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Miss Ellison as Mabel
"Ensemble."
According to that old code of ethics and maxims, known as the Common Law, which has come down to us through ages from our fore-fathers, the Anglo-Saxons, a child under five years of age could commit no crime. Long ago, some of the legislatures of the respective states of the federal union by means of statutory measures, raised this age limit to twelve years.

There was no distinction made between the unlawful acts of a mere child over the age limit and those of an adult. Suppose a twelve or fourteen year old youngster, or even a little fellow under the statutory age limit, committed petty larceny by plundering a neighboring chicken roost. At the same time an adult man of twenty-five years went to another hen house and helped himself to other people's belongings. In the eyes of the Common Law, both offenses were judged by the same standard, and the supposed justice meeded out, by applying the same penalty.

However, some of us made a distinction, and no doubt more than one tender hearted police-judge, of the old school, caused his code of laws to be fractured, when this youngster was brought before him, along side of the grown man, with years of experience, to answer for the same offense. There were some kind-hearted individuals, who called the boy's offense mischief or youthful exuberance, and placed as the cause of his deed or rather misdeed, the fact that he was ignorant of the property rights of others. This was the extent of the diversity of opinion, and most of us closed our eyes when we saw this boy cast into prison along side of "weather-beaten" criminals, hardened men and wicked women, with all of the evil associates and surroundings of such a life. This was all the judge could do, under such laws as have been in power in years past. If the boy were guilty, he certainly merited punishment. In most cases this punishment did more to make him an "arid citizen" then a multiplication of the offense
for which he was suffering, could possibly have done. One night in a city prison brought to his eyes and ears more of the worldly sin and vice than he had robbed and pilfered from every hen roost, rabbit farm or pigeon coe for blocks around.

A person can realize better what a prison life is if he will but scan the “bookings” of a single day at a city police station. Every form of vice is represented; every criminal law has its unfortunate violator, and the movements of the lower world are easily read on the face of the desk sergeant’s daily record. Into this concoction of evil potions, the young law breaker is thrust. For the first time he bears questionable stories or profane talk; he hears the echo of the rumbling “half world,” his little imagination becomes distorted, and the law breaker is his hero.

All of this comes just at that period when his individuality and character first begins to develop, and whatever environment he comes in contact with he assimilates it.

Not only that, for upon the police records, among the names of murderers, cut-throats, thieves, and sundry law breakers, his name is written, opposite a charge for a crime committed in childish ignorance. It stands as a barrier to success, and a black spot upon his citizenship. Let me ask, if there is ever an inquiry or court proceeding, where the examining lawyer does not ask of the “man on the stand” whether or not he has ever been arrested?

If, however, one does not consider the penalty side of the question of dealing with “bad” boys, according to Common Law, and goes farther back into the case to consider the circumstances under which the youngster “hooked” the chickens, it will be found that the old method was much at fault. The old law did not take into consideration whether the young prisoner was an orphan or not; if his mother and father were good citizens, or whether he had a “clean card” at the city schools. The only thing in which the police court was concerned was whether or not that bit of poultry disappeared through the aid or direction of the little prisoner. If it was he who thrust the hens in a sack, and “soaked” them to a poultry dealer around the corner, it usually meant that just as heavy penalty was placed upon his act as upon that of the grown man.

There were not many judges who would have stopped to inquire into the home life of the boy, or whether or not he was hungry. Not many magistrates would have shown any leniency if the boy had told him that his place of abode was in a straw barrel; that his customary breakfast consisted of sandwich and a cup of coffee, and his amusement was principally confined to a “circle” seat in a “ten, twenty and thirt” melodrama house. The environments of the young fellow were never considered, when the law had to be enforced to the
letter, so as to make it effective. This kind of law, when applied to the younger set of American citizens, made criminals of them, rather than kept them off of the road which leads to the house of arid citizenship. The effect of this agitation was plainly seen upon the police court judges of later years. A story is told, how in a city police court, one day not many years ago, but before the new way of dealing

"The Gang."

corrections. The trouble was in the law, and not in the applying of it.

However, while this old law was daily grinding out new criminals from its mill, which knew no departure from its set ways, there was a portion of humanity which was pondering over this question of with delinquent boys had become a reality, a little fellow of about fourteen years was up, charged with stealing fruit from a street vender. This judge asked the boy where his father was, and learned that he was dead. A similar question was put regarding his mother. The boy answered to the effect that he didn't
know, for she always beat him when he went home, so he stayed away. Now this judge would have been a juvenile judge today had he lived, for although he knew the vender had been unrighteously robbed, he discharged the boy, and escorting him from the court room, secured for him a position in a private family, where he could work, and in winter go to school. Here is one of perhaps many examples of how the old police judges cast the law to the winds, and started a young fellow on the road to good citizenship.

Such cases as this one are the exception rather than the rule, but they illustrate how in later years this quiet agitation was working a revolution. Perhaps the first “Court of Boyville” was created in the city of Chicago in 1899, when the Chicago Women’s Club requested ex-Judge Harvey B. Hurd to draft a law which would make this distinction between citizenship and genuine crime. This draft received the endorsement of the Chicago Bar Association, and soon after became a law of Illinois. In the course of a few years, other states fell into line, and Colorado is a close first in the establishment of Juvenile Courts.

The Colorado law had a valuable addition in the form of a Delinquent Parent Law, by which, if a parent contributes to a child’s delinquency, he is answerable to the Juvenile Court. In Illinois the parent is also liable, but he must answer to the Police Court, and may be bound over for the Grand Jury. In Colorado the Grand Jury has been abolished. Other states have joined the list, until about eighteen have created children courts, where children are dealt with on a children’s plane. Our own state, Utah, was the last to join and she possesses a strong and well devised Juvenile Court Law.

Recent telegraphic dispatches show that the National Congress will probably enact a law, creating a Juvenile Court in the District of Columbia, during this session of Congress. This law will have incorporated in it all of the provisions of the present laws, with many valuable additions regarding the caretaking of children.

Let us consider the requirements of these laws. For the most part, they establish no new courts, nor assume any new powers or privileges. They only make explicit the power, that the state always claimed over children, that of the principle of “parens patriae,” or parenthood of the state. It establishes two classes of children, who may be treated as wards of the state, when circumstances demand, dependents and delinquents. A dependent child is not only one who is homeless or destitute, having no means of support, and who is thrown on the world to do the best he can, but also one who lacks proper attention from his parents, and whose home environments are so vicious, cruel or neglectful, as to warrant the state taking him from it. A delinquent child may be de-
fined as one who breaks laws; associates knowingly with law breakers; frequents questionable places; indulges in games of chance, or who cannot be properly controlled by parents or guardians.

