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The Founder of Our National Finance.

When Washington was one day conversing with Robert Morris about the finance of the country, he asked, “What shall we do with our heavy national debt?”—to which Morris replied: “There is but one man in the United States who can tell you—he is Alexander Hamilton. He is the one man fitted by studies and ability to create a public credit, and bring the resources of the country into active efficiency.”

This national and international fame was acquired in an incredibly short time. But seventeen years before, at the age of thirteen, he was an office boy in a West Indian counting house. During those seventeen years he had accomplished more than most men accomplish in a life time. Left on his own resources, through the financial embarrassment of his father, he made his way from the West Indies to New York. Here he studied at Columbia, then King’s College, until he joined the militia of New York in its first company of artillery employed in the continental service. He became Washington’s private secretary in 1777 and was given a command just before the surrender of Cornwallis.

During his military service, he not only displayed bravery and patriotism in the field, and an accurate and comprehensive knowledge of the theory and art of war, but he found time to analyze the fundamental needs of the army; to expose the inherent defects of the confederation in a series of papers known as the Continentalist; to outline an adequate and permanent form of government; and, above all, to mature and complete a scheme of national finance, including a national bank. These plans are embodied in a series of letters written to his friends, James Duane and Robert Morris, and may justly be termed the principia of the American government.

Hamilton’s legal triumph in Albany and New York after the war, and his early contests with his professional and political rival, Aaron Burr, are among the most interesting chapters in his life, but they must be omitted here. Lord characterizes the two men as “rivals at the bar and in political aspirations. The legal career of both was eclipsed by their political labors. The lawyer in Hamilton’s case was lost in the statesman and in Burr’s in the politician.”

Hamilton’s public career really began as a delegate to the constitutional convention at Philadelphia in 1787. In this illustrious assembly
he was at once the wisest counselor and the ablest debater. He not only favored all the great principles embodied in the constitution; but he was the first propounder of most of them. And the subsequent modifications and changes in the constitution have been in conformity with his policy. He stood for a strong central government, with adequate powers not only to make, but to execute and administer its laws. No subject created more bitter controversy in the convention than the subject of taxation. It was Hamilton's wise counsel and eloquent arguments in speech and press which shaped the wise financial policy in the constitution.

Guizot gives the following tribute to Hamilton's genius: "There is not in the constitution of the United States an element of order, of force, of duration, to which he did not powerfully contribute."

But it was in finance Hamilton was destined to shine with the brightest lustre. It is true that his genius had an exceptional opportunity, but no man ever measured more fully up to his opportunities than he. To him belongs the credit of creating our national finance and credit. It was his genius and originality which organized the Treasury Department so completely that no important change has been made since.

Robert Morris defined the function of National Finance in his statement to Washington regarding Hamilton's abilities. The function is four fold: to determine the necessary expenditures of the government; to find ways and means to meet these expenditures, or, in other words, "to bring the resources of the country into active efficiency," to regulate the circulating media, and to maintain the public credit. This was the task Hamilton was called upon to perform when he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury under Washington. The magnitude of his task will be realized when we consider that with only four millions of people there was a national and state debt of nearly one-hundred-seventy millions of dollars with no certain source of income.

The condition of the national treasury during the war is forcibly explained in a letter written by Quartermaster General Charles Pet-rit, in 1780. He says: "The Continental Treasury is wretchedly poor, and affords so little, or at least so little comes from it to me, that I have no money at command on the most pressing emergencies."

Regarding his own observations, Hamilton wrote about the same time: "I find our prospects are infinitely worse than they have been at any period of the war. and, unless some expedient can be instantly adopted, a dissolution of the army for want of subsistence is unavoidable."

The currency had become so entirely debased that to express utter worthlessness, the phrase "not worth a continental dollar" became current. Banking was almost unknown, there being at that time
only three banks in the thirteen colonies, with a combined capital of two million dollars.

Hamilton laid down two maxims as the foundation of his financial policy, which have become classic in national finance. First: the creation of a debt must always be accompanied by means for its extinguishment. Second: the government is bound to a literal fulfillment of its contracts.

The public debt consisted of two parts, domestic and foreign. The first proved to be the most troublesome. The foreign debt was definite as to amount and no question arose as to its payment. But the domestic debt was by no means certain either as to amount or creditors. It consisted of three branches: Expenses for the continental congress; for the war of the Revolution; and for maintaining the government.

A large share of the domestic debt consisted of evidences of various kinds in the hands of creditors, which had been obtained at considerable discounts. Two questions arose concerning them: Should the government pay more than the holder paid for them? and if it should pay more, ought it not to pay the difference to the original holder? Hamilton contended that the government should pay the full value and to the present holder. In the discussion that followed the announcement of these principles, Jefferson and Adams differed from Hamilton, but his views prevailed. Having ascertained at least a close approximation of the public debt, and estimated the probable expenditures of the government, the next, and more difficult task, was to inaugurate a system of taxation which would yield a certain and steady income.

Hamilton was the father of the American Protective Tariff. His views on taxation may be summed up in the following principles: America must for a long time depend for means of revenue on import duties; the genius of the people would resent excise laws and taxes on real estate; and no other method of taxing personal property is feasible than by the imperceptible agency of taxes on consumption. In his twelfth letter "To the people of the State of New York," in the Federalist, he not only lays down these broad principles which lie at the foundation of our system of federal taxation, but he outlines with remarkable clearness in what manner the revenue should be collected. He makes the question of public revenue one of his strongest arguments for Union. "Tax laws," he says, "have in vain been multiplied by the individual states, new methods for enforcing tax collection have been tried and failed, and the treasuries have remained empty. And, unless all the states unite to control all sources of revenue, public and private distress will keep pace with each other in gloomy concert, and unite in the infatuation of those counsels which led to disunion."

His success as Secretary of the
Treasury is best described in Webster's words "He smote the rock of national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the corpse of the public credit and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jupiter was hardly more sudden than the financial system of the United States, as it burst from the conception of Alexander Hamilton."

Among the great monuments which Hamilton erected to his memory, are two of the early American Banks. The Bank of New York was founded by Hamilton in 1784 as a protest against Chancellor Livingston's land bank. The latter based its circulation on landed security, a basis which has always proved unsuccessful, while the new bank was to be a "money" bank, i.e. its circulation was to be secured by specie. No one understood the function and the true nature of a bank better than Hamilton. He saw clearly how banking may serve as a manufactory of credit, and how it economizes the use of capital. He saw how by a safe reserve and by reputation for honesty and integrity a bank can loan its own notes up to three or four times the amount of its capital. But he understood also that the resources of a bank must at all times be convertible into specie and that all objections must be met in the existing standard on demand. All these principles have prevailed in The Bank of New York, and it stands today, one-hundred-twenty years old, a monument of sound principles and practice in banking.

