GLIMPSES OF UTAH
AT THE
Lewis and Clark
Exposition

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W. O. RAMSHAW, Local Manager
UTAH BUILDING AT PORTLAND.
Glimpses of Utah at the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition.

By Prof L. A Ostien, Director of Utah Educational Exhibit

The great Lewis and Clark Exposition has passed into history. Yesterday, the closing day saw nearly 60,000 people pass through the turnstiles to take a last look at the “dream city.” The heavens wept in sympathy with the thousands who had been here for the past five months, in various capacities, helping to make this wonderful fair, as the day passed and the midnight hour approached. Many of the thousands came for pleasure and spent much of their last day listening to the barkers and patronizing the shows on the trail, and many other thousands came to make a final examination of some of the exhibits that had interested them during the summer. For many of us, the element of sadness entered in as we looked upon the fir-clad Willamette Heights on the one side and the peaceful waters of the Willamette river on the other side of the grounds, and saw the throngs moving across the Bridge of Nations to or from the Government Building, ever remembering that the exposition must soon be the property of some wrecking company; and rapidly be blotted out of existence, except as a
pleasant memory with thousands or as a page in the history of our country.

The part that Utah has played in this exposition has been an important one. Realizing the large benefits that would accrue from a proper representation of our resources and education, the legislature made quite a liberal appropriation for this purpose. The commission at their first meeting decided to have the educational interests represented and on recommendation of the State Board of Education selected your correspondent as director of this exhibit. On April 1st, he commenced his work and during the six weeks following visited nearly all the counties in the state, giving instructions as to the work desired. June 15th saw this work well installed in the south end of the Utah building, and from that date to the present it has been examined more or less critically by hundreds of thousands.

One of the chief features of the exhibit was the manual training work. The state certainly took high rank along this line. The only work that compared favorably with it was the cabinet work, forging and sewing of the Seattle schools, the work of one school in Massachusetts and that of several technical schools in California. Of Utah, all the state schools, all the city schools, and nearly all of the counties were represented.

The state received favorable recognition from the jurors who examined the various groups in education, being awarded eleven gold medals, the highest award, nine silver, and eight bronze medals. The state received a gold medal on the exhibit as a whole. The Agricultural College was awarded three gold medals, on the work in Mechanic Arts, Domestic Science and Arts, and as a whole. The State University received a gold medal on the collective exhibit and one on the Kindergarten Normal Training School, and also a silver medal on the unified course of study in the Training School. Salt Lake City received a gold medal on High school work, and one on elementary work. Ogden was similarly rated except that the medal for the High school went to the commercial department. A gold medal was awarded the State School for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind on their manual training work and the class that had been here during the month of August. Silver medals went to the Brigham Young College, Latter-day Saints University, Brigham Young University, Latter-day Saints Church schools and the Presbyterian Academies, and to Logan, Park City and Provo, on elementary education. The bronze medal exhibits were from Snow and Weber Stake Academies, Eureka and a number of the counties.

Mr. Clawson, manager of the Utah exhibits, among other unique things, conceived the idea of fitting recognition to Jefferson and had a fine bust of him installed in a niche above the door, flanked on either side by medallions of Lewis and
Clark and the whole draped with the national colors. Underneath this was an enlarged copy of the portion of a letter to Capt. Meriwether Lewis, written by Jefferson on July 4, 1803.

The remainder of the building was occupied by a fine mineral exhibit superintended by Dr. Bradford of the State University. This was one of the finest collections of ores on the grounds, and in carbonate ores probably the finest. Another attractive feature was a concentrating mill, a part of the equipment of the University, which was in operation for two and one half hours daily. This department received its share of gold and silver medals.

A large arch in the center of the building was covered with grains and grasses in the straw and in glass jars, illustrating the various crops raised in the state. Much of the grain exhibit was loaned by the Experiment Station of the Agricultural College. In addition, a number of show cases were kept filled with green fruits of various kinds in season to show people the remarkable horticultural possibilities of the state.

On the whole, Utah has made a splendid impression at this fair. Her resources and education have been displayed, and thousands of people have partaken of her hospitality, while tens of thousands of the weary visitors sat down and rested in the chairs and settees placed so liberally on the porches, in the gallery and wherever space permitted among the exhibits. Much more might be said about other exhibits, the art galleries, the trail, and what members of the faculty and student body of the A. C. U. did when they came to Portland to see the great Centennial,—but that is a long story and we leave it for another contributor.
A Silent Place.

A cold, grey April afternoon found me with a bunch of very tired cattle fifteen miles from the home ranch, which I had planned that morning to reach before dark. The drive was a long one, but I had made it before and to have missed my calculations of the morning by fifteen miles—it was depressing.

It was very evident, though, that the cattle, cows and calves mostly, with no strength yet from the green grass, and very much weakened by a long, hard winter, were going but little further. To leave them and ride to the ranch, out in weather that might be any thing before morning, meant thirty miles of extra ride, to say nothing of being laughed at by the fellows for coming in without the cattle, and I was young and green enough then to care a great deal about that sort of thing. There was no other way out of it, though, and I headed my melancholy, discouraged herd towards a ravine in which there grew a grove of cottonwoods. There they would be protected from the wind, and would perhaps remain until I came back after them in the morning. Then I remembered that in another ravine some distance further off there was a cabin and a small corral in which hay had been stored. There I could find shelter for the cows and perhaps feed, so I changed the route.

The stretch of plateau, though broken by deeply washed ravines on either side of the divide, along which the trail led, had the appearance, half a mile away, of unbroken prairie, dull grey in its early spring foliage. Only here and there, where some grove of trees seemed to climb out of the ravine in which it grew, was the sameness, broken by patches of green. A cold, grey, dismal sheet of low lying clouds met this prairie on all sides, and seemed to shut out all the rest of the world. A melancholy, damp and penetrating, seemed to be everywhere. Even old Pete, the saddle horse, had a far-away, homesick look in his eyes, so sad and so real that I was sorry for him.

It seemed an age before those cows were at the corral; and I had been impatient all the way to turn old Pete loose down the home trail and get away from the oppressiveness of those clouds and mountains, back to human companions and something to eat.

