Coming

February 3—The Girl and the Stampede. 
February 7—What Women Will Do. 
February 13—"FLORENCE ROBERTS."
February 17—Agricultural College 
Dramatic Club. 
March 10—"45 Minutes from Broadway."

February 22—Paul Gilmore in 
"THE WHEEL OF LOVE."
February 28—Peck's Bad Boy. 
March 3—Ma's New Husband. 
March 5—Quincy Adams Sauyer.
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Jim Horax pulled on his woolen gloves and buttoned his overcoat tightly around him, as he stepped out upon the snow covered sidewalk, after a hard day's work in the office. Usually, upon getting outside, he felt refreshed and rested, but tonight it was different. He felt drowsy and tired, lonesome and blue. Something, he knew not what, had been troubling him all day. Many times as he was working at his books, that "something" would come into his mind, the room would grow dim, the surroundings seemed to disappear, and he would be out somewhere with somebody, but he could not see who it was. That it was a girl he was sure for many times he fancied he could hear her merry laughter. Then he would hunt here and there for her and when he thought he had found her some noise in the office would arouse him from his reverie and he would be looking...
“Dear old Fred,” he said to himself. “His letters always bring cheer and comfort to me. He never forgets to mention our old college days, some of our friends there, the big ‘busts’ we used to have with the ‘frat,’ or the year when we were on the team that won the championship. How often he reminds me of the day we left the old school. It was one bright sunny morning in June and the college campus was smothered in different shades of green spotted here and there with brightly colored flowers. I sat on the lower step of the entrance to the ‘frat’ house and Fred lay prone upon the grass in the shade of a bridal wreath bush just in front of me. He had planned for me to accompany him out West for the summer. He had pictured to me the beauties of the West in such rich colors that it had tempted me.

“What do you mean?” he had said, ‘You will come won’t you?’

“Ah Fred,” I had answered, ‘You’re a second Belial,’ Yes I will go.” And so on that day I went with him. What a glorious time we had on the trip out there. How I used to sit and listen to him tell of each point of interest along the way, and relate wild stories of the West. How grandly we were received at the old homestead. How
his parents, brothers, and sisters each in turn embraced him and then warmly and frankly greeted me. How welcome I was made in this beautiful home where all was joy and peace. And what a beautiful home it was. Standing on a hill at the base of a high mountain, and surrounded with large trees, through which paths wound in and out, cutting the dark-green, well-kept lawns into large and small sections, it overlooked a valley which was a paradise in itself.

How often we together would seek a secluded spot, stretch ourselves upon the grass, and then recall pleasurable incidents or discuss our future plans. How different our plans were. He was for a good little wife, a nice home and a simple life. I—well, I wanted the same, I guess, but I hadn't been thinking of the good little wife or the nice home. I had made almost the opposite plans.

"While in the shade of a large oak one day Fred, in the company of a lady, came upon me. 'Jim,' he said in his plainest simplest manner, 'Meet my friend Miss O'Ray.'"

Here he arose and took a picture from the mantel. Standing in front of the fireplace, he looked long and silently at the face as if studying the many lines of beauty. Then he gave a little chuckle and laughingly said, "So you are the one I have been hunting all day. Now I remember the resemblance which I could not recall, between your merry laughter and the one I have been following as a lost man follows the Will-o-the-Wisp. Now I see it all. It was merely the memory of the good old times we used to have out at Fred's place."

He stopped a moment and gazed fixedly at the picture again and then continued, "How beautiful you looked on the day I first met you. When I looked up from where I lay and saw you standing out clearly against the green background, in your dainty, pure white dress, your long dark curls falling gracefully around your shoulders, your shapely brown eyes shining brightly, your white teeth showing plainly when you gave me a smile, you were a queen, a goddess in my mind. And yet, when I look at this picture I see no beauty lost. I indeed, see more than then. Each word of the letters I have received from you reflects the same grace and beauty and often upon reading them I have been tempted to go where I might be nearer to you, where I could see you again as you are and not only as a lifeless picture. Of course you have many admirers. I can see them now scores of them. They are as eager
as I, they are as determined as I, but I will come, I will come, to fight and I will come to—confound it what am I talking about.”

Placing the picture again upon the mantel he relighted his half burnt cigar, put more coal into the fire and then settled in the big chair and opened Fred’s half forgotten letter.

