper. In this connection we quote the opinion of the New York Herald:

"The opera season of 1904-5 promises to reach a higher artistic plane than ever. There is no doubt of this, for the fashionable modistes say they have more orders from their society patrons for superb gowns than they received in any previous year, and that the box-tires will be unusually brilliant this winter. As to what will be the greatest operatic performance of the season there is a difference of opinion. It seems to be an even choice between silk and satin, but rose moire and pailletted chiffon cut on the bias, with three rows of insertion pinned on the sleeve and four tucks of aigrette, hand embroidered in flounces and held in place by the tulle veil of the bride's shower bouquet, a gift from the bridegroom, seems to have the call. This may not be an absolutely correct description, but from a hasty glance at the fashion columns and the opera notes of the day, one gets an idea that something like this will be the greatest operatic performance this season at the Metropolitan. 'How should one dress in a box?' That is easy; in almost any way that is beyond one's means and in any color that will kill the costume in the next loge. A woman who can accomplish that double play should go home happy. 'Is the tenor or soprano the chief attraction in an opera?' The tenor may waft over the footlights his most dulcet mezzo voce con amore appassionata strains. That's all right. The soprano may warble her most enchanting cadenzas and other vocal twirly-gigs in the key of A, or even the key of X, Y, or Z, if she likes. Great applause. Nevertheless, the real feature of the evening takes place when Mrs. X., wearing a couple of new diamond tiaras and a few stomachers of rare
gems, enters her box. That is when the opera really begins."

Hearts and Flowers.

Blanche desires us to tell how to get rid of a young man when he stays after 10 p.m. We usually recommend that he be shown the family album, or be hit in the head with papa’s boot-jack. Either works like a charm.

V. P. B. You ask us to tell how to entertain visitors in Ogden, while sojourning in Logan. “An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.” The next time you leave home, nail a sign on the door telling your friends to remain in Provo.

R. E. M.: Yes, flour and water is very good to mend broken hearts; but Le Page’s glue is more often used, as it leaves no sign of breakage.

L. E. N.: No, it is not proper to ask young men to go to parties this coming year. Try again during another leap year, but be sure you ask the gentleman whom you wish to accompany you to a party, in a crowded hall, where everybody can hear you. He might be offended if you put the question to him in private.

aron: You wish to know how to get your name in Student Life? Some people buy an extra copy and inscribe their name in it, with a lead pencil; others use the “mud” method.

Meenie: You wish to know how to make a dressing sacque. The only way we know is to appropriate a potato sack, cut hole for neck and arms in bottom end, and insert your anatomy.

Evangeline: No, we wouldn’t recommend that you begin a breach of promise suit against the individual you mention. Wait till he makes his pile in the north, then your “haul” will be bigger.

Who Wouldn’t?

Mary Jane is interesting and witty at all times, but because she was particularly so on this particular night, or because I was in a more appreciative mood than usual, or because things were cosy and warm inside, and the opposite outside, or something, I disregarded a lot of things I’ve heard about long calls, and forgot the eight miles and the condition of the roads between me and home, and stayed late. You know how a fellow will.

Well, I drove home through the mud, put Bailey in the barn, ran the rig into the shed, and after I got the frost out and two pieces of pie and a bowl of milk from the pantry in, I went to bed, happy.

In a few minutes, and about in
the middle of a very nice dream. Dad came into my room and scattered it,—the dream, I mean,—and told me that the hired man hadn’t “showed up.” Now the masons were about out of rock, and two men out at the quarry would be waiting for the team to come out with the tools; so instead of the office and five hours beginning at ten o’clock, I was “up against” heavy rock for ten hours, beginning at seven.

She thinks that profanity, even where a man is alone, is very unmanly and very much not to be tolerated under any circumstances, and I care what she thinks; so I didn’t swear very vigorously,—just consigned the man mildly to where he belonged, made a few general remarks on luck and “got busy.”