But after I had thrown the little pile of musty hay over the fence to the cows, I sat there on the top
rail and decided to stay all night. Old Pete looked at me reproachfully as I pulled off the saddle and tied him inside the enclosure.

The cabin, a frame structure, had been built when prospectors were hurriedly digging holes and setting stakes all over the country to establish the right to copper claims of supposed fabulous value, which were later abandoned as worthless.

Those were exciting times. Old Jim Walton and a new man had quarreled in a good old western way on the little ridge just back of the house. The other fellow died on the ridge, and Old Jim followed him over a few hours later from the cabin. That had been my first sight of human blood. After that there were more rows, there always are. Then Jed Sotz fell down a prospect hole over on the Hogback, a mile and a half east of the cabin, and lay there at the bottom, helpless, with a broken leg for days. He was delirious for a long time after we got him out and it always made me "creepy" to think about it.

Among the rubbish inside I found an old tin tobacco box containing two short candles. The straw in the bunks was dry and a lot of it in one bunk with the saddle blankets and my overcoat made a very nice bed. With something to eat, it would have been a satisfactory camp. I was dead tired; but I couldn't help wondering how old Jim would look if he came back, and how poor Sutz felt in that hole, and it was a long time before I could get to sleep. I had a firm disbelief in the supernatural, but I went to sleep thinking vaguely that I would not be surprised if ghosts came.

I found myself sitting straight up in the bunk, frozen stiff with terror, unable to move or cry out; cold beads of perspiration were on my face; my scalp was contracted until I could not close my eyes and a horrible fantastic indefinite shape held them riveted upon it. Clinging to me, was the impression of a screaming woman, full of distress, but horribly unearthly. Sitting there unable to move a single muscle, I realized that I was entirely alone, miles from any other human being. I felt that I must go mad in another second unless I could break the spell; but for what seemed ages it held me absolutely helpless, and there was always that terrible indefinite shape before me. If there were only a sound, only a watch tick, it would free me, give me a chance to fight. I'd give my life, my soul, anything, to break the power.

After an eternity, it seemed to lose its power on my right arm. I clutched the revolver and it seemed hours before there came strength enough to fire it. At last it exploded, a deafening report, a red streak of fire and a jarring recoil, and I was free. The shape disappeared and I yelled in exultation and rushed out into the inky blackness of the night. The shot so frightened old Pete that he pulled back on his rope until the
rotten post broke off at the bottom; and just as I reached the open air, two panels of dry poles crashed to the ground. It was the most pleasant music I had ever heard. I captured him huddled up at the fence on the other side and hugged him enthusiastically. My first impulse was flight, but the presence of the horse and cattle seemed to detract from the terror I had felt, and for an instant I hesitated. In that instant came a wild uncontrollable desire to see that shape in a light and to do it injury. The desire became determination; but even then my courage was not equal to going back to the cabin.

After a long time with old Pete, and when no sound or sign of life came from the cabin; a dinnerless and supperless nightmare seemed a very logical explanation of my experience. I decided to find out if this would solve the question, and, with a handful of matches and a very firm grip on the six shooter, I went back to the cabin. At the door I struck a match. It went out. Was that the shape or only a shadow? It must be a shadow. I went back in and walked to the candle. Four matches went out before it was lighted. I stepped aside and faced the room more than half expecting the shape to be there to spring upon me; but the light showed only the bare room with its dark corners. I was about to take a step towards the bunk, when a half articulate, womanish, unearthly cry of distress brought all my terror back, I staggered against the wall, without strength enough to run. Then a spot of grey the size of a hand came out on the opposite wall, stopped, became phosphorescent; two small, intense spots of light appeared in the center and the thing emitted that womanish, weird cry. My problem was solved and I frightened old Pete again.

Later I found myself laughing hysterically, and stamping with almost diabolical pleasure upon the fragments the bullet had made of a mountain rat.

I went out and quieted old Pete, came back, put my overcoat on and shot rats. One would flash out into the circle of light; pause a second and explode, as the bullet struck him, into a mixed mass of grey fur, red flesh, phosphorus, incandescent eyes, and squeak.

I scored bullseyes every shot and the rats lasted, with longer intervals between them each time, until nearly daylight.

Dauber.
The Fire.

No doubt our readers will remember the complimentary words which, last year, we arrayed against a certain intangible something, styled the “Hoodoo.” We went further than this, we printed his picture, which was obtained from no other place than the fertile brain of our cartoonist. We treated the “Hoodoo” with all respect and courtesy, and his name appeared in print innumerable times. Never once did we hesitate to mention him.

Still he persisted in loitering around the campus and college. When the class of ’05 bowed their heads in the last benediction, and there came a murmured “Amen,” many of us went our ways for the summer, hoping and trusting that old “Jimmy Hoodoo” would finally “slip on his sneakers and hike” to regions unknown.

But did he? Listen! For days the “old man” hung around. Carefully concealing himself during day time, and prowling about during the hours of night old Logan slept, he succeeded in convincing us that he had gone, and we rejoiced.

June passed; July days slipped along. August came, and finally September showed itself on the calendar. We counted the days when once more Rasmus Olaf would toll the “quarter-past” bell, as every-thing pointed towards a school year, which nothing would interrupt. But the “plans of mice and men gang aft agley,” and our plans were no exception.

About a week before the school year opened, “Old Jimmy Hoodoo” had perfected his plans for a grand “butt-in,” and a careful estimate places the cost of his little affair at $33,288.

It is a matter of public record, as to what happened at his little “doin’s.” Logan people saw and heard it all; for at 12:45 on Monday night, Sept. 11, the “college hill” appeared to be “beautifully illuminated.” A Salt Lake daily described it as “a scene of sublime grandeur, when viewed from Logan and the greater part of Cache Valley.” We do not know how true this poetical outburst describes the blaze, in which the former Mechanic Arts building figured so conspicuously, but we do know that when morning finally dawned, that a conglomeration of blackened walls, twisted iron rafters, and warped machinery, proved that the “Hoodoo” must certainly have had a “time,” which in the case of human beings, calls for cracked ice, cold towels, and Bromo, on the morning after. Undoubtedly it was the climactic stunt of the reign of
King Hoodoo I. We are glad we are on the down hill side of his domination.