“Dear Jim,” it ran, “You probably remember the little girl I made you acquainted with the day we found you half asleep in the shade of the old oak down by the spring. Of course you do. Although you don’t care much for girls you couldn’t forget her. Don’t you know, you made the remark that night that she was the most beautiful girl you had ever seen. Well, even if you have forgotten her, even if she really did not impress you then, she has impressed me ever since we were children. You know Jim, she and I grew up from childhood together. We went to the little old country school together each morning and we came each evening hand in hand from it. We used to say, as children you know, that we loved each other, that we would get married when old enough, and we built air castles, hour after hour. When I went to college, where I met you Jim, she gave me a sweet good-bye from the station platform. When I returned each spring she was there to meet me and, as you saw, was frequently walking by my side. But these things, I know, don’t interest you. You think they are foolish. You know, at college you used to say, “No ‘queens’ for me. Give me a good old “stag” party and I am happy. Girls are a trouble. “I always knew Jim that was the way you looked at things and so I would never say otherwise. But, I suppose you know, I am different. A “queen” for me every time. Well Jim, I am coming to the point. You see we have been closely separated, she and I, for a long time and it’s high time a change came around. It is all fixed up and next month, the 21st, the final steps will be taken. Ah Jim, just think how happy I will be to have the only girl I ever really knew and loved as my wife. But then you cannot realize the happiness of it, for you never have been in love. You have never seen anyone you could love but you will some-day, and then you will know my feelings today, if indeed you are as successful as I. How terrible it would be to be disappointed. Oh! it would be far worse than the time we missed making good on the team. But you’ll come, won’t you Jim? You’ll come to the wedding
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and act as Best Man.”
Slowly the letter slipped from Jim’s
hand and silently he gazed at the
picture on the mantel.
“One small girl,” he said after
a long pause, “has wrapped the
hearts of two of the best friends on
earth. We both love her,—he is
to have her.”

He leaned back in his chair and
puffed at his cigar. In the clouds
of smoke he could see years ahead.
He could see the day when he, as
an old bachelor mounted the train
which was to carry him out West.
He imagined what thoughts would
then be passing through his mind.
He could see Fred’s beautiful
home and as he approached the
house, Fred and his wife together
with their children come to greet
him. He could already feel the
lump arising in his throat, he al­
ready knew his feelings. And then
he saw the opposite scene.

Fred as the old bachelor and he
as the happy husband and father.
What an awful sight. They who

had loved from childhood to be sep­
arated thus.

“No”, he said finally, “I should
not think of loving this girl. They
have lived in the hope that some
day this would come about and
they would be as one. Why should
I interfere with their happiness?
No, Fred, I shouldn’t, so you take
her and be good to her, Fred, for
although she is yours she is still my
ideal and I love her. Yes I will
come and I will act as Best Man at
the marriage of my best two friends.

And so on the appointed day
Jim Horax acted as Best Man at
the marriage of Fred Dalton and
Violet O’Ray. He difficultly con­
cealed his sorrow and appeared as
the same Jolly Jim. He never
once intimated to Fred or any one
else that he loved the bride.

At his departure after hearty
handshakes and an earnest “God
Speed,” he came back to the soli­
tude of his room to gaze upon the
motionless picture of the only girl
he ever loved. Cardon.
It was the third day of their acquaintance. They would have scorned to have the developments of those three days placed with the usual order of summer resort acquaintances, for theirs was unusual. Yes, it was unusual, for they had reached the point where he had dared to criticize her clothes. He did not know just why he did it unless it was because there was nothing else in mind just at that minute. He was puffing slowly at his pipe in one end of the boat, and she sat in the other, watching the lazy summer clouds float above the distant mountains, and trying to look unconscious of the fact that his eyes were upon her. Her appearance of ease was quite perfect for she knew that she looked unusually well in the simple white linen suit and the scarlet tie.

"Wish you'd take that tie off, it's enough to blind a fellow a day like this." "Horrid thing, when I put it on just for him", she thought quickly and her chin rose to an angle that was most becoming but which alarmed the boy to the extent of declaring himself that for once in the history of the world a man had said too much. She was silent just a moment, then
she picked up a magazine and became very much absorbed in its contents.

"I wonder which is the less civilizing influence scarlet ties or pipes. Please row in and do puff the other way. I abhor tobacco smoke."