Right then is when things began to be tangled. I climbed into the barn to feed the horses, and bumped my head on a cross beam until I saw blue and red pyrotechnics for five minutes; and then slipped through a hay hole and skinned my left shin for nine inches. Then I got down and turned the horses out to water when I should have led them, and before they were in again, Dad’s pet lawn, which was wet, had big deep horse tracks in it and the board walk was broken in seven places. I was out of breath until stars became visible again. I leaned against the barn and counted ten thirteen times, but the cook shut the back door and closed the kitchen window, any way. The rock wagon was loaded, so I hunted my old gloves, wet my head at the hydrant, and began on it.

I pinched one finger nail purple, dropped a 750 pound rock on my foot, and a plank tipped up and let me off the wagon backwards; but I got in to breakfast in time for prayers. The breakfast wasn’t bad, but I burned myself on the coffe, and my appetite had been sadly upset by the unusual exercise and had gone out of business, and you know how a lot of pious looks will get on your nerves when you feel just right.

After breakfast, I went to my room, put on my overalls and leggings, stuck my pet pipe and some “Old English” into a seat pocket, and went to the barn to harness up. Now Nell (named after an old sweetheart who married the other fellow) is a bald-faced, vel­vet-eyed maiden of the horse family, and is “eternally feminine” enough to take advantage of you every time she gets a chance. She was in a narrow stall, and when I walked in with the collar, she braced her feet against the other side and began squeezing me, (the feminine again). My bony places fitted the knots and nails in the wall exactly, and with a 1200 pound horse pushing against you, you can feel such things pretty plainly, I didn’t swear because I couldn’t get air enough to run my vocal apparatus, but I wanted to, when I felt that pipe go to pieces.

It took me just five minutes to wiggle down the wall far enough so I could get lift enough to push her
away. Then I jumped on the man- 
ger. She pulled back and things 
gave away, leaving me in the air. 
This didn't last long, and I came 
down wrong side up on some splin- 
ters and sharp-edged planks, and 
some more splinters and sharp- 
edged planks came down on me. 
Right away after this I went into 
the yard, cornered the brute, caught 
her, and talked to her with a wagon 
spoke and a lot of language 
I learned on a cow ranch—strange, 
outlandish things which I thought I 
had forgotten. I also composed var- 
iations on some of this, and in a 
few minutes, the mare and I un- 
derstood each other perfectly. Then 
I wiped the dirt from the eye that 
wasn't swelled shut, and saw stand- 
ing on the sidewalk, with her mouth 
open and her hands up, Mary 
Jane's sister, and I had blue visions 
of life without Sunday nights. 
Just then the hired man came. 
He very wisely kept his mouth 
shut, and I turned things over to 
him, and went to see the doctor. 
You may not believe it, but I've al- 
most succeeded in convincing Mary 
Jane that there are times when a 
fellow just has to express himself, 
and she is really sorry my eye is 
black. 

The Library Card Catalogue.

The card catalogue of the library 
of the Agricultural college was be- 
gun in September, 1903. About 
two-thirds of the books in the li- 
brary have been catalogued, includ- 
ing the classes: 
900—History (exc. 920 biog- 
ography). 
800—Literature. 
A-Z—Fiction. 
700—Arts, fine. 
600—Arts, useful (partially fin- 
ished). 
300—Sociology. 
000—Periodicals and bibliog- 
raphy. 
The catalogue will probably be 
completed by June, 1905. It has 
been compiled particularly for those 
who use the library. The readers 
will find it of valuable service. The 
following will explain its use. 
This card catalogue is a dicton- 
ary catalogue of the books in the 
Agricultural College Library. It 
answers the following questions: 
Has the library a book by a given 
author? 
Has the library a book by a given 
title? 
Has the library material on a 
given subject? 
Each book in the library is rep- 
resented in the catalogue by at least 
one card under the author's name, 
and usually by cards under the ti- 
tle and one or more subject head- 

ings.
The authors, subjects and titles are arranged in one alphabet like the words in a dictionary; thus books may be found under the last name of the author, the first word of the title not an article, and under the name of the subject of which the book treats.

Example: Nansen’s “Farthest North” may be found under Nansen, the author; under “Farthest North, the title; and under Arctic Regions, the subject.