In addition to the judge and clerk of the court, there are also created "probation officers." In larger cities, particularly, where the judge's jurisdiction is extensive, the officers act almost in the capacity of associate judges. These are the persons who are intimately acquainted with the individual cases, and who look, personally, after the children of the court. In smaller courts, the duty of the probation officer is principally confined to the hunting up of delinquent and dependent children, and acting in the "executive" function, while the judge sits in the "judicial" position. Most of the Juvenile Court laws have the age limit of eighteen years.

Other additions to the Juvenile Court Law, such as the Parent Delinquent Law, Compulsory School Law, Child Labor Law, and the creation of detention homes, have proved invaluable.

With the co-operation of the Juvenile Court, the Compulsory School Law has been made more effective. Boys and girls have been taken from shops and placed in school. The parents are punished if they keep their children from school, or if they encourage truancy. The truant is easily apprehended through this new method, and is sent back to school. If a boy is unmanageable in school, the teacher reports him to the Court, and he is placed on probation, to bring the "white card" on report day. All of this has made better discipline in our city schools.

After these laws regarding "juvenile disorderly persons," had become facts, the greatest task of all arose; that of securing proper officials who possessed tact and experience enough to enforce them successfully. Chicago was lucky when Judge Julian Mack became judge; Denver boasts of Benj. B. Lindsey, and within the last year, Salt Lake City has shown that a good man is at the head of the child's court, in the personage of Judge Willis Brown. Indianapolis has been very successful with her court, under different judges, and with the volunteer probation officer system, employing 150 volunteer officers.

Mack and Lindsey have particularly distinguished themselves on account of the immensity of their fields of labor. Brown has had a lesser field, but has had success in his attempt to make good citizens out of rough material.

It would make too lengthy an article to attempt to describe each individual court procedure, other than to give a general outline of how the court works in practice. In Chicago, Judge Mack has had great difficulties to surmount on account of the large foreign population he has to contend with. However, many a boy has been placed on the right track, through the ef-
forts of the judge. He listened to 8,000 cases last year, his court sitting twice a week. Judge Lindsey of Denver has become renowned, on account of his “boy diplomacy.” Besides this, he has succeeded in establishing public baths; built detention homes, and forced through the Colorado legislature a perfect code for the treatment of Juveniles. President Roosevelt, personally, complimented Lindsey's Juvenile Court. Judge Brown, aside from splendid court work, has organized an anti-cigarette league in Utah. Recently Dr. G. Stanley Hall, the leading educator, paid a visit to the Salt Lake court, and was loud in praise of it and its labors.

But returning, as to how a juvenile court accomplishes its purpose, Judge Lindsey's method is characteristic, for he bears the title of the “boys' judge.” His policy has been to judge a child according to the laws of a child, and not according to those of an adult. Through this, he has been able to make the boys of Denver his friends, and there are but few, if any, who would “crow down de Judge.”

His favorite method in dealing with boys is to put them on their honor. By means of this policy he has been able to give, when necessary, a youngster his committal papers, his railroad ticket, and tell him to take the train for Golden, where Colorado's Industrial School is located, and in each case the little fellow has gone.

There is a “boy” law, which a youngster will obey stubbornly, if he is a manly little fellow, in order to be true blue to the “gang.” This law is not to “snitch” (tell) on the rest of the fellows when he is caught. Heretofore, the officers of the law have antagonized this principle of childhood, not knowing how to use it properly. Lindsey had tact, when he encountered it, and realizing that good results could not be secured by acting as his predecessors had towards it, he proceeded to use it. There have been many cases where one member of a “gang” has been “pinched” by a “cop” and turned over to Judge Lindsey. The Judge, knowing that the little culprit would not “snitch” on the remainder of his playmates, proceeded to send him back to the “gang” to explain to them the real situation, and inside of a few days, all of the aforesaid “gang” were on the probation list.

The probation system, itself, is a great institution. Suppose a boy has been playing “hooky” from school; disregarding his parents' wishes; staying out at night; and enjoying himself in all sorts of “deviltry” from “crap shooting” to becoming intoxicated. His teacher notifies the probation officers; the “kid” is caught and brought into court. The kindly judge tells him to go back to school; mind his parents, and be in bed by Curfew. He requires that the delinquent bring in a card from his teacher certifying to his behavior.

Every Friday he must report, along with several hundred other youngsters. If his report is favor-
ble, he is kept on the list for a few weeks more, and still if he improves, he is turned free again with no court record, or tell-tale entry on a charge book against him. If he does not improve, the Judge meets with him privately, and gives him a kindly talk, and then if improvement does not follow he is sent to the detention home, where he is required to go to his school, and after school hours, work.

This detention home is one of the most valuable requisites of a successful Juvenile Court system. This home provides comfortable quarters for dependent or delinquent children, where they are well fed, and are made to work and get their school lessons. There have been cases where boys have committed acts of "deviUiry" in order to get to the detention home, where, as one little fellow put it, "things are better than home, and the Judge skins the old man alive." At some homes the boys are taught the rudiments of a trade, which increases the attractiveness of the place for a homeless boy. Civilized society yet has an improvement to make, when one of its "greaJ un-washed tribe of boys" must do wrong in order to have a home or learn something useful.

Judge Lindsey has made his court the great protecting arm of Denver's children. He has had the Child Labor Law enforced; the Tobacco and Liquor enactment stringently observed; and upon more than one occasion has sentenced the parents of some of "his" boys to jail for suffering their children to openly violate the commonwealth's laws. He taught the boys of Denver that the Juvenile Court is the best friend they have, and not an enemy. It is a happy thing to relate that the youngsters have realized this and Judge Lindsey is their idol. As has been said before, the "honor system" prevails throughout Judge Lindsey's proceedings, and it is a rare occurrence that his trust is violated. The boys obey his commands without the oversight of a "blue-coat," and what more may be said is that they enjoy their associations with the Judge and his methods.

It must be kept in mind that what has been said regarding the boys, may be said just as well about the girls, for there are bad girls, just the same as bad boys. The Juvenile Courts deal with all kinds and grades of young citizens, who need governmental attention.

In conclusion, it may be said that the scope of employment of the juvenile court is unlimited; that there are no set rules to govern its procedure, as each case is taken on its own merits and according to its peculiar environments. Properly speaking, they are not "courts," in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather artificial parents created for the purpose of looking after young Americans who need a guardian. Since the scope and work of these courts is so great, it follows that the directors of them must be wise, discretionary men, who can read
human nature; who have hearts like mountains; and who love their labors.

Many efforts have been made to discourage and belittle this great work, but it has been in vain, and the time is not far off, when Juvenile Courts will wield their influence throughout the union. Their experimental stage is past, and the splendid results, which are being accomplished every day, is the best argument why a governmental institution, producing law-abiding and intelligent men and women from "Arid citizens," should be honored and preserved.