The First Bank of the United States was one of the financial measures through which Hamilton sought to bind the people and the Union together. It was modelled largely after the Bank of England. The government became a one-fifth shareholder in the bank. It was a great financial as well as political success. It contributed considerable revenue to the national treasury, but, above all, it served as guardian of the public credit and a regulator of the currency by maintaining the highest standard of commercial honor. It finally became a football of politics and the nation lost a useful public servant by political intrigues. In our own day of financial theories, bank failures and panics, statesmen are reminded of the solidity and usefulness of foreign state banks and their branch systems upon which the first and second bank of the United States were founded, and wonder if our national banking has not wandered from first principles. A confederacy of banks is hardly less objectionable and weak than a confederacy of states. A strong central bank, the head of all the national banks, invested with exclusive power of note issue and the custodian of the government funds could maintain public confidence on a general bank reserve of 5 per cent, whereas now from 15 to 25 per cent must be locked up in the bank vaults.

"Hamilton possessed every gen-
tlemally quality," says his biographer. "brave, generous, frank, dignified, sincere, and affectionate in his domestic relations. His sad end is too well known to need repetition. The murderous bullet of his political rival, Aaron Burr, struck him down at the age of forty-seven, an age when most public men begin to achieve fame. Says Lord, "He died with no decline of popularity, in the prime of life, with a brilliant future before him."

At the head of Wall Street in Trinity Churchyard, a massive monument bears the following testimony at his final resting place:

"To the memory of Alexander Hamilton, the corporation of Trinity Church has erected this monument, in test of their respect, for the patriot of incorruptible integrity; the soldier of approved valor, the statesman of consummate wisdom, whose talents and virtues will be admired by grateful posterity long after this marble shall have mouldered in the dust."

J. A. Bexell.

When Time Goes Slowly.

Seasons, years, and lifetimes are made up of days, many of them, but it seemed to Bill that this one day was made up of lifetimes and ages before it was ten o'clock.

An early start got him miles out on the Desert before sunrise. He had hoped to escape the terrific heat of mid-day by getting to the mountains across the desert in the cool of the morning.

Just after sunrise a coyote awoke from a morning nap in the sagebrush near the trail and was so reluctant about leaving the vicinity in the hurried manner you learn to expect in coyotes at such times, that Bill put spurs to his horse and began emptying his sixshooter at him. Just as he gripped his gun for the last shot he felt the horse sink from under him. He struck the ground with awful force, on his head and shoulders, felt the great crushing weight of the horse strike his body, and forgot things.

He regained consciousness when the sun was not much higher. The horse was gone. His dazed brain told him that his shoulder was broken, because the bones grated upon one another when he tried to move, but he gritted his teeth, for a long time trying to account for the heavy feeling in his legs. Finally he concluded that his back must be hurt. He was lying on the broken shoulder and the pain was terrible, but his brain worked slowly, oh so slowly, when he tried to devise a
plan to move to a more comfortable position. After what seemed a year, he thought about grasping a sage brush with his uninjured hand and pulling himself over. He wondered blankly why it had taken him so long to think of the plan when the brush was right before his eyes. He reached for it and missed it, tried again and caught it. It was difficult to make his hand close on it, and, when he pulled, the pain became so much greater that he groaned aloud and stopped with the weight of his body still on the broken shoulder. He closed his eyes and called himself a baby, weakly, over and over, for a long time.

Then the shoulder began to grow numb and throb awfully. But his head began to grow clearer, and the realization that it was growing clearer made him strangely happy in spite of his pain. He laughed feebly at his weakness of a while ago and pulled himself over on his face. It hurt him so that he began to forget again. And he lay in this position until the heat began to trouble him greatly, and he became thirsty. His canteen had been slung over his shoulder, so he raised himself up on his arm to look for it. He could see it through an opening in the brush at his right and he pulled himself towards it by grasping the brush and wiggling his body and lifeless legs, but his progress was slow and the canteen seemed only to get farther away. After many rests he reached it, and with much difficulty got a long cool drink.

When he had finished he laid his hot head on it, and the thought struck him for the first time that he was in a decidedly bad fix, and that unless help came he would perhaps after a long time, die there, and that the chances that help would come were very slim. If any one crossed the desert they might take fifty trails besides the one he had taken, and even if they took the one he came on, they would pass him without seeing him. Still he could perhaps hear them and could call to them. He wanted to make sure that he could call if anyone came, so he rose up and made an effort to shout, but it seemed to loosen the top of his aching skull and he laid his head on the canteen again. He cursed fearfully at the heat. It would burn him alive at noon. Why didn't somebody come? He was afraid his voice would fail when he needed it, and he thought of signals of distress put up by shipwrecked sailors. After many tedious failures, he placed a red handkerchief in the top of a sagebrush growing at his head, and moving his head and the canteen into the little spot of shade it made, he rested again.

Then the flies began to come, one at first, then another, then hundreds of them. They came back into his face faster than he could brush them off, soft, spitefully clinging, devilish, and ate at the flesh where the skin had been torn off in the fall. He fought with his uninjured arm until it would no longer move. He wondered why the sun's rays did not set the flies...
wings on fire. The throbbing in his head and shoulder began to feel like blows from sledge hammers and he fell to cursing excitedly, the sun, the coyote, his horse, and the luck that forced him to come out alone. Then a fly walked across his bare eye-ball and he was unable to wink him away, so he closed the eye with his fingers. He tried for another drink but was too weak. Then he slowly forgot the terrible heat and the swarms of hellish flies, and went to sleep.

His horse came running back to the ranch and we guessed from the dirt on the saddle what had happened. We saddled up at once, separated and rode out into the big flat on many trails. I got sight of the red handkerchief about noon, and fired my Colts half a dozen times. This brought the buck-board and we got the poor fellow to a doctor and the hospital as quickly as possible.

It was months before he got well and came back to us, but he swears that he wasn't in the hospital half as long as he was out there in the sagebrush.


daub er.

Shakespeare on College Life.

The college world's a stage
And all the simple students merely players:
They have their penums and conditionals,
And one man in his course works many bluffs,
His chief roles being seven. The prep. boy first,
Mouthing and mocking at the masters' backs;
The Freshman next, with weary, ashen face,
Creeping by back lanes to the eating club;
Then the Sophomore, smoking like a furnace.
Sad sight; but one year gone he was a Freshman.
Then the Junior, staid and dignified.
The college man! Yet, groomed in all his glory,
Seeking to lose a Freshman year condition,
Even at the Dean's back door. The Senior next.
Capacious head with varied knowledge lined,
Full of old customs which are out of date.
And so they graduate. The next age slips
Into the goggled, stooping, thin P. G.
His youthful joys forgot, a world too gay
For his dull grind. Last, saddest of all—
The poor old grad., out in the wide, wide world,
Dreaming of happy days that come no more,
Sans pipe, sans bowl, sans song, sans everything.
—C. G. B. in Tiger.
"Yes," quoth Oliver, as he ceased flying, drew in his pink wings and took a position of vantage, "they are going to produce my play, those youngsters, that 37 crowd for whom our friend below is arranging special reception ceremonies. A genteel audience," he continued, fluttering one wing slightly, "very genteel, house full, everybody seems pleased. A quick look of doubt and terror spread over his face. "Why those yells?" he asked hoarsely, grasping the arm of his student guide fiercely, "Is't derision?"

"Naw," was the contemptuous retort, "is this the first time you ever saw a performance before a college crowd? Here's a list of the cheers; butt in next time and yell or you'll get trowed out."

Oliver was too good natured to object and, as the curtain arose on the first act, he was flopping his wings excitedly and shouting with the rest.