For all works by or about an author, look under his name.

The material contained on a catalogue card is that found on the title page of the book: Author’s name, title of the book, and the imprint. The latter consists of the bibliographic information, as number of volumes or if one volume, the number of pages, the illustrations, size, place and date of publication. The following abbreviations for these terms are used.

v.—volume.
p.—page.
il.—illustrations.
pl.—plates.
por.—portraits.
o.—octavo (size).
q.—quarto.
f.—folio.
T. & S.—(smaller books).

The subject-headings on the subject cards are written in red ink to distinguish them from the author and title cards.

The letters and figures in the upper left corner of each card represent the call number, and show to what class the book belongs, and where it may be found on the shelf. The books are arranged on the shelves in numerical order from 100 to 900, and under each number alphabetically by author. The character “x” preceding the call number indicates that the book is a large book and may not be placed in its exact place on the shelf but on a lower shelf.

The Sorosis Christmas Party.

The Dutch Christmas party, given by the Sorosis Society in the College gymnasium Dec. 19, was certainly something new and interesting. The decorations showed considerable skill as well as work on the part of the girls. Here and there around the room were inviting cozy corners and directly opposite the door was a large, old-fashioned fire place with its mantle clock and rows of stockings. At one end stood a Christmas tree, containing numerous surprises for the girls in the shape of gifts, useful as well as ornamental. Red bunting and evergreens were used to carry out the evening’s color scheme.

From one corner of the room, a buffet luncheon was served consisting of famous Dutch cocoa, rye bread sandwiches and cheese. This phase of the entertainment was very popular.

About eleven-thirty, Santa Claus appeared with his large bag of pop
corn balls which were freely distributed among the guests. By no means the least artistic and attractive of the decorations were the girls themselves, in Dutch costumes of red and white. They made very delightful hostesses.

The chaperones of the evening were Mrs. Styer, Bexell and Snowden.

The entire party proved a success and the girls were well pleased with the appreciation shown.

The Women's League

The large number of members in attendance at the meeting of the Women’s League, held Dec. 14, in the Women’s Gymnasium, bears witness to the interest taken in this new organization. A brief literary and musical program was followed by a short business meeting, in which it was decided to hold hereafter on the second Tuesday of each month, a combined social and business meeting. Miss Elizabeth Smith was elected vice president of the League to fill the vacancy caused by the withdrawal of Miss Tillie Gardner.

After a number of “guessing games” with appropriate punishments for wrong guesses, refreshments were served. Then someone struck up a lively tune on the piano, and for a few minutes before separating for the night, the girls enjoyed their favorite amusement. All reported a delightful afternoon.

"Who will be my Valentine?" is now and for the next month will be, the all-important question of every aggressive member of the Women's League.

At the last regular meeting, held Jan. 10, the League decided that it is not good for woman to be alone —on Valentine night, and, to avoid such a calamity, resolved to invite all of the gentlemen of the College, students and members of the faculty, to join its members in an informal reception to be held in the gymnasium, Tuesday evening, Feb. 14, from seven to ten o'clock. Note the day and hours and come—on time.
Editorial.

Chrony vs. Georgia.

In the last issued of the Chronicle, Chrony works himself into a passion and gives Georgia of the White and Blue to understand that she can no longer play in his back yard.

It happened thusly. Georgia took occasion to tell Chrony that an acknowledgment of defeat that appeared in the Aggie paper was a cleverer article than an announcement of victory written in the same style, that appeared in Chrony's columns some time later. She also gave him a few directions, not at all inappropriate, about conduct-

ing a paper. Alas for Georgia; Chrony became real rude. He called her a mudslinger, said she was jealous because his school won a track meet last year, said she must have a very dear friend on the staff of the Aggie sheet, pulled her hair and told her she went to a village school while he attended a University, and worst of infamy, accused her school of being no better than that other village institution, the Agricultural College.

Poor Georgia! you have our sincere sympathy in your hour of distress. We value the compliment you paid us highly, and we hope that Chrony's ruffled feathers will have settled before he appears with another issue.

