Student Life, May 1905, Commencement

Utah State University

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

Recommended Citation
Utah State University, "Student Life, May 1905, Commencement" (1905). The Utah Statesman. 28.
https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/newspapers/28
Student Life

Agricultural College of Utah

Commencement 1905

Volume 3
Number 8
Now Is The Time

..Fall..

No better time than now to purchase your Clothing, Shoes and Furnishings.
No better place for up-to-date and reliable goods than DUNBAR, ROBINSON & Co.
Crouse & Brandegee and Hiral, Wickwire & Co., Famous Clothing.
"Keith Kenner" Shoes for men.
"Queen Quality" Shoes for women.

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

The Blue Bucket .................................................. 254
The Bugle's Last Note ........................................... 257
A Tale of the Range ............................................. 264
The Bannock Indian ............................................. 269
Cinders and Tape ................................................ 273
Student Affairs ................................................... 276
Editorial ........................................................... 281
Department Notes ................................................ 288
Exchange ........................................................... 295
Union Mercantile Company

"U. O."

51 and 53 Main Street

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

Special attention paid to the needs of Students
"THE BLUE BUCKET."
The Blue Bucket.

It was Claire Belmont dropping down the old Blue Bucket pack trail. Dragging heavily on a lariat lead swung a stubborn black mule. A dislodged quartz boulder crashed down the timbered canyon. It tore away the center of the fallen monarch on which Jack Dalton sat musings. Further down it crushed into heat and fine dust at the base of a wind-dismantled pine. It was strange that Jack was not awakened to Claire’s presence before. Not so very strange, either. “Whin a man’s in luv,” once argued Mike O’Day in the bunk house, “he would never wake up if he was laying on a cyar-load of touched-off dynamite.”

Dalton admired Claire. For her he would have been willing to forego his earthly all—mountains and mines, life and future joys. Yet, her eastern refinement and higher intellectual training made him truly uncomfortable. His western lack had to an extent the same effect on her.

“I thought the rock was an avalanche,” greeted the westerner as the girl smiled kind recognition. His dream—that vision of lily-beauty, that for of ethereal grace—surrendered to the living presence.

“Jack,” she said, dropping the tow line of her charge, “I have been ‘experting’ the Blue Bucket mine today. Yes,” she continued from her stump throne. “I was on every level. Went down on the pump and at noon shared a Cornishman’s dinner. I picked up some ‘rock’ on the third level.” Here Claire produced a piece of “rose” quartz. Its soft translucent glow refracted a delicate yellow. It was countersunk with stringers of gold.

“It is strange,” she murmured slowly, “the inequality of man.” And marveling at the treasure which the Blue Bucket held in store, she whispered, “What blessings some enjoy!”

Her cowboy hat partly concealed an expression of deep meditation. She remained lost in thought till Jack felt moved to break the silence. Feeling that perhaps her pride had been wounded, he asked solemnly if the mule had bucked her off.

“No, no,” she replied calmly, “It was years and years ago, and I was leading a pack mule over a lonely mountain trail—prospecting for a mine—this one. I was fancying its discovery; wondering how it came to swing on the credit balances of time and fortune. Its name—Blue Bucket! Blue Bucket!” she repeated mechanically. “The mere mention of that name has caused me to thrill with sudden apprehension.”

“It’s a long, long story,” broke in the western man, “a history as full o’ hard luck and rough trails ez ever you heard tell.”
Claire Belmont's interest was deeply centered. Not at first in the mine itself, nor in the western character before her. But in that mysterious romantic something that always arouses and maintains human interest. The transparent character or a twice-told camp yarn may be affecting, but that individual whose life's tunneling requires the work of years, or the gold "float" we find in the quartz country, reach down deep to the world-old fascination of chance and mystery.

She was interested in the discovery of that mine—the property that had developed from a haunted prospect to a bonanza whose hoists never stopped and whose three hundred stamps dropped on quartz trammed from a mystic mineral vein—the Blue Bucket mine. Jack, himself, had heard the story but once—his father told him just before he died. It was not secret, neither was it generally known. Jack was now urged, entreated to "tramp the old trails o' er." Claire asked him. How could mortal man resist?

"Well, I'll tell you, Claire—you don't care if I call you Claire, do you?" said Jack, as he swung over a knot in the log. "'Twas away back in the Californy '50's. The claims at the head o' Sierra was pavin' three ounces to th' man shovellin' in. Bill Sanford and Bob Bell was two young fellers that had a claim there. They allus made fine cleanups. But when the news came that they had struck it rich on Alder Guch, Montana, they got the fever and got it d—er, mighty bad. It's blasted queer," continued Dalton, fumbling in his blue shirt for a match, "that a man's never satisfied. He wouldn't set stakes on a mountain of solid gold, if he was told that they wus better pay on another range."

Dalton's expression was natural. His language developed force through its simplicity. The mountains, the forests and the wild had been his books. He was a child of the west. He's great strong physique and masculine character had developed a heroic personality.

Never before had Claire Belmont recognized these splendid faculties. She pictured the man in university halls and thrilled beneath the portrayal.

"They had a mighty rough trip across this mountain country in that airly day," continued the narrator, with much feeling, "still a man would drive to hell through solid rock, if he thought they would be gold on th' other side. But as I wus goin' to say, the boys started with luck against 'em; wrong moon, p'raps. Their trail led 'em too fur north. Bob didn't know where they wus and Jim wusn't sure. But they wusn't lost—no sir, a western man never is. One night Sanford noticed the north star or his compass wusn't square with the world. Then they cut east fur the Saw Tooth Range."

"Bill Sanford and Bob Bell went through this yer canyon pass," explained Dalton with a sweep of his hand, "and on the way up they
found the float, and then prospected and discovered that mine. They wasn’t accustomed to quartz or underground minin’—they wasn’t satisfied to stay. In mem’ry of the strike they marked a cedar tree with a ol’ blue bucket they left hangin’ on a limb.”

It was not the peculiar word order nor the story so far told that was sounding the chords of Claire’s sympathy and admiration. No, far from it. The magnet lay in his open-hearted expression and his deep appreciation for the pioneer prospector that had faced dauntlessly the perils of the wild frontier.

Jack Dalton now followed the winding trail of Sanford and Bell through the mountain passes and river canyons of the rougher West. He landed them in Alder Gulch where placer gold was rife—but cast in the “riffles” of other men. The “pardners” prospected the surrounding country for several summers long. Their minds reverted frequently to their Saw Tooth “find” of a dozen years gone by.

They planned to return to “discovery.” They prospected through the summer months and part of the winters, too. It was exceedingly strange. They had lost their bearing; the Blue Bucket discovery was always in another canyon. Each summer’s winding from the cylinder of time brought back the declining but determined men. Bob Bell went out from camp one cold morning late in autumn. But he never returned. A heavy snow fall that night drove Sanford to a wintering

less severe. He was alone now but the “high water” season found him, again, Saw Tooth bound—to find his “pardner”—and to locate the long lost mine. The old prospector camped one night near the headwaters of the Middle Fork. He was attracted by a peculiar mound across the “crick”—it was the gravel around an old prospect hole. He hung over the edge of that deep caving shaft and saw—the lifeless head of his old comrade. He had fallen, but he still stood firm. The ice had gathered around his neck. When life ebbed away it formed his last support. As Bill looked the walls caved once more. Bob Bell was under ground.

Sanford was growing old and grey. The brave old mountaineer had nothing to live for now—only that mine. His faculties were clouding fast. Could he distinguish that monument they had left so many years ago? Still the old man was resolute. He could never give up. It is a strange phenomenon—the magnetism of gold! How luring!

Claire’s deeper affections had never responded before. Her heartstrings had been vibrated by that great human soul. She flushed through pride when she thought of her own weaknesses. She shuddered at the strange contrast between herself and that great, noble “Menelich” whom she was learning to love so well.

“My father was a prospector too,” said Jack, going on with his story. “It wus him that found th'
old cedar tree and the blue bucket hangin' to a dead limb. A little way down th' canyon wus an old prospect hole. The prospector hed sunk on the lost mine, but he didn't know it. In th' bottom of that shallow shaft bleached the skeleton of an old western hero—Bill Sanford. Tied 'round his neck with raw hide wus a flat, rusty, tin tobacco box. A little writin' sed, 'If ever—anything—happens—to me. If ever th' blue bucket's found—divide squarely—between you and the near'st relation of my old comrad!—Robert Belmont.'

The girl, hanging eagerly upon the last words of the story, grew pale to the lips at mention of this new name.

"My grandfather!" she exclaimed. Then all the world turned dark. The calm breeze from the pines was restoring. She awoke in the arms of her western lover.

"Jack," she murmured from her vantage, smiling, "then you and I are 'pardners?"

The westerner evaded the question.

"Hadn't I better find the mule?"

—J. E. B.
There are times in a fellow's life when he feels as if his God had forgotten him. This feeling sometimes may be plain cowardice, but rather, for the sake of humanity, let it be called "the blues." Ralph Bliss had "the blues" and he had 'em bad. As he stood under the slanting board porch of the Dutch Flat Hotel, and gazed out upon the leading street of the little Sierra Nevada mining town, his thoughts wandered back to a night of a few months before, when he and a bunch of his "frat" fellows at Yale celebrated their coming "grad" days. This celebration was responsible for his present geographical location. So strenuous were the doings that they became common talk about school, and soon the governing board inquired, and the "guy" at home received news that his offspring, who was doing higher education, was not doing his duty. This bit of information was not unexpected, as the "guy" had knowledge of certain other celebrations that his hopeful had indulged in at certain other times.

Repeated warnings did nothing, so the "guy" did what he considered his duty, and Ralph Bliss left college on the day before he should have taken his "sheep-skin." The same day he repented, and incidentally wrote the "guy," thanking him for the green roll of five hundred, and promising to do better; sent her "frat" pin to the "girl," packed his carpet bag, and "jumped" the overland for the west.

A few months of alternate loafing, working and wandering, brought him to his present situation, under the front porch of Dutch
Flat's leading hostelry. It wasn't a pleasant sight he gazed out upon. The hot August sun had withered every bit of vegetation, if there had ever been any, and Dutch Flat's predominating feature, its alkali dust, covered Market Street fully a foot deep. Facing this stream of sand, the business district of the Flat was built. On either side was a line of low, wooden structures, badly warped and all possessing "lean-to" front porches. Under these porches lounged the population of the town on hot, dusty afternoons.

There had been consternation in the ranks of the loafers in front of the Gold Nugget Bar, when a young man was seen to alight from the afternoon stage in front of the hotel. One of the loungers, J. Leamington Lumley by name, and ex-devil of the defunct "Dutch Flat Bugle," by trade, appointed himself a committee of one to inquire into the business of the new arrival.

He happened to accost Bliss, as the ex-Yale man was gazing at his environments from the hotel porch, and at the same time indulging in a sentimental day-dream of the girl way down east, wearing a Greek letter pin. Now J. Leamington Lumley, ex-devil, did not possess a particularly polite manner of address, and he greeted Bliss with, "What in hell are you doing here?" The easterner paid little heed to the first advances, but as the salutations became more familiar, and at the same time less respectful, Bliss's "grouch" developed into a full-fledged, "blood-on-the-moon" variety of fight. Without a word of warning, the "tenderfoot" wheeled about and executed a double shuffle on J. Leamington Lumley's face, and as a side issue landed on the ex-printer's anatomy with his boot in a manner which resulted, in a few moments later, in J. Leamington's picking himself out of Dutch Flat's alkaline pavement, shaking the dust from his denims, and doing the western waltz towards the Gold Nugget crowd, which was now indulging in boisterous laughter.

Ralph Bliss, Yale ex-03, needed no further introduction to Dutch Flat's upper ten.

By the time Bliss had been a resident of the Sierra Nevada mountain town for a week, he had risen rapidly in the society and estimation of his fellow men. Since the J. Leamington Lumley episode, there was a wholesome respect for the "new comer," and in fact J. Leamington, himself, now courted the friendship of the college man, and tried to make all differences right.

