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TWO STORES
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Union Mercantile Company

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Special attention paid to the needs of Students
The Barnstomers.

When a tour of Utah and Southern Idaho was suggested by the management of "She Stoops to Conquer," it looked big; too big an undertaking for an amateur organization like the one just mentioned. The proposition was knocked by the knockers and kicked by the kickers, but while the knocking and kicking was going on, funds were being raised and the advance men were already in the field.

It was big. The play itself, while it contains good wholesome humor in abundance, does not contain the elements that would endear it to a popular audience. Its production, in Logan, in the first place, was intended to be chiefly educational.

The management could easily have chosen something which would not require one-tenth the preparation "She Stoops to Conquer" required, and which would have taken better with the ordinary audience. They knew the introduction of thirteen pistols and eight buckets of blood would have helped in a great many places to hold popular attention, but they were not in the business for that sort of thing. The attitude of the class of people we ordinarily found, on this proposition, is about summed up in the conversation between one of our advance men and a young hopeful.

"Any shootin' in your play?"
"No."
"Any stabbin'?"
"No."
"Show ain't worth a damn."

And we found this spirit manifest in the peanut galleries all along the line.

Despite all these difficulties the thing has been pushed through, successfully, and too much credit can not be given Professor Upham and Miss Moench for their tireless efforts in making the thing a success; for it was a success, a howling success. It was a success from a financial standpoint, from an educational standpoint, and marks, we hope, an era in Utah colleges.

It is just possible that it is such occurrences as the one now under consideration which create around our institutions a college atmosphere, and give the Western student to understand that there is something to be obtained out of school even here, far removed as we are from the influences of the big eastern institutions, beside a mass of information ground out of encyclopedias.

The newspaper write-ups of the performances were nearly all favorable. The Blackfoot editor who objected to the show is the chap who wanted to know if one of the stu-
Students wrote the piece. We consider it a compliment to be criticised by an ass of this kind. The performance, after all, was intended to appeal to intelligent people; so, of course, we could not hope to reach our muscle-bound journalistic friend.

The company of nearly forty persons, too, was about as happy a combination as one would brush up with in an age. It would be a difficult task to pick up forty persons at random and get a jollier crowd than the one that followed the "She Stoops to Conquer" banner through the two states. Cross-country rides "on furniture vans" were accepted with a grin; hard beds only furnished sources of amusement, and leathery steaks and biscuits and eggs with hair dressing did not cause more than a temporary illness.

Ogden was the first stop. Here the High School treated us royally and did everything in their power to fill the house for that night. Ogden papers criticised us favorably and we are conceited enough to think we deserved it.

Brigham was "done" the night following. We played to a good house, were received favorably and emerged in safety. The only accident that befell us here, was that some of the lady members of the company had their arms stretched nine inches each by carrying grips and handling trunks and scenery. This is deplorable, but those to blame were summarily dealt with at a special Sorosis hen-cackle and the injured ones had their arms and feelings treated by the kindly knockersesses of that organization.

Richmond, Pocatello and Blackfoot were covered with no more serious incidents than the breaking of some property furniture and the development of an intermittent case between two of the younger members of the company. Friday evening, April 7, the troupe hit Salt Lake.

We were unfortunate in getting into the city too late to attend a Saltair ball as guests of the U. of U. Chronicle. We are sorry, Chrony, but we thank you just the same.

The performance April 8, in the Salt Lake Theater, was one of the greatest triumphs ever achieved by the Agricultural College of Utah. The Salt Lake papers said the presentation was a surprise. We surprised ourselves. They said we had a banner crowd and we are glad we were able to deliver an article that pleased that banner crowd. Following is the Deseret News version:

(Deseret News.)

"The Dramatic club of the Agricultural College of Logan had the banner night of the Conference week, Saturday, and they drew the banner crowd. A big and enthusiastic audience, which paid into the box office close to $600, was present to see Goldsmith's classic "She Stoops to Conquer." The stalls were occupied by the Dramatic club of the University of Utah, and many Logan people were scattered
throughout the house. The entire presentation was a surprise. From
the standpoint of vivacity, promptitude and general breezeiness, the
club must be awarded the palm in the list of amateur organizations.
The singing, too, was good throughout, especially the invisible male
chorus. There were some excellent instances of bright acting, the most
notable being on the part of Miss Peterson, who made a charming
Kate, and of Miss Love; as the daughter and mother they showed
more naturalness than their associates. Miss Jacobson played the
role of Constance with good taste. Mr. Riter in the part of Tony filled
his role vigorously, and Mr. Peterson in Harcastle was also prompt
and emphatic. Mr. Kerr played Hastings in breezy fashion.

The costuming and staging were excellent, and the hand of an ex-
perienced stage manager was evident throughout. It is a pleasure to
record the excellent impression made by our friends from the north,
and we hope they have not seen Salt Lake for the last time."

American Fork was the next stop. We were unfortunate here in not
being able to obtain programs, which would enable the audience to
get a line on the story of the play. The natives though, while not go-
ing into ecstasies over the play, did us no personal injury, and contrib-
uted us no free vegetables or hen fruit. The play is rather difficult to
follow, containing as it does a great number of intricate situations; and
our American Fork friends are not entirely to blame.

The splendid treatment received at our next stop, Nephi, was due in
great part to the untiring efforts of Trustee Whitmore in our behalf.
He superintended our advertising, rustled our crowd, and made us feel
that nothing in the town was too good for us. The troupe serenaded
Mr. Whitmore after the perform-
ance. Wm. Jardine—Farmer Bill
—was also much in evidence in this
region. Then there was Uncle
Henry Forrest, genial landlord of
the Forrest House. The old gentle-
man’s table certainly took with the
Thespians, and put all other eating
on the trip decidedly in the clear.
That chicken, that cream, that pie—
shades of Henry!

The next day at Provo our
friends of the B. Y. U. gave us the
 glad hand, showed us their institu-
tion and were out in force that
evening. The production here
made one of the biggest hits of the
trip.

We received, at Manti, the warm-
est reception accorded us anywhere.
The Manti band met us at the depot,
did an advertising stunt through
the town that afternoon, and later
serenaded us at the hotel. Thanks,
Manti, we looked for something
warm when we hit Sanpete and we
were not disappointed.

At Richfield the following even-
ing we played to one of the largest
crowds we found anywhere. A few
chaps in the twenty-five cent seats,
who from appearances had had their
mouths over beer barrel taps, were
rather noisy in their appreciation;
but, as a whole, everything went off
smoothly.
Mt. Pleasant was the only stop on the return trip. Aside from the accommodations at the Brown Hotel, nothing of a serious nature befell the gang; and the soups and steaks handed them by the chef were soon forgotten in the desert of crackers, cheese, and dyspepsia tablets they were able to obtain at a nearby commissary.

We left Mt. Pleasant Sunday afternoon, and, strange to say, nobody wept; there was not even a suggestion of a tear seen at the depot, either among the villagers or barnstormers.

On the way homewards, to the "vale of rest and repentance," there was a total absence of anything of a strenuous nature. Everybody in the "private car" was ready to rest and sleep. Along about 5 p.m., a buffet lunch (we think this is the scientific term) was served, and by the time the D. & R. G. train reached Ogden, everybody was so far recuperated as to carry the grips to the O. S. L. train for the north.

The trip over the jerkwaterto Logan was marked by the organization of the "Moonlight Observation Corporation, Ltd.," the purpose of which was to provide accommodations for couples desiring to view the moon from the rear platform. A rushing business was done.