But, putting aside this idle fancy, concerning the “Hoodoo,” if there is such a superstition commingling in our midst, and we are sure there is such, the fire which devoured the old Mechanic Arts building was really serious. It came at a time of the year when it most effected the attendance of the Mechanic Arts school; a week before the institution opened.

There were wild speculations as to the origin of the conflagration. On the following morning, over Logan’s good old pink-tea-pussy-cat variety of gossipers and gossipesses got to work, and related many wild stories regarding the fire. Some said that the enemies of the institution did the deed; others claimed to have inside information from persons who saw individuals climbing down the steep slopes south of the campus at a suspicious time; others blamed the college officials for neglect; while others had no opinion at all. We are of the latter class, for we don’t know. It may have been this; it may have been that, and we think that the real origin will never be known.

Logan responded bravely and crowds of people climbed the hill at that late hour. Local hackmen made numerous trips, and scores came afoot. The fire looked serious for a while because of the customary canyon breeze, and the low pressure of city water at that time.

The city fire department, crippled as it is, made a good run, and lines of hose played on the flames. Until morning the fire fighters worked, and by then the rest of the buildings were saved, but the “shops,” as we have known them, were no more.

Everything about the building was gone, except one or two machines and an engine. The loss is placed at $33,288, and the insurance aggregated $7,000; the net loss being $26,288. The worst feature of the loss of the building, appeared to be that regular school work would be interrupted in this department, but this was bridged over, and aside from a few inconveniences, the incident of the fire itself, is closed.

THE MASS MEETING.

It is not out of place to say a few words about Logan’s loyalty to the college. During last winter’s legislative fight, and the turmoil of last April, May and June, Logan’s inhabitants remained true, and floated the white and blue before them at all times. Many thought that just as long as loyalty was “cheap talk,” Logan’s patriotism would stand; but should an opportunity arise for the city to “make good” its assurances, that there would be a falling off in the loyalty line.

The actions of the citizens of Logan, acting through the Cache
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Commercial Club, proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that Logan's patriotism can never again be questioned. The prompt action of the C. C. C. in regard to raising funds to assist in rebuilding the former Mechanic Arts building, did much towards influencing the state board of examiners, when it came to covering the loss caused by the fire.

Pres. Kerr was in southern Utah at the time of the blaze, but he hastened home, and plans were soon completed as to how funds should be raised.

In pursuance to a call of Pres. B. F. Riter, of the C. C. C., a mass meeting was held at the County building on Monday evening, Sept. 18, and it was so largely attended that many were turned away. The purpose of the meeting was to consider plans for securing funds to assist in rebuilding the burned shops. Speeches were made by Pres. Kerr, Sen. A. G. Barber, Trustee Owen, J. A. Hendrickson, H. Bullen, Jr., Rev. Norfleet, Melvin Ballard, F. K. Nebeker and Seth Langton. These gentlemen voiced the sentiment of the community and it seemed the popular opinion that Logan and Cache Valley should show a willingness to assist in replacing the destroyed structure.


Throughout the county towns, sub-committees were appointed to solicit funds in their respective communities.

The next morning, (Tuesday, Sept. 19), the committee set to work, and it was but a matter of a few hours before $8,000 was subscribed.

An unexpected thing happened about now. Gov. Cutler and the State Board of Examiners visited Logan, and went over the situation thoroughly. At a meeting of the Board a few days later, the college was given $26,288, and this, with the $7,000 insurance is sufficient to rebuild the shops and equip them better than ever.

The popular subscription of $8,000 has not been collected, as it was found that it was not needed. Should any unforeseen emergency arise, however, the businessmen will take care of it in the financial way.

It was but a matter of a few days before contracts were awarded for reconstructing the Mechanic Arts building. The following were the successful bidders:

Carpentry—Worley and Nelson $10,356
Masonry—Neilson and Bjorkman 6,227
Cement—Olaf Nelson 1,200
Plumbing—C. J. Olsen 296

In the meanwhile, the carpentry shop has been quartered in the
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drill hall, and the forge room of the new building will be finished first, so that instruction in these lines will be resumed as soon as possible with but a few weeks loss, which no doubt can be made up.

Considering all, the college escaped with but a small loss, in comparison with what it might have been. Its experiences with "Jimmie Hoodoo" and a big fire may be valuable.

The initial social function of the present school year occurred at the home of Miss Effie Smith, Monday evening, Oct. 23. Miss Dora Quayle and Miss Smith were the entertainers.

Unique invitations were out ten days prior to the 23rd. All the Sorosis girls and an equal number of college fellows, about fifty in all, were present.

The rooms of the Smith home were artistically decorated with autumn leaves, excellent effects being worked out.

The evening was spent at progressive high five. Mr. A. B. Olsen and Miss Mildred Forgeon captured the prizes.

Delicious refreshments were served at 11:30 o'clock. For the next hour there was eating, drinking and merry making. Then followed an hour of good, congenial jibber-jabber, after which the crowd went home and prepared for breakfast. The fact that this was the first genuine relief from the steady grind, that it brought together once again the old bunch, and especially that the Misses Quayle and Smith are unexcelled as entertainers, made the evening one long to be remembered.

Card Party.
"De-Fence of Horacio."
There have been many speculations as to why our English Professor left for the East.
The Parland-Newhall Co.

If the other numbers furnished us by the Great Western Lyceum Bureau are equal in excellence to the Parland-Newhall Company's entertainment last Thursday night, the "Committee" is to be very much congratulated. The auditorium was packed and there were many in the gallery. They all had words of praise for the Bell Ringers when it was over.

The program which follows was added to by numerous generous encores and was at all times artistic. The quiet, wholesome wit interspersed throughout pleased everyone and the voice quartette work was of a quality seldom met with in this part of the world. The horn quartette was a revelation, the cornet soloist was a rare artist; the tenor solos by Mr. Newhall were good, Mr. Parland, the big happy faced basso was a favorite from his first smile, and the bells, so different from the usual freak music, were really musical.