The guide was nearly prostrated as the curtain went down the first time by a vigorous slap on the back, and before he could recover, his pink winged ward had wrapped him in his arms and was flitting excitedly up and down the aisle. "Great, my boy, great; great acting, great music,—and that bar-room
scene, verily it doth arouse in my memory long forgotten cravings.” The guide, remonstrating, seized him by a wing and dragged him back to his seat.

The second act closed amid a storm of cheers; but this time the guide was next; so, grasping Oliver by the neck with one hand and standing on the end of a wing with one foot, he held the enthusiastic playwright in his seat.

“If thou wilt not permit me to arise,” sputtered the prisoner, “remove thy hand from my throat and I will cheer sitting down.”

“My son,” he added, when the yelling had subsided, “Miss Hardcastle, thinkst thou not, and Mrs. Harcastle are doing exceptional work? I might say that they could almost rank with my old friend Mrs. Siddons. The appearance of Miss Harcastle too, they didn’t grow them that pretty in my day,” he concluded sadly.

At the end of the fourth act, the winged spectator had cheered himself out of breath and was sitting, with a pleased look on his homely face, fanning himself with his right wing. He grew confidential. “It’s good, boy, everything is good and I am pleased, truly, I looked not for anything half so—so—so—”

“Garricky,” put in the guide.

“That’s the word,” continued Oliver, “Garricky; and I vow, boy, I like your style of speech. Miss Neville is certainly out of sight, hey boy?” and he winked slyly as he jabbed the end of his wing in the ribs of his listener.

The curtain came down on the close of the fifth act. The guide felt a rush of cold air, a violent breeze fanned his face and the seat at his side was vacant. He was astonished a few moments later to see Oliver Goldsmith on the stage before the curtain, a wild exultant look on his face, his pink wings spread to the furthestmost extent, a cheer leader’s cane in his hand, and he sank back dumbfounded as Oliver cried, “Get into it now, make some noise! You guys yell like a lot of one-lungers!”

When the crowd had filed out, Goldsmith led his guide into the open air. “Kid,” he said, “present my congratulations to the 37 gang. They have daubed glory all over themselves. I like their style and would like to know them better but I’ve got to return. My criticism of the push?” he added, “I haven’t any. Mrs. Hardcastle and Miss Hardcastle split about even on the stellar honors, Marlow and Hardcastle did themselves proud and Tony would be hard to improve on. He is about my original conception of the character. Hastings and Miss Neville? It would take a man with a crust to criticise that team.

“But pal, I’ve got to go. This evening has done me good spiritually and has aroused my thirst. We have time for just one schooner before I leave.”

The next morning Oliver was not out to roll-call and a winged messenger, sent to investigate, carried away visions of a center table drawn close to the bed-side, a large
water pitcher, a reclining angel with his head wrapped up in a towel and the following pinned on the wall:
Sir Richard Hardcastle ...... E. G. Peterson
Mrs. Hardcastle ...... Hazel Love
Sir Charles Marlow ...... P. G. Peterson
Young Marlow ...... J. E. Barrack
Hastings ...... Horace Kerr
Miss Neville ...... Eunice Jacobson
Miss Hardcastle ...... Eliza Peterson
Tony Lumpkin ...... B. F. Riter Jr.
Diggory ...... P. G. Peterson
Roger ...... J. H. Tuttle
Tom Twist ...... S. A. Langton
Jack Slang ...... J. T. Jardine
Aminadab ...... L. H. Boothe
Dick Muggins ...... Mark Brown
Other loafers at Three Pigeons Inn, Herbert Nebeker, Joseph Otte, Joseph Grue, Niels Hansen, W. R. Smith.
Sport or Business.

A question which has been much discussed in relation to college athletics is that of "professionalism." This question has long bothered the authorities of our leading educational institutions, and much has been written and said concerning it. The problem of hiring men to win college athletic contests has not yet seen a satisfactory solution, and prospects are not encouraging for such a solution.

In the last few years another problem has arisen, which is giving the amateur athletic enthusiasts trouble—that of "commercialism." This term is an overworked one, and is often misused, but in the athletic sense, "commercialism" means that spirit which reduces pleasure to business and sport to hard manual labor. This is a new proposition, but a serious one for a college man to consider. It is not over reaching the point, to say that on account of "commercialism," and its child, "professionalism," college athletics have degenerated from the high plane on which they originally stood, to lower strata of society.

But let us consider really what is the cause of "commercialism." The American people are gifted with an attribute, which is very well expressed in, "Get there, Eli." This terse expression characterizes the American nation of today. It is "a hurry-up, never-stop-till-we-win" spirit, and truthfully it may be said that it is to this spirit that the United States owes its commercial supremacy today. This spirit permeates every phase of American life, and lastly it finds its way into college athletics. To a great extent it is commendable, but is it not possible that it may be over done?

You ask in what way "commercialism" enters into our collegiate contests. Here is an example: School A favors foot-ball; it hires an athletic instructor; provides for the team and starts out to make triple column scores, while its rivals must be content with goose-eggs with the rims knocked off. There is a neighboring school, B, which makes similar preparations and the same resolve. The two schools hear each other’s ambition, and then the real "commercialism" begins. The coach of school A’s team searches the country for a crack half-back (he needs one badly), while the coach of the second school seems to be in the same fix. Then the "bidding" commences. The crack half is made an offer by the first coach, and then the second coach makes a better proposition.
Of course the foot-ball man is "to register as a student." When he finally accepts the most agreeable plan, he "registers." Whether he ever goes to classes is another question. So much for that; the team is chosen from the best material available. You say this is "professionalism," and that John Halfback receives compensation. So he does, but the coach of A's team knows that the coach of B's aggregation is doing the same, so what difference does it make?

"A" school must win against "B," win in spite of everything. The pleasure; the honesty; and the real end of sport is lost sight of. Why? Because "A" must win.

Did it ever occur to you that college athletics were for the sport and the pleasure, and that the question of winning should arise only as a secondary matter? When you and I go out to play a game of tennis, does it ever enter your head that you must win? No. You play tennis for the pleasure and sport, and you do not care who is the victor.

Did this true sporting feeling enter into the training of school "A's" eleven? No, I dare say, it never did. The only word that the coach, the team, the manager, the trainers and even the school knew was, WIN. For twelve long weeks, the eleven men in moleskin armor toiled and worked every afternoon until they were ready to drop; the coach spent many a sleepless night, figuring out a new trick play; while the manager (luckless fellow) tried to make $250 pay $500 expenses.

Was all this sport? was it pleasure? Think a minute before you answer.

It doesn't look very much like old fashioned pleasure of the "ring-around-the-roses" or "blind man's buff" variety, for it bears the earmarks of work; work of the hardest kind. But on they work and toil, and try to convince themselves it is sport. They are spurned on by the local newspapers, who very kindly (?) publish the pictures of John Halfback or Tommy Leftend, who are this year's stars. When the time of the final game arrives, all of the "rooters" go to see "A" win, not to see a football game. If "A" loses, there has been no sport or no pleasure. Every bit of the twelve weeks' muscle straining has been wasted. Why? Because "A" lost.