Exactly at 10 p.m., the cannonball rounded the curve into Logan station, and a sigh of relief, mingled with regrets, arose from the throats of thirty-eight people.

Monday evening, April 17, saw the farewell appearance of the bunch at the Thatcher. An audience, chiefly townspeople, filled the house and witnessed the fourteenth performance of the comedy.

Finally, when the curtain was rung down on the fifth act, when the orchestra had played its last requiem and the audience had departed, leaving all in deathly stillness, a stifled sob and an "It's all over," came brokenly from one of the girls; and the manager, dropping into a chair, ejaculated, "Thank the Lord!"

**"Grips and Escorts."**

It was a jolly good-natured crowd, out for fun and pleasure, and it could make the best of every disadvantage which happened to turn up.

There were no accidents or cases of serious illness in the troupe; although the "elocutioness" did her "high diving" stunt from the rear end of a hack at Manti.

The orchestra people contemplate a production of the comedy with slight alterations. Annett and Mrs. Linnartz are at present engaged in revising the lines and stage action to fit local celebrities. Watch the
announcements of the Novelty Theater.

At Manti the "show" was met at the depot by a band and a small party of natives. This was part of the advertising scheme, however, and it worked well, for the S. R. O. sign was out that night.

Conductor (on San Pete R. R.)
"You fellows don’t seem to take this here railroad very seriously."

A part of the advertising stunts in each town was to send the glee club and orchestra to the leading school of the place. At Blackfoot the singers were billed to appear at the "State School for Twisted People," but they refused point blank to go. Wonder why?

Nebeker sent his bull pup home from Richmond. During its short stay with the club, it led a strenuous life. It succeeded in entering five fights; eating six meals; tearing the "ad" blanket; teasing a score or more cats; breaking bric-a-brac and ruining Neb’s temper.

The midnight ride from Richmond to Cornish will never be forgotten by the crowd. The ride through "sand and gravel" at that late hour could hardly be classed as pleasure.

At Pocatello the crowd enjoyed (?) the sight of a funeral cortage with a half dozen secret societies and a band in line. Peculiar thing how that band dolefully played a "dead" march one minute, and the next instant tore off "rag time" for the big show parade.

Funny coincidence of how every fellow at Pocatello managed to have a sister to buy an Indian souvenir for.

At every stop, old students and friends of the college were met. It made "Dauber," the treasurer, happy.

"The genteel thing is the genteel thing any time." The club had a private car, if you please, with a big sign on the door, "Private."

At Salt Lake the U. of U. dramatic club met us with open arms. They occupied a section at the Theatre, and did everything that was possible for them to do in the way of aiding us. "Pete" Thomas and Leo Marshall of the Salt Lake contingent made a call during the stay of the club in the city.

At Provo a visit was made to the B. Y. U., where Repete met "Georgia," and incidentally enjoyed the visit to the school.

To ride inside of the cars was too dull for some of the fellows. Accordingly, part of them daily climbed on the roof and partook of the beauties of nature from an elevated seat.

At Richmond, F. O. Nelson, a former student of the college, managed the affair, and much credit is due him for its success.

The club will not very soon forget the courtesies he extended to it, during the brief stay.

Previous to the trip, Ariel F. Cardon gave the troupe some timely hints on "making up." They were much appreciated.

After all, old Logan supports as neat a theater and as good a set of stage hands as can be found. If
you doubt this statement, ask any of the "barn stormers" for his views.

It will be a long time before "Hen" Forrest's feels at Nephi will be forgotten. Such milk; such butter; such meat and such hospitality.

The Richfield audience was a jewel. It was "one karat" fine.

At a northern stand the "town idiot" was the stage manager. At a southern stop the "Willie Peanuts" of the place was official program booster. So you see we were in good company.

"Come, children, come" (Pete and Tut version) was adopted as the official song, and the dinner call was used for the yell.

Otte smoked his first cigar at Richmond. He was able to be around by curtain time, however.

"You ought to have been on the furniture van." Repete was, and he hasn't yet fully recovered from it.

The advertising for the whole trip was well conceived and carried out. The uniqueness, yet characteristic boldness of it, did much toward filling the houses.

Who played "Stingo" at Nephi? Now that's another question.

The orchestra was well received at every place. The instrumentation is as follows: Prof. Thatcher, Cello; Mrs. Linnartz, Emma Linnartz, Geraint Smith, Vic Fisher, W. H. Lee, violins; Jos. A. Smith, Jr., and Edgar Butler, cornets; W. F. McCloud and Guy Smith, clarinets; L. R. Annett and Bert Pond, horns; J. E. Works, trombone.

Otte tried to earn his salt on the way by gathering in specimens of that compound. Down at Richfield he "glommed" a 20 lb. chunk and fastened it in his grip. In some mysterious manner that salt turned into coal, and Otte's cow now goes without salt.

J. E. Taylor and S. G. Rich were the advance men for the big show. Rich covered the north country, while Taylor worked Salt Lake and the southern part of the state.

Brown got the only foot bath on the trip. The next time you pass by Salina, Utah, watch for a little irrigating ditch three miles south of town. That's Brown's bath tub.

The furniture hoodoo was around. Two tables; two chairs; a settee and a snare drum were broken, because of strenuousity on the part of some individuals.

The English XI class met regularly while on the trip, to eat peanuts.

Muggins' expedition in search of pies was the sensation of the trip.

The next day by actual count Mugsy had 141-2 gray hairs on his cranium. Niels "Olsen" supplied him with Herpicide.

The morning serenade: "Oh Jackie, does your mother know you are up?"

At Richfield the audience was a happy surprise in more than one way. The funny part of the whole thing was the way it showed its appreciation.
Jardine (to youthful gallery god at Richfield) Have you any eggs in that box?

"Six miles an hour is no such bad walking." From Lehi Junction to American Fork by tie-passes in one hour is the record of "Dauber and Orace."

Telegraphic communication with the Sorosis was a daily occurrence. The edict of that august body was observed, without questioning its propriety.

Arbor day was spent at Manti. The celebration was held during noon hour and it consisted of planting a weeping willow tree and shedding a few tears for the dear Sorosis; a running broad jump by Diggory; and a soda cracker lunch by the girls.

Appropos of the visit to Salt Lake, a daily "ran" the following:

Oh, the little A. C. girl,
   Smiled brightly.
And in the dance's whirl
   Stepped lightly.
And the U. of U lad said:
   "You're a charmer!"
Then she bent her pretty head,
   "I—I—like you, Mr. Fred.
   Better—much—than I like
   Any farmer!"
And there was peace, peace, peace,
In the heart of each, each, each.

The "last colossal feed and final hammerfest of the cast, quartette, orchestra, accessories, auxiliaries and supernumeraries of the great revival of "She Whoops to Stomper," was held at the college on Friday evening, April 21, 1905. A musical program; a feed; and a general good time were the features. Below is an outline of the evening's entertainment.

Menu.

Cove Oysters in Buttinsky Tins.
Ketchup Frappe
Consomme Disheswaterresque
Pickled Onions Scrambled Olives
Smoked Herring
   (Otte smoked 'em)
Boiled Salt Mackerel
Codfish Balls—Orchestra accompaniment.
Breaded Squaw—Navajo Blanket dressing
Fricaseed Papoose on Toast
Meat Croquettes—(which are hash)
Mattress on the half-shell
Timballs of Beef—(which are more hash)
Circus Posters in Cream (Cold Cream)
Sorosis Potpie (old hen)
Eggs—all styles and stages—chiefly bad
Carrots, a la Richfield
   Lawn Grass Spinach
   Spuds Murphies
   Boiled Cabbage
   Sweet Corn Soured
Hot Mice Pie
   Mark Brown Turnovers
Lady Fingers—Auntie-flew-jest-in dressing
Stewed Prunes Dried Apples
Soda Crackers
   Limburger Cheese
Solar Plexus Punch Goobers
Toast List.