It was a common occurrence for J. Leamington to ask Bliss to drink with him, as many as a dozen times a day, and it was over the "high balls" once that the ex-devil imparted the valuable information to the new "Flatter," that the town was in need of an editor, and Bliss was the man for the position. His qualifications were not questioned, for he was "a bad 'un with his
mits," and that was sufficient for any editor, in J. Leamington's estimation.

As it happened, Dutch Flat had never been very successful with its editors. It seemed as if most of the literary inhabitants were rather severe with individuals following the vocation of editor, the result being that most of the 'pen-pushers' left town after a few weeks' sojourn, carrying with them anything but a good opinion of the place. In fact, J. Leamington informed Bliss that the last newspaper genius nailed up his establishment at one a.m., and was safe in 'Frisco by daybreak. When questions were asked as to why the departed one decamped, a smile was the only answer, but it was intimated that a 'tar and feather' party had been planned for the benefit of the ink-splasher.

In spite of these uncanny tales of the experiences of past editors in Dutch Flat, Bliss looked upon the proposition with favor, and soon he and J. Leamington planned to bring back to life the "Weekly Bugle." A partnership was formed, wherein Bliss was to be editor-in-chief, business manager, city and telegraph editor, and the reportorial staff, while J. Leamington was to be assistant editor, cartoonist, foreman, devil and janitor.

The type and press of the defunct "Bugle" seemed to be public property, so that the starting of a paper was only a matter of gathering "dope;" applying the ink; and finally turning the hand press. This was accomplished, and soon Dutch Flat was enjoying the benefits of a weekly paper; published on every Saturday night, throughout the year. Subscriptions came in through curiosity and advertising space was eagerly bought by the local "Waanakers." Apparently the resurrected "Bugle" was to become a potent factor in the building-up of Dutch Flat, and Bliss and Lumley were now enjoying prosperity.

Dutch Flat is the center of the hydraulic mining region in the California Sierra Nevadas, and several large mining companies, whose combined capital aggregates millions, have their offices here. Everything is under the control of these mining companies, which dictate the government, and even the religion of the place.

Foremost among these corporations is the Gold Crown Hydraulic Mining Company, whose power is felt even in 'Frisco. This company owned several thousand acres of rich gold paying country, upon which it was operating and yielding large returns. Adjoining this rich property were several thousand acres of government land, which were known to be also rich in the glittering product. The owners of the Gold Crown Hydraulic Mining Co. had long had their eyes on this property, and when news came of its proposed opening, the owners put their heads together and began to plan.

For several days previous to the opening a thousand or more strangers crowded into Dutch Flat. They were of the caravan type of man-
kind, who travel across the country, hoping to "strike it rich" some day, by trying their chances at a government opening. Generally speaking these are an unruly set, and this crowd was no exception, so the constable of the Flat was having a busy time sustaining his Majesty, the Law.

Bliss often wondered afterwards whether or not Providence caused his shoe lace to break in front of the Gold Crown Mining Company's office on Saturday afternoon, the day previous to the opening. As he stooped to tie the broken lace, a deep voice from within the office was heard to utter: "Well, we've got Maxley fixed. He was the hardest proposition I ever tried to boost, but I got him for a cool $100,000."

Now this remark caused Bliss, who had learned the reporter's business by now, to forget his lace and open his ears wider. Maxley was the government land agent, so the reporter woke up to the fact that there was "something doing." The deep voice which Bliss now recognized as Kingsley's, the superintendent of the Gold Crown Mining Company's properties, continued: "If everything goes well, I'll now get my trip to New York with Pullman car, Hotel Astor and all. By this time to-morrow, the company will have in its possession just a few more million than it has today."

"There is no danger of the natives getting news of your 'jump,' and spoiling your whole game, is there?" asked another individual, who was the secretary of the company. "No, because you see, I signed the papers with Maxley a few minutes ago and passed the money to him for Uncle Sam. After dark tonight, Jenkins, the mine foreman, is going to herd his men onto the land and 'jump' it. Maxley has fixed his deputy-sheriffs, by ordering them to the north boundary on some trumped up business. Tonight the president of the company and some of the directors will be here from the east, and there's where I land something for myself. But, say, won't there be a sick gang around tomorrow, when they find the land "jumped'?" From the plan, every one will think that those men of Jenkins' went on at midnight, when the land was open."

Bliss had heard enough. "Good dope," he muttered and then wound his way towards his print shop. In a few minutes the click of the type in the stick was heard, and Bliss was preparing to play his card which he hoped would take him back to God's country, and the girl with the Greek letter frat. pin.

Bliss had learned enough journalism to know that a little "yellowism" is a dangerous thing, so he prepared to "shoot his dope red-hot." Accordingly his regular Saturday night edition carried as a leader this lurid write-up of the "steal scheme." He planned to distribute his paper freely, and in this way the mining company could be headed off and the land-opening made legal and fair.

While Bliss worked at his "form," his blood boiled every time
he thought of the treacherous government agent, and the unscrupulous mining company. He was determined to turn the light on them, and do at least one good act for mankind in his life.

By accident the Gold Crown Mining Co. needed some letter heads printed, and so it happened that Supt. Kingsley walked into the "Bugle" office to order them on Saturday afternoon, while Bliss was working on his "scare heads." It didn't take long for the superintendent to see that his plan would land on the rocks, if he didn't stop the publication of the "Evening Bugle." But where did Bliss get hold of the scheme? As he stood looking over the printer's shoulder, who was rapidly throwing type into the stick, he began to swear. Bliss, not knowing of the presence of any person until now, turned around calmly on his stool and inquired of Kingsley as to what could be done for him. This was too much for the mining-man, and he immediately made a vicious pass at the printer. It was a signal for fight, and soon the two combatants were clutching each other on the floor. When they regained their feet, both were breathless and the fight stopped.

The mining man, regaining his composure first, made friendly overtures to the printer, and finally offered a goodly sum if a certain column of stuff was killed. The college man walking to the front-door opened it, and calmly said: "There's the door. Now git!"

Kingsley walked out, and soon again the atmosphere was blue with oaths. He had been finely boxed. He could do nothing. If he attempted to destroy the little printing office by force, which was easy enough, the four strangers would ask questions, and these questions would lead to an answer, and then the game would be up. As Kingsley walked up the street to his office, the cry of "fight" and "kill him" reached his ears. Looking across the street, he saw that the Gold Nugget Bar was the scene of the excitement, and he immediately crossed over.

Prosperity kills, and it was killing on J. Leamington Lumley. When he received his first pay check from the "partnership," he proceeded to hunt up all of his friends in the neighborhood of the "Flat," and all of the aforementioned friends began to imbibe freely of the "flowing bowl!" at J. Leamington's expense. Now it happened on this critical Saturday afternoon, when the Bugle most needed his services, he was not to be found, and so it happened that his partner was obliged to assume the duties of the office. His absence was due to the fact that the Gold Nugget had greater attractions for him, and then again his friends were all there. He and his friends began to grow restless, as time passed, and soon a rough house was in order. In the fracas, Jenkins, the Gold Crown mine foreman, was unfortunate enough to get in the way of a bottle propelled by a force created by J. Leamington. Either Jenkins or the bottle had to lose, and Jenkins:
lost, with the result he lay upon the bar-room floor, senseless and bleeding profusely.

This was when Kingsley, the superintendent, "tied into" the game, and on seeing his foreman cold, and this coldness due to a Bugle man, his scheming brain began to work. Soon he had determined on an elaborate plan. The cry of "kill him" gave him his clue, and when he saw the Bugle devil using his pedal appendages to good advantage, the mine superintendent placed himself at the head of the dazed mob, and with, "Come on fellows; let's lynch him," he led the Gold Nugget patrons up Market Street towards the Bugle office, which J. Leamington intended to make his place of refuge. The pursued reached his destination just in time, and giving the iron lock on the door a push, he was safe inside with the editor.

This was just exactly what Kingsley wanted. Now was the chance to demolish the newspaper office, and most of all the cursed type.

It was a little gable-roofed, one-story frame building, containing a single window and a rattle-trap door and over the door extended a weather-beaten sien, "The Bugle." In front of this little unpretentious structure stood a line of roughly clad mountain men, all clinging to a young pine log. At the word of their leader, they backed off across the street, and then with, "Now fellows," the line moved forward with a jump, and then a crash was heard, and immediately followed an inebriated cheer, from the throats of those poor "liq'or sot'ed" fellows. Kingsley at once made a jump for the broken door, expecting his mob to follow, and then,—and then the afternoon stage drove up, and from it alighted a woman. Just a woman. With her were two men, but men were nothing.

A woman in Dutch Flat—a real woman. The mob faltered; it stood still and then one by one those rough clad mountain men removed their hats. Kingsley had lost; a strange woman unconsciously had won.

It was Dick Shea who first suggested that an adjournment be taken to the Gold Nugget. Round after round was drunk to the health of the girl. Jenkins was forgotten in the new excitement, but it was all right, for Jenkins was able enough to handle his share of the liquor by now.

Just as the sun sank behind the mountain peak, Bliss walked into the Gold Nugget, and without a word, he passed a copy of the Bugle, still wet with ink, to the bar-keep. The bar-keep glanced at the sheet; then looked blank with surprise, but a minute later he was standing on the bar, and was reading from the paper to his audience. When he finished, a wild yell pierced the air and as Bliss threw his bundle of papers right and left, bedlam broke loose, and the frenzied men leaped from the bar-room like a herd of maddened cattle. Need it be said that Jenkins' men didn't "jump" that night?
Bliss was returning to his office and as he passed the hotel, three familiar faces caught his eye. At first he paid no attention to the faces. They couldn't be whom he thought; the excitement had been too much for him and his head was affected. He looked again at the figures in the hotel office. They moved as if they were alive, and they were alive, for a minute later the three had surrounded him.

All Bliss ever remembered about this part of the meeting was a conversation he heard between the two men, as they left him on the lean-to porch with the girl. "My own boy beat me at my own game. The loss of a few acres of ground, since I've found my boy, is nothing." The other gentlemen seemed to realize the eternal fitness of things, and led the first man away, but he said in a low voice, "When you found your son, I lost my daughter."

At this juncture J. Leamington Lumley careened into view and as he saw his editor-in-chief kiss the strange woman, who had saved his life, the assistant editor, cartoonist, foreman, devil and janitor, heaved a sigh; and incidentally remarked, "Damn the luck, (hie) annozer edishor fer Dutch Flash."

Macgregor '07.

Fighting Bob's Farewell Address.
A Tale of the Range.

In the early settlement of this great West, the cattleman had undisputed possession of that large unowned tract called the range. Later the sheepman came and claimed the same right to Uncle Sam's grass for his herds. This right the cattleman could not lawfully dispute, but because the sheep ruined the range for cattle, he fought bitterly without the law for his existence. In most places he is defeated. Where he still exists he is being driven to the center of a rapidly decreasing circle, and it is only a matter of time until the cattleman, as the term was once understood, will be an extinct species. His terrible hatred of everything pertaining to a sheep is one of the most characteristic things about one of the most picturesque figures in our history.

In the heart of some of this best cattle country and on a river which heads not very far away in the tops of the Rockies, is a ranch, near enough like others which everybody who has lived or traveled in the West must have seen, to require no description. Seventy-five miles back of this, over rolling foot hills and towards the mountains, is an-
other ranch, located in a small valley in which a stream has spread and soaked into the white clay, until it has lost itself in a large marsh covering the entire bottom of the valley. This ranch on the Muddy is a sort of sub-station to the Home ranch on the river. In summer the cattle owned in connection with these two ranches are turned out to graze in a large circle of which the Muddy ranch is the center; so that cowboys caring for them are sometimes at one place, sometimes at another.

Among the oldest employees of these ranches were Jack and Charlie Strong and little Toot Brison and his brother, old in terms of the length of time they had been with the ranch. You never see an old cowboy, old as other men get old. Nothing but the prime of manhood stays with the range. Those who pass this prime go some place else, no one could tell you exactly where.

Early one summer morning Jack Strong started out for the Muddy ranch. Seventy-five miles through the sage brush in the glaring sun, without a companion, is not a pleasure trip, even to a man used to such journeys. He had no reason for going except to see if things were all right. And, with his brother and little Toot in charge, he had every reason to be sure that everything was all right. Still he was going.