If you should ask the average college president why his college supports a foot-ball squad or a track team, in almost every case he would answer that it is to give the young men a chance to develop themselves, physically. A necessary part of a man's education, to be sure. Would that president tell you that the purposes of the various athletic organizations in his school were to excel a rival? No, because the sole ambition to best a rival is not a matter of physical development; it is merely a custom, a custom which in time will destroy the heart and soul of our college athletics, if carried too far.

Another thing, when this spirit of "win" is rampant, it means that only those who naturally excel in physical prowess, can take part in
STUDENT LIFE.

athletic contests. The little man, the weakling, the man who really needs the exercise, is crowded out, because he can do nothing towards winning. The ladies, who are entitled to some consideration, and in fact as much as the men, receive no recognition in college athletics (I am speaking of co-educational institutions especially), because they can do nothing towards obtaining a much desired trophy.

Now think, is it right to lose sight of the real object of college athletics, in striving for something which in the end is only a little cheap notoriety, a mere tinsel toy?

There have been many plans suggested to remedy this evil. One of the boldest was that which appeared in the "Harvard Bulletin" under date of Dec. 16, 1903, by W. James. The article was quoted from the "Graduate Magazine." This man, a graduate of Harvard '03, suggested that all inter-collegiate games be suspended for a season or two, and he even went so far as to suggest that Harvard should not meet her old rival, Yale, on the gridiron. It was a daring cure, but the originator of it supports his proposition with good arguments, and it is his desire to see his Alma Mater get back to the true sport.

Another plan is to have no regularly organized teams or squads, but let every person enter into athletic work at his own will and because he enjoys it, and not make work of it. Then if it is possible for inter-collegiate matches, let the best athletes be chosen for the contests.

President Eliot of Harvard, realizing the condition of athletics and especially foot-ball around the Cambridge institution, said, "There is no joy in Harvard football; no light, no sweetness; no real success, nothing but a bitter competition and a profit of about $60,000 a year." His plan is to endow athletics with large sums of money, and make admission to athletic contests free. He claims that this would, in time, seal the fate of "commercialism" in college athletics.

But college athletics in the United States have gotten into a "rut" (much assisted by the sporting page of a "Sunday" yellow), and it is going to be a hard task to bring them back to a condition which rings true in every respect. The plans suggested may be good, but they are yet to be adopted. In familiar parlance "it is up" to the colleges and universities of our land to bring about a condition of college athletics, which will make sport mean true pleasure, and physical education, a sane development of the human body. Riter, 07.
TONY:—(In She Stoops to Conquer)—"I don't know but I always have loved Cousin Con's pretty hazel eyes."
A Calendar.

Showing the University’s Consistent Position in the Late Unpleasantness.

Jan. 1. Absolute friendliness and good will.

Jan. 29. Dire concern over the extravagant A.C. demands for state appropriations.

Feb. 2. Hearty sympathy with Gov. Cutler’s recommendation for appointment of joint committee. Incidental glee that five of the six members first appointed are “University men.”

Feb. 4. The conventional public pledges to do “everything in our power to aid the college.”

Feb. 13. University advocates restricting A.C. to work in agriculture, domestic science and commerce, and giving the U. of U. all engineering courses, in addition to its work in liberal arts, pedagogy, and the professions.

Feb. University declares that absolute union of college work—in Salt Lake—is the only plan by which the interests of the state can be served. Preparatory work to be consolidated at Logan.

Mar. 1. University advocates leaving the two colleges apart, but placing them under one board of regents and one president. On further consideration this is withdrawn.

Mar. 7. University section of joint committee submits report recommending constitutional amendment uniting the two schools at Salt Lake. Learning that A.C. property would be forfeited to Logan, “prep. school” idea is abandoned.

Mar. 9. Constitutional amendment plan is attached as a “rider” to report recommending investigation commission. Constitutional amendment plan fails to secure two-thirds vote.

Mar. 10. University faction struggling to secure reconsideration.


Mar. 13. Reconsideration secured and constitutional amendment again fails to secure two-thirds vote. Bills then passed restricting A.C. to preparatory work and college courses in agriculture and domestic science.

Mar. 15. Restriction bills questioned as unconstitutional. Legislature adjourns.

The one consistency about it all—“How we do love the A.C.”
Military Ball.

The Military Ball, pulled off Feb. 21, fulfilled all expectations, set a pace which Military Balls in the future will have difficulty in following, and saved Captain Styer's reputation as a veracitist. He promised us something exceptional and we were not disappointed. It was undeniably the social function of the college year and without a doubt the most brilliant affair of the kind ever given in the pavilion. The reputation of the Captain and his cadets as entertainers, heretofore high in popular opinion, has simply gone up a few notches.

The decoration scheme met with popular favor. Large flags were draped along the walls on all sides and numberless small ones displayed above the chandeliers, while solid rows of red, white, and blue bunting were strung across the hall. Another novel feature, designed by Mrs. Styer, was a silk flag in the center of the luncheon table, embedded in vines and arranged so that it fluttered continually in a breeze made by an electric fan, concealed at the end of the table.

The exhibition drill, which came after about an hour of dancing, was the hit of the evening. The drill proper was preceded by the ceremony of guard mounting. Captains Johnston and Hillman officiated as officers of the day and Lieuts. Connelly and Matthews as officers of the guard.

The Military Band, the pride of the school, rendered something appropriate while the inspection of the guard was being made. Then came the Manual of Arms and some volley firing, exceptionally well executed. Bayonet exercises and a short skirmish drill completed the maneuvers. Considering the slippery condition of the floor, the manner with which the boys went
through the maneuvers was nothing short of remarkable.

Shortly after the conclusion of the drill, the inner man was given an opportunity to make his presence known. Luncheon was announced and the dancers, throughout the evening, journeyed at will to the balcony, attempting to exhaust the supply of good things dealt out under the direction of Mrs. Styer. But it was impossible, the Captain's army training stood him in too good stead and the "ammunition" was there in abundance as long as called for.

The merriment continued under a full head of steam until one o'clock, when more than 500 persons, full of satisfaction, punch, cake, and sandwiches, departed, wishing, deep in their hearts, that Military Balls came semi or better still, quarter annually.

The Senior Party.

By far the most original and entertaining affair of the year was the kitchen party given by the senior girls for the boys of the class on Feb. 4th, at the college.

Everything was unique; the invitations were written on small paper plates and suggested that everyone should wear an apron.

Having duly assembled, the boys drew numbers for partners and were taken to the kitchen, where each couple was assigned the task of preparing one dish for the supper. This new development relieved the suspense of some, and intensified that of others, but all went to work.

The menu and names of those who prepared the same follow:

- Holland Soup  
  (Rich and Tuttle)
- Lady Fingers  
  (Ball and Miss Love)
- Veal Souffle  
  (Mrs. Ball and Fredrickson)
- Tomato Sauce  
  (Porter and Miss Rudolph)
- Potato Croquettes  
  (Taylor and Miss Maughan)
- B. P. Biscuits  
  (Smith and Mrs. Porter)
- Pickles  
  (Porter and Miss Rudolph)
- Fruit Salad  
  (Rudolph and Barrack)
- Sherbet  
  (Jardine and Pierce)
- Chocolate and Golden Cake  
  (and Miss Caine)
- Filling for Cakes  
  (Merrill and Miss Bowman)
- Coffee  
  (Prof. Ball)

Rudolph and Barrack also laid and decorated the table.