1. The Happy Family—An argument for race suicide.... A. H. Upham
2. Cow-Town Appreciation—Observations on Richfield, American Fork, et cetera. ..... Ruth Evelyn Moench
3. The World of Graft—"Remember the Day and Date!—40 people 40!"... J. Edward Taylor
4. Tie Passes—"Six miles an hour is no such bad walking" ..... W. H. Kerr
5. "By Heaven, She Weeps!" The orchestra's point of view ......... L. R. Annett
6. Official Chaperonage—"Oh, I like all that!". Mrs. Linnartz
7. The Sorosis—May they live long and knock often .... E. G. Peterson
8. A Petition in Bankruptcy—The spirit is willing but the purse is cobwebby...
   ...................... Stuart Lee
9. Love's Young Dream—Please go way and let me sleep ......... B. F. Riter, Jr.
10. Nuggets and Carrots—Experiences with perpetual ice ................ J. E. Barrack
11. The Morning Call—Ten Minutes for Breakfast
   ...................... Hazel Love
12. San Pete Forever!—"And what became of the Munk?" ......... J. T. Jardine
13. Rural Pie Foundries—"Oh, that Henry Forrest could see us now!"....
    ...................... P. G. Peterson
14. The 37 Bunch—"The Student's Life of the A. C. College of Utah."....
    ...................... C. W. Porter

Doxology.
As Ithers See Us.

(Apologies to the Richfield Reaper.)

Say, Hy, you air a lucky cuss as ever I set eyes on,
To miss all these here gold-brick shows that cheats a man like pison.
Now here last night the derndest bunch from that there A. C. College
Was down at the pervilion servin’ up what they called knowledge.
They had a play—a crazy thing—they called it Whoops to Stomper;
They say Bill Shakespare writ it and considered it a humper.
Well, I must say, I like Bill’s taste, if he calls that stuff writin’,
Why that there piece the school-marm writ can knock it all a kitin’.
A lot of chaps in blue silk pants an’ coats that didn’t fit ’em
Jist stood up there an’ gabbled till Isurely ached to hit ’em.
I couldn’t see no real smart jokes an’ couldn’t find no story,
Nor any place to stamp your feet an’ whistle an’ yell “Glory!”
But all there was the whole way through was jest a lot o’ talkin’,
An’ some college fellers singin’ an’ a queer old woman squawkin’.
It’s jest the worst they’ve ever had at that there swell pervilion.
Why there wasn’t nary hero and there wasn’t nary villian.
They didn’t shoot a single time, there wasn’t any cuttin’.
But jest them slim-legged college dudes a-bowin’ and a struttin’.
An’ say, the orchestrer was fierce, fer all they looked so knowin’.
Why ole Jim Sykes on his cornet can drown ’em all a blowin’.
Us fellers in the gallery had it in fer all them parrots,
But we’d went an’left the eggs at home an’ hadn’t any carrots.
Long ’fore the show was over, lots of boys they left a trottin’,
But I stayed and made them dudes feel cheap the way I hollered “Rot-
ten!”
Bits of Local Color.

An Experience At Night-Herdmg.

When dry land farming was first begun in Cache Valley, the highlands and mountainous regions were used wholly for pasturage and grazing purposes. As the low land became crowded, people went to the small valleys, or basins, in the mountains, and to the most level strips of highland country, where, under the different land rights granted by the government, they proceeded to cultivate the soil and raise profitable crops.

As there was no law compelling these people to fence their farms, it was a great task for the stockmen to keep their stock during the hot summer months, when the grass on the hills was dry, from invading the green fields and inflicting great damage on the crops. In the part of the valley in which I was working, several men took advantage of these conditions and planted crops on small, open tracts of land near a spring or watering place for stock, built a large corral, and then waited not to harvest the crop, but to collect large sums of money from the stockmen by holding the trespassing stock for damages.

In order to prevent the damage done by the stock, and to avoid the exorbitant prices at which this frequent damage was appraised by the land owners, it was decided that the eight men employed at the ranch at which I worked should take their turn at night-herding—herding the stock back from the fields thereby checking the night raids. Preparatory to this, a bell was placed on the neck of each of the leaders of the several bands of horses, so that, in the stillness of the night when they came slowly down the trail, the herder could hear them at a great distance and prepare to turn them back.

The turns went around, and, because of my being away for a few weeks, the other men each had three or four shifts. Finally, on my arriving at the ranch one afternoon, the foreman told me that, as I had not yet been out, I had better sleep the rest of the afternoon and be prepared to herd that night. He said that he would get me a fresh horse so that there would be no unnecessary trouble.

I was awakened at six o'clock that evening, and after eating supper, saddled my horse, and set out for my post.

All was very quiet during the
early part of the night, the stillness being broken only by the occasional howl of the coyote, or the screech from a night owl. Because of my not being used to that kind of night work, I found it very hard to keep awake, and several times caught myself dozing.

At last, about two o’clock in the morning, I could hear the bell at a distance; and, before I had time to mount and make ready to meet them, a hundred and fifty horses rushed down the canyon. It seemed that the bell horses, which were yet nearly a mile away, were remaining in the rear so that the greater part of the band would go past unnoticed. It was with great difficulty that I succeeded in turning the course of the hungry animals; but, once started, I lost no time in taking them back to the head of that canyon, over the divide, and starting them down into the next canyon.

On returning to my post, the same quietness prevailed; and, thinking that the horses were not likely to return that night, I decided to risk a short sleep on the ground. After tying my horse to a small tree near the trail, I removed the saddle blankets which I used for a cover and chose a place near the trail for my bed. I felt sure that, should the horses come, their running along the trail would awaken me.

Nearly two hours had passed when I was aroused by the distant sound of a bell and the shouting of several men near the field below me. I started suddenly and lost no time in making ready to rescue the horses which I knew, from the shouting, were being placed in the corral by the men who were watching the grain. As I rode along in the direction of the sound, the shouting ceased, and, in spite of the noise made by the bells, I heard one man call to the others, telling them that nearly two hundred horses were in the corral, the gate was fastened, and all was safe. I felt that it was because of my sleeping that the horses had been caught, and was somewhat worried as to how I could recover them without paying for damage that they had not done.

I paused for fear of being seen; and while thinking over the situation, it dawned upon my mind that perhaps the men, not knowing that anyone was near, would sleep until morning. I decided, after allowing sufficient time for them to settle down to sleep, to go quietly up and open the corral gate. I knew that, if they were watching, I had a good horse and therefore could escape, and that, if they were asleep, I could drop the gate and escape unnoticed in front of the horses.

My plans worked very well, for, when I reached the corral, four men were lying on the ground asleep; their horses all saddled and bridled were tied to a wagon. The horses inside of the corral were crowded close together at the gate, very anxious to get out of the small pen.
I succeeded in dropping the gate without dismounting, and no sooner had the gate dropped than the horses rushed through like water through a break in a dike. My horse ran up the trail among thirty or forty of the leading ones, which, by my leaning forward in the saddle, cut me from the view of my pursuers. The men followed for about three miles, when they decided that their efforts were in vain and gave up the chase. Several times, they had got ahead of the band, but each time the horses went in different directions and escaped.