The day proved a pleasant one, and this and the easy swing of his horse and the unbroken monotony of the landscape put him at peace with the world. A slight breeze tempered the heat. Occasionally he passed small herds of cattle for the welfare of which he was responsible, and the sleek excellence of their condition added not a little to his satisfaction. He stopped to let his horse graze at noon, and met another cowboy and wasted some time with him. They parted with a friendly "So long." In the middle of the afternoon Jack came up on a small bunch of his company's saddle horses, captured one and turned out his somewhat tired mount with the others. The new horse bucked his conventional half minute, then showed a willingness to settle into that famous cow-pony gallop which puts miles behind so quickly; but Jack felt no inclination to hurry. The afternoon passed, leaving him at dark with several hours of ride before him, but the moon came up full and beautiful and he was glad to be away from people. It was almost midnight when he rode into the Muddy valley. When he swung around the point which had hidden the ranch from view, he felt very near home and was happy. Still there was a ghostly loneliness, some way, about the buildings as the moon shone on them, that made him strangely uneasy. The bunk house, the long sheds, the corrals, and the fences looked almost white. As he rode up the lane to the barn, two dogs ran out after him, barking loudly, but when he dismounted at the barn they recognized him and clamored about him joyously. A pair of horses in the barn neighed a greet-
ing. He unsaddled, watered his horse, tied him in an empty stall and fed him. Two other saddles were there, so the boys must be at home. He thought it strange, though, that the dogs or horses had not awakened them, and decided to "crawl in" without disturbing them.

As he neared the house, a sight met his gaze which struck him dumb and immovable with terror. On the trail from the spring lay the body of a man, face down. A shining water pail lay overturned beside him. As soon as Jack could move, he went to the body and turned the face to the moonlight. Then he almost screamed, "My God, it's Charlie, shot in the back without a ghost of a show to fight! Somebody'll die for this if it takes me a thousand years." The body had evidently been there in the hot sun since the day before. The bullet had entered almost the center of the back, clipping one corner of the leather diamond where the suspenders cross. Blood had run from the nostrils and mouth, until great clots of it and bloody dust covered the face. Just inside the cabin door, when he went to hunt for a light, he stumbled over the body of little Toot. A Winchester lay beside him and scattered about on the floor were empty cartridges. He had had a chance to fight, but here too was evidence of the terribly accurate marksmanship of the murderers. He had been shot squarely in the middle of the forehead.

The tragedy had occurred early in the morning, for Toot was only partly dressed, and Charlie had been on the way from the spring with a bucket of water with which to prepare breakfast. That they had been shot from the barn was evident from the direction the bullets had taken in the house. Jack found a lantern and went to the barn. On the floor by the door he found three shells from a large bore Winchester. Down by a window he found half a dozen for a smaller rifle. Toot got his death from the window, Charlie had been killed by the man in the door. Long white splinters on the floor showed where Toot's bullets had entered.

The instinct of kindness to animals gets strong in a man who associates much with them, and Jack, knowing that the two horses in the barn could not have had water for a long time, led them out to the trough. In this he was unknowingly doing himself a kindness, for it relieved the great tension on his nerves. Afterwards he calmly took note of everything that might be a clue to aid in the search for the murderers. Everything had been deliberately planned. They had ridden down from the hill behind the barn before daylight, tied their horses to a fence out of sight from the house, entered the barn through a back door, and waited for the boys to come out. They had left without going nearer the dead men than the barn, and had ridden back in the same direction from which they had come. When he had finished his investigations, he carried the bodies to the coolest room in
the house, cut the clothing off, laid them out on a blanket, washed the blood from his brother's face, covered them with another blanket, and piled a mound of saw dust-covered ice upon them. The lantern he had been using burned out, and when he struck a match to find his way out of the room, the ice looked very much like a pile of stones.

He found another lamp, and while he was waiting for daylight, he built a fire and prepared the breakfast his brother had begun. He could only drink the coffee, and as he sat there in the flickering lamplight, the full force of his loneliness came to him. His brother had been his only relative and all the love of a big nature had been centered in him. He wished himself dead; but blotting out his desire for his own death came a great overpowering desire for revenge, and a cold, grey dawn broke on a cold, grey, set face in which a great loneliness was almost covered up by a terrible hate towards the man who stood with the big rifle in the barn door.

At sunrise he followed the horse tracks up the hill, and from the top he could see, ten miles off toward the mountains, a hated, white speck, a sheep camp. When he got to it, it was deserted and the sheep were badly scattered. The horse tracks divided here. The men had gone in opposite directions. Inside the camp he found ammunition exactly like the small spent cartridges on the barn floor. A hurried search found nothing more, and he lost the horse tracks when he tried to follow them, but hiding in the sage brush half a mile from camp, he found a very much frightened Portuguese from whom he scared a description of the two men. The man who owned the camp, the man of the small cartridges, was short and had a red beard and hair. The other was tall, dark, had no beard and was very stoop-shouldered.

Jack rode quickly to a neighboring ranch, where he learned that the cowboys and sheep men had had a fight in which several of the latter had been wounded. The sheep had been scattered, and the herders told to leave in a hurry without them. Every cowboy in the region turned out in a vain hunt for the two men. Jack and Toot's brother traveled half over the West, following even the most meagre clues, always to be disappointed. They would come back to the ranch for a time, but would be off again on some new possibility of finding the murderers. Only after years did they give up these trips, and even then they expected some day to find their revenge.

* * * * *

One night in a town down the river from the ranch, a bartender who knew the story heard a half intoxicated stranger, a short, red-haired man, boasting to a crowd of sheepherders of the killing of two cowboys. A large, dark man with stooped shoulders, had tried to quiet him and take him from the saloon. The intoxicated man became angry, refused to go, and accused the oth-
er man of cowardice, explaining to the others that had he not refused they could have robbed the house and still have escaped as safely as they did. The large man finally succeeded in quieting him and took him away.

That night the bartender sent a messenger to Jack, with the information also that the men intended to go east the next day on the old Bridger trail.

This trail follows for miles a long high level divide which is broken only once. This break is the outcropping of a huge pile of rock. Leading off from this divide are many flat-topped ridges, separated from each other by valleys so narrow that in the distance you get the effect, with the exception of a few buttes, of an unbroken country stretching away as far as you can see. No one lives in the country. It is the range. Old Jack rode up this divide to the rock when he got the message. He dismounted, climbed up with a pair of field glasses and waited. Toot’s brother was away, so he must meet the two men alone. He was sure that they were coming, but after ten years of waiting, he was impatient. That scene in the moonlight so long ago and the oath he had taken then kept coming back to him. Now somebody was doing to die for it. But perhaps he might be killed himself.

Half a mile away two men rode up out of a ravine onto the divide. It took but one look to show him that he had been right in waiting there. He climbed down on the opposite side of the rock and waited. As he sat there gazing off to where the landscape met the long grey clouds, he wished that his partner in the long wait was there to share its end with him. His face was set and the hand which held the Winchester was ominously steady. The two men rode slowly around the rock. Jack stood up and walked towards them. They reined their horses in surprise. He stopped, and in a quiet voice asked, “Do you fellows remember the two kids you killed a long time ago, down on the Muddy?” Terror came into their faces. They seemed to forget their rifles, and both men wheeled their horses and spurred madly for the shelter of the rocks.

Jack’s first shot emptied the tall man’s saddle, but for the first time in his life his accuracy failed him and he missed twice the other, who went out of sight around the rock. As he mounted his horse to give chase, another shot rang out and when he got there, Toot’s brother stood over the dead body of the small man. The bullet had entered the center of his forehead. The tall man was shot squarely in the middle of the back.

The pathetic cheapness of talk is nowhere more apparent than among these men of the range, and a simple handshake across that dead body conveyed all the intense feelings of desire for revenge, the disappointments, the renewed hopes, and the satisfaction of having righted a great wrong. Crude as that way of righting was, these two men
felt, honestly, a religious assurance of well-performed duty.

They buried the other two very decently under a pile of loose rock at the foot of the cliff.

**Dauber.**

---

**The Bannock Indian.**

Ordinarily the word Indain does not suggest anything new or even interesting but rather a vague image of feathers, scalps, and red paint and oftentimes it calls to mind the only part of our old school histories which were not dry and uninteresting. But one who has spent years among them need use but little power of observation to see many peculiar and interesting traits. The Indian has occupied at least three distinct positions in the eyes of the American people. First an enemy, then a friend and now a burden. At the present rate at which some of the tribes are decreasing in number, it may be but a few years until they will become a curiosity.

Although an entirely different type from the early American Indian, a fact due undoubtedly to the many different forms of civilization which have been hurled at the unfortunate, yet, in open defiance to the efforts of their white friends, they cling tenaciously to many of their ancient and savage customs. One of the first of these to come to my notice was the burial ceremony of
Capt. Jim. The Captain was a man of fame in his tribe and of course was accorded a burial befitting his position. A coffin, and many beautiful blankets, were purchased from a nearby town and the body was dressed in suitable clothing and placed in the coffin, ready for the white man’s funeral.

People, coming from town to view the remains, were attracted when within half a mile of the place by the whining, moaning sounds resembling those of some wild animal. Upon coming within sight of the house (for Capt. Jim was prosperous and owned a house) they saw many Indians congregated in the front yard. These Indians were the mourners and were hired for that special purpose, receiving blankets in payment for their services. The most prominent of the group was an old squaw whose bare arms and legs were hacked to a jelly and her clothing, what little there was, covered with blood that oozed from the self-inflicted wounds. Many others had cut themselves but none had been so brave as she. The white visitors were met at the gate by the educated daughter of the dead Captain who escorted the guests to the corpse and explained the whole ceremony frankly, showing no signs of sorrow.

The mourners continued their howling through the night, the purpose being to keep away the evil spirits. Late in the evening the white man’s clothes were removed and the corpse was wrapped in the bright colored blankets, ready for the Indian burial next day.

Early next morning the funeral procession, consisting of a few people in buggies and many on horseback, all gaily decked out in feathers, beads, paint and blankets, started on its solemn march to the hills. Part way up the mountain side they came to a point, cleared of its foliage by the howling wind. Here a grave had been prepared. Without ceremony, the body, still in the coffin, was lowered into the ground. Then blankets by the dozen, a gun, ammunition, medicine, food and many trinkets followed. A new wagon box was placed bottom side up over the contents, after which the Captain’s favorite horse, with a full riding equipment, was led forward, shot and tumbled in. A contrivance resembling a willow fence was placed over the top of the grave and covered with dirt. In this condition the Captain was ready, when the time should come, to ride swiftly to the “happy hunting grounds.” This might have been all, but the savage in his return to nature had not forgotten his country. An American flag was planted and left alone to wave on the mountain side over the remains of one of nature’s own children. Who ever had a wilder and a freer grave? As a climax to the savage procedure, patriotism, the noblest trait of man, stands out above all others.

I had the good fortune, not long ago, of witnessing an Indian grass dance, and it came as a direct con-
trast to the weird spectacle of the
funeral ceremony. Different events
of importance are celebrated by
dances. There is the grass dance,
the sun dance, the harvest dance
and the war dance. The grass dance
is in honor of the coming of the
grass in spring, the sun dance in
honor of the sun. At the present
time these dances differ very little
except in name, the real war dance
being a thing of the past.

A day or so before the time ap­
pointed for a dance, the Indians
flock to the meadow lands of the
Fort Hall bottoms. The spot is
marked by the ruins of the old fort,
built by a division of Capt. Bon­
neville's forces, the first to make
their way down the Snake River to
the trading posts of the Pacific
coast. Here, we are told, on the
mouth of the Portneuf River, the
first American flag ever raised in
Idaho floated over the few men
who, becoming snow bound, built
a little fort for defense against the
Indians and wintered on the buff­
falo meat killed and dried by them­
selves, in the immediate vicinity.
At this historic place these half­
savage men of nature collected to
give vent to their pent-up feelings
and to utter the cry which has
cau sed many a sleepless night to the
white trapper who braved the un­
known streams of the Rocky Moun­
tains years ago.