Every dish was a success one way or another. The soup could not be praised too highly,—every one wanted more. "Sarah" Smith did a good job on the biscuits, Pierce
STUDENT LIFE.

and Jardine would have succeeded with the Sherbet,—but Tuttle accidentally (?) salted it.
College songs were substituted for toasts, in which all joined except Prof. Ball and Miss Love, who were too full for utterance. After supper games were played in the faculty rooms until a late hour, when the “wise ones” bade each other good-bye and declared the affair the best of the season.

Verily, the senior girls know how to do things.
Professor and Mrs. Ball acted as chaperons.

“If Meat Make My Brother to Offend.”

The attitude of the consolidation faction in the State Legislature created considerable anxiety on our part, as students, and kept us in a state of high nervous tension.

On Saturday, March 10th, the suspense was temporarily relieved through the receipt of a favorable report from the capital. Without waiting for confirmation of the good news we proceeded at once to prepare for a celebration.

Some one said “barbecue” and the whole thing was settled. Whether the bills passed or not, we had to relieve ourselves of that store of enthusiasm that for sixty days had been conservatively suppressed. Saturday morning, the firing of cannon was sufficient announcement to most of the students that the routine of school work would be suspended for at least one day.

The professors leisurely approached the college about 8:30 and were politely received at the gates, informed that their services were not in demand, relieved of their books and invited to join the celebration or return to their homes. Most of them behaved very well. One or two obstinate characters had to be forced into line, but the task was comparatively easy.

The nine hundred pound steer that strayed from Prof. Clark’s corral the night before, came up in Spencer & McNiel’s delivery wagon, well dressed and ready for the warm reception that awaited him. The fire pit was made on the brow of the hill, the grate improvised from materials secured from the shops and the roasting entrusted to a professional cook.

The parade through town was the next feature, and was headed by John Nelson, dressed in white and blue, who led Mike Downey, in crimson and silver.

We followed in double file, carrying banners and exercising our lungs in the conventional way. The town people were invited to the feast and donated liberally to make the spread more elaborate. At 6 p.
STUDENT LIFE.

m. the multitude of students and citizens gathered on the hill and enjoyed a fine supper around an immense bonfire. We tried to appear happy although we all realized that the event was premature and our position as uncertain as it had been at any time during the contest. Tuttle, as master of ceremonies for the evening, introduced the following students and professors, who made short but vigorous speeches: P. G. Peterson, Mildred Forgeon, Prof. Bexell, R. C. Hillam, Verna Bowman, Prof. Ball, Capt. Styer. The speakers were in doubt as to whether we were indulging in a Thanksgiving Feast or dining at our Last Supper, and when Capt. Styer concluded, Nature wept. The storm came up so suddenly, in fact, that we were unable to reach the main entrance of the college building before receiving a genuine soaking.

Mass Reception to President Kerr.

President Kerr returned to Logan Thursday evening, March 16th, and was greeted at the depot by the entire student body and hundreds of citizens of Cache Co. The event was merely intended to show our appreciation of the efforts of President Kerr and the Cache county representatives in our behalf.

A slight misunderstanding concerning the purpose of the demonstration came very nearly blocking the whole movement, and instead of having an orderly parade from the depot to Main street, led by the band and cadets and enlivened with cheers, songs and yells, we strolled back in silence, and for some reason—we knew not why—assembled around an immense pile of boxes in front of the opera house.

After President Kerr, Senator Barber and our representatives were convinced that the movement was designed to show our appreciation of their work and was not the celebration of an assumed victory, things began to move again. The pile of boxes was soon in flames. A senior student, C. W. Porter, appeared on the balcony of the opera house and after a brief address in which he expressed the gratitude of the students for the untiring efforts of President Kerr, to preserve the identity of the Agricultural College and secure its perpetuation, he assumed the duties of chairman of the mass meeting and called for a speech from the president.

President Kerr was greeted with hearty applause and cheers. He referred briefly to the contest between the two state institutions of higher education, but suggested that it is still too early to make definite
statements concerning the effect of certain legislative enactments and he refrained from entering into a detailed discussion of that phase of the subject.

Melvin Ballard representing the Commercial Club and the business interests of the city made an enthusiastic speech on the commercial value of the agricultural college to the State and the community in which it is located.

Secretary Herschel Bullen of the B. Y. C., who has distinguished himself as a friend of the college and to whom we are indebted for valuable services, was called to the balcony and proceeded at once to define the position of the Logan public in the struggle just closed.

As a representative of the “Third house,” he assured us of his future support and stated his belief that the college would continue its growth.

E. G. Peterson ’04 was then called as the second representative of the student body and was received with applause. He told us how the students had felt during the controversy, what the celebration meant to them, assured the audience that “We Still Live” and furthermore that we intend to continue to live.

Mayor Robinson made the concluding speech and commenced by leading three cheers for James T. Hammond. He dwelt on the relation between the college student and the city in which that college was situated. In the Mayor’s opinion Logan is at last behind the college, will stay behind it and continue the good work they have started so nobly.

Program.

Military Band Concert, March 27.

1. Grand March from “Aida” ...... Verdi
2. Overture, “William Tell” ...... Rossini
3. (a) Aria from “Joan of Arc” .. Bemberg
   (b) “Auf Wudensehu” ...... Max Bendix
   Miss Berkhoel.
4. Selection from “Amorita”...... Czibulka
5. March “Black Rock” ...... Losey
6. Invitation a la Valse ...... Weber
7. Aria, “Cujus Animi” from Stabat Mater ...... Rossini
   (a) All for you. Mme. d’ Ardelot
   (b) Schusucht ...... Castello
   (c) June ... Mrs. H.H.A. Beach
   (d) Thought Fansies ...... Herbert Jones
   Miss Berkhoel.
8. Grand Medley on American Airs (by request) ...... Theo Bendix

What Might
A few Historical expedients which our friends of the University
Have Been.

party might still have used in co-rolling Legislative voters.
Another 37 Opium Dream.

The 37 gang haven’t gone completely insane. The report that they have is simply the result of a combination of circumstances. Persons glancing into the sanctum for the past few weeks have gone away with the picture of a buzzing, jostling push inside, and out of the medley such terms as, “wings,” “props,” “tormentors,” “contracts,” have floated. No, they are not insane, it is worse than that.

The success “She Stoops to Conquer” met with in Logan has tempted the management to try something immense in the barnstorming line. The plan mapped out looks large but, with the ability in the cast and reputation 37 has of doing things, the project gives promise of going through with a yell.

Southern Idaho and most of Utah are included in the circuit. The dates, as now arranged, are as follows:

<table>
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<th>Date</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<tr>
<td>March 30</td>
<td>Ogden</td>
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<td>March 31</td>
<td>Brigham</td>
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<td>April 3</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
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<td>Lewiston, Utah</td>
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<td>April 11</td>
<td>Provo, Utah</td>
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<td>April 13</td>
<td>Logan, Utah</td>
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So cheer up, the gang and the paper haven’t gone completely to the bad although Heaven knows where they will be gone before they complete the circuit. There is consolation in the fact that Blackfoot and Provo are on the list. As I said, take a brace, if the school is strangely quiet, if you don’t hear wild maniacal shouts at rehearsal time, if the door to 37 is nailed up, if the Domestic Science Department doesn’t miss any cakes, and a look of contentment and peace rests for a few days on the face of the Guardian of Public Morals and Steam Heating, console yourself with the thought that we will surely return. We, as we flit from one town to another, will hum softly,

“They are hunting their ripe eggs up for us.”
STUDENT LIFE.