"And smokers too" thought her companion, then he rose to the defense of his beloved pipe. "Bet there isn't a better one in the country." I'll wager that it could keep itself on top if dropped overboard." His efforts at conversation were futile, so according to her injunction he rowed in. Before they had fairly reached the shore she had stepped lightly out and was off, and from her appearance one might well believe that she was unconscious of the existence of men. He was an unusually long time tying the boat and when everything was done he did the only thing he could see to do,—pulled his hat down over his eyes, drove his hands into his pockets and started down the shore in the opposite direction to the one the girl had taken, whistling. Men always whistle when they try not to look disturbed.

The tragedy reached its height that evening at the dance. He was to have been her partner, but efforts throughout the day to dispel the cloud of prejudice were vain and he watched her that night, always within the guarding eye of her chaperone, and appearing to be much entertained by other friends. The only thing that consoled him at all was the fact that dress was white linen set off with a scarlet tie. "She thought of me when she put that on," he thought, "Cause girls always wear such flimsy things in the evening. There was method in her avoiding the conventional."

The next morning he was out early, just the time of day when everything seems glad and a fellow feels like telling a girl that he likes her. He declared it a most glorious day, but what was the use of a glorious day when the object of his most vigorous desire was wasting her radiance in a row boat barricaded with pillows and parasols. He walked slowly down the shore, wishing that a violent storm would come up so that he could do an act of heroism which he was sure would restore amity with the occupant of the boat. When he reached the wicker swing which was occupied by a sentimental girl reading "Maurine," he had an idea and immediately resolved to work it out.

The girl appeared to be much absorbed in a magazine. Just how much she belied her appearance
she would not admit even to herself, but she was proving herself a good actress. The enemy advanced dipping his oars lightly, making wide circles around the other boat in the hope of catching a glimpse of its occupant, but a well trained parasol kept her always out of his sight. “I’ll have to look up the name of that magazine. Seems to me it’s a record breaker for holding attention. Wish I had half a dozen copies now, perhaps I could keep busy until she gets through with that one,” he thought as he tried to while away desperate minutes.

The area within the pillows and parasols still presented that exasperating calm (as he thought) when the boy had another idea and the result was that the Enemy routed the Defense and broke the calm by firing into the camp of the Defense a much used pipe tied to a handkerchief on which was written “If you’ll tie a rock to the pipe it will sink. Let’s be friends. I adore scarlet ties and have indulged in a couple of dozen for myself.

And the enemy and defense merged their identities in a common order of something better than very good friends.

—L.
Leisure Moments

There are two classes of fiction which the overworked student, who now and then finds half an hour at his disposal, may turn for mental relaxation and enjoyment. They are the short story and those books which a recent writer happily calls “comfortable” novels. By this apt phrase he characterizes such leisurely, soothing novels as one may spend weeks, and even months, reading,—very opposite of those strenuous, exciting, often melodramatic tissues so eagerly perused by youthful readers, but furnishing no relaxation for tired brains.

The short story is here brought to the attention of our numerous students because it is a form of fiction the reading of which is both pleasant and profitable. Moreover, by its brevity it is eminently suited for "library reading." Many an unoccupied hour, now wasted in futile small-talk, or in scanning useless portions of the Sunday papers, could and should be devoted to getting acquainted with some of the masterpieces in this class of fiction. Our library, though not particular-ly complete in its assortment of short stories, has more than enough to fill all your spare hours for the rest of the year.

The reading will be both pleasant and profitable,—pleasant because the kind of story here meant is the masterpiece, fully able to catch and maintain your interested attention, to stir your pulses, to kindle your imagination, to enlist your sympathy and pity, or pleasantly awaken mysterious sensations of horror,—profitable, because the kind of story under consideration will bring you (if this advice be followed) into frequent contact with the choicest examples of choice literary workmanship. In many respects, particularly as to form, the short story represents the pinnacle of prose literature. Its brevity compels such concentration, clearness and force as are found in few longer stories. It is, as it were, the essence, the extract, of fiction, composed of naught but the desirable elements, particularly from a stylistic point of view. The student will find here the best concrete examples of the many ab-
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abstract principles of good writing, so laboriously courted in the daily and fortnightly themes.