With provisions for a week, the
dance begins, under the guidance
of an Indian who, on previous oc­
casions, has proved his right to the
position by remaining on his feet

longest. Sparingly dressed, bright­
ly painted and elaborately decked
out with many feathers and beads,
these men dance to an Indian chant
and the beat of a large drum, made
by stretching a cow hide across a
hollow arrangement made of logs.
As the weaker ones fall exhausted
or give up without so much as a
struggle, others take their places.
At night the dance stops and the
dancers enjoy the luxuries of life
which have been prepared during
the day by the squaws. The bill of
fare is materially increased by the
contributions to the "feed fund"
made by the white spectators. This,
of course, they are expected to do
in return for the privilege of wit­
nessing the spectacle.

As the darkness comes, a num­
ber of fires arranged in a circle
around the dancing ground are
lighted, and the squaws appear ready to perform
their part of the program. Their
dress and dance is similar to that
of the men. At dawn this sav­
age revelry ceases, only to make
preparations and room for the day
performers.

To the society citizen it seems
strange that buck and squaw should
dance separately, but did you ever
stop to think that that is the natural
way? They dance for exercise.
Their dance is an athletic contest,
wherein equal meets equal and male
meets male.

At the close of the dance, which
usually continues for about three
days, horse racing and gambling
naturally follow. After the horses
have been matched, the owners seat themselves upon the ground with a blanket spread between them, which serves as a pool box. Backers of the different horses place their money in the hands of the owners. The stacks of money are matched and placed in the center of the blanket. When all have had an opportunity to place their bet, the money is wrapped in the blanket and laid on the ground in the middle of the racing course at the outcome. The riders mount their horses, remove their boots and hats, ride to the starting place, turn and whip for the finish. It is a common Indian motto that the start makes no difference; it is the finish which decides the race. "To the winner belongs the spoils" and he, without note or memorandum, calmly returns to each and every one of his supporters twice the amount of money received. I have seen many such races and never yet have I seen a quarrel or disturbance over the division of the profits.

As a rule these harmless red skins have many virtues. They are considerate, truthful, kind to their families; and an Indian friend is a friend indeed. How much better their condition would be today if the white men had left them alone. This forced civilization does them no good. It neglects their strong points and multiplies their weak ones. From the White they take his undesirable habits. Their wants are increasing, their means decreasing. Each day sees them less enduring, less independent.

S. G. R.
The track and field meet, pulled off on the B. Y. campus Saturday, April 26, resulted in a victory for our athletes, the score being 49-55. The fight was fought to the end with determination by both sides, and not until the last event was over did our people know for certain that they were supporting a victorious team. We won, as we had expected, and we won by about as wide a margin as we expected. The meet was clean throughout and a remarkably pleasant feature was the rapidity with which the events were pulled off.

The B. Y. made a very creditable showing; we should have made a better one but we did not and we don't intend to come forward with explanations. The Crimson, in direct contrast to the conduct of the B. Y. men on the field, takes a very crawfishy, narrow, we might say babyish, view of the situation. Be honest, Crimson. If you are beaten, admit it, don't attempt to cover up your defeat in a mass of explanations. Don't put up the hard luck argument, don't call your opponents down in your writeup, don't accuse them of conceit, don't crawl. Be honest. Admit you are beaten. Your friends won't like you any the less for it and your opponents will respect you more. The writeup of the meet in the May number is unworthy of your paper.

Frew, our big sprinter, and Nelson were our star performers, while Schneider, Hill and Kennedy did the stellar stunts for the B. Y.

Frew sprung the surprise of the day, astonishing everybody by the ease with which he carried off everything he entered. He is a big man, nearly six feet tall and weighs well over 185 pounds. When we consider he did the hundred in 10 1-5 and the quarter in 53 3-5, we
can only marvel. With proper care he ought to develop into something formidable. As regards football, Frew is undoubtedly the prettiest piece of raw material that has ever entered school. With his weight and speed, he ought to deliver a whirlwind article from the backfield.

Schneider of the B. Y. C. was conspicuous as a point-getter for his school. He took the broad jump, second in the hundred and helped win the relay. Hill also was a shining star in the B. Y. C. constellation. He won the 220, took second in the quarter and ran in the relay.

Following is the summary:

100 yard dash—W. C. Frew, A. C. U.; Schneider, B. Y. C. Time, 10 1-5 seconds.

120 hurdles—M. Hovey, B. Y. C.; Stewart, A. C. U. Time 17 seconds.


Half-mile run—Hansen, A. C. U.; Thatcher, A. C. U. Time, 2:12 3-5.

220 hurdles—Stewart, A. C. U.; Allen, B. Y. C. Time, 28 3-5.


Pole vault—M. Hovey, B. Y. C.; Farnsworth, A. C. U., 9 ft.

High jump—Phillips, A. C. U.; Rouche, 5 ft. 3 inches.

Shot-put—Nelson, A. C. U.; Cronholm, A. C. U., 35 ft. 6 in.

Hammer-throw—Nelson, A. C. U.; Cronholm, A. C. U., 103 ft. 6 in.

Broad jump—Schneider, B. Y. C.; Hovey, B. Y. C.; 19 ft. 7 in.


A. C. U. vs B. Y. U.

The track and field meet at Provo, May 6, was a closer and prettier fight than either side had looked for. Provo was conceded the victory beforehand, but the close run given them by our boys was a general surprise. The final score of 48-53 tells its own story, a story of a close, clean fight in which it was no dishonor to be defeated.

Adams, of Provo, again showed himself as the strongest field man in the state. Phillips chased him up to 5-7 on the high jump and Adams sent his admirers wild by going him 2 inches better. He had no opposition in the Pole vault and scored in the broad jump.

McAlister demonstrated the fact that he is one of the swiftest sprinters in the state, tying Frew in the hundred, winning the 220 and taking second in the 440.

Frew came up to expectations, doing the hundred in 10 1-5 and having no opposition in the 440. Frew, Adams and McAlister size up as three of the men who ought to smash some state records.

Nelson, in the weights, and Hansen in the half, were practically in a class by themselves; while Stewart
picked up ten of our forty-eight points in the hurdle races.

Following is the summary of events.

220 hurdles, Stewart of the A. C., first; Ballard of the B. Y. A., second; time, 28 seconds.

100-yard dash, a dead heat between McAllister of the B. Y. A. and Frew of the A. C.; time, 10.1-5 seconds.

The one mile run, Wakefield, first; Duke, second; both of the B. Y. A.; tie; time, 5 minutes, 8.2-5 seconds.

220-yard dash, McAllister, first; Wite, second; time, 25 seconds 3.5.

20-yard hurdle, Stewart of the A. C., first; Ballard of the B. Y. A., second; time, 18.2-5.

440 run, Frew of the A. C., first; Alexander of the B. Y. A., second; time, 54 4-5 seconds.

880 run, Hanson of the A. C., first; Holdway of the B. Y. A., second; time, 2 minutes, 9 seconds.

Relay race, six entries on each side, and won by the A. C. U.

The high jump, Adams of the B. Y. A., first; Phillips of the A. C., second; 5 feet 10 inches.

Pole vault was conceded to the B. Y. A. without a contest.

Broad jump, Carpenter, first; Adams, second; both of the B. Y. A.; distance, 20 feet, 4 inches.

Shot put, Nelson, first; Katliz, second; both of the A. C.; distance, 25 feet, 10 inches.

Hammer throw, Nelson of the A. C., first; Peterson of the B. Y. A., second; distance, 112 feet, five inches.

The State Meet.

Second place is not so bad, in a meet where every race is down to record time and every field event up to record distance. Of course when first place means 68 1-2 points and second means 20 1-2, there isn’t much to crow over. But the A. C. had a team of only 13 men, with a rooting squad composed chiefly of Mark Brown to back them. The A. C. athletes were nearly all of them young and inexperienced men, unused to the tricks of the trade and the disconcerting effect of large crowds. The dope-sheets from all quarters conceded us from 11 to 13 points, and we didn’t know but they were about right. On the whole, there is real cause for congratulation.

We have no complaints to offer. We lost to superior ability and experience, and what we won was earned fairly and squarely. The score in points does not begin to express the close and exciting quality of the finishes, for even when the A. C. husky was an “also ran,” he made the winner travel for his money. In every event where there were preliminaries, an A. C. man qualified for the finals and made a splendid showing there. In the high hurdles, the 100-yard dash, the 220, and the half-mile, there was an Arroie at the tape almost side by side with the winner; and Frew, Stuart and Hansen measure up as promising a track trio as there is in the state.

The meet was a beauty to look at, and ran smoothly and rapidly, except when the track events were held up to give a U. of U. man the chance to finish his broad jumping. A stiff wind interfered somewhat with the comfort of the spectators, but the cheering squads lost noth-
ing in enthusiasm on that account. The B. Y. U. band occupied the field and appropriately executed Chopin's Funeral March every time a large blue Y came puffing in behind.

Following preliminaries for the 100 and the high hurdles, the mile run was the first regular event. Here Jimmy Wade had his customary walk-over, apparently to no one's surprise. A. C. had no contestant in the 440, which went to Butler of the U. of U. Stuart gave Park of the U. a hard finish on the final of the high hurdles, one of the prettiest races of the day. The 100-yard dash was another exciting contest, being anybody's race to the very tape.

The half-mile was one of the surprises and came dangerously near bringing defeat upon the debonair Jimmy in the last race of his college career. It was the conventional half-mile up to the point where Jimmy has always sprinted away from the rabble, and ambled easily past a smiling mass of millinery to the finish line. This time there was no ambling. He ran hard; ran for all there was in him; but there beside him were the swinging arms and tousled head of little Rob Hansen. And there they staid until Rob, unable to forge an inch ahead, fell exhausted at the tape, defeated, but still game. On the low hurdles A.C. scored her only first. Butler of the U. of U. had a slight lead up to the last hurdle, but lost his form at that point, falling all over the last ten yards of cinders. Stuart, who was clearing his hurdles splendidly, ran in an easy winner. In the 220, Frew was again defeated, but so slightly that he took no dust from anybody. His fine showing in the relay which followed held easily the second position gained for us by Kadlitz, White and Stuart, and came near converting it into another first.

The field events were less spectacular, but fully as productive of good records. In the high jump, Stephenson of the U. of U. defeated Provo's pride at 5-10, though Adams afterward cleared the mark. Phillips did 5-9 1-2, as good a record as he has ever made. Swapp, a U. man, made a state record of 22 ft. 1-2 in, for the broad jump, and Adams of B. Y. U. was there as usual with the pole-vault. In both these events A. C. had no contestants.

"Little John" was in good form with the hammer, tossing it out over 123 feet, but he was "practical" outclassed by Bennion, who did a combination of Highland fling and whirling Dervish and sent the sphere nine feet farther. Big Smith of the L. D. S. won the shot-put, in which John managed to score, a third.

**SUMMARY.**


**Running broad jump—** Swapp (U. of U.) first. Distance, 22½ feet.

**Shot-put—** Smith (L. D. S. U.) first. Stephenson (U. of U.) second, and


Two hundred and twenty-yard dash—Moore and McAllister tie and Frew third. Time, :23 flat.


Half-mile relay—University first, Logan second and L. D. S. U. third.

University of Utah ..................... 68½
Agricultural College ................... 20½
B. Y. U. ......................... 20
L. D. S. U. ..................... 8
Student Affairs.

The Woman's League.

The long anticipated valentine party, postponed on account of the frequent smallpox scares, was held at the College May 1, and certainly exceeded all expectations. The reading room was tastefully decorated with streamers of small red hearts, while here and there about the room large hearts pierced with arrows, showed the mischief done by Dan Cupid during the past year. Upon entering the room, each person received a piece of a heart with a partial quotation upon it, and was told that his or her fate was held by the completion of the quotation.

In the breaking, some of the fragments had been scattered near and far, but the shape of final reward, aided by the spring weather, urged each one on, so that for two hours heart matching was the program.

Later in the evening, after partaking of the light refreshments served by the ladies of the League, the party retired to the gym., where the aches and breaks were mended by Dr. Dance, assisted by the College orchestra.

It is no doubt needless to say that this reception, like everything else attempted by the ladies of the school, was a genuine success.