Too bad the dear boy has such an awful temper.
Governor Cutler.

After nearly nine years of faithful and capable service as governor of Utah, Heber M. Wells retires from public office. His administration marks an era of good government, sound policies in state affairs, and general prosperity.

His successor, Governor Cutler, entered upon his official duties at the close of the inaugural ceremonies held in the senate chamber on the second day of this month. Governor Cutler’s address was short but clear-cut, and characterized by his usual earnestness. He reviewed briefly the resources of the state, giving special attention to our agricultural, mining and manufacturing industries. The Governor expressed his deep interest in the educational system of the state, recognizing the necessity of full equipment and thorough systems of instruction.

As our chief executive, Governor
Cutler promises his careful, candid, and prompt consideration to all questions of public interest and matters affecting the state.

For Alumni Only.

Truth sometimes hurts; in fact it usually does, but the truth, nevertheless, has occasionally to be told. A chronic kicker also hurts, generally those around; but even he can occasionally be justified. A kicking mule, once in a great while, kicks somebody who deserves it.

We feel we owe this slight explanation for again springing on our readers a subject that has been dished out to them regularly once a year since our paper was born, that subject being the support given STUDENT LIFE by members of the alumni.

Why should a college paper that is not absolutely bad, for we won't admit ourselves the weakest paper on the continent, count on its subscription list, from an alumni list of nearly three hundred, less than a dozen subscribers? Is it after all because the paper is not what it should be? If some aggrieved member, who is holding off on this account, will kindly offer us a few suggestions, we will cheerfully accept and act on them.

Or is it because when our graduates put their pins on their coats, their sheepskins in their trunks, and mix up in the strenuous life, the sordid influences cause them to care no more, to attempt to forget that place where four of the happiest years of their lives were spent? We think not.

Or, is it because our graduates are Agricultural College graduates and can it be that an Agricultural College graduate is not a college man, and cannot appreciate, can not understand what a college paper stands for? Is an Agricultural College, after all, too material? We hope not.

Department Notes.

Domestic Science.

An elaborate Christmas dinner was served in the college dining-room, December the twenty-second, by Miss Fisher and Miss Rudolph. The Christmas colors, red and green, were cleverly used in the decorations. Evergreens made a simple but effective decoration for the room, with here and there a touch of red. Above the table hung "Merry Christmas Bells" done in red paper, and below them, as a center piece, was a candelabrum set in a circle of holly. Red ribbons, stretched from corner to corner, added a touch of color to the table, and the soft light from the red shaded lamps gave to the
whole a pleasing suggestion of warmth and good cheer.

The guests for whom the dinner was served were: President and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Riter, and Miss Carpenter. The menu given below speaks for itself and for the entertainment of the guests.

Oyster Cocktail,
Brown Bread Sandwiches.
Consomme Bread Fingers
Celery, Olives,
Salted Almonds.
Halibut Cutlets, Hollandaise Sauce,
Potato Patties, Parkerhouse Biscuits,
Baked Bananas,
Roast Goose, Giblet Sauce,
Sweet Potato Croquettes,
Baked Apples Stuffed with Dares,
Ice.
Waldorf Salad in Red Apple Cups,
Sweet Wafers.
Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce,
Nuts, Coffee, Bon Bons.

Music.

The friends of Miss Luella Nebeker will be pleased to learn that she is recovering; and hope that she will soon be able to resume her work on the piano.

Remember we have an orchestra and support it by attending the matinees.

Perhaps some wonder where the piano pupils are. Well, there are some, and before many weeks the advanced piano pupils, under the instruction of Mrs. Sloan, are going to give a recital. So watch for announcement.

Director Thatcher has been suffering from a severe attack of la grippe, but he is able to return after the holidays to resume his work.

Prep.—(looking toward the company) I wonder if they will serve punch tonight.

Some of the band boys blew so hard on their instruments on the night of their concert that Director Thatcher was under the necessity of sending some instruments away to be tuned.