The conditions of the short story favor the achieving of such perfect or well nigh perfect art. “There is no subdivision of interest; the author can strike directly in, without preface, can move with determined step toward a conclusion, and can—O highest privilege!—stop when he is done.” Poe regarded the short narrative, “requiring from a half hour to one or two hours in its perusal,” as the most artistic form of prose literature. From the students’ point of view it offers this great advantage and attraction,—it can be read at a single sitting, without any break in the continuity of interest, without any waste of mental energy due to interruptions and repeated beginnings.

The short story possesses all the qualities and possibilities of the three volume novel, but always in some heightened, highly concentrated form. The reason is clear. A situation, for instance, which the novel writer spends seven or eight chapters evolving, the short story writer presents in a single bud chapter. He suggests, in impressionistic flashes, the characters, the situations leading up to his story, the background or setting, in many cases generously spiced with local coloring. What careful pruning away of all superfluities, what weighing of each word for its suggestive power, in order to obtain the maximum effect within the minimum space!

And to what remote, unfrequented corner, to what remote era of our own country, or to what foreign shore, may we not swiftly and silently transport ourselves for a delicious hour or so by means of these little capsules of concentrated extract of fiction? Do we wish to bury ourselves for a brief space of time in a Californian gold camp of the ’40’s? We have but to take up Bret Harte’s Luck of Roaring Camp, or Our Gang, or M'Gillies, or any one of a score of others, and the feat is done. We smell the fragrant breath of the pines under the hot summer sky, we feel the pitiless stinging of the wintry blizzards in the mountain passes. Do we long for a bit of the old sedate, decorous life of New England? Mrs. Wilkins Freeman and Miss Jewett are ready to supply it at a moments notice. Such stories as A New England Nun, The Revolt of Mother, by the former, or A Winter Courtship, by the latter writer embody the very spirit of the genuine Yankeedom. There are writers who perform the
same service for the different regions of the South, notably Messrs Cable, Page, Harris, and Miss Murfrees, for the Middle West, as Mr. Hamlin Garland in his Main-Travelled Roads, for Canada, as Sir Gilbert Parker in Pierre and His People, or Laurence Mott in Jules of the Great Heart. Jack London portrays the white horrors of Alaska, James Lane Allen, the dreamy langor of Kentucky. Irving, the easy-going, comfortable existence of the early Dutch settlers, Hawthorne, the wondrous, socialistic life of the spirit, Poe, the horrors of the morbidly mysterious; and so on indefinitely,—not omitting H. C. Bunner and T. B. Aldrich, Stockton and VanDyke.

In England, two writers rank as masters of this particular form of literature: Stevenson and Kipling. Read their short-stories exhaustively, not neglecting the Scotch stores of J. M. Barrie and Ian Maclaren, nor the Tales of Mean Streets, by Arthur Morrison, and the Sherlock Holmes stories by Conon Doyle. There are a few sparodic tales by Scott, Lickens and Thackeray, and at least one by Defoe, The Apparition of Mrs. Veal, which no student can afford to overlook.

The French probably lead the world in the production of highly artistic short-stories, and among them three writers are pre-eminent: Maupassant, Merimee and Daudet. Others are Coppee, and Balzac, with his Passion in the Desert.

Among the Germans the short story has not become indigenous, yet one should read Hoffmann’s Weird Tales, at least some of them. Auerbach’s Village Tales also deserve notice. Among the Norwegians, Bjornson, with his powerful realistic peasant tales, Lie and Kielland, occupy first rank. The Russians are very well represented by Tolstoi and Turgeneff. See especially the latter’s A Sier of the Steppes. Two other Slavic nationalities, the Bohemians and the Hungarians, have each contributed some charming, though as yet almost unknown examples of this literary genre. Finally, the romance nations, Italy and Spain, have also done their share.

A discussion of “comfortable novels” must be deferred until a later issue.

C. L.—’06.
Pygmalion and Galatea

For the last six weeks the students who won in the tryouts for the College Play have been working hard to make this the best play ever put on by students of this college, and from all appearances their labors have not been in vain.

"Pygmalion and Galatea" is a very pretty little Grecian play. Although somewhat difficult still it is within the grasp of the well selected cast. This year, as has never before happened, tryouts for the several parts were held and the best material has thus been obtained.