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Verna Bowman '05........Student Affairs
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Editorial.

The Educational side of the
College Controversy.

Throughout the whole campaign
that has been waged so vigorously
to merge the Agricultural College
in the University of Utah, one line
of thought has been very largely
disregarded. Strangely enough,
that line is one which, to some un­
thinking people, would appear on
the surface to be the most impor­
tant consideration of all: the real
bearing of the merger on the educa­
tional interests of the two institu­
tions concerned, and of the state.
The one great argument, that has
been flaunted before legislators and
general public, has been money.
The state is cramped for money.
The colleges, especially the Agri­
cultural College, are asking for too
much money. The merger will en­
able us to save money. We need
the money. So ran the impassioned
arguments of those broad-minded
philanthropists who have been so
eager to take the life of Utah's best­
known institution of higher learn­
ing.

Those best informed know
how far-removed these were from
the real arguments employed in the
conflict. They know that just so
truly as the Agricultural College
was given to Logan in the begin­
ing, because it was expected to be
small potatoes and chiefly potatoes;
it is desired in Salt Lake now be­
cause it is growing all the time, and
becoming continually more popular.
Luckily for the opponents of the
Agricultural College, both institu­
tions asked for large appropriations
this year; and the dollar-mark was
immediately embroidered on the
University standards and the fight
began.

Of course there were some
statements advanced and more or
less substantiated, that might con­
nect slightly with the educational
side of the controversy. The mer­
ger was to settle all conflict be­
tween the colleges, and their work
would no longer be interfered with nor
their ideals corrupted by such un­
seemly hostility. The merger
would result in such a saving of
that aforesaid money that greatly
increased facilities would be provided for all lines of study. An implied argument, never definitely expressed except to rival preparatory schools, was that there would incidentally be far fewer students educated at state expense to enjoy these facilities. It was further alleged, with a great flourish of statistical trumpets, that this merger was most emphatically in line with modern department-store methods.

There is of course some truth in all these arguments from our educational philanthropists. If the Agricultural College should be definitely and permanently made a part of the State University and located at Salt Lake, it would probably put a stop to the controversy; at least until some future dean of the School of Agriculture should rise in righteous indignation and presume to object to the domination of the School of Mines. But if Constitutional Amendments can be made in one direction there is no essential reason why they cannot in another. Moreover, while everybody is ready to grant that these biennial contests, however, exhilarating, do not conduce to steady educational progress, there are a few who think that less radical measures might secure an equally good result.

There is a possibility that the general public does not know who forced the fighting this time, or for that matter who has been forcing it all along. The Agricultural College has been struggling for life in this controversy—for life and the maintenance of the position she has held consistently since her organization. Neither a man nor an institution knowingly precipitates a combat in which there is nothing to gain and everything to lose. Believe all you hear around the capital, and you will soon be convinced that the University is a most oppressed and long-suffering creature. The Agricultural College, heartless and greedy and moved by the selfish personal ambition of its administration, has fiercely and systematically stolen courses of study as well as appropriations from her charitable rival, until now she threatens to monopolize all the funds of the commonwealth. Tom my-rot! Did you ever look at the facts in this matter? The Agricultural College now offers five distinct courses of study. A few years ago, before the University began offering them, they were distinctive as well. They are Agriculture, Domestic Science and Arts, Commerce, Civil Engineering, and Mechanical Engineering. These same courses are given in every agricultural college but one in the United States, and have been given in the A. C. of Utah as degree courses since 1890, the time of her organization. In 1903 the University established courses in Mechanical Engineering and Civil Engineering, and in 1904 a Department of Finance and Commerce, every subject of which had been given for years in the Commercial Course of the Agricultural College. General subjects must of course be given in
both institutions in order to provide a well-rounded education and are not expensive anyhow. It is on this evidence, if you please, that the University charges the College with gross and malicious duplication of studies. In other words, no matter how long the Agricultural College has been giving a particular course and has recognized it as within her own distinctive province; as soon as the University sees fit to establish a parallel course, the Agricultural College becomes guilty of duplicating work.

The immense saving of money was to result in greatly increased facilities for all lines of study. But nobody has yet established the statement that there would be an enormous saving of money. The University people, either expecting to manipulate immense classes with underpaid instructors, or figuring on turning loose the great majority of A. C. students free from state responsibility, have come out with great, sweeping statements about saving $200,000 a year. To meet these, President Kerr's report contains a careful estimate, based directly on tables agreed to by both institutions, and showing that, without considering the forfeiture of a $350,000 piece of property, there will still be practically no saving at all. Somebody must be badly at sea in this matter; and even if President Kingsbury offers no reasonable arguments, and does not write his own speeches or prepare his own reports, it is not compulsory that we should give more credence to his beliefs than to others. Economy is a beautiful word to catch the populace, but what a multitude of crimes have been committed in its name!

The idealists of the University are also going to increase efficiency by getting into line with modern methods. Well, the department store is a great institution and has done much to cheapen commodities. Might there not be some danger that the same methods, applied to Colleges, would tend in more ways than one to cheapen education? You go to the great department store when price is important and quality a secondary consideration. When you want the best, sold and guaranteed by an expert specialist, you generally drop into an exclusive store. Moreover it is just possible that education is not quite so material as calico and salt, and there are some distinct lines of study that do not well harmonize.

A great deal has been made of the fact that there are eighteen state universities which absorb the work of the Agricultural College. Unfortunately for such argument, there is an Agricultural College in every state of the Union, and the recognition and appreciation of this type of institution, with its distinctive field and unique individuality, is spreading rapidly all over the land. It is high time our friends of the University were shaking off the solid bigotry engendered by generations of stall-fed pedagogy and opening their eyes to present-day tendencies. There seem, in fact, to
be two classes of our enemies. One realizes the rapidly-growing importance of the Agricultural College, its superior drawing-power with the mass of Utah students, and the corresponding superiority of its results. The desire is, by grafting, to import new vitality to the old moss-grown branches springing from among the sage-brush on the East Bench. The other class is so blinded by long-existing prejudice and by the contemptuous superiority assumed by University people, as to give to the "village school at Logan" only such recognition as is accorded to an ill-bred interloper, striving to supplant the University in the affection of the state. It is the Agricultural College that is making a splendid reputation for Utah among the educational interests of the country, and its success should be a matter of genuine pride and congratulation among all worthy citizens, rather than the source of contemptible envy and criminal hostility.

After all, the coalition idea is nothing but a theory, one that will be found very difficult to put in practice. There ought to be more in education than the equipping of laboratories, the installing of machinery, and the corralling of students. College life ought to mean more—this is a very daring and unorthodox statement!—than the mere learning of a trade, providing the means of earning bread and butter. Men old enough to know will tell you that half the benefit and nearly all the joy and sweetness of college life lies in the creation of strong, manly friendships, worthy ideals, and unswerving loyalty to the foster mother at whose feet you kneel. Mawkish sentiment, do you say? Yes; but God pity the generation that would exclude all sentiment from the world.