Do you know we have a mandolin and guitar club? Mrs. Limartz will probably surprise the students by having it appear at chapel exercises at some future time.

Agriculture.

The students registered in the winter dairy course are all owners or managers of creameries. Last year one man increased his profits five dollars per day by taking this course. It is gratifying to note that our creamery men appreciate the advantages of the course.

Mr. Clos, a graduate of agricultural colleges in France and Switzerland recently visited the college. While here, he gave a very interesting lecture on Agriculture in Europe, before the Agricultural club. He was received by a large and appreciative audience.

The Agricultural Club held an open meeting on the 16th, after
STUDENT LIFE.

which they will entertain in the gym. There will be dancing and refreshments.

The professors in agriculture endeavor to reach the people through every medium possible. Dr. Widtsoe wrote a very strong article on his favorite topic, "Arid Farming," for the Christmas News.

Prof. Merrill wrote for the New Year's edition of the Salt Lake Tribune upon the same subject, and another creditable article on general farming for the Herald.

Prof. Ball is to address the Northwestern Fruit Growers' Association, which meets in Boise Jan. 16-18. Other members of the faculty will probably attend.

Engineering.

A meeting of the Engineering and Mechanic Arts students was held before holidays, and the department became organized. The following officers were elected: J. H. Tuttle, President; I. Allred, Secretary; J. W. Phillips, Captain.

We are now united and can work as a unit in our athletic work and consider challenges from other departments of the school.

The department is growing rapidly. The largest class-room of the college was occupied at this meeting, and there was barely standing room for those present. With such a body of fellows all interested in the athletic success of the department, there is no reason why the Engineers and Mechanic Arts should not make a good showing in track work next spring.

The first meeting of the Engineering Society during this school year was held Friday, Jan. 6th. A number of new members were taken in and new officers were elected as follows: President, J. H. Smith; Vice Pres., I. Allred; Secretary, Heber Carver; Treasurer, J. Phillips. Regular meetings of the society will now be held.

An interesting course of lectures will be given, by prominent engineering men of the state, under the auspices of the society. The lectures will all be well worth attending. We extend to all those interested in Engineering work an invitation to attend.

Commerce.

The School of Commerce lamented the loss of one of its long employed and worthy teachers, Mr. Bankhead. He has accepted a position with the C. W. & M. Co. of this city. We wish Mr. Bankhead success in his new work.

Mr. Horace Kerr now has charge of the afternoon sections in Penmanship.

At a recent meeting of the Commercial Club Mr. Mortensen was elected captain and Mr. Findlay manager of the track team.

The Club met Saturday, Jan. 7, and elected the following officers: A. B. Olsen, President; William McKnight, Vice President; "Bel" Pratt, Secretary; A. D. Skeen, Treasurer; E. C. Edwards, Sergeant-at-Arms.
Exit 1904.
Enter 1905.

Father Time also has the “hurry up” habit.

How many good resolutions did you make?

Some people use the same set of resolutions each New Year.

Did you bring back the winter course student that you promised you would, or did you just manage to bring yourself back?

This is the time of the year that the thermometer fiends find joy.

The school fraternities held huge “blowouts” previous to the holiday vacation.

The “King’s Overalls” came off first, at the band concert. So say the preps.

The band instruments have been changed to low pitch. Our band is the only amateur one in the state that has made the change.

The new skating rink in town, brings to some of us memories of our rink that wasn’t.

Read the exchanges on the reserve shelf in the library, and find out what is going on in the college world.

Read the women’s department in this issue. It is worth while.

Eunice didn’t get the piano, in the recent Republican popular lady contest.

One of our venerable Professors expressed his disgust at the STUDENT LIFE sign, but nevertheless he still favors us with his “absence reports.” Ten were found, when we last opened out contribution box.

We want to congratulate the surveying class on their work in locating the new electric line on the college grounds. Even if they did spend the whole afternoon at the work, they have the satisfaction of knowing that the post holes were scientifically and mathematically correct.

When Frank James made his recent stop in Logan, both the Pinkerton and Sherlock Holmes detective bureaus were on the alert for fear a radiator or a brick wall would be pilfered.