On leaving the band about four miles from the corral, it was just breaking day, and the men who had lost their prey were nowhere in sight. I rode up to the ranch rather late; and in answer to the many questions asked by the other men, I told them that, though I slept some during the night, I was certain that no horses were in the corral.

How that band of horses escaped from the corral that night was a great mystery to the men who slept only a few feet from the gate. And they were greatly surprised when, after their trouble with the stockmen was settled and we became better acquainted, I told them how, on that night, I slept while the horses passed my post, then quietly dropped the gate which gave them their freedom, and escaped unnoticed among the first to leave the corral.

From Over The Divide.

We were up Salt Creek for a week’s stay and were hunting deer, antelope, wild chicken or any other kind of game that we should be fortunate enough to find. It was late. The big logs that fixed the fire for the night had been put on. Because the weather was good and could be depended on to remain good, we hadn’t put up the tent, and our beds were spread in a half circle around the fire. Supper was over. There is nothing like a hunter’s appetite and there is no satisfaction like that he gets from satisfying it. It had been a successful day. Each man had made his kill and this and the calm, peacegiving, starry beauty of the night, made the circle of sunburned, firelit faces show happy, “Old Joey” with his cigarette-scorched mustache, his fringe of half grey whiskers, his hat on one side, his head tipped the other way, and one eye half closed, had given us his usual preface, “I'm damned if it wasn’t a night just like this—” and was putting us into convulsions, with the story of a bear which came to his camp, ate his shoe, and died before he got a hundred yards away, when suddenly, into the circle of light by the big cottonwood tree, came a horseman. He said, “Hello, gentlemen, any of you know Big Steve down at The Spur ranch?”

We all did.

“Has he got any friends here?”

“You can bet your life he hasn’t. Been to supper?”
"No, and I'm almost starved." Bert was already raking coals to put the fry pan on. He continued, "I live over the Divide and have been over to the "Spur," and I ain't had much to eat since I left home, on account of circumstances."

Jack started to take his horse. "Wait till I tell you something. I went down yesterday and shot Steve all to pieces."

Old Joey asked "why?"

"I can't tell you fellows. It ain't my row or I would."

"That's all right. Put his horse with the other, Jack, and we'll fix him some supper."

He told us while he ate, that the cow boys from the ranch were after him. They had not been at the ranch when he was and they were slow getting started, but he had seen them through the field glasses, riding out across the flat after he was on top of the Divide twenty miles on his way home. They had gone up a canyon south from the one he had taken, so they were at least several hours behind him, but they had had a pack horse, so he knew the chase was still in progress. He would start when the moon came up, and could be in the bad lands by daylight; and a hunt for him there would be hopeless. Once he was back among his own people the Spur crowd would wisely stay away.

"Old Joey" always sleeps with me on our hunting trips, and that night as the moon arose, he crawled out, woke up our visitor and was gone so long that I fell asleep again.

At daylight next morning, the stranger's horse was there, badly crippled, but he was gone. So was Joe's mare.

Two weeks later I rode down to the old man's ranch. He handed me a paper, and said "Old Bess came home last night and I combed that out of her tail. Read it to me." In a feminine hand was written, "I am much obliged to you."

Dauber.

In Arizona.

Jerry Caldwell, a city lad, of Phoenix, Arizona, had become tired of the life there and had gone to the country to seek employment. He had little difficulty in getting a job as hay hand on a large ranch, owned by the Tinsdell Stock Company, in western Arizona. Tenderfoot, kid and many like expressions were the term of address used by the ranchers and cowboys when speaking to him, but he cared little for their slurs and reproaches. All summer long he worked hard and did his best to suit his employers. At the end of the season, when most of the other men were being laid off, he was retained at the ranch to help the foreman oversee the fall work.

The next year was a happy one for Jerry. He was put in as foreman of a large part of the ranch and his wages were greatly in-
STUDENT LIFE.

creased. Although he was kept busy preparing for the season’s work, he would often become lonesome and wish he was back in the city. Later on, when the haying began, he was joined by a companion, Jim Dalton, from home. Then his melancholy hours fled and he was himself again. They worked on the same part of the ranch during the entire season, Jerry superintending and Jim as hay hand.

Four years they remained together and at last they decided to take a vacation and spend the winter in Phoenix. They had each hoarded a neat little sum of money during this time and it was now a question how they would get it to the bank. Robberies had been committed quite frequently along the road to Phoenix and it was a dangerous thing to carry money in those parts while traveling. No arrests had been made for the robberies, but suspicions were quite general that Nat Trenton and his bunch of outlaws were the guilty parties. The boys were in a peculiar situation, as they entertained no little fear about making the trip. They were not the kind, however, to show their fears and shrink from doing what they had made up their mind to do. So, one morning when it was thought “Nat” and his associates were farthest from the ranch, they made ready for their trip. They procured horses at the ranch and after tving their few belongings to the saddle and securing their money in a small bag, set out.

Toward noon they were approaching the most dangerous part of the road. A trail with which they were familiar led off through low hills; so thinking it would be safer to follow this they turned from the road. They jogged along all day over some of the most picturesque country in Arizona. Contrary to expectations, night closed over them long before they reached their destination. As the trail was extremely rough in places and the darkness became so intense, traveling was almost impossible. Arriving at a small stream where they could water their horses and build a fire, they decided to stop and wait for day before going farther. They did not unsaddle their horses, but merely tied them with a strap to a tree near the bank of the stream. Although they did not anticipate danger, they took these precautions that they might make some effort to escape should they be attacked.

They sat around the camp-fire that night conversing about home and the enjoyable time they would have with their old friends when they reached there. About ten o’clock they were startled by the cracking of brush on the hillside. They looked in the direction of the noise and listened attentively for several minutes, but hearing no sound concluded that it was made by a bird or squirrel that had been awakened by the light from their fire. Jerry rose and walked down to where their horses were tied to see that they were all right. At the same time he took the money from the saddle and placed it at the base
of the tree under some leaves. Returning to the fire he seated himself by Jim and resumed their conversation.

Half an hour passed without disturbance, when again the sound in the brush was heard in several places. Looking up they saw a man emerge from the brush and a second later several others were discovered looking out from their hiding place. The boys could not retreat, as it was evident that they were surrounded; and to fight would be useless, for they were unarmed. The men were masked and there could be no doubt as to their intentions. The leader approached the fire and spoke to the lads, then commenced questioning them on different subjects. Although he was disguised both boys at once recognized the garrulous voice of "Nat Trenton." To throw off suspicion he asked questions that they knew were familiar to him. "Are you them kids what left Tinsdell's ranch with a bundle of money this morning?" he asked. Receiving an answer in the affirmative he gave a signal and immediately the other three men appeared around the fire. "Now see here," said the Captain, "you just fork that money over and things will be all right with you kids." There seemed to be no alternative; so, seizing a large firebrand, Jerry beckoned for the men to follow. They walked toward the horses and when within a few rods of where they were tied, he hurled the firebrand in their direction. With a loud snort one of the horses broke his strap and started along the trail toward the ranch.

"Hold on there, you young devil; what does that mean," shouted the men. "The money is hidden in the pommel of old Nig's saddle," calmly replied Jerry, "and if you fellows can catch him before he reaches the ranch you are welcome to both horse and money." The air rang with curses and threats. Two of the men ran to their horses and were soon in pursuit of the frightened animal. The other two remained with the lads to see that no more tricks would be played. After searching the boys and satisfying themselves that the money had gone with the horse, they took the remaining animal and rode away, threatening to make it sore for the lads should they not succeed in capturing the horse.