For years and years, the Agricultural College has been striving to assume in the eyes of the public a distinct individuality, to establish ideals and traditions, and to gather within her halls young men and women who are loyally devoted to her and to all she stands for, because she is theirs and they love her. Finally she has succeeded. No doubt there were those who sneered when Webster said in defense of Dartmouth: "She is a little college, but there are some of us who love her." There are many who will sneer now at thought of student love for that "Logan village school of plows and muck-rakes." But down deep in their hearts they envy such love, and hope by coalition to instill it in their local part. "A. C. students know how to win and how to lose, and always hang together to the finish," has been said so often that it has become proverbial. The "loyal 600," who traveled down to the football game in November, in the face of almost certain defeat, and afforded so much joy to poets of the "Chronicle," indicated more clearly than words the "stand pat" spirit of the institution. It was the same spirit back of the student demonstration of the 11th. If this were a poor, decaying apology for a col-
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lege, with a straggling, listless student body, there would be some reason for striking it out of existence; but to deprive a loyal, vigorous student body summarily of their college home would be an educational crime no true college man would ever dare to sanction.

But they could simply transfer their allegiance to the University. Oh, yes! They are actually yearning for the opportunity. Like the little maid in "Little Citizens," they "have over her all the time those kindly feelings." There is no need to conceal the matter. The feeling among Agricultural College students toward the University is pretty tense just at this moment. The University cannot understand this and professes to be greatly grieved and hurt at it. But until the College is conceded its proper place, a rank equal to that of the University, and there is an end to this exasperating see-saw of snobbish insult and patronizing condescension; until it is made manifest that the University is not aiding and abetting an educational assassination, this feeling is bound to continue.

Even if there were no ill-feeling, such a radical change of instructors, conditions, and environment would be detrimental to any body of undergraduates. It is all right for a graduate student to change his residence and profit by the methods and facilities of several institutions. But his real college life is behind him and he is now in the workshop. It takes the novice about a year to grow into the atmosphere of a particular college, but once in he craves and deserves to enjoy an unbroken experience of its opportunities. Individual circumstances throw obstacles enough in the way of Utah students. It is hard to justify the State in placing more there.

There is a general breaking of obligations involved in the merger that was contemplated. The Agricultural College has been in existence for fifteen years under the sanction and patronage of the state, and during that time has turned out 56 degree graduates, and almost as many with short-course certificates. Where shall these people now turn for alma mater? To whom shall they look for the assistance and inspiration that a man is likely to want so often from his college? There is a slight obligation to members of the faculty, who have been giving to the college their most devoted efforts, only to find their positions suddenly wrested from them. There is a decided obligation to Logan City and Cache Valley, however paltry and benighted they may seem to their city neighbors. It may be true that this region received the college in the first place because nobody else wanted it. But they received it with the promise of permanence; they have rallied nobly to its support and found pride in its successes; they have laid their plans and made their investments with the understanding that the college on the hill would be allowed to profit by its own successes and continue to draw to it those who ap-
preciate the benefits of college life outside a city.

Now that the campaign of extermination has ended in defeat, and the open bitterness has for a time subsided, it is not our intention to arouse needless strife. **STUDENT LIFE** has heretofore refrained from expressions of open hostility. But we desire now, once and for all, in behalf of the students of the Agricultural College, to denounce the proceedings of the University faction in the late legislature, as an unjust, dishonorable, and apparently malicious attack on one of the strongest institutions of the commonwealth.

**Department Notes.**

**Commerce.**

Riter, when asked about the loss from their fire, said there was no loss, the cow “still lives” and his old job of milking still lasts.

Coburn is strictly in it; he has purchased a girl for one million dollars, college currency.

We are glad to note that Messrs. F. R. Jensen and Frank Tuttle are able to be with us again.

John A. Malia, a graduate of our short course in commerce, is now holding a responsible position as Secretary of the Silver King Mining Company.

Instructor R. H. Jones lectured before the Commercial Club March 15th, on “Court Procedure.”

March 16th returned to us the smiling faces of three of our prominent commercial students, who have for some time past been confined to their boarding places by the dreaded disease smallpox.

Miss Josie Yates, a former commercial student was a visitor at the College March 15th.

**Engineering.**

Prof. Peterson delivered a very interesting lecture to the Engineering Society on March 2. His subject was, “The Panama Canal.” By the use of a map, he pointed out the prominent features of the country, and discussed at some length the great problems to be solved in the construction of this canal.

Prof. Yoder lectured on “Fuels and Waste Gases” to the Engineering Society on March 16.

The Society will listen to lectures on different engineering subjects by State Engineer Doremus, Chief Engineer Haywood, of the Utah Light and Power Co., and Prof. G. L. Swendsen, former professor of Engineering at the college. Besides these, there will be lectures
by Prof. Jos. Jensen, Prof. J. W. Jensen, Mr. N. Hansen, Mr. W. W. McLaughlin, and perhaps Mr. Bacon and Mr. Monsen from Logan.

A meeting of the Mechanic Arts students was held on March 9th and it was decided that an organization should be effected. The name of this organization shall be “The Mechanic Arts Club.” McClellan and Egbert acted as temporary officers. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution. In the near future this committee will report and a permanent organization will be effected.

The foundry has worried a few very industrious Mechanic Arts students for the past few days. Two attempts were made to make casts but did not prove entirely successful. Everything progressed nicely until the plug was removed from the furnace. The molten metal came out so fast that the boys found it very uncomfortable and had to retreat. As a result, there was left each time one large casting, which was all over the floor.

The gasoline engine in the testing laboratory is repaired and the experiments on the strength of materials will be resumed.

Agriculture.

The Experimental Station at St. George which has been under the direction of the State Board of Horticulture for the past six years, is now under the direction of the State Experiment Station.

A New Horticulture Experiment Station has been created in central Utah. This also is under the direction of the Experiment Station at Logan.

A letter was received recently by the station from the Department of Agriculture at Wash., asking for a man to conduct arid farm experiments for them in Montana. But as yet we have no men to fill these positions. We will have, however, in a few years. There are gold nuggets waiting for you, Aggies.

Dr. J. A. Widtsoe, being director of the Horticultural Experiment Stations, is now a member of the State Board of Horticulture.

J. T. Caine of Logan, who received a B. S. A. from the Agricultural College of Utah in 1903, takes out an M. Sc. from the Iowa State Agricultural College this year.

Hyrum Fredrick, also a student from this College, takes out a degree in Veterinary Science this year from the Iowa State Agricultural College.

Prof. Carlisle from the Colorado State Agricultural College, was the judge in Cache Valley’s big horse show, March 23, 1905.
Music Department.

Work on the much talked of oratorio, The Daughter of Jairus, has commenced. The voices for the eight parts of the choruses have been selected, and from now on till its presentation no time will be spared in order to make it a grand success. Considerable attention will be given to the working so that a unified and harmonious effect shall be produced.