Willie Guy Pyle wishes to announce that his “go devil” schooner is now in working order. The lady instructor, who was so effectually “treen” last winter, had better take warning and remain in doors.

Some people are so busy regulating the government, that they don’t have time to do their chores.
For the benefit of the 60 per cent of the students who evidently entered “sleepy hollow,” we will announce that there was a band concert on Monday, Dec. 19, 1904.

Skating and sleighing parties are favorite pastimes for the students.

Howell is looking for a good, easy position. He says he would like to be “draft” clerk at a bank. Opening and shutting the doors is pretty hard work, old man.

With U. of U. Chronicle and the Hyde Park correspondent to the Logan Journal, venting their pent-up ire on the school, things are looking up for a strenuous time. The Hyde Park ink splasher is thinking of putting the brass military band of his town against our poor little organization, and the ‘Varsity denizens want the unsophisticated legislators to pass the Aggies up. Can anybody around here lead an old fashioned revival? We see hope in that direction.

The first term is almost gone, and the mid-year examinations are about to arrive. Such expressions as “flunk,” “exam” and “grind” are now popular.

Ray H. Fisher, ’04, came in from Louisville, Idaho, where he has been teaching the young idea how to shoot. He spent a day or two at school.

L. R. Annett, the French horn artist of last year’s band and orchestra, has arrived, and now holds down his old place in this year’s organizations.

Some of our students were heard to ask whether the “skates” at the new rink in town were for rent by the pair or quart?

Two weeks after A. T. Jones had been laid in the grave, a brother and a sister followed him. It is a strange fatality in this family, and the sympathy of the A. C. of U. goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

One of the pretty features of the band concert was the way the medley of American airs was received by the audience. We refer especially to the time when the band played “Maryland.” This brought the audience to their feet, as they not only recognized it as the old southern melody, but also as our most popular college song.

Mrs. Smith, mother of Miss Smith, our librarian, visited her daughter during the holidays.

One of the local papers refused to print the picture of our band, but in place they ran on their front page a miserable excuse for a picture of some Countess Neverpay-asyvougo, who was ward over an orphan’s home or something of that sort, in Lonesomehurst, New Zealand. We are still trying to figure out why the preference.

We want to say a word or two about the local department. Some of the students have got it into their heads that a local department on the college paper spells “mud.” They think the department is established for the purpose of dealing out “bunches” to certain individ-
uals in the school. According to this belief if A “has it in” for B. (excuse the slang, but that’s the expression), all A has to do to even up his score with B, is to write some mean and ugly “local” concerning B, and the poor local editor is compelled to publish it, for no reason other than that the work of the department is to further the spiteful nature which is possessed by some depraved human beings. The local department of STUDENT LIFE never did stand for this and it is safe to say it never will. During the last three months, any amount of these “spite” locals have been received, and in every instance they have been dumped into the waste-basket. The locals that have appeared, were published in the spirit of friendship and good fellowship.

Next month, February, the state legislature makes its usual trip to Logan and to the Agricultural College. A warm welcome is awaiting it, and the Domestic Science Department is already preparing for the big dinner and banquet that is to be served.

The Logan City Council recently recommended that a tract of land belonging to the city, be deeded to the college. This land is situated immediately south of the Mechanic Arts Building. According to the plans, the state legislature will be asked for an appropriation for the purpose of erecting a hydraulic laboratory. If the necessary funds are secured this new building will be erected on the newly-acquired property.

‘Arry’s Sanctum or Pluto’s Realm came near being the scene of a blood-thirsty, gory encounter between the Supt. of Steam Heating and Public Morals and a poor unsophisticated individual, whose sufferings from Nature’s cold, wintry blasts were so intense, that he was compelled to ask aid of ‘Arry, in the form of a bucket of Black Diamonds. The kindly superintendent is said to have been indulging in the pleasant pastime of “shinning” the flag pole on the roof, when his brother’s “toot-toot” resounded in a melodious manner. Down the stairs came the “man of affairs” like the memorable six-hundred, and entered the sanctum on the “hurry-up” jump. When the coal seeking individual did the Hindoo stunt on his knees, and prayed that his request be granted, the Supt., Chief of Police, detective, etc., laid hold of a shovel, and, well, the “Tattler” didn’t tell us the rest.
We gave thanks when the football season was over, not because foot-ball material isn't good material for a college paper, but because we wanted a change. Now, "Odes to Faculty Stockings," poems that end, not cleverly, the way you don't think they are going to, and an excess of impossible Christmas stories, make us sorry that we gave thanks.