"Annabel Lee," Poem by Edgar Allan Poe . . . . . . . . Van de Water
"Kathleen Mavournee," Arranged by McBeth
"Serenata," Bells . . . . . . . . . . Maupin
"Heart to Heart Waltz," Cornet . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Gounod
"Soldiers' Chorus," Arranged by Newhall . . . . . . . . . . . . Maupin
"Miserere," (Prison Scene—Il Trovatore) Verdi, introducing Prison Bell and Tenor Solo.
Chimes, Introducing the Hymns
"Abide with Me," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "Onward Christian Soldiers", . Arranged by Parland
"When I'm Big I'll be a Soldier," Bass Solo . . . . . . . . . . Malloy
"Lost Chord" . . . . . . . . . Sullivan

Return of College Spirit.

The initial appearance of "college spirit" for this year was made on Wednesday morning, Oct. 25. Since the college opened many comments have been made by many people regarding the non-appearence in our midst of this necessary requisit of college life. Some said that it never would make its "debut" under present conditions, but they did not count on such a thing as "the call of the wild."

When the referee's whistle blew in the "Soldier" game, there was dull, heavy ache in the hearts of many college men as they stood on the side lines and it was not long before they answered the call. On the aforesaid Wednesday morning, the choir began the "doin's" by singing the college anthem "You ask which school, etc." The student body came to its feet, and swelled the chorus. Prof. Jensen, in the absence of Prest. Kerr, briefly stated that request had been made for a period to practice college songs and yells, and asked the faculty if there were any objections to giving this chapel period and the drill hour for that purpose. There were none, so Preston Peterson was
made chairman, and Hillman and Lee cheer masters. Hillman proceeded to orate, and breathed the real spirit of the occasion when he said "We do not bow down to worship at the shrine of authority but rather we rise up with the old A. C. yells of yore, ringing in our ears."

A rousing cheer and song practice resulted, and the football heroes were given places on the stand. It was a good start to roll up the snow ball of college spirit.

Football.

The first scrimmage of the season, a practice game between the College and Ft. Douglas, resulted in a score of 15-5 in our favor. The soldiers were totally out-classed, their only score being the result of a fumble.

The game gave us a line on the work of our men and shows that with big men in front of the present set of backs, we ought to play respectable ball. Jamison and Nelson, at tackles, showed up well, while Brown's work at center showed him as having in his makeup the material of a good lineman. He passed well, is mean, and by playing a little lower will be a credit to the position. We need ends badly. Mitchell, at quarter, is a star considering his size, but we are afraid that in encountering heavy teams, he will lack weight. Andrews and Frew, at halves, are perhaps as promising a pair of men as the school has seen.

Expressing in a nutshell, our prospects, as foreshadowed by the game, we need linemen, we can win games if we get them, and it is high time some differences were being adjusted and the old men reinstated in their positions.
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"Love comes like a summer sigh,
Softly o'er you stealing,
Love comes and you wonder why,
To its shrine you're kneeling.
CHORUS.

Love some day,
Must come to all,
Come to all, come to all,
Love some day;
Must come to all,
Come to all."

STUDENT LIFE has been called upon to record three events which are of importance to the parties concerned, and of interest to their many friends.

Last July, at Spokane, Washington, Miss Mary McClintock, of Eaton, Ohio, became the wife of Prof. A. H. Upham. Professor and Mrs. Upham are residing in New York City, where the Professor is attending Columbia University.

During the balmy August days, Professor Wm. Jardine of the Agricultural Department of the college, took unto himself a wife, in the personage of Miss Effie Nebecker of Logan. The marriage ceremony took place in Salt Lake City.

In September, Mr. Ray B. West, '04, and Miss Mamie Morrell, a former student and instructor of our college, were married. Mr. and Mrs. West are in Ithaca, New York, where Mr. West is a student at Cornell.

In recording these events, STUDENT LIFE has done it in a very formal way. We are not accustomed to favoring many of our friends thusly, so we are somewhat embarrassed. We can truthfully voice the sentiment of the many friends of the interested parties, when we say (in a formal way) that we trust that peace, prosperity and happiness will ever be their lots.
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Published Monthly by the Students of The Agricultural College of Utah.

EDITORIAL.

Our football prospects this year are not bright enough to be called dazzling. With a great many old men on the sidelines and a lack of enthusiasm hanging like a wet blanket over the student body, the annual fight for the championship of the state begins to look as though it would terminate in a slaughter. Our athletics could stand some fixing.

The college mess of last spring was adjusted at the meeting of the board and resulted in the withdrawal from the institution of Dr. John A. Widstoe, director of the Experiment Station and Professor of Chemistry, and Prof. L. A. Merrill, Professor of Agronomy and Agronomist for the station. The vacancies were filled by Dr. P. A. Yoder, Associate Professor of Chemistry, and W. M. Jardine, a former instructor and later manager of the Utah Arid Farm Co.

That the trouble should have arisen is most unfortunate. It came upon us at a time when our school and station were settling themselves firmly among the leading institutions of their kind in the country. No one can doubt the ability of the two gentlemen in question. Dr. Widstoe had been connected with our college and station for nearly fifteen years and his work at the station during that time placed him as perhaps the leading authority on irrigation in the west. His work and the work of the department of Agronomy, under Prof. Merrill in Arid farm investigations were only beginning to make themselves felt. The good they could have done to their fellows and to the state along this line can only be measured by the results accomplished during their brief prosecution of the work.

As students, it is not for us to point out the unfortunate circumstances that caused their withdrawal but rather to lament that such occurrences should arise. STUDENT LIFE wishes them the best of success in their new fields.

For New Students.

Perhaps the most eventful time in a young person's life is the period when he first enters his college.
or preparatory school. Most of the students of our institution enter at first the preparatory department, and in the course of time become "college students." The period of transformation from a preparatory student to a college man is one of toil and seeming hardships to the "prep," as he is termed in college parlance. He may at times think that the "upper class-men" are arrogant, and totally ignore the feelings and rights of the lower class-men.

If the preparatory students would but stop and think that they are not the first "preps" of our school, and that all of the upper class-men once occupied like positions; that the toils and troubles of the new students are of the same family as those that once troubled the higher students, we are sure that the new students would not cherish hard thoughts towards their upper-class friends.

We know the individual members of the upper classes, and we can truthfully say that there is not one of them who does not "ring true," when it comes to supporting the old school. They have seen our institution in its darkest hours, and have seen it emerge from its perilous position with its colors bravely flying. They have learned to sympathize with each other, and to aid, rather than to impede the advancement of any fellow classmate. They cherish the same feeling towards the young man or woman, who enters our institution for the first time.