At the last meeting of the Woman's League, the officers were elected to plan and execute next year's work. The following were chosen:

President ........ Edith Rudolph
Vice President ...... Miss Wyant
Secretary ....... Carrie McAlister
Treasurer .......... Nellie Hayball

Mrs. Kerr addressed the society, after which Miss Maughan made a few remarks in which she thanked the members for their aid. The meeting then adjourned and was followed by a social cackle.

Prof. Ball's Reception.

Professor and Mrs. Ball entertained the advanced students in zoology at cards Saturday evening, May 6th.

The time appointed for the reception was 6:30. The guests were punctual and in full attendance. After an hour of social chat, tally cards were drawn assigning partners and tables. Before opening the game of the evening, however, a delicious luncheon was served. No effort had been spared to make each event of the evening a source of pleasure to everyone present, and the company was in just the proper mood to appreciate and enjoy it.

Progressive High Five was the real issue, and Professor Ball, with his tally punch, his wit, and rare humor, kept even the defeated couples in an unbroken spell of
"SENIOIRS"

Photo by Odell
"SENIORS."

Photo by Odell
merriment. Mrs. Ball coached Merrill and Minnie who evidently had dealt but little with cards and gratefully accepted assistance. Ten games were played and the official marks of the punch counted. Mr. Horton, Mr. Taylor and Mr. I. Stephens each won eight games but the cut gave the prize to Mr. Horton. Mrs. Porter received the ladies’ first prize. Consolation prizes were awarded to Mr. D. Stephens and Miss Blanche Cane.

Mr. and Mrs. Ball are ideal entertainers and it was with reluctance that the guests finally departed, declaring that the evening had been one of the most pleasant of the year.

Student Life Election.

The regular meeting for the purpose of electing officers for the College paper for 1905, 1906, was held in the auditorium on April 28, ’05, Professor Upham presiding.

The report of the business manager showed that the paper has practically paid for itself during the year just closed. Except for changes in management and the attendant complications, the report would have shown a surplus. The report was accepted.

The next business was the election of an editor-in-chief, and associate editor and business manager for the ensuing year. On motion of Mr. D. M. Stephens, the rules were suspended and Mr. P. G. Pe tersen was elected editor-in-chief by acclamation. Balloting followed for associate editor and business manager. Mr. B. F. Riter, Jr. was elected to the editorial position. F. R. Jensen was elected business manager.

Commencement Program.

Student Life is due to appear at the beginning of Commencement week. It is, therefore, impracticable to give anything more than the report of the Senior committee, which, in all probabilities, will not be changed materially.

Sunday June 4, ’05, 11 A. M.

Hymn .................. Choir
Invocation ..................
Baccalaureate Sermon .......... Bishop Whitney
Quartette ..................
Benediction ..............

Monday-Class Day.

Musical .......... 11 a. m. to 12 m.  
Luncheon .......... 1-3 p. m.  
Base Ball .......... 3 p. m.

Evening Class Day Exercises.

Music ..................
President’s Address .. J. T. Jardine
Music ..................
Class History .... Verna Bowman
Oration .... Richard Ballantine
STUDENT LIFE.

Music .......................... Edith Rudolph
Class Poem .......... J. E. Barrack
Class Will .......... J. E. Taylor
Class Song .......... J. E. Taylor
Pipe of Peace .......... J. E. Taylor

Tuesday, 11 A. M.

Anthem .................. Choir
Prayer ......................
Student Speeches ..............
  M. C. Merrill  Ella Maughan  J. T. Jardine  C. W. Porter
Address .............. President Kerr
Quartette .................
Address to the Graduates .......
Ladies’ Trio .................
Presentation of Certificates and
Conferring of Degrees ...........
  President Kerr
Benediction .................

A Prep. Sees the Profs. Play Ball.

"That’s the idea, play ball!”
“Get onto Jensen’s outfit.”
“Don’t Northy look innocent?”
“Look at Ball’s socks.”
“Slug it, Olsen, it’s easy, slug it!”
“That’s right, there it goes in the center garden.”

"The profs are meat.”
“Get into the game.”
“Side out, Great Guns, and only six runs.”
“Pipe Pete’s benders.”
“Too bad, Thatcher, strike quicker next time.”
“Watch Jensy paste it.”
“Safe on the 1st pillow.” “Take a peep at the color combination in Fussy’s legwear.”
“Game’s rotten.”
“Pipe the Sorosis girls holdin’ that guy’s head.”
“Hit him in the slats!”
“‘Ree fraid of it.”
“Watch Lank puncture the atmosphere with the willow.”
“No runs, threet out, yip!”
“Now you’re didding, is this a ball game or a footrace?”
“Got a glass wing, Smith?”
“Rotten! rotten! get into it, you old stiff!”
“Get in front of those clippers, you mut.”
“Wake up, Hanson! you move like a lost beer keg in a prohibition town, wake up!”
“Lank, you’re bum, you’re bum, you’re bum, auch! auch! don’t choke, don’t choke, I’ll close up.”
Editorial.

"Can the blind lead the blind? Will they not both fall into the ditch?" To be brief, some one would have been thrown into the ditch long ago had it not been for the advice of conservative students who felt that such a violation of ethics would injure the reputation of the school.

The students are entitled to some recognition. Their views with reference to vital questions concerning the college should be made known, and the editor of Student Life feels that it is his duty to take advantage of his last opportunity to voice the sentiments of his colleagues.

Every one knows that Professor L. A. Merrill is working directly against the present administration of the Agricultural College. That he is leading a number of prominent citizens of Utah in a fight against the present executive, is a pretty safe supposition. Just how soon they will fall into the ditch is a matter of pure speculation. Let us consider some of their claims.

It is said that President Kerr discriminates against Republicans in his recommendations to the board of trustees. This argument, supported by a few superficial statements that resemble the truth, is intended to secure the influence of party machines in bringing pressure to bear upon certain members of the board. Not a single member of the present faculty could truthfully testify that President Kerr ever inquired into his politics. Furthermore, a careful survey of the faculty gives evidence, to all who know them, that, of the members appointed during the past four years, a majority are Republicans. In making recommendations to the trustees, President Kerr has taken into consideration efficiency and ability, not politics nor religion. We can not understand why the educational system of the state should be revolutionized by a few political novices. Yet it seems to be the ambition of some party leaders to see just how far their power actually extends; and like the "big bully" in "the little red schoolhouse" they at-
tack even their best friends, and delight in a malicious triumph. We were surprised at the attitude assumed by a local newspaper which recently declared that "President Kerr, in the recent fight for the Agricultural College was opposed by every big Democrat in the State of Utah:" It proceeds then to show that he does not stand in well with the big Republicans. Then the editor draws this conclusion: "If he has no strength with the Democrats, and the Republicans are against him, how can he be of service to the Agricultural College?"

Argumentum ad populum! Consider again the newspaper man's line of reasoning. If President Kerr, in the earnest and conscientious prosecution of his duties as an educational leader, has ignored party lines, and has thereby lost favor with a few disgruntled politicians, he is no longer fit to stand at the head of an institution of learning. The base assertion that President Kerr tried to employ coercive measures with members of the faculty, in order to secure for Mr. Moyle their influence and suffrage, is entirely groundless.

Some one in the opposition is responsible for the statement that President Kerr is bringing professors and instructors from the East to fill positions that should be given to Utah men. Or, to use their own language, "He is discriminating against local talent because he finds the imported professors more easily subjected to his tyrannical will."

We have the temerity to resent the imputation as an unjust and unwarrantable attack upon the administrative policy of the president. Other things being equal, the Utah applicant has always been given preference. But here again the element of superior qualification has governed the choice. Sometimes, unfortunately, this manner of choosing has compelled the recommendation of an Eastern man.

The argument, also advanced, that President Kerr is unpopular in the school itself, was killed by the reception tendered him at chapel Friday morning in the presence of four of the trustees. The previous day a local paper had suggested that an attempt would be made to remove President Kerr, and, within four hours after the paper appeared, every student in the institution had signed a petition asking the board to retain the present executive.

But it is argued that if W. J. Kerr be retained, all public revenues will be, through his influence, diverted to the channels of education; and that other public interests will suffer from lack of financial support. As if he (who has no influence with Democrats nor Republicans) could exercise dictatorial powers in the state legislature and control the apportionment of the state funds. To guard against the danger of the state being robbed in the future, they would place a deadhead in the president's chair who doesn't care whether "we still live" or not. That is a typical example of the logic used by the
opposition. Their prevarications are too diversified to be reduced to a type form.

It is impossible to predict just what weight these charges will finally have with the board of regents. And it would be unjust to claim that they have all proceeded from one man; or to blame a single individual for the development of a plot that enlists the support of dozens of politicians, as well as some prominent churchmen. It is a conspiracy in which several are involved. The hopes of the consolidation faction have been revived. If President Kerr is displaced by Colonel Young or any other man of his type, consolidation will follow in two years.

God save our President! To him all praise is due for the present peerless rating that our college enjoys. Any person who will compare the courses offered by the Agricultural College in the year 1899 with those offered at the present time, will be convinced that President Kerr's administration marks an era of rapid advancement in the standard of work and requirements for graduation. The A. C. was then very little better than a good high school. Very little real college grade work was offered. At present our courses compare favorably with the Baccalaureate courses offered by most of the state universities of the country. Credits for work done here are accepted everywhere and the college is rapidly gaining prestige among our institutions of higher education.

Along with this development comes the growth of college spirit. Close rivalry and student activities in literary and athletic work have received a new impetus. In short, a college atmosphere has been created, and a loyalty to our Alma Mater paralleled only by the inherent love of home is the result. We have witnessed this metamorphosis in the life of the school. We honor the man under whose wise direction it has been accomplished. We appreciate the sympathetic interest he has always shown in our undertakings. We have implicit confidence in his firm, impartial and liberal policy.

One Dreadful Day.

The editor of the "Gold and Blue" certainly "has a mad on" in the last issue. In an article fairly bubbling over with indignation, an article so hot that it causes the leaves—of his paper—to curl, he hauls the exchange editor of Student Life onto the carpet and talks to him, mixing up in the course of his conversation all the gentlemanly cuss words he has at his command.

Our poor Ex Man states that an article in the Gold and Blue, a mass of childish palaver, is not worth while, and he is sworn at and told that he is jealous. He says the article is rubbish and he is accused of having "swelled head." He criticises the editor for letting the article through
STUDENT LIFE.

and he is told that he is not a good student.

He called it "nauseating trash," and he expressed himself mildly. The article in question had about as much value and was handled about as cleverly as the composition of a third grade school girl. The same could be said about the rest of the sheet, but we won't get critical.

Our scissors man suggested the buttermilk cure for the "Gold and Blue" editor. We admit he was wrong; he should have suggested the treatment usually applied to small boys when they lose their tempers. The author of "The Trip to Logan" would be doing society a greater good by being spanked during his leisure hours than by following any other calling we can think of.

We are sorry and we apologize to our readers for springing this on them. A better plan would have been to have some copies of the Gold and Blue and show them "The Trip to Logan" and the answer to our criticism. The paper serves as an apology for itself.

In the same mail as that which brought the "Cussing Edition of the Gold and Blue," came a "kick-back" from the Blackfoot Republican. In the write-up of the "She Stoops to Conquer" trip one of the editors dared to give some useful information to the Blackfoot critic who objected to the performance. The old gentleman immediately got a huff on and gave us a few more lines of criticism he had overlooked in his original write-up.

He says the thing was fairly well put on. It was the play, itself, to which he objected, and mixed up in his directions he dished out Oliver several courses of directions regarding the writing of plays.

Poor old Oliver, it seems, has blundered. The Blackfoot man says there was "no lesson in the play, no moral struggle and nothing of an elevating nature." We won't try to defend you, Goldsmith, from such a broadside as this. We are willing to do nearly anything for you, but there is a limit.

It's your fault. You are out of date, old man. You should have introduced a "hero" and some guns, had a stabbing scene in which the hero sticks the villain and saves the lady. Anything elevating. Its too bad you are dead. You ought to write it over.

James and Warde and Kidder, too, who are putting the horrid piece on in New York, must be blind and New York must not realize that there is "no lesson in the play, no moral struggle, nothing of an elevating nature." Send them your criticism, Republican, and show them their duty, then have the thing taken from the stage. It shouldn't be read either, the influence is likely to be bad. Peculiar how slow to see those New York people are. Call 'em down, Republican, call 'em down.