As an introduction to the student body of the play “She Stoops to Conquer,” several numbers were presented during chapel hour March 3. The first of these was the serenade by the double quartette; and was followed by “The Charge,” the solo of which was by Mark Brown and chorus by the quartette. Applause greeted each number, and not until The Winter Song was given by the quartette did the enthusiasm cease.

The band entertained the Logan people several hours Monday, March 6, with their music.

A large and enthusiastic house watched the performance Monday, March 6. The work of our orchestra was good and especially can this be said of the overture work. The double quartette certainly come in for their share of praise. Their voices blend very well and before June we expect them to produce some fine work. Last but not least the fine work of the amateur performers was commendable.

It was announced in a previous issue, that a piano recital by the advanced students, under Mrs. Sloan, would soon be forthcoming. Owing to the sickness of several students it was postponed until Friday, Mar. 17, when the following program was presented:

1. Overture, “Egmont” ......... Beethoven
   Mrs. Nevada Stoney, Mrs. Jean Thatcher.
2. Valse Lente .......... Delibes
   Miss Winnie Morrell.
3. Etude de Style ........ Ravina
   Miss Mildred Jensen.
4. Double Quartet
   (a) “Sweetheart” ..... Thomas
   (b) (“The Untruthful Daisy”) ..... Jones
5. Walze, C Sharp Minor . Chopin
   Mrs. Nevada Stoney.
   Miss Carrie McAllister.
7. Overture, “Titus” ....... Mozart
   Miss Anna Swendsen, Miss Mildred Jensen.
8. Walze, E Minor ....... Chopin
   Mrs. Jean Thatcher.
9. Serenade ............... Jensen
   Mrs. Nevada Stoney.
Logan McDaniel: "If I had only known this fifty years ago I would have never happened."
Campus, Class-Room and Corridor.

“We still live.”
No “Simple Life” these days.
Who thinks of sleeping and eating?

Lost: “The fatted Calf.” Please bring back the halter.

Amalgamation, Consolidation, Duplication, (you finish it.)

The Sorosis: “Ask ye and ye shall receive.” Ask the Logan merchants who were the bread winners at the barbecue.

Brown (at an operine): Gee. she has got ’em on backwards.

Kind of a coincidence in Annett’s black optic and Gleed’s battered nose. Wasn’t it?

Miss Love’s sister, Lou, spent several days in Logan recently, visiting with “Mrs. Hardcastle.”

Several of our musicians and dramatic artists are booked to appear at the Novelty during the summer season.

Chambers (in chem.) About 4 percent of sea water is common salt, and 3 per cent of that is Sodium Chloride.

Our old friend, Dave Olsen, came in on a south-bound breeze, just in time to take part in the “craziosities” on “steer” day. He marched in the parade, and proudly packed a placard.

“But, boys don’t you see you are delaying me, and I won’t be able to catch my train?”

“Never mind, this train goes south.”

Who was the wise philosopher who remarked: “Eight to ten beats forty-three to nothing?”

Miss Moench’s “hippodromic” steed recently created a sensation by attempting to do a “clog dance” on the front steps of the experiment station. Incidentally it might be remarked that the lady now prefers walking.

A school, not a thousand miles from the Main street of the capital of Utah, is going to establish a medical” department. Another “duplication.” We teach veterinary science.

A traveling photographer has been taking views of the college. They are to be used in a “photoscope.”
Another tribute: “Miss H—— is so very pretty that I can’t study, if I look at her.” For the original, see blackboard in shops.

The band boys look so well in their suits that some of them have ordered a year’s supply.

“The Alcoves of Sighs”—the window seats in the chapel gallery.

Prof. Thatcher recently gave an interesting talk on “Music” in Physics I class.

Vaccination—a mild form of human blacksmithing.”

A “yearling” attempted to establish a valentine box in a class room on St. Valentine’s day. The instructor’s views did not concur with those of the enterprising youngster, however, and so this beatific procedure came to tearful end.

For once Inez was glad she went alone; the night a foot-ball captain had s—— p——.

The Domestic Science department has not yet purchased its set of dishes. When enough golden shekels are gathered in by selling hot “choker-late,” the dishes will come by mail.

The following letter was received by the Sherlock Holmes bureau, the other day.

Dear Sir: If you see a cloud of dust resembling a swarm of bees in May; a bunch of “rainy day daisies” armed with brooms; and you hear a dull sickening thud like one of Capt. Styer’s cannons going off with a wheel under its arm; don’t be alarmed, as it is only we girls cleaning house.

Sorosis Society.

The board track is now in full running order.

Talk of luck. The Capt. of Co. A says he is going to sever his connection with the “hoodoo” gang of 37: Small-pox is bad enough, but to be imprisoned on the eve of a military ball, is too much. Well, old man, if its a question of the “lady or tiger,” take the lady; our specialty is making dates with wild animals, and eating ’em alive.

The worst yet. We were asked if we dealt in tickets for the “naughty comical operine.” We will acknowledge that the “37” bunch is a pretty hard proposition; that they say and unsay things with as much ease as a “funnygraph,” and that they sometimes paint signs and confiscate cattle, but we don’t believe that they have ever done anything to warrant such suspicion. We quit.

Prof. Arnold made a trip to Salt Lake recently and delivered a lecture on “Spanish Fiction” before the “Unity Club.”

If you hear Barrows coming, don’t say anything, his brother sent him fifteen dozen green onions to sell to the natives of Logan.

The class in General Chemistry is now doing work in qualitative analysis.
Exchange.

The Tennessee University Magazine, in a unique, three color cover, comes to us for the first time. The stories are well written, the poetry passably good, and "The Incorporations of Labor Unions" and "Julius Caesar" are weightier material than is usually found in college magazines.

"Many are called but few get up."—Stylus.

The "Senior girls" number of the Stylus (Park College, Mo.) is a credit in every way to the girls. We always expect good things from the Stylus.

"A Marginal Note" and "The Substituted Letter" in the College Barometer, are clever, well written stories. The Barometer is usually filled with good material and ranks well up among western college papers.

The Doan Owl, in an unpretentious cover, but containing at times really pretentious material, has come to us regularly for a long time and has been unmentioned, but we are glad that we get it.

The change in the cover and size of College Chips, adds to an already good paper.

We are at a loss to understand how such absolutely nauseating trash as that contained in "The trip to Logan" in the March Gold and Blue ever got past the editors of a university paper. "A. C. College butter milk," from a nursing bottle, would be good diet for the author for the twenty or thirty years it takes him to grow up.

When your pocket book's empty
   And your bills pile high,
When your checks are cashed
   And no help is nigh,
When you've "touched" your friends
   And you've "worked" your dad,
When your needs are many
   and your credit bad—
You're broke, my boy, you're broke.

—Drury Mirror.

'I fear," said the postage stamp on the student's letter to his father,
"I am not sticking to facts."
Mother—"Johnny, I see your little brother has the smaller apple. Did you give him his choice?"
Johnny—"Yes'm, I told him he could have his choice, the little one or none, and he took the little one."

—Wahpetonian.

When you see two people talkin'—
   Don't butt in;
Bite your tongue and keep a walkin'—
   Don't butt in.
Just remain within your pew,
Get your axe and hew a few,
Say no word but think a slew—
   Don't butt in.

—Ex.

Bill had a bill board; Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the bill board to pay his board bill.—Case Tech.