Benj. F. Riter, Jr., '07.

Those Social Lions.

All night dance,
Lots of wet,
Twelve-horse headache,
Cas-car-et.

—"Wabash."
Johnny was a stag. Three years in the Jewell Institute, with its every day’s association with queens of the c.p. type, had failed to kindle that spark that is usually present under masculine vests. Johnny was a much sought after prize. Captain of the football team, with its attendant hen worship, had not feazed him. When Johnny shot the argument that gave the debate to Jewell from her formidable neighbor Haskell, Johnny still remained obdurate. He was besieged, way­layed, invited out, but Johnny wore the same big square, unblacked shoes and put in all his spare time at his much beloved, but very dirty desk, in the chemical laboratory. The girls gave him up as a bad proposition.

“You’re inert, old man,” sighed Willie, his roommate, also a chem­ist, “Lord man, if I only had your affinity for attracting queens, why that Brown girl behaved like a lost chlorine atom today. She floated around you for an hour, looking for a place to hook on, talk about valence. You put Carbon in the shade, old man.”

“Willie,” said Johnny, with his head bent over his desk, “they are all right, but I’m saturated. This little problem I’m on here occupies all my spare valencies. If this cussed stuff ever sees fit to crystal­lize it means a whole lot to me. I’ll be the big gazook, get a degree as long as a carbon chain. The queens around here are too active for Johnny. I have about the same effect on them as water has on Sodium Bicarbonate and Acid Potassium Tartrate when I approach ’em they begin to effervesce. Effervescence repels me, old man.”

Johnny was excited. “Seen her old man? Seen her? She’s taking some kind of feed chemistry. No? Then you want to get busy. She’s certainly the swellest compound that’s hit this flat for a century, “oo,” those eyes. Willie, you want to see those eyes, they looked just like a cabalt bead. And her hair, Gad, enough of it to furnish sul­phur to fertilize a million acres, and her teeth! you want to see those teeth, old dog! They are about the most perfect specimens of phos­phate I ever saw. And the hair! Um! just the color of a sodium flame. I looked at her when she came in till her cheeks took on the most beautiful lithium flame you ever saw. Kick me, old man, it embarrassed her to beat the devil, and when she looked embarrassed, I felt like a millionth of a hydro­gen atom. Lord; you want to see that dress she had on. Thing was white like silver chloride and flaky, like a test for aluminum. I could
see a blue ribbon under it somewhere and I almost came tearing it off. Johnny’s gone old man, he’s found somebody to combine with.”

Johnny came back to his room a few nights later, his face looking like a wrecked bottle of charcoal. Willie smelled something and grew sympathetic. Johnny was on the bed, face down, his hard hat, bought only the day before, under him, his new shoes reaching over the edge, waving pathetically and keeping time with his curses and sobs.

“Experiment flunked, old man, miserably, rottenly. Besieged her till she invited me down. Froze on so close she couldn’t help it. Hadn’t got accustomed to the atmosphere before I began to make discoveries. She had a big picture of some cuss on her dresser, and it reduced the bulk of my hopes about half. I shrank and began to sputter. She was good to me when she noticed it, so good that I nearly forgot the damn picture. It was about the homeliest phiz I ever saw anyway. Not a man, just an

“Looked at her till her face took on the most beautiful lithium flame.”
isomer. Easy to forget. I talked chemistry to her to amuse her and she seemed to like it, at least she didn't call me down. Was getting on famously. Would have had that blue ribbon on my vest in thirty seconds if I hadn't made another discovery. I saw a chunk of carbon on her third finger as big as a stove. It looked bigger. It reduced my temperature to way down, billion below zero, and I sat there sputtering and looking distressed, and then that ugly cuss of the picture came in, O Lord, wish I was dead!

"Well Johnny, how did it wind up?" said Willie, sympathy beaming from him like heat from a burner, "What did you do?"

"Willie," half sobbed Johnny, as he straightened up, "the reaction was over in a hurry." He filled his pipe and continued sadly, "that picture started it and that piece of carbon made it worse. I'd soon had her in solution but for them. Both of us were in distress, don't know which felt the worst. Willie, when a thing is supersaturated, it needs a vigorous shaking or the introduction of a third substance to cause crystallization. I experienced both. That other devil was the third substance needed. He came in and I crystallized out. I separated myself from the mixture. As I melted through the door, I saw combination taking place. That ugly devil had assimilated her and the blue ribbon was against his overcoat. I'm going back to the lab."
"The Opera Aftermath."

A Collaborated Critique.

Music ......................... Lee
Libretto ....................... Riter

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Samuel, Lieut. to Pirate King .................. A. W. Williams
Richard, Pirate King ......................... W. S. Lamoreaux
Frederick, The Slave of Duty .................. J. T. Jardine
Ruth, Piratical maid of all work ............ Mrs. L. E. Linnartz
General Stanley's Daughters .................
   Edith ......................... Minnie Peterson
   Kate ......................... Eunice Jacobsen
   Isabelle ...................... Radie Ormsby
   Mabel ....................... Nora Eliason
   General Stanley, of the British Army .... L. H. Boothe
   Sergeant of Police .......... Mark Brown
The "Operine" is over; the footlights have been dimmed; the costumes repacked; the new Sosman and Landis scenery securely rolled in its little case; the chorus lassies have accustomed themselves again to the life without a glamor, and—well the U. A. C. Opera Company has "made good."

The audience which filled the Thatcher on Monday, Feb. 12, will unanimously approve of the last statement—the opera "made good."

You know there has been a crowd of those individuals, whose "wiseness" is only surpassed by its lack of knowledge of real conditions, and who predicted due things as to the outcome of the operatic production—"The Pirates of Penzance." Some people said that it was "too heavy" for college amateurs, and while they might attempt it, they would never sing it, but they did attempt it and they did sing it. True there was not the professional swing to it, but we didn't want that: any ordinary band of "ham-fatters" can get a professional swing, but there are mighty few amateurs, who can get a "top-notch," in the amateur line.

Really we are conceited enough to think that the opera was a "top-notch" collegiate production, for we have heard no one say anything else, and therefore we are more than satisfied.

But getting down to the opera proper, as far as the stage and acting part of it goes, it has been a long time since a Logan audience has seen as rich stage settings as were used in the "Pirates." The scenery of the second act was direct from Sosman and Landis' famous theatrical studio in Chicago. The representation of the ruins of an old English monastery was complete in itself, and gave an appropriate setting for the music. The light effects were very good in this scene. For the first act, "house" scenery was used, and was supplemented by a cave of pseudo-classic origin, from the studio of Jean Francois
Millet Powell, and all of this made a dungeon dark for the pirates bold, of a very passing order. So much for the stage itself.