Some time this winter, when the world seems to go wrong with you, and you feel like turning back and quitting, when you feel home-sick (it is no crime to be home-sick the first year you are away from home at school) and are tired and weary, and you long for just one sight of the old paternal homestead; when you would go home tomorrow, if it were not for being branded a "quitter," just impose yourself upon a gang of upper class-men at one of their "hang-outs." If you do, you will find a bunch of the most happy-go-lucky fellows that ever trod a college campus. There will be a smile to greet you instead of the expected frown; there will be a friendly hand-shake instead of the expected rebuf. Tell them your troubles; they will listen, for your troubles are of the same kind which once kept them awake at night. Their advice will be good, because human beings generally try to advise the right thing, if they do not practice it, and we are all human beings. When you leave them that night after joining their company for a while, we are sure the world will look brighter, and the lessons come easier.

You will hear innumerable talks concerning "college spirit and loyalty." It will be fully explained to you, but do not get the understanding that the only way to display this seeming intangible something, is to get on your college colors and yell yourself hoarse at a football game. We do not discountenance this in the least; we are glad to see
an enthusiastic display of loyalty at the right time. It is entirely proper, and should always be encouraged, but remember that there are nine months of school, and enthusiasm and loyalty shown during the fall athletic season cannot reach over the entire year.

There are more features in the school to be patronized than athletics. There are your debating and literary clubs; your musical organizations; your social clubs; and last, but far from being the least, is the college paper. To do the right thing by each organization does not take any large amount of time or expenditure on your part. You can at least pay a dollar for your subscription to the college publication. When a dramatic effort is made by students, you can buy a ticket. You can give a little time to the band or orchestra, and attend one or two literary meetings to good advantage. If you will leave your books long enough to meet your classmates in a social way, you will find that school becomes a pleasure rather than a dull grind of perpetual text-books and examination papers.

Professor George Thomas.

Prof. Geo. Thomas, who is at the head of the Department of History and Economics, comes to us from the Ogden High School where he was the Principal last year. Prof. Thomas is not unknown to the A. C.; for he occupied, several years ago, the position he now holds. He was president of the Logan City Board of Education one year, and then he entered Harvard University, from whence he took his degree. Entering the L. D. S. missionary field, he visited the principal countries of Europe. While abroad, he continued his study of history, and returning home, he assumed the Principalship of the Ogden High School.
J. Willard Bolte has charge of the Poultry Department, filling the vacancy created by the resignation of Prof. Dryden. Bolte is a native of Chicago, where he received his early education. Later, he did time at the Evanston High School and Lewis Institute, entering Michigan Agricultural College in 1901. He was graduated at that institution last June.

Mr. Bolte informs us that he is American for three generations back; that he parts his name in the middle, and is engaged. He is also a member of the National Agricultural Fraternity, Alpha Zeta.

Miss Lydia Holmgren.

Miss Lydia Holmgren, for the past three years instructor in Domestic Science at our institution, has resigned to accept the chair of Domestic Science at the Latter-day Saints University. Miss Holmgren has been with us for a number of years, graduating here in 1903. For two years prior to graduation, she did work as instructor in the department. The many friends left behind wish her unbounded success in her new position.
Dr. J. H. Frederick

Dr. Frederick, the new head of the department of Veterinary Science, possesses all the qualifications necessary to make his department a success.

Frederick is a Utah man, having received his district school education in Providence. From there he went to the Brigham Young College of our city where he was graduated in 1890. After this he did two years work in our institution. Leaving here, he took charge of a large stock ranch in Wyoming, which situation he held for two years. Three years knocking around Europe excited the college germ in his make up and 1901 saw him registered in the Department of Animal Industry at the Iowa State College. He took his degree of D. V. M. at that institution last June.

With this big bunch of experience, Dr. Frederick ought certainly to strengthen the department. We are glad to have him with us and wish him success.
Don't grind.
Be aggressive.
Don't saunter.
Stay away from the orchard.
Even a dull student can dig out.
Tell your troubles to Prof. Langton.

When some men go to hell they rise.

Engineer Morgan, '04, visited us last week.
Laura Nebeker, '07, is at the U. of Chicago.

Contentment is the first sign of degeneration.

Twelve big husky squads on the field all at once.

Quite a large class is registered for library work.

Little John Nelson is registered and down to work.


Instructors' Jardine and Powell spent the summer in Chicago.

Students will put in the frames for the brick work at the shops.

E. B. (Buzzer) Acuff is doing agrarian stunts near Blackfoot, Idaho.

Miss Forgeon and Miss Hayball are the assistants in the library this year.

A. W. McKinnon is a clerk in the Price National Bank at Price, Utah.

In these days of cold feet, have some respect for your room-mate's feelings.

Herbert Nebeker has succeeded Editor Riter as bass drum soloist in the band.

Nelson and Bjorkman, local men, have the contract for the brick work on the shops.
The college buildings all received a liberal coat of Pitkin’s barn paint this summer.

Jim and Bill Jardine went over to celebrate the completion of the Malad Railroad.

If, as Dr. Goodwin says, you’ve got to disclose your character, you’d better fix it a little.

Mattie Wattis, a former music student, was up from Ogden for a few days last week.

You can usually take it for granted that a girl knows more than she looks like she does.

Chester Snow is at Harvard, where he will take a B. S., with Physics as major, next June.

“The first news of the fire was told by a lady about the middle of September,” Eng. V. theme.

Miss Lou Nebeker, formerly of the A. C., lately of the B. Y. C., was a welcome visitor Oct. 17.

Since the fire, numerous barrels filled with water have been placed in the attic of the main building.

P. G. Peterson and Harry Barrows were assistants in the Agricultural department at the state fair.

Eugene Santschi, who left here two years ago to go to West Point, visited the College during the summer.

W. A. Jensen spent the summer on the Pacific Coast. He was employed at Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Leo Irvine was graduated from Annapolis last June. He was a member of the Junior Class here five years ago.

Twelve men are registered for Eng. 3a. This is one of the largest surveying classes in the history of the College.

“Utah” recently defeated “Wyoming” by a score of 31 to 0. “Montana” was a victim by 43 to 0. “Go it Utah.”