Pygmalion, a renowned sculptor of Athens has been carving a statue with his wife Cynisca as a model. The day, on which the play opens, Cynisca bids Pygmalion farewell for a short time. He, who loves his wife beyond all measure, fears he will be lonely until she returns. Cynisca to avoid this tells him if thoughts of love should come to speak them to the statue, her solitary representative, as he is wont to speak them to her. Pygmalion, realizing the statue as being only cold, dull stone, curses the gods for not giving him power to give it life. Immediately the statue, Galatea, is brought to life and Pygmalion, at sight of her alive, begins to talk love. Galatea in her innocence causes considerable trouble, mainly because Cynisca hears of Pygmalion's love-making and with the power the Gods have given her calls down blindness upon him for his faithlessness. Galatea by means of her pleadings, unknown to Pygmalion, persuades Cynisca to recall the curse. After receiving his sight again he blames Galatea for all the trouble. She in her sorrow mounts the pedestal and becomes again a statue. Pygmalion is informed of his mistake and the scene closes with the sculptor weeping at the feet of the statue.

The part of Pygmalion is acted very creditably by P. V. Cardon while that of Galatea is admirably presented by Nellie Hayball.

Miss Ruby Mathews holds the part of Cynisca, wife of Pygmalion and shows good talent in presenting it. E. Hanson as Crysos, and Mell Homer as his wife make a good pair. As Myrine, Pygmalion-
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ons sister, Glenna Lashus, is a star. With her ease and grace on the stage she performs well a sister's duties. Booker Preston acts strongly the part of her lover, Leucippe. Elmer Johnson as Mimos, Pygmalion's slave and Lawrenson as Agesimos, Crysos' slave both act very well.

The play is to be presented to the public at the Thatcher Opera House on February 17th. It has been the custom of the entire Student Body to be present at the college plays and this year should be no exception. Everyone should be there and show those taking part that their efforts are appreciated.

Oratoria

The College Choral Society of 75 voices is about ready with the second Dudley Buck Works. "Paul Revere's Ride" and 'The Story of the Cross.'

The former work is written for solo, tenor, baritone and male chorus, with accompaniment of piano, obligato flute, two clarinets, two horns, and the usual string quintette. The college orchestra will of course furnish the accompaniments.

Perhaps no American work for male choruses more fitting for school presentation than the superb setting of Longfellow's well known poem.

It opens with a forceful announcement by full orchestra of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" which is followed immediately by the baritone in recitative.

The second verse commencing with "He said to his friend" is for four part chorus who recites the second and third verses.

The tenor takes up the fourth verse continuing into the most dramatic part of the poem which has a splendid climax.

Interesting and skillful is the preluding by voices and orchestra on the verse "It was Twelve by the Village Clock. When he crossed the bridge into Melford town" finishing with climax on the words
"Pierced by a British Musket ball" sung by tenor.

The work finally closes by a recurrence of the opening music theme to the words, "And so through the night rode Paul Revere."

The "Story of the Cross" recites the closing events in the life of our Saviour.

In this setting the story divides into

Prologue
The Morning and Accusation
The Trial and Condemnation,

Epilogue
The Death on the Cross.

The arrangement is for mixed quartette of solo voices, and chorus. The work opens with full chorus in the Prologue—which leads into the Accusation made by mob as represented by male chorus ending with the people crying for the release of Barabbas.

The prayer on the cross "Father forgive them" is sung by tenor with accompaniment of ladies chorus in four parts. It is a very choice bit of music.

The customary "Stabat Mater Dolorosa" is given to soprano and alto in duet form and the composer shows plainly in this number his deeply religious feeling both in voice parts and accompaniment.

For the Passion Choral he has skilfully utilized an old melody of Leo Hassler of 1601.

The rousing chorus "Behold the Veil of the Temple was Rent in Twain" is for full company and immediately follows the choral above mentioned.

A final climax is reached in the epilogue on the words, "To Him be Honor Majesty Might and Dominion."

These works demand good voices and first rate accompaniment and the manner in which our college boys and girls take hold of them show talent of high order.
English Five Echoes

A SPRING MORNING

The eastern sky was just tinted with pink as I walked through the dewy grass toward the corral with the milk pails on my arm. In the large mulberry tree by the house the hangbirds were twittering noisily as they flitted from branch to branch; the air was cool and fresh and a gentle breeze wafted the perfumes from the peach and apricot blossoms over my face.

The sky in the East was now changing to a bright yellow, and soon the sun would be peeping over the hilltops. The roosters were crowing and the restless cows were bellowing. The sun came up in a clear sky, flooding the earth with golden beams; the plants sparkled with dew. The tinkling of the bells, as cows trudged by on their way to the pasture, and the shouts of men to their horses, reminded me that another busy day had begun.