The Doane Owl from Crete, Neb., comes to us for the first time. Over half the space is devoted to the history and doings of the "Owl" in past years. The small amount of remaining material is well handled.

When we criticise a paper, we are not issuing a challenge to a duel. We are only giving other papers that which we are glad to receive for our own, and for which, when it is honest criticism, and not petty squabble, we are grateful.

"The Christmas Stylus" contains an appreciation of Nye and Riley that will interest anyone who has read the works of these great pleasure makers.

Everything in the William and Mary Literary Magazine for January is readable.

The Red and Black for Christmas comes out with an exceptionally clever cover design. A cartoon of a rougishly sweet child, holding a piece of mistletoe above her head, is the center piece.

"The Man Who Sawed" in the Peabody Record is a good one. Read it.

Wyoming Student contains a story "The Butterfly Chaser" and a poem "Prayer" that are excellent. Much of its other material is above the average.

The following exchanges are additional to the list in last issue:

High School Budget—Gainsville, Tex.
The Pharos—Proctor Academy, Provo, Utah.
The Nugget—Baker City (Ore.) University Hatchet — George Washington University, Wash., D. C.
Baylor Literary—Waco, Tex.
White and Blue—B. Y. U., Provo, Utah.
Bethany Messenger—Bethany College, Lindsboro, Kan.
Sun Flower—Fairmount College, Wichita, Kan.
The Acorn—Weber Stake Academy, Ogden, Utah.
Peabody Record—U. of Nashville.
STUDENT LIFE.

BEFORE EXAMS.

"O Lord of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget."

AFTER EXAMS.

The Lord of Hosts was with us not, For we forgot, for we forgot. Baylor Literary.

Book agent—"Uncle, I'd like to sell you a new encyclopedia."

Uncle Swayback—"Wa-al, I'm sure I'd like ter hev one, but I'm a little afeard I'm too old to ride the thing."

—Observer.

Bobbie: Mamma, am I a lad? Yes, Bobbie. And is my new papa my stepfather? Yes.

Then am I his step-ladder? Observer.

German Instructor (to laggard student)—How is it you are so soon of late? You used to be behind before; and now you are first at last.—Ex.

Stella—Jack and I are to be married.

Bella—What freak election bets men do make!

Coyote Cal—Goin' to the fandango tonight?

Tucson Tom—Naw; it's a full dress affair and I've lost one of my spurs.—Red and Black.

He: My heart is burning for you.

She: Oh! that reminds me, I left my bread in the oven.

Observer.

She—"Yes I had a glorious time last summer. Four college chums and I took a tramp through the Adirondacks."

He—"Did the tramp have a good time?"—Stylus.

"It is a problem to know whether one should get married or stay single."

"That is nothing to the problem whether to stay married or get single."—Washington Life.

Statistics, gathered from sixty of the largest colleges and universities in the United States, show that among the 22,766 foot-ball players at these institutions, in the past ten years there have been only three deaths and eight serious injuries from football. Compared with the fatality incident to many of our most popular sports the results are very favorable for football.

Stylus.

Silliman—I gave her a beautiful pair of jeweled garter clasps for a Christmas present.

Uncle—Well, that's the last you'll see of them, me boy.—Town Topics.

There are in the United States 15,925,887 pupils enrolled. Nevada has the fewest, 6,952. Ohio and thirteen other states have over 400,000.

The average percentage of enrollment to population is 20.28.

The percentage of school population enrolled is 71.54.

The highest is Idaho, 89.2.

—Journal of Education.