Burns, an old student of the College in ’89 is with us again and is a candidate for an end position on the football team.

A bunch of new easels and a lot of stuff for still life work have been added to the equipment of the art department.

The Sorosis society will study Woman this year. It is a cinch that there are a lot of things they will not learn about her.

Since Powell returned from Chicago, he adorns his face with Teddine spectacles and signs himself Jean Francois Millet.

H. A. Mather, one of our old students, is making a “rep.” as chief accountant for a Pocatello, (Idaho) lumber company.

Kim Jennings, alias Ichabod Crane, of former years, contem-
plates accepting a position with a New York Electrical Company.

The Thatcher Livery and Transfer Company donated several gross of lead pencils for the use of students. Have you obtained one yet?

L. B. (Bill) Stoddard, of the A. C. U.-B. Y. C. debate fame, is secretary of the Stoddard Lumber Company at La Grande, Oregon.

W. H. Kerr is at present a sophomore at Stanford. His credits were accepted in full. Jessie W. Smith is also there, and is also a “Soph.”

A party composed of Prof. and Mrs. Bexell, Miss Grace Fisher and Amanda Holmgren “did” the Fair before taking up school work again.

The sanctum of the ever-obliging R. Olaf has been transferred from the south end of the attic to the north end of the basement. Now R. O. is wondering if the college authorities will sink a shaft for him; but he still hopes some day to occupy a mansion in the skies.
The Pursuit of Knowledge.

B. F. Riter, Jr., and Stoops ran the Logan Republican this year. Ben was editor and Stoops had charge of the printing department.

Somewhere in the dim and misty past there is a saying: "Neutrality is the camping ground of ignorance. Better be something than nothing."

Now is the time of the year when the chronic "queener" shows his ability. The springtime "ice-cutter" has hibernated, and is now branded a "grind."

It is a neck-and-neck race between Morg and C as to which will be more frequently taken for

Prex. Morg places new students and C carries the keys.

E. C. Edwards has taken a degree in "Science of Didactics." He is a pedagogue at Franklin, Idaho.

E. G. Peterson visited the Portland Fair this summer.

The German I class is the largest in the history of the school. The "battle ax" presented to Prof. Arnold by last year's class has been removed to the furnace room.

Write occasionally to the "folks" and "tell them how the war broke out." The most lonesome man in the world is the one who gets out of touch with the "folks."
It is rumored that C will conduct chapel before long. He will entertain the students with his Twenty-fourth of July "Oo's Hon the Lord's Side 'Oo."

History is repeating itself. The Department of Horticulture is conducting a Hard Cider Campaign, 5c per, full measure. Mum's the word.

Leslie R. Annett, the french horn specialist, who has commingled in our midst for the past two years, dropped in on us a few days ago. He is a student at Moscow, Idaho, this winter.

Last week, spies got through the guard lines, back of the orchard, and interrupted a peace conference between Capt. Hillman and an envoy from the Sorosis. One of the preplets said, "They looked 'shamed as could be."

The orchard contains the largest fruit crop in its history. The cellar is already full and there are barrels yet. Mr. Crocket says that Prof. Ball's system of spraying is altogether too efficient.

Le Grande Humphreys, who was elected manager of this year's football team, packed his traps, bade his "cronies" good-bye, and jumped an overland limited for Cambridge one day last September. He is a Sophomore at Harvard.

Friends of James Kearns will be pleased to learn that he did not get drowned while at Idaho Falls this summer. A fractious horse nearly spilled him off a bridge over a spot in Snake River where the water is 1,728 feet deep.

The corps of carpenters under Uncle August who have been getting out the stock for the new benches for the shops, have finished their work and moved from the mill in town to the College. Students are doing all this work.

President Kerr will address the American Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations at Washington, D. C., on Nov. 15. The subject assigned him is "The Relation of the State Universities to the Agricultural Colleges."

Mrs. Bill Jardine entertained the Sorosis at a Kensington Tuesday, Oct. 17. Besides the usual things at this kind of a party, there were games, prizes, and a very dainty luncheon. (The Society editor has the Grip and we wish to apologize if this is wrong).

Prof. J. C. Thomas, of the L. D. S. U., spent part of the summer at the Experiment Station, contesting with Peterson and Farrell for supremacy as a slayer of grasshoppers. Incidentally he carried on some important chemical investigations.

Annie Pike, once English instructor in the A. C. U. and author of that famous poem "Jack's Girl" in one of the very first issues of STUDENT LIFE, was a party to a very romantic marriage in Los
STUDENT LIFE.

Angeles a while ago. We are pleased that she found Jack.

Edward Talamantes Kirk, dear to the hearts of all who know him, was heard from last summer. He is working on a farm in Toluca, California, and is growing bigger and jollier every minute. He states that he has not given up education, and that a physics text book still looks good to him.

The wall paper on the walls of the Sorosis new room in the attic is protesting against its associations and is all coming off. An elaborate color scheme for the “new” has been worked out. The rug will be tan or some other color. The girls expect to move in by June 1st. Instructor Smith, of the band, has the old room.

Boy (at library): “Say, do you know what kind of a son Hal Caíne had?”

Squad Master: “Hold them pieces krekct.”

Ag. Jr. No. 1—“Are you taking Botany II?”

Ag. Jr. No. 2—“Yes, are you?”

No. 1—“When does the class meet?”

No. 2—“I don’t know.” (This was three weeks after registering.)

“The Logan band was heard in this city last evening over the Independent Telephone lines, 100 miles. The music was distinct and gave great pleasure to the listeners.”—Deseret News, Oct. 19. It was the Agricultural College Military Band, however, in its first appearance in public this year.

Mr. J. M. Rich, of the Great Western Lyceum Bureau, talked in Chapel Oct. 19. The course consists of six numbers and will be here, at the B. Y. or possibly at the Tabernacle. The program of dates is as follows: Parland Newhall Co., Oct. 26, 1905; Bruner, Nov. 17, 1905; Gearheart, Dec. 4, 1905; Sam P. Jones, Jan. 24, 1906; Plumstead, Feb. 6, 1906; Beauchamp, March 28, 1906.

On Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 18 and 19, Dr. Condon of Ogden, Prof. Mills of Salt Lake, and Rev. Goodwin of Provo, the subcommittee appointed by the commission to investigate the duplication of work in the Agricultural College and University, were visitors at the College. About every class in the institution was visited, the number of students counted, and, we suppose, careful note taken regarding the work we are doing. We expect this to result in much good to the College. When the people of the state are informed without prejudice of actual conditions here, we shall have less of that legislative furor that arises biennially regarding consolidation, duplication, etc. The matter is to be finally adjusted at the next session of the Legislature. The Commission will visit us again during the year, and make its report to the Governor in July, 1906.
Department Notes.

Agricultural Notes.

The Agricultural Club organized last week with McCarty as president. Attorney Jones of Brigham was elected sergeant-at-arms of the club in a neck-and-neck race with Erastus Peterson.

A movement is on foot among the advanced students in agriculture and some members of the station staff to organize an Agricultural Science Club. Such an organization will do much to boost agriculture and make this department more popular.

Melvin Merrill, a last year's graduate in agriculture, is teaching agriculture in the Springville High School. J. Edward Taylor, our other graduate, is still the hustling business manager of the "Deseret Farmer." Mr. Taylor was also recently appointed by the Governor to the State Board of Horticulture. Knowing Taylor's ability as we do, we congratulate the Governor on his selection, and Joe on landing the position.

The Experiment Station made another hit this year with their arid farm exhibit at the State Fair. The eyes of the people were opened wide at the possibilities of growing crops on the thousands of acres of desert land in Utah.

The fair management awarded the station a gold medal for the display, and the Salt Lake Real Estate Association secured it for their rooms.

Most of the station staff were down to Salt Lake part of the fair week. Prof. Jardine, his assistant Mr. Nelson, and two of the students, Preston Peterson and H. P. Barrows were in attendance at the arid farm display.

Prof. Ball had a display of destructive pests which proved interesting to visitors at the fair. As an object lesson in spraying, he had all the apples from one tree of an orchard he sprayed twice with Paris Green; 99 per cent of the apples were free from worms.

During the summer the Station issued bulletin No. 92, Poultry Experiments. Requests have been received for this bulletin from all over the world. Prof. Dryden secured a name for himself and Utah among poultrymen while here. Mr. Bolte gives promise of keeping up the pace.

We have now a Veterinarian in the Agricultural faculty. The work in Veterinary Science under Dr. Frederick will undoubtedly become popular.

Wouldn't it be a joke if some of the lady members of the faculty...
should be arrested for trespassing in the orchard?

Prof. Kennedy, head of the Department of Animal Husbandry at Ames, Iowa, judged the horses at the State Fair. He reported that John T. Caine III, '04, was doing excellent work as assistant in his department.

Agriculture still increases in popularity. The registration this year in the School of Agriculture, far in advance of this time last year, shows that "we're coming up."

Commercial Notes.

Mr. Irving Sampson, one of our former students, is holding an $85 position with the O. S. L. at Pocatello and will not return to school this year. We are glad to know of his success.

Mr. Willard Gardner, a "crack" stenographer of last year, is with the Cache Valley Banking Company; salary $900.00 a year. Former acquaintances of Mr. Gardner will also be interested in knowing that he has taken unto himself a wife.

Quite a number of letters have been received from former students stating that they will join us later in the season.

The new Stenography room is fine indeed. A door has been cut through the partition between the Typewriting room and the room heretofore occupied by Prof. Robinson, thus making it convenient for the students in Stenography to pass from the dictation room to the machines. The new room is also equipped with tables instead of the old setees.

Office practice with outside schools will begin November 1st.

Mr. F. R. Jenson, one of our old commercial students, has charge of the Penmanship instruction; and Mr. A. B. Olson, who is now a Junior, is assisting in the office practice.

Prof. Robinson's room has been equipped with new cabinet cases for preserving material received from manufacturers for the Industrial Museum. The cases are now quite well filled and Prof. Robinson expects to receive more contributions during the year. The students in the elective courses, under Prof. Robinson's supervision, will catalogue all the material in the Industrial Museum during the year.

Domestic Science Notes.

The Domestic Science department has again proved its worth by carrying off the gold medal at the Portland Fair. This was awarded to Utah in preference to all the other Domestic Science exhibits of the United States.

The part of the department under the able supervision of the new instructor, Miss Fisher, is doing work in fruit canning, laundry practice and chafing dish cookery.

In the sewing department, a large number of girls are working at present on models, underwear and dressmaking.
A number of post graduates, including Misses Rudolph and Farr, are doing advanced work in Household Science.

The course in chafing dish cookery has become so popular that the number of girls registered has made it necessary to divide the class into two sections.

Library.

A few suggestions to new students:

Never take any book from the library without the permission of the library assistants. Every book must be properly signed for.

To those who keep books longer than two weeks, the privilege of taking books must be denied.

Reference books may not be taken from the library. Periodicals, bound and current, are in this class.

Reserve books may not be taken from the library until the library closes at five o'clock and they must be returned during the first period of the following school day.

There is a bulletin board in the library on which may be found information useful to those using the library, such as: rules to be observed by those taking books; explanation of the use of the card catalogue and the classification of the books in the library; reading lists, either on different subjects or current topics; lists of required reading for the classes.

Engineering.

The Mechanic Arts Building was burned immediately after midnight of Monday, Sept. 11th. The cause of the fire is still, and probably will forever, remain a mystery. The building had recently been changed and necessary repairs made; nothing that could develop spontaneous combustion was in the building. All electric currents were cut out in the transformer house. There had been no fire in the building during the day except a small wood fire in the forge room stove for heating a glue pot early in the morning. This stove was cold at 11 o'clock of the forenoon preceding the fire. There had been no smoking in the building. The College Mechanics had been at work all day till 3 p. m. A committee of the board of trustees visited the shops during the day to inspect repairs done. The janitor went through the building after the mechanics left, and the Superintendent of the Grounds and Buildings went around the building and through the transformer house about 10 p. m.

A college professor with some friends was on the lawn in front of the college about 11 p. m. None of these people observed anything wrong about the building.

The fire started in the stock house just south of the forge shop and east of the wood machine shop. This room, which is separated from the main shop building and joined to it by two narrow alley ways, was completely collapsed before the
roofs or walls of any other part had fallen, and before anyone reached the scene of the fire. So far as is known, there is neither clue nor theory as to the origin of the fire.