When we got through with the "Gold and Blue" and "Republican" articles, we thought it was all over but there was still a letter. It was
from an Opera House electrician, who gives banjo lessons between shifts. He is a believer in Frenzied Finance, a chap who saw an opportunity to fix some youngsters and didn't intend to lose that opportunity. He sent in a bill and it was a dandy. In fact the only redeeming feature about the gentleman is his bill. Mr. Plowman's bill was ducks for the cartoonist.

In order to suggest something of a "moral" nature after reading this little three act tragedy we submit the following:

If you kenna say a gud, then stuff up your talker and trust to your wife.
Professor A. H. Upham, having received a fellowship in Columbia University, goes next year to do post-graduate work in the department of Comparative Literature.

Professor Upham has been connected with our institution for three years, having accepted the chair of English while doing post-graduate work at Harvard University. During those three years he has, beside building up his department, endeared himself to those of us with whom he came in contact. As a gentleman and a scholar, he is respected by the friends he has made here, as few men are respected.

He caused to be instituted the College paper, he organized the College Dramatic Company and helped build up athletics. He came to us in our infancy as College men and College women, he made himself one of us and pointed out the true path to College development.
He has worked for us, and we are grateful. He leaves us now for a short time, and as the representative of the Student Body we say to him, "God speed, Professor, and a safe return."

Professor John Franklin Engle will not be with us next year. He has secured leave of absence and will spend at least a year traveling and studying in the East. During the five years that he has held the chair of History and Economics at this institution he has rendered very efficient service to the school, and has worked energetically to strengthen his department.

He is a man of wide experience and liberal education, a hard worker, a profound thinker, and a successful lecturer. Professor Engle spent five years in the Ogden High School as instructor in mathematics; but his deep interest in history and philosophy led him to abandon the work there, and in 1899 he accepted a professorship in history at the Agricultural College, which he still holds.

According to present plans the professor will resume his work here in the fall of 1906.

Relative to the fact that we made no better showing in the recent athletic contests, we have only ourselves to blame. It is well known that there is something wrong in our athletic department. It was demonstrated last fall in football and it is being demonstrated this spring as rapidly as possible on the track.

Our coach is developing new material constantly, both in football and track work, while there is an abundance of trained stuff in school. Last fall we broke in almost an entirely new eleven while there were thirteen men in school who had won their A's. This spring we are developing new track men in the various events, while the old men who have done service are on the sidelines.
This condition is deplorable, unfortunate.
Fix it! for it doesn’t correspond with our style of doing business. If the fault lies with the students, fix it! If it lies with the head of the athletic department, fix it! Let us do something and do it quick to throw off this feeling of restraint, to get out of the rut into which we are sinking.
Do something drastic if necessary but let us do something. Look the athletic situation squarely in the face and try for the old school’s sake to think out a remedy; for it has got to be remedied and remedied in a hurry.

Department Notes.

Military Department.
The date of the second annual encampment has not been fixed. The college authorities, appreciating the good results of last year’s camp, granted us a whole week for this most important exercise. If military enthusiasm among the prep’s continues at the present fever heat, the second annual encampment will probably materialize for about an hour and a half on some sunny May afternoon in 1968. It is unfortunate that the new cadets, to whom “Camp Bisbee” has not become a tradition, outweighed (numerically) the few old cadets. Sisyphus of old had a picnic compared with the job that confronts the baker’s dozen old wheel-horses who have been so faithfully assisting the commandant in his efforts. The only problem that approaches ours in vastness is the one which tries to stare out of countenance the unblinking bunch in 37.

The annual inspection by an officer of the War Department was held April 27. It was the first battalion inspection, with band, in the history of the college. In spite of the fact that about sixty cadets had left because of spring work, the enrollment was 131, including 23 members of the military band, who added materially to the good appearance of the battalion in their natty dark blue West Point uniforms.

Among the practical exercises held recently were problems in advance and rear guard duty, outposts and passage of defiles. During one of the most interesting of these. “A” company acted as rear guard of a battalion of infantry which was ordered to check the advance of an infantry column moving from Hyde Park to old Camp Bisbee. Company “B” represented the
advance guard of this opposing force. The dispositions of troops were well made by the company commanders, the men generally taking good advantage of cover under fire, and the exercise ended at the bridge near the mouth of Logan canyon, when recall was sounded.

* * * * * *

In spite of the fact that inclement weather until the middle of May interfered seriously with target practice, interest in this branch of the course has revived and competition for places on the rifle team has been keen. The college has provided sharp-shooters' crosses and marksman's pins for the ten most expert shots who will constitute the college rifle team. To the next ten will be awarded marksman's buttons of the pattern issued in the regular army. A new feature has been introduced this year in competitive volley firing between the companies; also skirmish firing between teams selected and coached by members of the 1904 rifle team.

* * * * * *

The usual Memorial Day ceremony was observed by the cadets. After decorating the graves of eleven soldiers in the city cemetery, three volleys were fired and taps sounded.

Agricultural Notes.

Dr. Widtsoe, together with Trustees McAllister and Whitmore and a number of other State officials, made a trip through the central counties of the state inspecting the various sites offered for the location of the Central Experiment Station.

The Greenville and Frankhauser Farms, located at Greenville, look better now than they have at any time since their establishment.

The prospects are very good for large crops on the experimental dry farms this year. From the present condition of the crops it looks as if thirty-five bushels of wheat will be produced to the acre. The two samples of wheat plants, recently taken from the Washington County Arid Farm and on exhibition in the Agricultural Club Bulletin Board, indicate the wonderful possibilities of the arid farm industry.

Many of the agricultural students are taking advantage of the employment offered on the experimental farms.

The experiments with incubators that are being conducted by the Poultry Department are going to result in a much larger production of chickens than heretofore.

Mr. Fredrick, a former student of this institution, who takes his master's degree in Veterinary Science at Ames this year, is demonstrating his loyalty to the college by answering questions in his line that are asked in The Deseret Farmer.

The Department of Agriculture has recently issued a bulletin in connection with the Connecticut Experiment Station, discussing the fungi and bacteria essential in the curing of a few of the fancy kinds
of cheese made and sold extensively in European countries. The efforts to make these cheeses in this country have heretofore been unsuccessful.

Mr. J. Edward Taylor, the business manager of the Deseret Farmer, graduates from the Agricultural course this year. He is only one, but worth a dozen.

Mr. P. G. Peterson will have charge of the Vegetation House work this summer.

The class in Bacteriology has been making a Bacteriological analysis of different soils, determining the number of bacteria in each.

The Entomology department of the Experiment station is conducting a spraying experiment for the Strawberry-Leaf roller.

The codling moth experiment on Thomas Smart’s orchard is being continued again this year.

The Aggies are pleased with the valuable information that is furnished them by their paper. The Deseret Farmer.

A Bulletin will soon be published recording the experiment conducted on the codling moth during the year 1904.

Domestic Science Notes.

The School of Domestic Science and Arts offers complete courses in practical cooking, fruit work, laundry work and sewing. The courses in cooking give to the student lessons in the selecting and preparing of meats, fowls and vegetables, and in the preparing of all kinds of breads, yeasts, rolls, cakes, pastries, puddings, and jellies. The students prepare numerous dishes for invalids, as well as having practice in camp and chafing dish cooking. Every girl is required to prepare and serve a five course dinner, a high tea and an elaborate Christmas or Thanksgiving dinner. They make their own preparations, do the marketing, act as hostess and waitress, thereby becoming confident and receiving valuable practice. This practice work is supplemented by an illustrated lecture course on the nutritive value and the chemistry of foods. Lectures on the theory of cooking, hygiene, sanitation and house financing are also given. With the exception of demonstration classes, individual work is done entirely and the girls are taught to cook quantities sufficient for a family.

At present there are three methods of teaching Domestic Science used in the schools of the country, the two most common being the “teaspoon and the group method.” In the first, all measurements of receipts are given in teaspoons, consequently the students make very small quantities, thereby receiving little conception of the amounts necessary in family cooking. In the group method from six to twelve girls work together in preparing a dish. This theory seems to conflict with the old saying that “Too many cooks spoil the broth.” The third
method used by only a few colleges including the Utah and Kansas agricultural colleges is the one in which the students do individual cooking in sufficient amounts to give an idea of practical cooking. The object of such work is to fit the girls for the duties of real life.

The course in fruit work gives practice in bottling by making jellies, jams, marmalades, pickles, meat relishes, etc. The public schools and high schools of our country are establishing elementary courses in Manual Training and Domestic Science. The value of such work is being recognized and the demand for it is constantly increasing.

The Iowa State College recognizing the great value of training in domestic economy has provided a separate Domestic Hall containing kitchen, dining room, bed room and store-rooms, and is provided with all necessary equipment.

One or two "high teas" are given every week in the college dining room by the advanced students in the Manual Training and Domestic Science courses. The menus and decorations are elaborate.

---

**Engineering Notes.**

Mr. Haywood, Chief Engineer of the Utah Light and Power Co., will lecture to the Engineering Society sometime before June 1st.

The Juniors have been working on the experimental farm at Greenville, for the past three weeks.

Mr. L. Hendricks left here April 27th for Klamath Falls, Oregon, where he has accepted a position with the U. S. Geological Survey, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Humphreys.

Most of the Juniors and Seniors have already secured positions for the summer.

Messrs. Humphreys, Peirce, Tuttle, Hendricks and Smith, took Civil Service examinations on April 19-20. The first two took examinations for computer in the coast and Geodetic Survey. The last three were examined for Hydrographic Aid.

Fred D. Pyle, '03, has accepted a position as Irrigation Engineer at Laramie, Wyoming.

Mr. R. S. Ballantyne, is on the eligible list for appointment to Hydrographic Aid. He took the examination on March 15th.

The Seniors have their experiments on cement almost completed now. The Juniors will take up the work from where the seniors left it. They will make some crushing tests on cement blocks.

The students working in the foundry have learned how to successfully remove the molten iron from the furnace.

The carriage shop was opened a few weeks ago and students are doing good work there now.

Mr. J. T. Jardine will probably attend school in Chicago this summer, to prepare himself for a position as instructor in the college.
Prof. Jos. Jenson lectured to the Engineering Society, April 20.—
Prof. J. W. Jensen lectured May 4.
The Mechanic Arts students in the carpentry shop are finishing a number of exercises which will be placed on exhibition at the Portland Fair. The blacksmith shop is preparing a similar exhibit.
The Mechanic Arts Club held a meeting recently and served refreshments.
Messrs. Jardine and Smith spent three days last month in Lewiston, laying out the grounds for a beet sugar factory.
The Senior and Freshman classes in surveying have completed a plane table map of the college buildings and campus, which will probably be sent to Portland with the college exhibit. These two classes are now getting practice in the use of the Price current meter. They are measuring the flow of a number of canals in and around Logan. The purpose is to get a complete set of data for the flow of water in these canals at various intervals.
We have five students completing the four year course and two completing the three year course in Mechanic Arts.

Music Department.
People familiar with the courses of the college are aware that this is the first year in which a regular course of music has been offered. Notwithstanding this condition, the results are most gratifying. With an efficient corps of instructors, the department has made enviable progress; while those having had occasion to engage in entertainments have found successful aid in drawing members from our department. Especially can this be said of our band and orchestra, since they have been in demand for political, social, and concert gatherings. Those who have witnessed the progress of these organizations are well aware that they are reaching a professional plane. To present privileges will be added next year the opportunities of free individual instruction. A partial list of standard works already studied is as follows:
Overture, William Tell...G. Rossini
Overture, Bohemian Girl...Balfe
Overture, Bronze Horse...Auber
Invitation to Dance (Waltz) Weber
Grand March from Aida...Verdi
Minuet from 4th Symphony...

Mozart
Polish Dances...Scharwenka
Grand Selection...Amorita.Czibulka

The choir and glee clubs, too, have assisted materially in establishing a reputation in their line for the college. The work done by the choir in Spenser's opera, "Little Tycoon," reflected them much credit; while the splendid work of the glee club in the many performances of "She Stoops to Conquer" has given it a warm spot in the hearts of those who heard it.
We have reason to feel justly proud of the showing made by the piano students some time ago.
"THE DEFENSE AT THE BRIDGE."
Their work exhibited a careful study of fundamentals, and if advancement next year is in the same proportion some will undoubtedly receive certificates.