The costumes, while not as elaborate as the "Little Tycoon's," were altogether fitting and proper. The "Pirates" looked as blood thirsty a lot "as ever trod a main," for the long haired wigs, marooned colored apparel, with a sundry assortment of grease paint, daggers, knives and swords (pronounced as it is written) would have scared a company of Uncle Sam's boys in blue. The girls—well right now the stage manager wants to say that he thinks that those kids, or their mothers, or their dressmakers, know how to make apparel fit for any sister of his (although he hasn't any old enough to sing in a chorus or get cases.) The dresses of the chorus girls were superb. Now that could mean anything, but we mean to convey the idea that the dresses were not of a type which are usually found on the stage, but were real costumes. There were ribbons, brocades, laces, silks and satins, and what not, and all put together by "fairy hands unseen," so as to work wonders.

Of course, rouge and grease paint were used to improve the lassies' faces, but all of this has disappeared by now, in spite of Ralph Moore's earnest pleading for them to always ornament themselves with drug store supplies. To some of the fellows some of the girls look just as good without this superficial beauty.

Now as to the police. Logan could be proud of such a force as this one was. All of them were six footers, and were built on the square. They packed clubs and wore tin stars, and possessed the necessary dignity, that a few of us hear so much about now.

All in all, the chorus was a good looking bunch which sang well, acted well, dressed well and acquitted themselves well. As one old "hubby" said: "They might only be kids, but they know how to look, and how to sing in this opry business."

Of real acting, of course there was but little opportunity for it, as the effort was mostly of a musical nature, but what there was, was all there. The cues were taken well, and the whole thing went through like a shot.

The Pirates of Penzance contains Sullivan's best light music and much of Gilbert's best work, and was for a long time the most popular comic opera on the English stage. In it are the original type waltz and topical songs which have in one form or another been incorporated into nearly every comic opera written since. Those which are in the "Pirates" made up of Gilbert's best poetic efforts and Sullivan's best themes, have degenerated today, with a consequent degeneration of popular taste, into the "Only One Girl" stuff of "modern" opera, and the average audience of today often fails to appre-
ciate the goodness of Sullivan’s music and the subtle wit, sarcasm, and cleverness of Gilbert’s accompanying poetry. Still, in its “palmiest” days, the Pirates could scarcely have had a more appreciative or enthusiastic reception than was given it Monday night. This says much for the musical atmosphere of Logan and the taste of its people. It certainly could not be accounted for by “college audience.” This may be an undeserved “slam” for just at the time of the performance, the fortunes of the little playhouse around the corner were in a very precarious condition and perhaps needed their support. It is quite certain from the way the town people came out and from the enthusiasm they displayed after they got out that Director Thatcher can fill the opera house without college support, and it is perhaps a good thing for our self esteem as a college that this is the case.

The thing that forced itself upon one’s notice in the first chord of the orchestra and kept itself prominent through every part of the performance was solidity. Because of the rush in getting the opera on, there may have been places where the polish could have been improved but there was no part that lacked solidity.

The orchestra, good as an orchestra, and wonderful as a college organization was there with the right kind of support for every solo, every duet, every chorus, and not a little of the success of the production is due to it. The overture was grand.

The solo work was all excellent. To Mr. Lamoreaux, who increased the pirates caves on the stage by one every time he began to sing, is due first place among the male voices. He looked every inch a pirate king and his big, resonant voice fitted the part admirably. His solo “I am a Pirate King” was sung in a manner at once artistic, stupendous and musical.

Mr. Jardine as Frederick was up against the most difficult role in the piece but he acquitted himself with much credit. He has an excellent tenor voice, and he possesses fair range and power. Having heard professional singers directly after hearing him does not detract from our opinion of it. His work in both the solos and duets was most pleasing.

The Major General as interpreted by Boothe was great. Boothe possesses besides a good voice, that admirable quality in singers, clear enunciation, and not a little ability as an actor. His Orphan Boy and Popular Tree songs were particularly pleasing.

Mark Brown as the Sergeant of Police was in his usual fine voice, and did excellent work, especially in the solo preceding the famous and popular Policeman’s Chorus.

Williams as the Pirate Lieutenant possesses a baritone voice of no little sweetness and purity which, however, did not show to particular advantage in the performance, perhaps because of stage fright.
His part was nevertheless well sustained.

Miss Nora Eliason as Mabel was the star of the evening. She did her most effective solo work perhaps in the waltz song and in the staccato waltz movement. Her cadenzas were very brilliant. She was even better in her duet work than in the solos and she had an excellent stage presence.

Mrs. Linnartz as Ruth, though she was limited in possibilities by the character of her role, displayed great musicianship and brought every "jot" of music in her score. Her work was particularly effective in the trios with the King and Frederick in Act II. These trios by the way, were among the best sung part work of the opera.

Misses Peterson and Jacobsen as Edith and Kate displayed very sweet voices and made their small parts pleasing. Miss Ormsby in a speaking part, did nicely.

Among the chorus work the two four chattering chorus by the girls against the three four duet by Mabel and Frederick, and the Policeman's chorus were the best done numbers, but the Hail Poetry, the male quartet in the Poplar Tree chorus, and the Night Gown chorus by the girls were very effective.
“The Chorus.”

As has been stated a necessary part of an opera is the chorus and orchestra. Individuals cannot be mentioned in the write-up, but this does not mean, that their work is not appreciated. Both the chorus and orchestra worked hard, for the success of the opera, and are entitled to all the praise given them and even more. Here is the line-up:

CHORUS.

*General Stanley's Daughters.*

Lavina Parke, Gertrude Smith, Geneva Sprouse, Florence Dee, Carrie McAlister, Oenone Smith, Nellie Davidson, Laura Maughan, Lucy Bronson, Loa Roberts, Virginia Daniels, Eliza Peterson, Nellie Sprouse, Josephone Gardner.

*Pirates and Police.*


ORCHESTRA.

1st Violins: Eva Nebeker, Geraint Smith, Wm. Lee.


Cello: S. E. Clark.

Bass: Jos. A. Smith, Jr.

Clarinets: H. McLeod, Guy Smith.

Cornets: Clyde Gray, June Whitmore.

Horns: Jos. Sneddon, B. Pond.

Trombone: L. Stewart.

Assisting: Flute, H. Farr; Tympanies, B. Carlyle; Accompanist, Jennie Eliason.

Director, G. W. Thatcher.

More Investigating.