Some Changes to be Made.

All rooms on the ground floor will be reconstructed on the same plan and reoccupied by the same departments as before, except that the Iron Machine Shop will be enlarged by extending east 23 ft., thus increasing its size more than one-half. A wash and toilet room with modern equipment will be built along the north wall of the Forge Shop between the Motor room and the north Carpentry bench room. The old garret wash room with its improvised equipment will not reappear. A Forge Shop supply room will be provided over the coal-pit. The second story of the old stock house will be eliminated. The entire front south side will be rebuilt and remodeled, greatly improving the general external appearance and providing better light for the interior. Cement floors will appear in the Forge, Carriage, and two Machine Shops. A ninety foot brick chimney will take the place of the old black iron smokestack.

The Engineering Laboratory and its equipment were saved, and Prof. Jensen announced that the Gasoline engine will soon begin to mark time for the new symphony orchestra.

Orders for new equipment throughout have been placed and the setting of new machinery will crowd the work of the contractor on the building.

Through the liberal attitude of the State Board of Examiners and the energetic determination of the College Board of Trustees, the reconstructed department will not only be in every way the equal of the old plant but in many respects superior.

Much as the destruction of the Mechanic Arts building is to be regretted, we cannot but feel that the loss is temporary and a permanent gain will be the result.

Military Department.

The enrollment this year has been very satisfactory, only a few students, aside from those disqualified by physical disability, having applied to be excused from military work. There has been a decided increase in the interest taken, by the old cadets in particular, during the past year. A number of these have again enlisted voluntarily, although they had completed the prescribed two years' work of the course.

The total enrollment is 171, distributed as follows: Band 30, old cadets 45, new cadets 96.

Target practice was resumed about the end of September and
continued with good success during the present month, about eighty cadets having taken part. On Monday of every week the entire day was devoted to this exercise, a small prize being offered by the Commandant to the best shot. The following cadets made the best scores in this competitive shooting during October: Walker, Froerer, Johnson W., and Tremelling. Among others who have scored high may be mentioned Armitage, Paddock, Ware, Murdock and Jones, W. L.

The following named students compose the college rifle team of 1905, being the first ten in the target practice held last spring: Irons, Jones, W. L., Johnson, W., Winsor, L., Beck, A., Jenson, F. R., Child, Holden, Benson, J. P., and Mathias. Cadet Irons has not returned to college and his vacancy on the team will be filled at the close of the fall practice by a final competition between those cadets having the highest scores.

Individual known distance firing has been held at 100, 200 and 300 yards as well as competitive firing at will between squads. Skirmish firing will be held at the annual encampment, usually held in spring, just before the end of the college year. There is a good prospect of equaling our record of 1904 when the college rifle team stood first in the western inter-collegiate contest.

The result of the examinations for appointments as officers in the cadet battalion will soon be announced. The organization will be the same as that of last year: a battalion of three companies with band, signal squad and an artillery detachment.

The military band is fortunate in having so many of the old members present early in the school year, ensuring its success as a musical organization and making it possible to eclipse its excellent record of last year.
Robert Stewart.

At the annual meeting of the Alumni, June 6, besides the cleaning up of outstanding business the following officers were elected. President, Robert Stewart, '02; First Vice President, E. G. Peterson, '04; Second Vice President, Hermoine S. Hart, '97; Secretary, Verna Bowman, '05; Treasurer, J. T. Jardine, '05.

Mr. Stewart, the new president, is a native of Utah. He entered school here in 1896, leaving when a Sophomore to do service in the Spanish-American war. During his two years in the army, he was stationed in the Philippine Islands and managed in that time to rise from private to sergeant. Retiring in 1899, Mr. Stewart after "benedicting," re-entered school, taking his degree in 1902. Previous to graduation, he was Commandant of Cadets and upon graduating was appointed assistant in the Department of Chemistry. Later, he did a year's post graduate work in the University of Chicago, and at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees, was appointed Assistant Professor of Chemistry, which position he now holds.

The class of 1905 has separated to the ends of the earth since receiving their "sheep skins," but very kindly have left enough, in the line of clues, so that they may be followed up.

Roy Rudolph is trying to be an instructor, among the scenes of his own trials. His task is to lead "befogged preps" through the dark mazes of mathematics.

Miss Edith Rudolph is in Logan acting as assistant to Roy, in the role of housekeeper. She is also a post graduate.

S. Grover Rich is traveling in Scotland for his health; and for
the health, in the next stage of existence, of the natives of that place.

John L. Coburn is dispensing receipts and checks as assistant secretary at the A. C. of U, where he was raised.

John H. Tuttle is putting his hard gained knowledge into practical use. He has charge of a surveying party near Pocatello, Idaho.

E. S. Peirce has gone into the hello business in earnest. He is working for the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Co., in Salt Lake.

Eva Farr is doing post graduate work here this year.


Verna P. Bowman, last year's angel on Student Life staff, is instructing youthful admirers in English, at this school.

R. S. Ballantyne is engaged in engineering work in Salt Lake City. He doesn't say just what kind it is.

Hazel Love is holding down a chair in Domestic Science, at the State University.

Blanche Caine, as assistant registrar, is corresponding with a number of students and their near relatives, in her father's name, of course.

Ella Maughan has been going south. She is now running a Domestic Science course at the Nephi (Utah) High School.

Melvin Merrill is in Springville, Utah, teaching something, he does not state what, at the High School.

John F. Frederickson has gone into the Real Estate and Loan bus-

ness in Malad, Idaho. We suppose he contemplates settling down himself and borrowing help.

James T. Jardine of "full back" and "grind" fame has now degenerated into an English instructor at the A. C. U.

J. E. Barrack has again contracted the gold fever. It is not a very serious attack, but a change of climate was recommended, so he is in the Klondike trying to freeze it out.

C. W. Porter, last year's editor of this paper, is now an instructor in the Chemistry Department. He says he finds his present labors much easier than those that fell to him last year.

Joseph E., or more commonly, J Edward, Taylor is still engineering the finances of the "Deseret Farmer." He was recently appointed to succeed the late J. E. Cox, as a member of the State Board of Horticulture. Taylor has been Assistant Secretary of the Board for the past year.