Last but not least comes the vocal department. It is to be regretted that the students were not privileged to give the recital mentioned in the previous issue, but, under the circumstances, it became difficult to present that and also give the necessary preparation desired for commencement. The progress, however, made by students has been most encouraging and in some instances rapid. The pupils have learned the true essence of a musical training, in that they can more fully appreciate the value of a good concert. Proper breathing and tone production, and their auxiliaries, have been strongly insisted upon, and as a result, they claim the voices speak for themselves.

An agreeable feature of the entertainment given by the Woman's League was the music by the orchestra. Many, who heretofore have not heard it, were surprised when they entered the gymnasium and tripped the light "fantastic."

The favorable comments created by the band at the track meet, April 28, had better be kept from them, lest they pose as professionals during the coming vacation.

The music department, in connection with the college, extend their sympathy to Director Thatcher and Mrs. Sloan for the loss they sustained through the death of their sister, Mrs. Constance Nibley.

Commercial Notes.

Considerable work is being done in the Commercial Department in the way of preparing work to make a reputable showing at the Portland Fair, setting forth the methods as well as the work done in the department.

On April 26th, 1905, the Commercial club was given a treat in the form of a lecture by Prof. J. A. Bexell on the subject of "Material Economy." More of such, Mr. President. We feel it is food for the soul, and of such we have but a small amount.

The 6th annual reunion of the Alumni of the Agricultural College will be held at the College June 6. Indications point to the largest gathering in the history of the organization.

The old boys intend to meet, shake hands, eat, hold a business meeting after commencement, dance, elect new officers and nine of them have promised to subscribe for Student Life.

It seems a little bit strange that a man will sit in his parlor surrounded by books, and spend his time looking at pictures of scenery through a stereoscope, when he spends his time on the cars reading, instead of looking at precisely the same kind of landscape all around him.—E.r.
Dramatic Recital.

The dramatic recital given by Miss Moench and her pupils Monday evening, at the College was a success throughout. Miss Hayball's reading of "The Tears of Tullia" was perfect, and by many it was regarded as the best number on the program. The other girls rendered equally well their selections and their work was fully appreciated.

PROGRAM—PART I.

1. Piano Duet, . . . . . .
   "Gypsy Rondo" . . . Hayden
   Miss Carrie McAllister and Miss Radie Ormsby.
2. "Jules," adapted from the French
   Miss Mable Nebeker.
3. Monologue, "The Bill from the
   "Milliner" . . . Mya Isabel Fisk
   Miss Nellie Hayball.
4. Soprano Solo . . . . .
   (a) "Fausto" . . . Gounod
   (b) "Saphic Ode" . . . Brahms
   Miss Nora Eliasen.
   Miss Eunice Jacobson.
   . . . W. H. H. Murray
   Miss Annie Nibley.

PART II.

1. Baritone Solo, . . . . .
   "Love Lives Forever" Trevelyan
   Mr. Melvin J. Ballard.
2. "The Tears of Tullia" . .
   . . . . Edgar Fawcett
   Miss Hayball.
3. "Watchin' the Courtin'" . .
   . . . . F. E. Brooks
   Miss Nebeker.
4. Duet, "Love's Dream is O'er"
   . . . . . . . . . Bailey
   Mesdames Keefer and Bexel.
5 (a) "A Similar Case" . . Anon
   (b) "The Sands o' Dee" Kingsley
   (c) "Apple Blossoms" . .
   . . . . . . . . . W. W. Martin
   Miss Nibley.
6. "Bill Smith" . . Max Adler
   Miss Jacobson.
Exchange.

Most of the exchanges that come to us have treated us very kindly and have shown real appreciation for our efforts. We wish to thank our contemporaries for their friendly criticisms, and to confess at the same time that we have not done our share of the charitable work of distributing bouquets.

A few College papers, it is true, have treated us with indifference; but, in general, we are satisfied with the recognition we have received and we have a wholesome respect for all of our exchanges.

The Chinese differ much from us
In many things of taste;
For while they squeeze a maiden's foot,
We squeeze her dainty waist.

—Ex.

Harris, to urchin who had snow balled him—"You!—?—!?—little fool, I'll fix you if I catch you."
Small boy—"Yes, I'll fix you too. I'll tell Alice what you said."—Ex.

He wrote her a letter. "My dear," he began
"Amelia, I love you, I do.
My life is so dreary, I can't get along.
Amelia, my dear, without you."

And back came the answer as swift and as soon

As a fragment of re-echoing song.
"I don't know about your 'getting,' she said,
"But you can and must 'go' along."

—Ex.

Johnny ate a tablet
The family doctor gave.
Now he's got a big one
On his little grave.

—Chaparral.

A study in physics—The lower the gas the higher the pressure.—Ex.

A Toast.

Brethren, here is a toast to our enemies! May they ever continue the same invidious critics and censors of our ways. May they never cease their sneers at our good deeds nor their jeers at our evil doings, their taunts at our failures, and their cavillings at our successes. Without enemies we should grow lazily self-satisfied and indolent, with no incentive to "show 'em," and no vivifying scorn to spur us ahead. Without them we should fall into a putrescence from over-flattery, and idly doze through a self-righteous existence.

Here's to our enemies! May they belittle and begrudge forever, without stint, for of such is our salvation.—Ex.
Unquestionably.

"In the bright lexicon of youth," quoth the college freshman grimly, "it may possibly be, as rumored, that there is no such word as fail. However—"

Here he released a cross between a whistle and a sigh.

"—I am tolerably well convinced that there is such a word as flunk."
—Ex.

The Woman Heart.

By Theoressia Garrison.

She never said "I love you not" but when
She was all fearful that she loved too much;
She never took her hand from yours—but then
When most she craved its touch.

She never laughed at you but when she fain
Would be too tender. Never turned away
Save when each impulse urged her once again
To listen and to stay.

A woman's heart is like a witch's prayer—
To be read backward and its craft defied.
Ah, judge us not by those poor lies we dare,
But by the truths we hide
—Ex.

On a rock-strewn beach on the Cornish coast the fury of a violent storm was just abating. A vessel had gone to pieces on the rocks, and after a display of much heroism on the part of the villagers all the crew and passengers had been saved, with the exception of one man. He had been washed ashore apparently drowned, and the new curate knelt at his side on the beach, endeavoring to restore his circulation.

"My friends," he said, turning to the villagers, "how do you usually proceed in these cases?"

As one man the simple folk replied,

"Search his pockets."

There was a young man from the West,

Loved a certain young lady with zest;

So hard did he press her,
To make her say yes sir,
That he broke two cigars in his vest.—Argus.

College Men Wanted

We need young College, University and Technical School graduates to fill positions that will be open July 1. Hundreds of desirable permanent positions and a limited number of good opportunities for summer work. Write us to-day stating position desired.

HAPGOODS (Inc.) 309 Broadway, New York

Hartford Bldg., Chicago,
Williamson Bldg., Cleveland,
Park Bldg., Pittsburgh,
Pennsylvania Bldg., Philadelphia,
Chemical Bldg., St. Louis,
Loan & Trust Bldg., Minneapolis.
Other offices in other cities.
The Thatcher Opera House
Logan, Utah.

Refitted and equipped up-to date. Seating capacity 900.


J. R. Edwards, Lessee and General Manager.
Our pleasure is in pleasing our customers. 

Best equipped stables in Logan. 
Prompt attention to train calls and baggage transfer.

46 W. Center St.  Telephone No. 16.

Moore & Turner, Publishers.

The Logan Republican

Logan, Cache County, Utah.

It is the brightest, cleanest, neatest paper in Northern Utah. Devoted to local news. Has the largest circulation in Cache County today (Nov. 1st) and is growing rapidly. Eight pages twice a week, $2.50 a Year.

Job Department

We will duplicate any work and any price on any kind of commercial printing. Try us for all kinds of small work.

Photographs

Your friends will insist on having your photo before school closes.

Have it taken now. Special rates to students.

...... Don't forget the place ...........

Odell Photo Studio Main Street
The FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOGAN.

Capital - - - - $50,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits - 25,000.00

Do your banking business at the First National, the only National Bank in Cache.
Under supervision of the United States Government.
Safety for deposits.
Prompt, progressive and up to date. We want your business.
We pay 4% Interest on time deposits. Interest compounded quarterly.

W. S. McCorNick. President.
JAMES QUAYLE, Vice-President.

ALLEN M. FLEMING, Cashier.
H. E. CROCKETT, Asst. Cashier.

List of Directors:

W. S. McCorNick
Jos. F. Smith
Thos. Smart
C. W. Nibley
C. C. Goodwin
Soren Hansen
James Quayle
John H. Anderson
Allen M. Fleming

Most Progressive

Regalia House in the country.

BANNERS
BADGES
BUTTONS
FLAGS
ETC.

Military and Society Uniforms and Equipments

Regalia and Paraphernalia

HENDERSON-AMES CO.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Dr. P. M. Paulson,  
DENTIST.  

Best Set of Teeth. .............................. $10.00  
Filling Teeth. ...............................  1.00  
Cleaning Teeth ...............................  1.00  
Highest Class Crowns and Bridges: Work at most reasonable prices. All work guaranteed. Teeth extracted without pain.  
Office over U. O. Store.  

Dr. E. F. Dunbar,  
DENTIST.  

Main Street. Over Hansen's Candy Kitchen.  
Hours—9 to 12 and 1 to 5.  

Retinosecopy is the most scientific and correct method of examining the eyes. There is no guess work about it and the results are always correct. All fitting is guaranteed to be accurate and satisfactory. Special prices to students.  

Chas. E. Wendleboe,  
Eyesight specialist at Wendleboe's Jewelry Store, 54 E. First North, Logan.  

J. A. McCausland,  
DENTIST.  

Teeth filled with Gold Amalgam or White Filling. Teeth extracted with the least possible pain by use of Odontometer, satisfaction guaranteed.  
P. O. Box 171. Office over Ritter Bros.  
LOGAN, UTAH.  

THE—  
Elite Art and Embroidery Studio  
INSTRUCTION FREE.  

Complete equipment for finished work in typographv and embroidery.  
College Pillows and Fashion our Specialties.  
33 WEST CENTER ST.  

Ed. Pohl,  
THE NEW TAILOR.  

Elegant cut. Modern and up-to-date.  
Good work guaranteed.  
A complete sample line to select from.  
Cleaning and Repairing a Specialty. Prices reasonable.  
No. 52 W. First North.  

Dr. I. S. Smith,  
DENTIST.  

Office over Co-op Grocery and Drug Co.  
Center Street.  
LOGAN.  

H. A. Pedersen & Co.  

Real Estate. Money to Loan.  
Collections and Insurance  
All kinds of stocks for sale.  
Interest of non-residents carefully attended to.  
Office over First National Bank.  

L. J. Goodrich,  
OSTEOPATHIST.  

Graduate of American school of Osteopathy.  
Literature furnished on application.  
Room 4, Ricks Block, Co. Center & Main.  
LOGAN, UTAH.  

Established 1884. Incorporated 1898.  

City Drug Company  

Prescription and Practical druggists.  
Sporting Goods. We guarantee satisfaction in every particular.  
65 and 67 N. Main Street, Logan, Utah.  
Branch store, Main Street, Richmond, Utah.  

JOHNSON'S ARK CAFE  
FOR YOUR MEALS.  

4-11-44 F. N. E.  

John Thomas  
MERCHANT TAILOR.  

All work guaranteed to be First Class.  
Cleaning and Repairing a Specialty.  
No. 30 West, First North Street.
Cardon Jewelry Co.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, FINE CHINA, CUT GLASS, FOUNTAIN PENS, KODAK SUPPLIES.

SIGN OF THE "BIG CLOCK"

Eliason Sisters
DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, LADIES' FURNISHINGS
87 Main Street

Joseph E. Cardon, Melvin J. Ballard

Logan Knitting Factory
Nos. 145-147 North Main Street, Logan, Utah.
Manufacturers of Union Suits, Sweaters, Hosiery, Gymnasium Suits, Etc.
Special Rates to Students.