The Commission appointed by the Governor to investigate the work of the Agricultural College and State University visited us on Feb. 10th. Governor Cutler, who is chairman of the Commission, was also present, spending the day with members of the commission in visiting classes and inspecting the work of all the departments. In chapel the Governor spoke to the students in very kindly terms, and congratulated the President upon the general condition of the institution. He expressed himself as being in hearty sympathy with the work we were doing. “I believe,” said he, “in institutions of this kind, where students are not only taught mental studies, but are trained to use their hands and eyes. This practical education is the kind more of our boys and girls should receive.” We were also favored with some humorous stories and timely advice from Dr. Condon of Ogden and Mr. Maeser of Beaver. The members of the Commission and the Governor partook of the regular daily luncheon served by the Manual Training girls in the Kitchen, and in the evening a formal banquet, consisting of an elab-
orate seven course dinner, was given them by the advanced students in Domestic Science. At the Banquet, Governor Cutler expressed his appreciation of the excellent dinner, and spoke briefly of the value of domestic science training. He was followed by toasts from Prof. Cotey, Prof. Mills of Salt Lake City, Prof. Robinson, Mr. Sundwall of Sanpete County, and Prof. Ball. Mrs. Cotey’s fourteen years of experience in the institution placed her in a position to tell the Commission of what the College has done for Utah homes and what it expects to continue to do along this line in the future. Mayor Robinson informed the guests that the people of Logan were much concerned about their visit, as they feared the result of the investigation would bring the University to Logan,—a calamity they were going to use every possible means to avert. “Public institutions leave their finger marks upon the people.” He cited illustrations from Utah cities as proof. Speaking seriously, he stated that the steady but rapid growth of the College under the present administration has been healthy, harmonious and well-balanced. Equal justice and fairness had been given to all departments. After neat, appropriate speeches from Prof. Mills and Mr. Sundwall, Prof. Ball concluded by giving a short talk on the importance and value of agricultural education to the people of Utah, and stated that more investigation was what the College need-
ed. As soon as the people of the State became familiar with the work of the Agricultural College and the good it is accomplishing, there need be little fear but that its rights and prerogatives will be zealously guarded and protected.

Utah has its share of unsolved educational problems, and this College-University question which is now being investigated is not the least important one. Already the College has suffered as a result of adverse legislation. The recent law regarding our engineering work has taken from us dozens of college students, many of whom are now attending schools outside the State. Scores more are not in attendance this year for the same reason.

The future policy to be pursued in regard to higher education in Utah will be shaped in no small measure by the report of this Commission, and students of the Agricultural College ask nothing more than fair treatment for their institution in the final settlement.

Debating Club.

Although there have been several class debating societies working in the college during the year, there has been no general organization in which a student, irrespective of his class or department, could pursue literary or debating work. The question of making a good, strong college debating society has been
agitated frequently since the disorganization of the old "Star Literary" two years ago. A challenge to a debate was received some time ago from the "Rialto" at the B. Y. U. This resulted in the organization of the "Agricultural College Debating Club."

About fifty of the leading students met on January 20th, discussed the benefits to be derived from participating in intercollegiate debates, accepted the Rialto's challenge and elected the following set of officers:

President, F. D. Farrell; Vice President, M. F. Simmering; Secretary, E. H. Walters; Manager, Fred Mathews.

Another meeting was held January 22nd. Instructive talks were made by Prof. Wyant, Langton, and Ostien, Mr. Porter and Mr. Jardine. They explained how intercollegiate debating may be made one of the most salutary features of college life, in the development of strength of thought and ability in expression. One of the strongest criticisms generally advanced against graduates of technical schools is that they are usually confined within the narrow limits of their own vocations, and that they are unable satisfactorily to discuss even those questions with which they are best acquainted if the discussion is listened to by a large and critical audience. Much of this difficulty can be avoided if students will take an active interest in debating. The investigation necessary in the preparation of a question for debate brings the student in contact with, to him, new ideas, gives him much valuable information and has, altogether, a broadening effect on him.

The try-out debates began Feb. 13th. Six members of the faculty have consented to act as judges, and will select the debating team from those making the best showing in the try-outs. All the members are enthusiastic and an encouraging rivalry exists. The team will meet the B. Y. U. people some time next May.

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**Horse Show.**

The horse show in this region has not, as yet, assumed the social prominence that it enjoys in the East, but judging from the large attendance at the one given at the college on January 26th, it is a very popular event among the stock raisers of Cache Valley. It seems to us that the live stock people are fundamentally the most interested in such an affair anyway. At least there was a marked absence of gaily attired society belles and foppish beaux, and everyone who went, did so to see horses. And they were not disappointed.

About fifty thousand dollars worth of as fine horses as there are in the West were on exhibition. The classes ranged from the gigantic but graceful percheon to the trim, athletic looking driving stock, and saddle horses. They come
from all directions from towns and ranches located in this valley.

Smith Brothers' iron gray four-year-old was awarded the first place in the percheon class and also the sweepstakes. The second place went to a brown beauty belonging to Mr. Geo. W. Seamons of Hyde Park. Many other classes were exhibited, the awards being pretty well distributed throughout the valley.

The judging was done by John T. Caine III, '03, and Mr. James Devine, formerly of the Salt Lake fire department. Much credit is due these gentlemen for their good work and too much cannot be said in favor of Prof. Clark and Dr. Frederick, who had the show in charge, and to whose efforts the success of the affair is largely due.

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**Social.**

Miss Eva Farr, '05, and Miss Josephine Yates, a former student, entertained a large bunch of college people Saturday evening, Feb. 3. The party was unique and a success from the appearance of the neat invitations to the final "good night" at the Stevens Residence, where it was given.

The entertainment was essentially literary. It called forth the guests' knowledge of the most recently published popular novels, and also their ability to sling the poetic quill. Much valuable instruction as well as charming amusement was afforded. One prize went to Mr. A. B. Olsen, one to Roy Rudolph, and one each to Mr. W. A. Jensen and Miss Mamie Brown, who composed the best marriage proposal and acceptance, respectively, in rhymed form. Excellent music was interspersed with the literary features.

More artistic decorations or better refreshments were never in evidence at a students' party.
STUDENT LIFE.

Doso.

Another "Sanctum Sanctorum" of the fair sex has been officially established on the third floor of the main building, over in the vicinity of the notorious Sorosis.

The "Dosos" are the "proprietresses" of the new den and it is indeed. It is fitted up a la Japanese with complete accoutrements. "Fantan" mats cover the floor, along with a liberal supply of rugs. Each Doso has her little "perch" in the form of a stool. These stools are built on the plan of those now in common use in the homes of the flowery kingdom, and Doso is inscribed on each of them. The book case and tables are also of Japanese pattern. The mural decorations are of such nature as to please the aesthetic temperament of Stoops, Powell, or C. Batt, and are in the form of hand painted calendars and cards.

There is the conventional window seat with its pillows. The patriotic nature of the girls is shown by the liberal supply of flags and pennants.