When the men were far enough away, the boys began to talk of their situation. "Well," said Jim, "what are we going to do about it?" "Oh, we're all right," was the reply. "They won't catch Nig before he reaches the ranch, and even if they do they'll be pretty badly disappointed anyway. If we hurry we can reach Phoenix by ten o'clock tomorrow," "But what about the money," was the anxious query of Jim, as he thought of the months of hard labor he had spent to get it. "Never worry about the money, Jim, that will be all right," said Jerry, as they walked toward the tree. Jim had no idea of the shrewd trick Jerry had played on
the outlaws, and the joy that came to him when Jerry moved a few leaves and drew forth the treasure can be better imagined than described.

The next morning, soon after business commenced in Phoenix, two lads entered one of the most prominent banks in the city and made a large deposit. A posse was immediately organized to search for the outlaws, which after several days search, succeeded in capturing "Nat" and two of his accomplices. The other was never seen or heard of afterward.  

W. W. G.

Icebound.

Uncle Hal is a Canadian trader and trapper, and owns a small ranch near Selkirk, Manitoba. Besides cattle, sheep, goats, and horses he has a small band of moose. The income from his ranch affords him an independent living; and, for pastime during the winter, he often makes a trip, and sometimes two or three, up into the Lake Winnipeg district, trapping furs and trading with the natives.

The winter I was sixteen I spent with him, and accompanied him on two of these nearly spring and we were returning from the last trip. The hides and camp outfit we left at a trading post on the river, and from there they would be shipped as soon as the ice broke up.

We left the post on snow shoes with a four days' journey between us and home. The second day out we came to a lake which we had crossed on the ice when we were on our way up, but now the ice had melted and a large body of water lay directly in our path. To go around this lake meant an extra day and a tedious and dangerous journey. My uncle was well acquainted with the country, and the customs of the natives, so we followed back for a short distance along the shore of the lake to where the natives had had a summer camp. After considerable digging around in the deep snow we uncovered a birch-bark canoe, pushed it out across the ice, and made preparations to cross the lake. This was early in the forenoon and uncle said he thought we could row across in a few hours; but shortly after noon it grew intensely cold, a northwesterly breeze rose to a lively gale, snow fell in gusts at first, but soon came so thick and fast that we could not see a canoe's length ahead. The only thing to do was to spread our blankets and roll up in them.

The next morning at daybreak my uncle woke me. I looked out across the thin sheet of ice that had formed after the storm calmed, then at my uncle, who began to wear a serious look. Our supplies consisted of half a can of beans and a few crackers. The sheet of ice about two hundred yards wide between us and the shore was not strong enough for us to walk on,
and too strong to force the canoe through.

The next morning found us in the same plight minus the beans and crackers. Things began to get serious in earnest.

All of a sudden uncle’s eyes lighted up, and he said he had an idea. He took the long braces from the sides of the boat, lashed them to the oars, forming a rectangular frame, and then proceeded to tear large strips of birch bark from the inside of the canoe. These he fastened to the frame, making an ice raft, about four feet wide and six feet long, that would spread our weight over a larger area of the thin ice.

He said it was not safe for both of us to get on at the same time, but suggested that I go first. When I asked how I would get across and how he would get the raft back, he said that was all planned. He placed me on my stomach on the raft, gave me one end of a large roll of strong cord that we had been using to tie up hides with, and told me to use my toes for propellers. This was slow traveling, but I reached the shore, tied the cord to the raft, and he drew it back.

Then he rolled the cord up into a neat coil as he drew it in, and laid it on the ice, took the free end into the boat and was busy for a few moments; next he rose up and with all his strength threw something out towards me. It was his large hunting knife that he had tied to the cord, and it slid across the smooth ice to the shore. I picked up the knife, he mounted the raft, and with his toes as propellers and me tugging at the cord he soon landed safe on shore.

From here we proceeded home-ward, though our progress was seriously retarded by lack of food, and by the exposure of the night before. Luckily, however, we came upon a party of native hunters, who supplied us with dried venison enough to last us home, where we arrived, my uncle none the worse, apparently, for the hardships, though I shall never forget them.

J. W. P.
AT BRIGHAM CITY.
HOW THE SOROSIS
HEARD IT.

"SPARKING HIS
SWEETHEART ON
MERRILL'S
BRIDGE."

THE PARTITION AT
RICHMOND WAS A
CRACK IN THE FLOOR

PRESENTS FOR THEIR
SISTERS"

THE STOOPS TO CONQUER

ON THE
ROAD

"YOU OUGHT TO HAVE
COME OVER ON THE
FURNITURE VAN."

THE POCATELLO PARADE
ALL ABOARD FOR SAN FRAN!

AND BOOKING TRAM TO SAN FRAN.

THE KARAT FINE

AMERICAN FORK
6 MILES

IT WAS A HARD TRIP ON PROPERTY FURNITURE.
The college council granted a half holiday Saturday, April 8, to give the students time for improving the campus. In chapel Friday the president announced the action of the council with reference to the matter and asked the students if they cared to avail themselves of the opportunity. Some one immediately set things going by moving that the boys report on the campus at 1:30 the following day, with shovels, rakes and other necessary equipment, and had the temerity to include in his motion a requisition upon the girls for luncheon to be served at 5 p. m. The proposition carried with a vigorous and unanimous “aye.”

Saturday morning at chapel Professor Jenson declared himself “boss,” and at once proceeded to name sub-bosses and to assign them specific jobs. At the same time he designated the number of men who should work under the immediate direction of each “sub.” Capt. Styer was authorized to act as time-keeper, to check upon the students who should report for work and to mete justice to the pikers.

A progressive youngster in the student assembly, who wanted to make himself conspicuous, arose and introduced a resolution providing for a register for the signatures
of all who should contribute money or labor for the improvement of the college grounds, and moved the adoption of the same. Silence ensued. Finally Capt. Styer, with the double motive of relieving the prepllet's embarrassment and of securing the position of registrar for Mrs. Styer, seconded the motion. Miss Wyant voted in favor of the measure, Styer looked wise, and the unfortunate lad, who introduced the resolution, hung his head. In the absence of a negative vote, the chairman declared the proposition saved.

At 1:30 the boys were on hand and reported at the time keeper's desk to receive their assignments; then proceeded to the campus in companies of ten men each.

The various companies were designated as the "rakers," "scrapers," "rollers," "cinder shovelers," "rock dispensers," etc.

At five o'clock the track, tennis courts, and ball grounds were declared by Coach Campbell to be in first class condition, and at the same time, the bell in the south tower sounded the call to the dining room. The tables were prepared in the drill hall and luncheon served by the Woman's League. After spending an hour in social chat and feasting, the company repaired to the gymnasium and indulged in an old fashioned dance. The Heidelberg chorus and Rackety Cax concluded the day's program.
As the 37 Bunch saw the Track Meet.

"They tell me a department track meet was pulled off yesterday," said the editor-in-chief, the morning after the recent trophy contest. "How about it," he continued, "was it a success?" "About as much of a success as the average oyster supper at a church fair is," replied "Dauber," "everybody gets a little something and nobody gets a whole pile. The Engineers got the cup; the Aggies the experience; and the ink slingers—a bunch of consolation tied up in "Blue Ribbon."

"Well wasn't that all right; all the fellows are satisfied, aren't they?" piped Bronze-headed Jimmy. "Everybody except Prof. Clark and the horse-show people. They wanted their attraction to be the whole thing yesterday," continued Dauber, as he kicked off his overshoes. "Well it was, wasn't it?" questioned Stoopsy innocently, looking up from his latest.