Thorns With Roses
are like the handsome face with blemishes. Nature never intended spots, freckles, etc., they are simply mistakes that need correction. Our

Floral Cream
contains just what many specialists recommend—it will correct most of these mistakes, and give a fair, healthy skin. Price, 25c per bottle.

Riter Bros. Drug Co.
Logan, Utah.

Johnson Jewelry Co.
Sign "The Eye on the Door." Main Street
Daintily Shod

Daintily Shod Feet add greatly to a woman’s attractions. Coarse, clumsy shoes have the opposite effect. We give special attention to LADIES’ SHOES. All the latest productions of the best factories are here. The newest shapes, modish heels, the fashionable leathers. We take pleasure in showing our shoes.

LET US SHOW THEM TO YOU!

Logan Dry Goods Company

WESLEY JACQUES

Barber Shop

and Bath Rooms

We employ none but experienced Barbers, thus ensuring the best of service. Everything clean and up-to-date. We solicit your patronage and will do our best to please you

BASEMENT THATCHER BANK - - LOGAN, UTAH
Eagle Hotel and Cafe

SHORT ORDERS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

A Merchant's Lunch
SERVED FROM 12 to 3, 25 CENTS

The Only First Class Cafe in Logan. We Delight in Student Parties

McNeil & Spencer Co.

We are the boys who intend to give the people what they need in the line of DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, PRODUCE and ALL KINDS of FRESH MEATS. Remember the place—FIFTH WARD STORE stand. The nearest store to the College. Come and see us and we will treat you right.

Phone 1872 Third North and Third East

FOR YOUR CLOTHING, SHOES, FURNISHINGS AND HATS GO TO

THE HUB
ONE PRICE OUTFITTERS

45 MAIN ST. LOGAN, UTAH
Alfred Benjamin & Co.
Correct Clothes for Men

Howell & Crawford,
ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS
THE BIG GLASS FRONT.
The Growth

of a savings account is something remarkable, when the depositor sets out to push things.

Our Facilities

for handling such accounts are among the best.

Thatcher Bros. Banking Company,

LOGAN, - - - UTAH

We have a good list of carefully selected loans secured by first mortgage on desirable real estate. They pay a handsome rate of interest, and, better still, are absolutely safe. Shall be glad to show them to you.

Farmers Utah Loan Association,

MOSES THATCHER, Pres.  DAVID ECCLES, Vice-Pres.  H. E. HATCH, Secy. & Trea.

Thatcher Bank Building,  Logan, Utah.
Royal Bakery,
16 South Main.
FRED MEISSNER, PROP.

Celebrated Domestic,
Vienna and Graham
Bread, Rolls and Coff-
tee Cake and Cakes of
all kinds.

Wagon will call once a
day.

The Deseret Farmer

ISSUED WEEKLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

The Paper for the Western Farm Home

A Weekly Journal of Agriculture, edited with special reference to the climate of the intermountain region. Edited and managed by members of the Utah Experiment Station Staff.

Correspondence invited. All branches of Agriculture represented by and in charge of an expert.

Box 194 Logan, Utah

Our Cuts Talk

THE WILLIAMSON
HAFFNER
ENGRAVING CO.

DE BOUZET
ENGRAVING CO.
27-29 W. 50 TEMPLE
SALT LAKE CITY
Cache Valley Banking Co. [INCORPORATED]
TITHING OFFICE CORNER, LOGAN, UTAH

A general Banking Business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. Drafts issued and money sent to any part of the world. A thoroughly equipped savings department. Deposits received in amounts of one dollar and upwards, and interest paid on same, compounded quarterly. Your business is respectfully solicited and will receive prompt and courteous attention.

HALF BLOCK W. OF FIRST NATIONAL.    HALF BLOCK W. OF FIRST NATIONAL.

Logan Steam Laundry

NEW AND IDEAL LOCATION.

MACHINERY AND APPARATUS RENOVATED. DRIVERS CALL AT YOUR DISCRETION.

HAVE WORK DONE RIGHT—RIGHT QUICK.
WE MAINTAIN A STUDENT AGENT AMONG YOU, AND TRY TO GIVE YOU SPECIAL ATTENTION. ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Yours for All Laundry Work. Frank Earl, Prop.

Do you want a Piano?

WE CAN FURNISH YOU A BETTER INSTRUMENT FOR LESS MONEY THAN ANY OTHER MUSIC HOUSE IN THE STATE.

The Thatcher Music Company.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, LOGAN, UTAH.
Logan Novelty Theatre

Refined Vaudeville Performances Daily.
Matinees 4:00 p.m., except Sundays.
Evening Performances 7:30 and 8:30.
Regular Sunday Evening Concerts.

Sawyer & Everett,
Proprietors.

A. B. Jensen,
Vaudeville Director.

The best place for Gymnasium and first class SCHOOL SHOES is at the
Exclusive Shoe Store
Main Street

The Repairing Department is always found complete.

Andreas Peterson.

Roche Valley Livery Company
LIVERY AND TRANSFER SPECIALTIES.

First North in rear of Hotel Eagle.
Phone 129-k. Res. 176-y.

A. Affleck & H. Secrest

A Complete Encyclopedia of Amateur Sport.
Spalding's Official Athletic Almanac
For 1905

Edited by J. E. SULLIVAN,
(Chief of Department of Physical Culture,
Louisiana Purchase Exposition.)

Should be read by every college student, as it contains the records of college athletes and all amateur events in this country and abroad.

It also contains a complete review of the Olympic Games from the official report of Director Sullivan and a resume of the two days devoted to sports in which savages were the only contestants, in which it is proved conclusively that savages are not the natural born athletes we have heretofore supposed them to be. This is the first time in which the athletic performances of savages have been systematically recorded.

This is the largest Athletic Almanac ever published, containing 320 pages. Numerous illustrations of prominent athletes and track teams.

Price Ten Cents. For sale by all newsdealers and A. G. SPALDING & BROS., at

New York Chicago St. Louis
Philadelphia San Francisco Kansas City
Buffalo Denver Washington
Boston Baltimore Pittsburgh
Syracuse New Orleans Cincinnati
Minneapolis Mcntred, Can. London, Eg.

Send for a copy of Spalding's Athletic Goods Catalogue. It's free.

J. P. Smith

Printing

Always Up-to-Date
Always On Time

ASSOCIATION AND SOCIETY WORK
THIS SEASON EMBRACES THE LATEST DESIGNS IN CARDS, FOLDERS, PROGRAMS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, ETC.

J. P. Smith
Go To Murdoek's Candy Kitchen

For Hot and Cold Sodas. We carry Ice Cream all winter. Also carry the largest and choicest varieties of Candies and Nuts in the city. Our Chocolates and Bon Bons are made fresh daily. Special prices to parties. We take full charge of serving if desired.

Please note that all our drinks are served in clean and polished glasses of which we have an abundant supply. No glass washing done at our fountain.....

Cleanliness, polite attention and prompt service makes our fountain a pleasant place to frequent.....

PHONE 43 K. 31 MAIN ST.

City Livery Stables
NEW MANAGEMENT

Best Transfer and Livery Service in Town.
Feed Stables.
Bus to Every Train.
Special interest in Student Outing Parties.
Excellent Service for Parties at the College.

We Strive to Please You CHAS. W. MAUGHAN
A. BATESON, Grocery and Meat Market.

GROCERIES STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.
MEATS THAT MELT IN YOUR MOUTH.

Phone 156 K. No. 5 Main Street

The Co-operative Drug Co.

Are the Leading Druggists of Logan.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
Special Courtesy to Students...

Goods Delivered Free. 14 CENTER STREET

WORK DONE BY THE

White Swan Laundry

Is Strictly First Class.
This is the only NEW Laundry in Logan.
Our Machines are all new and up-to-date and handled by experienced operators. No delay. No mixups.
Your goods are always delivered on time.

Phone 105 X. C. A. CUMMINGS, Prop.

PHOTOS GO TO.

HARRISON & RABE
Successors to WM. H. HARRISON
For First-Class Photos

Special Rate to Students Studio over U. O. Store
CACHE VALLEY MERCANTILE CO.

JUST WEST OF P. O.

Groceries
Fresh, Green, Fancy

Fruits, etc., in Season.
Household Hardware, Dishes, Kitchen Tin and Graniteware.
The Grocery Supply House of the Agricultural College of Utah.
The Consolidated Grocery House of Logan.

GET IN THE HABIT AND EAT OUR
Chocolates

AND YOU WILL EAT NO OTHERS

Geo. A. Hansen, 58 N. Main
Students
and others desiring their trunks or other articles transferred will find it to their advantage to consult
James Porter
PHONE 156 Y.

HANKS HOTEL.
Otherwise known as “Pilgrim’s Rest.”
Best in the City.
Corner of Main and First North.

COTRELL & LEONARD,
ALBANY, N. Y.
Makers of Caps and Gowns
to Utah Agricultural College, University of Wyoming, Colorado College, University of Nebraska, University of Montana, Harvard, Yale, Princeton and the others. Class Contracts a specialty. Rich Gowns for Pulpit and Bench. Bulletin and samples on request.

The Celebrated Majestic and Peninsular Stoves and Ranges
ARE FAIR SAMPLES OF THE CLASS OF GOODS CARRIED BY THE
LOGAN FURNITURE CO.,
112 N. MAIN STREET.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF UTAH.

THE COLLEGE COMPRISHER
THE SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE.
THE SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC
SCIENCE AND ARTS.
THE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE.

THE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING
AND MECHANIC ARTS.
THE SCHOOL OF GENERAL
SCIENCE.
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

THE AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION.

COURSES:
The regular baccalaureate courses offered in Agriculture, Domestic Science, Commerce, Engineering, and General Science, and High School courses in Agriculture, Domestic Science and Commerce; also Manual Training courses in Domestic Arts and in Mechanic Arts, a College Preparatory Course, and courses in Music.
Special Winter Courses are offered, beginning Jan. 4th, in the various subjects of Agriculture, Dairying, Horticulture, Veterinary Science, Household Science, Sewing, Commerce, Carpentry, and Blacksmithing.

EQUIPMENT:
The College grounds occupy 116 acres of land, comprising campus, athletic field, farms, orchards, and gardens.
There are 20 buildings, fully equipped for the various purposes of the institution.
Modern barns are stocked with the best types of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry.
The scientific and engineering laboratories and museums are provided with the most modern equipment.
The shops are fully equipped for work in wood and metals. Extensive and new equipment is provided throughout all departments of the institution.
No tuition is charged. Annual registration fee, $5. Illustrated catalogue sent free on application.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, LOGAN, UTAH.
THE SCENIC LINE TO
Glenwood Springs, Aspen, Leadville, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, and all points East.
Connecting at Ogden Union Depot with all Southern Pacific and Oregon Short Line Trains.
THE ONLY TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE PASSING DIRECTLY THROUGH SALT LAKE CITY.

Splendidly Equipped Fast Trains Daily between
OGDEN AND DENVER
Via Three Separate and Distinct Scenic Routes.

THROUGH PULLMAN AND ORDINARY SLEEPING CARS

To DENVER, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY,
ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO without
change. Free reclining chair cars.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS.

DINING CARS Service à la Carte on all through trains.

For rates, folders, free illustrated booklets, etc., inquire of your nearest ticket agent, specifying the Rio Grande route, or address
I. A. BENTON, G. A. P. D., Salt Lake City

IF YOU ARE CONTEMPLATING A TRIP EAST, REMEMBER THAT THE

Oregon Short Line

In Connection with the
UnIon Pacific Railroad

IS THE SHORT FAST ROUTE TO ALL POINTS.

Through Pullman Sleeping Cars
with all Modern Conveniences.

See any Short Line agent for Full particulars; or write to
Salt Lake City, Utah,
W. W. WOODSIDE, Agent Logan.
The leading up-to-date
Clothiers and
Men's Outfitters
of Logan and Cache County are
Thatcher & Hansen

27 Main St.
Logan, Utah.

Sole Agents for the Standard Lines
of the World.

Stein-Block Smart Clothes
and Walkover Shoes
Our Leaders

They will treat you right.