All in all, the "hang out" is of a nature which the girls can well be proud of.

"They say" has notified us that this crowd had a "doins" in the form of a "gubber" party down at Frances Smith's place on 2nd E., on Jan. 26. There was a mystic maze in which each "Doso" chased a string and found a present on the end of it. A hunt for hidden peanuts formed the seat of amusement of the evening. Finally the girls stopped their mouths and tongues long enough to cram a liberal supply of Domestic Science eatables, and after a few songs they dispersed.

Sorosis.

And here are a few of the things that have happened to Sorosis since last issue:

On Jan. 22, Mrs. Walter McLaughlin opened her beautiful home to the Sorosis girls. The rooms were artistically decorated in orange and black. The afternoon was spent most pleasantly in various guessing games, prizes being awarded to Misses Maud Egbert, Mabel Nebeker, Inez Powell and Mildred Jensen. After the serving of a most dainty luncheon, the girls departed, voting Mrs. McLaughlin an extremely charming hostess. She was assisted by Misses Nora and Elva Eliason.

The Sorosis met with Miss Verna Bowman and Miss Kate Adams on Jan. 20th to enjoy a Dutch lunch. They had it and some fun, too.

Miss Mabel Nebeker entertained the Sorosis at her home on Jan. 27. The evening was spent in making, pulling and devouring taffy and popped corn in the light of the great fire place. Mabe plays the hostess role admirably and it was—well, it was late when the party broke up.

A Strictly Hen Sorosis Skating
Party happened on Jan. 30. So did several other things.

On Feb. 7, the Sorosis met and surprised Mrs. Ball. A most pleasant evening was spent. Somewhat connected with this was a certain other happening for which the Sorosis are in no way responsible.

On Feb. 6, was the regular Kensington. The program was varied by the initiation of two new members. These occasions are always followed by elaborate suppers. The new members are Eva Nebeker and Letitia Flint.

"Jardine and Nora did some Frenzied Love Making."
Basket

That Ogden Trip.

The Ogden trip, when we took on Weber stake and the Mutes, if not a success from a basketball standpoint, was a howling success from nearly every other point of view. We lost both games but we met a quality of people at the Academy that made the price of introduction seem small. It was our first introduction to Church School hospitality and we would like more of it.

Members of the bunch had been entertained variously on various trips. We had experienced treatment ranging from the Stanford Frat house to that rankest of all rank hotel towns, Mt. Pleasant, but the royal, wholesouled glad hand given us by our Ogden friends and the good will behind the hand made them all look tinsel. It was an example of athletics as they should be conducted. We wanted to win the games and went in to win but we met our rivals before the game as friends and played the game as friends.

The first game was played with the Mutes. Here the fellows were looking for an easy picking and thereby hangs a tail. They hiked around the institution all day, saw the work of the different departments, which by the way are remarkable for their scope and efficiency. They saw woodwork done by the mute boys that would delight even our critical August; saw the printery that turns out the Utah Eagle; saw the shoe shop where shoes fit for the most immaculate "Cholly" are being made by the deaf and dumb youngsters. They visited the barber shop and classrooms and in the process got delightfully dead on their feet. When the whistle blew at 3:30 they went into the game in a perfunctory sort of way and received about the most vicious shaking up of their brief careers.

The Mutes outplayed our crowd from every standpoint. Their team work, aided by the fact that they were in their own hall had im-
proved miraculously. They played all around, under, and above our big men and as the score ran up the big fellows simply looked ashamed. The way they got into the game the first half is admirably told by a score during that half of 13-3.

In the second half, Captain Dahle replaced Beck at center and it was evident immediately that during that half there was going to be something doing. Our score began to crawl up. Urged on by the sickening thought of defeat the boys got to the game like wild men and had come within three points of their opponents when time was called.

Feeling like the proverbial thirty cents, the team was taken immediately to the Weber Stake Academy, where the Domestic Science girls had a huge spread in readiness. Here their embarrassment soon melted either due to the crack eat or to the hostesses, and they were soon talking and laughing as though they had a right to. The spread was great, the toasts bearable but the girls —. Some things are better left unsaid.

That evening a ball was given in honor of the visitors. The boys had a brief good time but were soon herded off to bed.

The next afternoon the game was pulled off with the Weber Stake team and the score of 12-8 tells its own story. The gang went in and played ball, played a kind of ball which, had it been played the day before, would have necessitated a log table to compute the score.

The Ogden boys are fast and shifty but our boys fought doggedly and the score at the end of the first half was 6-6.

The second half was fought with the same ginger. Doxy of the Weber Stake took a long shot as the half opened and scored. McKay succeeded in getting another during the half and with two fouls their score ran up to twelve. Our crowd failed to score from the field, Belknap and Brown freezing on like bark. They got one on a foul and one for sideline coaching.

The line up:


On the Sunday following the game the team was entertained at dinner by Senator McKay. Here, in the household of the genial senator, two of the most enjoyable hours of the trip were spent.

Mutes.

January 19, was the date of U. A. C.'s grand butt-into League Basketball. The mutes, generally considered easy meat, were our partners in the magnificent debut. The people from the Dumb school played hard, heady ball and were beaten by us only because of their size. Their work was characterized by long shooting. When a mute got
a ghost of a show to shoot he shot and a great many of the shots netted them points. Our team work was ragged, necessarily. It was our first game and the boys had only been at work since the holidays. Captain Dahle at right forward and Blair at guard did our heavy stunts. Dahle was everywhere all the time and showed himself easily the best finished player on the floor. Blair played his usual game, giving his man only one basket during the evening.

When the game was over, the score said but it didn’t in any way give the Ogden boys credit for their crack work. They don’t say a word, only play ball.

U. A. C. vs. L. D. S. U.

In this game, played in the B Y. C. Gym, Feb. 9, our team did better work, perhaps, than in any other game of the season. The improvements to be noticed were better passing, better team work and a marked increase in speed.

It was a bitterly contested and most exciting game from start to finish. The first half ended with the score 7 to 7, and when time was called for the second half, each team had added 7 more to its score. During the 12 minutes it required to play off the tie, the spectators were wild with enthusiasm. The Aggies succeeded in keeping the ball at their end most of the time and had it balanced on the rim of the basket a half dozen times, but the Hoodoo was brewing his usual strong medicine. In the fifth minute of play the Saints scored on a foul and after seven minutes more hard, lively play, they got a field goal, winning by the score 17 to 14. Taylor as referee did very satisfactory work.

The line up was as follows:


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

Our second game with the B. Y. C., Feb. 17, came our way by a score of 10-6. The game was fiercely fought and our victory was due to the star work of our guards and center. Hermanson and Jorgenson at guard, played the game of their lives, the B. Y. forwards getting only one field basket. Dahle put the big scoring machine Jensen out of business completely and it was only necessary for our forwards to occasionally drop one in to keep ahead.