"No, my lad, not on your father's chromo," Rejete butted-in; "an exhibit of all the pulling stock, which have been raised since the time Noah bought the original in the ribs, because it was slow in moving off the gang plank of the Ark, could not be classed as the whole show, when such a conglomeration of athletes and physical comedians are on exhibition on the same date and in so near proximity as were the 'all starved' bunch yesterday."

"Well, who in thunderation knows anything about the meet?" quizzed the ad-man looking over his glasses. "I want a pipe full at least." "You would have gotten pipes full and eyes full too, if you had pipped that bunch yesterday. All I saw of the tournament was witnessed from a rear window of the chapel during "She Stomps" rehearsal, and I enjoyed it immensely," Repete murmured. "I like to see contests of yesterday's kind; they are the most soporific propositions I ever ran into, and I like to sleep," he rambled on.

"Bah, what are you doping us with?" the business manager growled. "I thought yesterday's meet was a record breaking one from the point of ——." "Yes, it was a breaker, all right enough; a breaker of the Athletic Association Treasurer, when it comes to paying for shoes," the bronze-headed department man tied in. "Well can't some one give us some dope about the meet," begged the editor, "we need it for the April issue."

"Now look here, you lab. fiend you," put in "Dauber;" you are too particular about this confounded dope question. We can manufacture to order any amount of track meet material like yesterday's, if it
comes to a showdown. From my point of view the track meet yesterday was a forerunner of ——.

"None of your horse jokes now," Repete chirped, "give us some dope." "Well, as I was saying," Dauber trekked on, "yesterday's meet showed up some good material. Kadletz and Ingersoll are good, very excellent good, but what their chances are in the state meet, is another question. They are fairly fast track men. "Practical" John and Hansen are doing heavy stunts, and are but fair, nothing extra. Phillips is one of the best men we have. His high-jumping and hurdling will bring points to us at Zion in May."

"You don't mean to say that those fellows are the only ones of the whole crowd who are worth the talk?" questioned the business man. "Naw, there are some more fellows who are good, and who have worked faithfully and deserve credit as well as thanks for their labors. But for them, we would have had no athletics this spring," ended "Dauber," as he kicked the waste basket under the table, and hiked from 37.

"Say, are our athletics a morgue candidate or not?" growled the eye bespangled ad man. "Yesterday's meet seemed a mere formality. How about it?" "It was a formality, all right enough, but the best society is saturated with formalities, so the school may consider itself well up in the social scale," the wise editor "piped in."

"As for me," announced Repete, as he grabbed his Gluck Auf, "I am for plain, unadorned society, if all formalities are like some track meets. Let's go to class; there goes Rasmus Olaf's bell."

Soon 37 was silent, but for the scratch of Stoopsy's busy pen, leaving a track of black misery behind it.

Arbor Day.

Arbor Day exercises were held at the college Saturday, April 15, beginning at 10:30 a. m. Dr. Engle offered the opening prayer. Professor Langton, acting as chairman, introduced Mr. Gardner of the Sophomore class, who read a brief, well written paper on "The Beauties of the Plant World."

Mr. Melvin Ballard, our favorite vocalist, then rendered the sacred song, "The half has never been told," assisted in the chorus by the college choir.

Miss Edith Rudolph, representing the Senior class, advanced the idea that speech making is of little importance as compared with the actual work of planting trees, and
then proceeded to discuss the practical importance of Arbor Day work with special reference to conditions in Logan. She praised the City Council for protecting the shade trees on Center and First North streets while the sidewalks were being paved.

A piano solo was then skillfully executed by Mrs. Stony.

R. C. Hillman came up with the Freshman oratory and argued that man and the tree are, from the standpoint of nature, co-ordinate, contemporaneous kings or the imperial rulers of the two great interdependent kingdoms that comprise all life. He treated briefly the necessity of the adoption of more drastic measures for the protection of native flora.

The choir sang an anthem, after which the assembly went to the campus to engage in tree-planting. Each class planted a tree and representative members made dedicatory speeches in the following order. The Senior class, represented by Richard Ballantyne, planted an elm. This completes the Senior grove which is in the form of a V. The Sophomore class, represented by James Kearns, added a walnut to their attractive square. The Freshmen, in their usual anxiety to outdo every one else, gave us their very appropriate evergreen in the form of two cedars. Miss Nora Egbert delivered a very interesting and creditable speech upon the occasion. The second year students planted a locust, which was dedicated by Miss Anna Taylor, and the first year, represented by Miss Jennie Roberts, placed upon the brow of the hill a solitary ash.

The last event of the day was a baseball game between the Aggies and the Engineers, which resulted in an 8 to 9 victory for the “Farmers.”

Professor L. A. Ostien

Upon the recommendation of the State board of education, the Utah Commission has appointed Professor L. A. Ostien, director of the Utah Educational Exhibit for the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland.

Professor Ostien has taken great
interest in the school system of Utah. He holds a high rank among the educational leaders of the state and is a man of rare executive ability. Under his direction Utah is sure to make a creditable showing. The exhibit will by no means be confined to the state institutions, but the church schools and private colleges will be duly recognized.

The professor is now in Portland making arrangements for show cases, cabinets, and other booth fixtures.

The fair will open on the first of June and continue until the middle of October. Prof. Ostien and his assistants will be in constant attendance, and we may confidently assume that the educational interests of the state will be fairly represented.

“All on account of Eliza.”
STUDENT LIFE.

Published Monthly by the Students of
The Agricultural College of Utah.

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Preston Peterson '07........Associate Editor
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Verna Bowman '05...........Student Affairs
James Kearns '07.........Department Notes
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Stuart Lee '07........Alumni and Exchange
Horace Kerr '06..........Advertising Bureau
H. M. Stoops '08............Staff Artist

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Editorial.

We are quoted profusely by Chrony this month. The poor boy is beginning to take us seriously. We would advise him to use a little more care in punctuating reproductions from STUDENT LIFE, at least to the extent of using quotation marks. We have no desire of being credited with the Chronicle editor’s work.

In behalf of the management of “She Stoops to Conquer,” STUDENT LIFE wishes to thank the Oregon Short Line, Denver and Rio Grande, San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake, and Sanpete Valley Railways, for the courteous treatment received at their hands during the recent trip of the Dramatic Club. The rates received from these companies were very reasonable and the service exceptionally good. Special cars were placed at the disposal of the club on each of these lines, and everything possible was done to make the trip enjoyable.

We Still Live.

The little catch-phrase which adorned the top of the “Stoops to Conquer” posters, resulted in an outpouring of advice regarding inter-collegiate proprieties that reminds one of the old-time Ruth Ashmore columns. The idea, so constantly harped on by the Salt Lake press, that the polite position for us to take in the college controversy is one of unselfish delight in the aggressions of our opponents is all twaddle. When a combination of philanthropic educators and scheming politicians has worked for months to wink us out of existence and we remind them mildly that they have not succeeded in their efforts, we are branded as recklessly audacious and maliciously insulting. We are only hurting our own cause by such unheard-of rashness, and must needs be warned patronizingly of our folly. Do you know, kind friends, the temptation was strong to head our posters with a quotation from Tony Lumpkin: “Damn your way of fi...” say.”
A Word To Departments.

STUDENT LIFE will appear but once more this year, yet we are of the opinion that a few suggestions to our department editors will be worth while.

In the first place send in more material in the form of notes. If plenty were written, so that the weakest portions could be thrown out and still leave enough to represent creditably the different schools, the "knocking" that is becoming chronic in some quarters, on account of very little space being devoted to the departments, would cease. Remove the cause—it lies within your power—and the effects will vanish.