The line up:

Blair L. F. Hill Peterson, P. G. R. F. Geddes Dahle (Capt.) C. Jensen (Capt.) Jorgenson L. G. Hyer Hermansen R. G. Hovey
Cup Series.

At the beginning of the basket ball season Mr. F. W. Thatcher, a clothing merchant in town, offered a trophy to be held each year by the school of the college whose team shall prove itself, in a series of games with the other schools, to be the most expert with the big round ball. At the end of five years, the school having the best team for the entire period shall own the cup permanently. The cup is a beauty in design, and is of rich solid material. It was presented to the Agricultural Club, the winners for this season, at the Woman’s Club hall.

The score and line up of the games in which the Aggies won out is as follows:

Aggies. Engineers.
Hermansen ... R. F. ........ Izatt
Peterson, P. G., (Capt.) ... L. F. .......... Beck
Pearson ....... C. . Beck (Capt.)
Connelly ...... R. G. .... Dobbs
Murdock .... L. G. ...... Aldous
Score; Aggies, 27, Engineers, 12.

Engineers. Commercials
Izatt .......... R. F. ....... Oleson
Beck .......... L. F. ....... Moris
Beck ........... C. ..... Andrews
Dobbs ...... R. G. ...... Judd
Aldous ...... L. G. ...... Skeen
Score; Eng. 26, Com. 1.

The Aggies and Commercials played the same line up in the third game as in the first and second and the score stood: Aggies, 19; Commercials, 1.

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

Our second game resulted in a sound trouncing to the score of 9-23. Our men still lacked teamwork and speed but had improved greatly over the week before. The B. Y. C. won because of the ability of Jenson to throw baskets over his opponent, Beck. In the first half he scored at will and the score of 14-5 that half was the result. In the second half, Dahle replaced Beck and shut Jensen out completely. In this half the Crimsons scored nine points, making six in the last half minute of play.
EDITORIAL.

The lateness of this issue is due to the fact that February has only twenty-eight days; that we waited for the opera to be over, so as to obtain pictures and that the staff has loafed and queened more or less.

We are finally able to announce that we are moved. STUDENT LIFE has at last succeeded in ejecting the head of the department of mathematics from his office and henceforth office delivery will be made from room 85.

Somebody said once, or if he didn't he should have, that everything works itself out if you give it time. True, a suggestion or a kick sometimes assists. STUDENT LIFE has been administering the suggestions from the time of its birth and the thing that has finally worked itself out is the organization of the Agricultural College Debating Society. We have pleaded for an organization of this kind to take the place of the two by four department and class debating clubs where argument is a stranger and amusement is the chief object. Each editor has felt it his duty to cover the need in an editorial way at least several times. It has finally come to pass and let us be truly thankful. It is a step up of about a mile.

Military Camp.

A couple of years ago this coming May, the first Encampment of the Cadet Corps of the U. A. C., was held in Logan Canyon. This little unpretentious camp bore the name of Bisbee, being named after Gen. Bisbee. Last year there was no camp, on account of sundry reasons ranging from the "Barbecue" down. This year there is going to be a camp. Now, Capt. Styer is authority for that statement, and after securing STUDENT LIFE's unqualified permission, he has begun to plan for this season's encampment in the mountains.

We know it is rather early to
talk about sleeping out of doors, with nothing but a “stretch” of canvas, one or two quilts, and your natural epidermis between you and the clear blue sky of heaven, but in May this will sound sensible, and you boys in the uniform of U. A. C. will be ready to do a ten mile hike to the “old camp ground.” “At least we hope so.”

You youngsters, who have never really had any genuine, clean sport in your life, just wait for the Captain’s unqualified expedition, in that month when the “queens” and “queeners” become the all-star aggregation around our campus. And then, you fellows, who have distant memories of Mike Downey’s perpetually peeled nasal cavity, Les Annett’s night at the guard house, and the fourteen piece band,—you just prepare again for some more experiences, so much like those old ones that you won’t be able to know the two brands apart.

Another thing, Student Life is going to “butt in” to this camp business. We are going to publish a paper every day the camp lasts. This sounds like a “bluff,” but there is a lot of "pied" type, obtainable at the Logan Republican; and a few more pounds at the officer of “Die Deutsche Post von Logan.” We can “pinch” an old army hand press from most anywhere, and red printers’ ink won’t cost much. Stoops will do the Mergenthaler “lino” work by hand; its cheaper. The staff will grind out dope, and fight a million battles with any foe, ranging from mosquitoes to a smoky brier wood —on the condition that they are on paper. You can just wager one of Herman Johnson’s hamburgers on this new daily paper. We haven’t determined on the side it will take on the temperance question. We are going to consult Bishop Rasmus O. of “Spotless town—Duster’s Union No. III.”

But seriously, just think about this, you veterans of the one camp, and convert the new comer into going to the mountains, next May. Let’s make it a double-barreled, conjoint affair, with everybody going, and nobody staying at the “brain box on the hill,” that week. There’s lots of time to think and talk it over, but go when the time comes.
"Glimpses of Hades"—No. 1.
Locals.

All the world hates a grind.

C. America if you will but C Batt first.

Capt. Styer did not flunk in the Spanish exam.

Joe Bell is laid up for a few days as a result of an accident in the Gym.

Dr. Craigie, Supt. of the Presbyterian schools in the United States, conducted chapel on Feb. 4.

Pirate No. 91, (to pirate No. 43) “Say, let me squeeze your girl a while. Mine forgot her nightgown and couldn’t come on in this scene.”

Good old Tal Kirk was heard from last week. He is in the oil business at Norwalk, Cal., and is still growing, his latest weight being 260 lbs.

Orson H. Peterson, center of last year’s football team, at present doing missionary stunts at Boda, Nordland, Norway, is a recent subscriber to STUDENT LIFE.

In Physics I, buoyancy is defined as a tendency to throw it up, and one of the A students is of the opinion that a deep sea fish removed and taken 200 ft. into the air will explode.

The 250 Mechanic Arts students are making up for lost time and it is hoped that by June first that each one of them will be so proficient as to be able to make both window seats and rustic gates.

The Carpentry Dept. is moved out into the shops, the spurt in the revival of a certain neglected branch of the English language caused by stiff jointed machinery and mashed fingers is nearly over and Prof. Jensen will be able to receive visitors with his usual happy smile shortly, provided they don’t “butt into” classes.

Even in our quiet society, startling things sometimes happen. One of our most socially inclined young men telephoned to a man’s house, “made a date” with the man’s wife for a ball and a Sunday evening call, and said sweet things to her until central shut him off. Either the young man is a vile wretch or it is a good joke.