In the second place, the material is not always well chosen. It must have become apparent to all our readers, long ago, that our policy is to eliminate the silly, personal jokes, and we seldom record the teething experiences of the preps. Therefore, cut out all items of that sort before leaving your manuscript on the editor's table.

In the third place, be a little more careful in the construction and punctuation of your sentences. Write with pen and ink and occasionally spell a word correctly.

We are particularly interested in the technical work of each school, and would like to have an outline of the work that is being done in those departments, together with a synopsis of what other institutions are doing in the same line. Or give us your views with reference to the big Engineering, Commercial and Agricultural problems that are at present being solved by the scientific and business world. Make your department notes represent your real interests in the school and in life.

College Activities.

The work of the dramatic company is finished for the year and we heartily congratulate them upon their success in producing the rather difficult comedy "She Stoops to Conquer."

For several weeks prior to the first presentation of the play, the members of the cast necessarily devoted a considerable portion of their time to its preparation. Then for two weeks they sacrificed their entire time in order to represent us throughout the state, in one phase of our school activities. This pure unselfishness and willingness to contribute individual effort to a course in which we all share the benefits, is highly commendable.

In return for this service, every student should have felt obligated to support at least one of the performances given here. Yet there are a few A. C. students who failed to attend either. In some instances, this apparent indifference may not have been due to lack of interest in college affairs, but we can not justify students for patronizing the Bowling Alley and other public attractions while their fellow-students...
are exerting themselves to produce a worthier entertainment.

Generally speaking, however, there is no cause for complaint. It would be hard to find a more loyal seven hundred anywhere, but we want to reach the few who have never yet felt a throb of patriotism for their Alma Mater, arouse them from their lethargy and lead them into the true spirit of college life.

That we are making rapid strides in this direction is made manifest by the constantly increasing number of students who respond to the occasional calls for assistance in the work of improving the college grounds. We have always been able to depend on a few men who are ready to act whenever the occasion demands it. The concerted work of the students and faculty on the 8th inst., is regarded by all as a most gratifying indication of a growing interest. The students asked for a half holiday and proposed to spend the time in improving the track, ball grounds, and tennis courts. The council granted the request and every fellow reported for work. There were no "pikers." We are traveling in the right direction. Our attendance is annually increasing. Our students are developing a deeper interest in the institution. Our courses are being strengthened, our facilities for scientific work are being enhanced from year to year, and the prestige of the Agricultural College is universally acknowledged.
Music Department.

An agreeable feature of the track meet, March 20, was the music furnished by the band boys. Several well-selected pieces were given at intervals, and not until the March weather stiffened their fingers did they retire in chair brigade order.

The piano recital given March 17 was very creditable. The pupils under Mrs. Sloan exhibited a capability of excellent expression, as well as good finger work.

The students of the college were agreeably surprised when the Mandolin and Guitar club appeared for the first time at chapel exercises, March 29. Their selections were well rendered, and were appreciated by the students, who greeted each number with hearty applause. To the club we say, come again.

The predictions regarding the surprise the band boys had in store for the public were amply verified on the evening of March 27. Each number was received enthusiastically by those present and people who read the comments of our local papers necessarily are convinced that we have an aggregation of boys capable of representing the high class of work done by our institution. The harmony and tone production needs special mention, since it was upon these qualities that Director Thatcher spent so much time. One prominent critic made the remark that the work done was most excellent and at the same time said it approached orchestral music. The music department, however, is indebted to Messrs. Cardon, Thatcher, Carlyle, Farr and Yates, and Miss Berkhoel for the assistance they rendered. The vocal work done by Miss Berkhoel was especially valuable to the students taking voice culture, since her voice illustrated those qualities (resonance, purity, flexibility, character, etc.,) that are so necessary to the successful artist.

Director Thatcher is contemplating giving a vocal recital at the college in the near future, at which some pupils, who have been pursuing a course of voice instruction under him, will appear before the public for the first time. Announcements will be made later.

Members of the orchestra and quartet came back feeling somewhat jubilant over the success with which they have met, though inclined to keep earlier hours than heretofore.

The impression made by them is certainly gratifying. They called out many favorable and flattering comments from both critics and press. Their improvement was noticed by those who attended the
first and last performances here. The quartet, too, came in for their share of applause everywhere.

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Engineering.

Having "Stood to Conquer" the dramatic world, J. T. Jardine and John Tuttle have returned, and are again conquering the intricate problems of engineering.

Talk about your strenuous lives. Well, Tuttle is certainly leading one. Having been before the footlights for nearly a month, he is now undergoing a civil service examination for Hydrographic Aid.

The testing machine in the mechanics laboratory is again in working order.

There is an old adage which says, "Water will find its level," and it was surprisingly illustrated on the recent campus cleaning. The engineers did the engineering work, the commercials carried around their little book and pencil, and the poor Aggies—well they did the work.

Mr. Charley Brown, formerly instructor in Hydraulics here, is now filling the position left vacant by Mr. McLaughlin.

Mr. L. A. Hendricks left school last week to accept a position in Oregon.

Nearly all the senior engineers are taking civil service exams.

The junior and senior students are contemplating a trip to the various engineering works throughout the state.

Acuff and Allred are busy establishing experimental plats on the college farm at Greenville.

The seniors have been making tests of cement under different conditions.

The exhibit from this department at the Portland Fair promises to be one of the finest exhibits of its kind ever made by a western educational institution.

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Commerce.

As is usual in this department, everything is going along smoothly. We are being favored every Thursday with instructive and interesting lectures by some of the leading commercial men of the state.

April 10 the members of the Commercial Club received a drill in Parliamentary Law. Those in attendance were greatly benefited. It has been suggested that a county convention be held, with all members of the club as delegates. In our judgment nothing would be more beneficial, and we hope the President will make such a call immediately.

"The Memoranda of Transactions" for February says: "Mr. Gardner is a stunner."

Pugmire: Who are you working for, Sampson?

Sampson: O, I am hired by the
day to vote for the sporting committee of the commercial club.

One of the most amusing features of the Commercial Club's meetings occurred recently, when with great ease and considerable weight the members of the club sat upon several of its self-appointed leaders.

For Sale.
Return tickets to Ogden.
For particulars inquire of Farr, Olson & Co.

Messrs. Tarbett and Gardner, until recently students of this department, are now filling lucrative positions in the city.

Mr. Thos. P. Connelly, formerly a student of this department, is now holding a responsible position in the Philippine Islands.

Mr. Farr is becoming very poetic of late. Recently in a dream he was heard reciting Bobby Burns' famous little poem, "Man was made to mourn," placing great stress on, "Man's unhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

Agriculture.

Mr. Levi Chulbuck of the Department of the Interior visited the college last week in search of agricultural graduates to take positions as instructors in Indian schools, and superintendents of Indian farms.

The Experiment Station has a total appropriation of $90,000 with which to carry on experiments for the next two years.

The various arid farms in the state have been visited already this spring by members of the Station staff.

The Deseret Farmer, "That Big Farm Paper" under the direction of members of the station staff, reports 8,000 subscribers.

Prof. Dryden, who was formerly connected with this institution, has accepted a position with the Cyphers Incubator Co. He is to superintend an experimental poultry plant.

During the past week institutes were held in Sanpete and Sevier Counties by Dr. and Mrs. Widtsoe and Prof. Clark. In Boxelder County by Professors Merrill, Cotey, Ball and Northrop.

The Dept. of Agronomy reports a greater demand for seeds than ever before.

At the meeting of the Agricultural club held April 20th, Dr. Widtsoe gave a very entertaining and instructive talk on the work of the Experiment Station. He held forth every encouragement for the agricultural students to finish their courses. He said the great need of the experiment stations was workers.

The inspiration from such a talk should prove a cure for spring fever.

A number of agricultural students expect to work at the Experiment Station this summer.
Library Notes.

The table and chairs which have been placed near the bound periodicals are for the use of debaters and others who are looking for references in the Poole periodicals.

The library, in behalf of the college, wishes to thank the professors and instructors of last year's summer school for their generous gift. The books presented were mostly fiction, published in 1903 and 1904. Balzac's Comedie Humaine in sixteen volumes was also among the selections.

Among the books recently received as gifts from the United States government is a facsimile of the Jefferson Bible, or more accurately "The life and morals of Jesus of Nazareth, extracted from the Gospels in Greek, Latin, French and English," by Thomas Jefferson. These parallel texts are arranged in columns side by side, the Greek and Latin on the left hand page and the French and English on the right hand page. The sources are indicated in the margin. The edition is an exact photographic copy of the original manuscript now in possession of the United States national museum. It was purchased in 1895 with the other Jefferson manuscripts. The volume is beautifully bound in full red leather with gilt tooling.

Thomas Jefferson said in a letter, "Probably you have heard me say I had taken the four Evangelists, had cut out from them every text they had recorded of the moral precepts of Jesus, and arranged them in a certain order, and although they appeared but as fragments, yet fragments of the most sublime edifice of morality which had ever been exhibited to man."

"The Story of the Declaration of Independence," is another interesting volume received from the Government. It is arranged by William H. Michael. It contains full page portraits of the signers, together with their biographies. The other plates are facsimiles of the original draft of the declaration, of the first broadside edition, a photograph of its present appearance, and cuts of the liberty bell, the desk on which Jefferson wrote the declaration, the steel cabinet in which the original engrossed copy is kept, and other interesting objects connected with the history of the signing of the declaration of independence. The volume is bound handsomely in full black morocco with gilt lettering.
Campus, Class-Room and Corridor.


March 18: Roll call of German I class shows all members present.

It is a mighty poor cartoon that won’t do service for two years. Ask either Styer, Bexell, Engle or Campbell.

A splendid rainbow was on exhibition on the afternoon of March 20. At the next exhibition Student Life will have reserved seat tickets for sale. Ticket list now open.

Rich: What causes plaster to fall from the ceiling?
Prof. Y: Usually the track team in the gymnasium.

March 23: Miss Moench assisted by the college choir rendered Kipling’s “Recessional” in chapel. (This prayer was given wild applause from the preplets.)

Capt. Styer’s comments on Student Life in chapel were O. K. (The captain borrowed our glue pot last week.)

From a very reliable source we are informed that a reign of “Napoleonic Democracy” has been established in the Commercial Department. A banishment; a revolution and a “reign of terror” are expected next.

“Dutch I” class are thinking very seriously of petitioning the faculty to allow them credits for 2nd and 3rd year work in that “awful live language.”

Lute Howell has reformed, and left us. We are sorry, for we needed him in our business. To be plain, he has taken to the L. D. S. missionary field in Great Britain.

Query: If a young man should ask a young lady to walk under his umbrella and she should consent; and another young man should come along and ask the same young lady the same question, and she should consent; what should the first young man do?

March 29: College Mandolin and Guitar Club, under direction of Mrs. Linnartz, appeared in chapel.

“Wash day in camp;” a remarkable story of adventure and surprise, published by the Washer Women Association is the latest reality. The cotton roof of the auditorium stage will soon be clean enough to
please the critical eye of the editor of the Logan Republican.

The preplet, whose vanity was of such enormous size that it would not permit him to wear a college uniform, has applied for a position in a tailoring college as a model.

Miss Nebeker, approaching room 37, “What do you do when you come to this room? Knock?”

The local editor appropriately closed the festivities of the "Whoops to Stomper" banquet by executing a thrilling leap for life and plowing up a portion of the college drive with his head. It is reported that he mistook a certain buggy for the Sanpete express. Victor Fisher acted as good Samaritan.

Mrs. Cotey was hostess at dinners at which the members of the senior class were guests.

The large number of seniors this year made it necessary to divide the class into two sections. Blue and white, the class colors, were used in the table decorations.

Elaborate menus were served at both tables and it is needless to say that all enjoyed themselves.

**Exchange.**

It has always been a matter of wonder and comment to outsiders why the college man emits the fearful yell that characterizes him when he is gathered in numbers at athletic contests. To such Dr. Stanley Hall makes explanation. He says that the college yell is merely an outcropping of the primitive instincts that survive in the breast of civilized man. Ages ago when our progenitors dwelt in the forests and slept in the caves and fought wild beasts and each other with tooth and nail, it was their custom to sound a sort of war cry before going into combat—a challenge of defiance. And that is where the college yell comes from.—The Intercollegian.

* A. D. 2000.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,
I'm going to make a pie;
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose,
So give me a gramme of phosphate,
And carbon and cellulose.
Now give me a chunk of caseine, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat,
And give me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat;
And if the electric oven is cold,  
Just turn it on half an ohm,  
For I want to have the supper ready  
As soon as John comes home.

Evolution, quoth the monkey,  
Maketh all mankind our kin,  
There's no chance at all, about it,  
Tails we lose and heads we win.—Ex.

There was once a man from Nantucket,  
Who kept all his cash in a bucket,  
But his daughter named Nan  
Ran away with a man,  
And as for the bucket—Nantucket.—Ex.

There had been a sweeping revival in the village and among the converts were several business men. One night the converted butcher got up and said: “Friends, I have been a very wicked man; I have given short weights to my customers and I know I'll go to hell.” Immediately the old grocer, rather deaf, started up the good old hymn, “If you get there before I do, look-out for me, I'm coming too.”—Ex.

An Irishman and a Frenchman were parting at the steamer. The Irishman, standing at the wharf, waved his hand at his friend and shouted, “Oh, reservoir!” The Frenchman, politely saluting, replied, “Tanks.”—Ex.

“What ye call 'em depends on where ye git 'em. If ye git 'em in France, they are called Parasites; if ye git 'em in Germany, they are Germs; and if vez git 'em in old Ireland, they are Mikrobes.”
When the penniless lordling to get a rich wife
Of his own nationality fails,
He crosses the ocean, with heart light and gay,
And robs the United States males.—Ex.

Jorkins—"My dear. I wish you wouldn't sing that song about 'Falling Dew.'"
Mrs. Jorkins—"Why not?"
Jorkins—"It reminds me too much of the house rent."—Ex.

An Arkansas boy's definition of a girl: "A thing of beauty and a jawing forever."—Ouachita Ripples.

When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to switch his tail.
"Well, I never!" was his comment,
"Here's a mule that's been in jail."—Ex.

Seashore—A haven for smacks.
Oven—The only sport who enjoys an equally hot time with or without the dough.
Polecat—A small cat to be killed with a pole—the longer the better.

Plumber—One who ascertains the capacity of your purse, soaks you with a piece of lead and gets away with your money—a process vulgarly known as a lead pipe cinct.

Engagement—In war a battle, in love the salubrious calm that precedes the real hostilities.

Echo—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

I went to a party with Janet,
And met with an awful mishap.
For I awkwardly emptied a cupful
Of chocolate into her lap.

But Janet was cool—though it wasn't—
But none is so tactful as she,
And, smiling with perfect composure,
Said sweetly, "The drinks are on me!"

—Harvard Lampoon.

Twins—Insult added to injury.

—Ex.