A certain well known bunch of young ladies, thinking that he was a certain other well known young man, sat upon a certain well known young instructor of a certain well known department of a certain well known college on a certain late hour of a certain night in a certain recent week, with certain disastrous results. Certain tailors and doctors have experienced certain increases in business since.
Departments.

Agriculture.

During January there was given under the auspices of the Agricultural Club a series of practical lectures by practical farmers of the state, which, though given especially for the winter-course students, proved very interesting to others who attended.

The first was given by John Q. Adams, a successful arid farmer of Cache Valley. In pointing out the secrets of his success, Mr. Adams but confirmed the facts the agronomist of the college has been trying to establish in the minds of his students.

Mr. Clos, of the Seely Stock Farm, talked to the club again this year, his subject being, “The Red, White and Roan,” or a “Talk on Shorthorns.” STUDENT LIFE, from experience gained in the past, will not attempt to give more than the title of the gentleman’s talk. Through our interpreter, we stand willing to vouch for its correctness.

The next lecture was given by John T. Caine III, a graduate of the college, formerly an officer in the club. Mr. Caine talked interestingly of live-stock in general, telling us how the prize-winners were fattened in the East, and giving some helpful suggestions for Utah breeders.

At the next meeting Mr. W. S. Hansen, one of the foremost breeders of Rambouillet sheep in the West, told how he overcame discouragement and finally won out. His advice was to adopt an ideal and stay with it.

It is a wonder if most of the students who attended the lecture on Jan. 20 do not want to leave school and go into the fruit business. Mr. Snow's wonderful success with peaches shows great possibilities in Utah horticulture. A net profit of $300 per acre is not bad.

Mr. Snow's talk was confirmed by Secretary Hickenlooper of the State Board of Horticulture, who spoke along the same encouraging line.

The series was closed by J. P. Holmgren, who has been most successful in growing sugar beets. Besides showing the possibilities of sugar beet farming, Mr. Holmgren outlined the methods he pursued in securing the prize offered by the Utah Sugar Co. for the best plats of beets.

The Central Experiment Station has been located at Lehi. Recently Director Yoder, with Professors Northrop and Jardine, visited the site and will soon be busy outlining the work.
Domestic Science.

In the Sewing Department is a very interesting case of textiles, showing samples of the different fibres raised by the Experiment station. Among them is a sample of silk fibres raised by the Station and a sample of hemp from the Greenville farm. The case contains a variety of samples of different kinds of cloth and a number of specimens of weaving, showing the rudimentary methods of weaving materials.

The Domestic Arts Department is keeping up its reputation for hospitality. The numerous visitors from the public schools of Cache county have all been entertained at luncheon. In most cases some time was spent in which different members of the faculty explained to the youngsters all the wonders of the school.

Five dozen of the best Reed & Barton silver teaspoons have been added to the silver supply of the department. Each teaspoon has A. C. U inscribed on the handle. This is the first silver the department has bought for fifteen years.

Library.

A few suggestions as to the reference books in the library may be of interest to debaters at this time. Poole's Index and the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, index the articles contained in the magazines under subjects, and in the latter publication under authors also. These volumes are in the stack room with the bound magazines. Typewritten lists of the volumes of the magazines which are in the library may be found on the bulletin board and on the inside of the front cover of Poole's Index. The table near the shelves of bound magazines is reserved for those who are using these bound volumes.

The A. L. A. index to general literature, New International Encyclopaedia, in 21 volumes, 1904, Reed's Modern Eloquence, and Richardson's Messages and Papers of the Presidents, are among the most important works of reference and contain valuable material in a convenient form.

The following books are helpful in suggestions and references for debaters.

"References for literary workers," by Henry Matson.
"Briefs for debate," by Brookings and Ringwalt.
"Briefs on public questions," by R. C. Ringwalt.

The Government indexes contain many references to political questions and the Congressional Records, of which the Library has nearly a complete set, provide an original source of information.

Commercial.

During examination week all correspondence with other schools was dispensed with.

Some of the Students are taking
up corporation work. During holidays somebody took up "co-operation."

Several second year students have completed their practice sets and are now doing outside work.

The Commercials have decided to have an elegant new bulletin board placed in the halls. It certainly is needed.

There has been a new class formed in stenography, to accommodate the winter course students.

Prof. Robinson has organized a class in International Law.

The first year students in accounting are doing excellent work. They are doing extreme intercommunication work with the Ogden High School Freshmen.

At a recent meeting of the Commercial Club, a new set of officers were elected for an ensuing term of six weeks.

President, J. L. Kearns, Vice President, R. C. Pearson, Secretary, Miss Isabelle Pratt, Treasurer, M. Andrews, Sergt. at Arms, Wm. Jamison.

The Commercial Department is making a great showing this year in athletics. One would naturally think they would be discouraged in the work after their failure at Basketball, but nothing gave them more encouragement. They are determined to make a showing in track work. They have the men and are determined to win the day.

A. D. Skeen has been chosen manager of the Commercial track team.

War Department.

"Under the Bamboo Tree."
During the Spanish-American war our college was well represented in the army by the graduates and former students who volunteered for service. The rolls of the infantry regiments from neighboring states as well as the artillery and cavalry organizations from Utah, bear the names of a number who received their preliminary training in this department.

The memory of hardships and dangers shared in any undertaking, always forms a bond of union among those who participated. This certainly is the experience of those who took part in the early scenes of the American occupation of the Philippines. As time goes on, disagreeable features fade into the background and the tour of service in the islands remains almost like a dream of some other existence, not wholly unpleasant and entirely novel.

Some recollections, however, are still vividly recorded;—the clear tropical nights under the bamboo trees when the stars seemed so near and "God's Country" so far away; the long hungry hikes, when the chickens had learned to fly high with "Americanos" near; the sad return to camp when fate had singled out a comrade to pay the forfeit which a soldier voluntarily puts up on enlisting.

As a souvenir of the short years that were crowded with events usually requiring generations for accomplishment, the volunteers have left to them only the consciousness of duty well done; the satisfaction of belonging to a people in whose veins the rich, red blood flows strong enough to use the cruel surgery of war when, unfortunately for modern civilization, homeopathic treatment has been found entirely unavailing; the knowledge that by their assistance there is now growing up "under the bamboo tree" a generation of little brown people, versatile as the Japanese, who are being led into the wondrous light of the new century.

It is desired to form an organization of all the U. A. C. men who volunteered and were mustered into the military service, whether they were on duty in Cuba, the Philippines, or in the states. The Commandant wishes to receive expressions of opinion on the subject from all interested who may read this, so that arrangements can be made for a meeting probably during the commencement exercises next June.