A RACE FOR LIFE

A brilliant young officer who had been taken prisoner by the cruel Spaniards, was sentenced to face a peculiar death. He was to have ten seconds in which to run down a narrow alley to a cannon one hundred yards distant. At the end of the given time, the gun was to be fired, blowing him to pieces unless fortunate enough to gain his goal in the given time.

In the distance, the unfortunate officer could see his country's heroes marching to battle. How he longed to be a free man again and enjoy their company! But the guard marched him to his position in the middle of the alley. At a signal from the gunner, the athletic Yankee was off like a startled deer. Any moment he expected to see the cannon belch forth its awful contents into his face. At last, when within ten feet of the gun, he sprang over the cannon, men and
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all, never slacking in speed.* * *

That night, around the camp-fire of the U. S. troops, sat an interested group of officers, listening to the adventure of one who nearly lost his life. 

I. L. H.

THE GENERAL FRISBEE'S FIRST TRIP

The boat was spick-span in her first paint, and the smoke rose thick and fast from her funnels as she swiftly and majestically went along. Curly white-caps danced to a stiff ocean breeze. When well out the blue sky and the sparkling water with a few ships here and there ploughing their way through it were all we could see. In the middle of the bay we passed the old Montecello, now a freight boat, slowly moving along, grunting and grumbling, as if jealous of this larger rival which had taken her place. I felt sorry to see her lose her position that way as I stood and watched her until she faded away in the distance.

We soon reached San Francisco and later made many more trips, but the first one was the best. I have not yet forgotten her and once in a while, when the whistle of the early morning train wakes me, I think, "There goes the General Frisbee."

BEFORE BREAKFAST ON THE FARM

A northern breeze rustles the golden leaves and lazily tosses them about as we step into the cool fresh morning air. We start for the yards to do the regular morning chores and the dogs come running from their kennel to meet us. The roosters still sound their official warning of the approach of day, although the stars have disappeared and the golden rays of light shoot into the eastern sky. How distinct and clear is the bellowing of the cows in the pasture and the chuckle of the wagon in the distant road! As we go around the corral a coyotte bounds away with a rooster that was out too early for his own good. The pigs leave their white straw bed and trot to the stubble fields for a few hours gleaning. The cows are now in from the pasture so we begin milking. The horses are brought from their grazing grounds and placed in the stable. The shrill breakfast whistle blows just as the milking of the cows and the currying and harnessing of the horses are finished. 

J. L. P.
Agricultural Students at the International

The great live stock show held annually at Chicago is the Mecca toward which the steps of Agricultural students are turned. Here while looking over the finely bred horses and sleek, well-fed cattle the men of West and East, North and South become acquainted. The hardy Canadian school fellow meets the soft tongued, easy going Texan and Kentuckian; the bustling Westerner’s short "glad to know you" is answered by "mighty happy to meet you, sir," and so the ties of Agricultural brotherhood are made. This good fellowship and the interchange of ideas helps along the one great aim of the whole affair, which is, the advancement of Agriculture.

The principal event for the Agricultural students is the stock judging contest in which teams from the different schools compete. This year teams were entered representing eight of the largest schools of the United States and Canada. The east was represented by Ohio, Canada by Ontario, the South by Texas and Missouri, the West by Washington, while the middle-west sent teams from Iowa, Kansas and South Dakota. Five men represent each school and they have classes of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs to work on, being required to place the animals and give the reasons for so doing. Iowa students as usual led in this work being closely followed by Ontario, Missouri and Ohio in the order named. Iowa has already won as prizes several bronze statues of animals which adorn Dean Curtiss’s office and are among the proudest possessions of the school.

Utah, being so far from the exhibit, is not likely to enter the contest for some time, but as Agricultural education grows, judging contests can be held at county and state fairs. This would mark the beginning of a movement which should tend toward the sending of representatives of Utah’s school to that common “stamping ground” of Agricultural students, the International.

J.T.C. III
During the winter course term the agricultural students were favored with some very interesting and instructive lectures given by the leading Agriculturists of the state. This gave the boys a chance to hear of some of the practical things in agriculture.

On January 9th President Widtsoe lectured to the Agricultural Club. He talked on the opportunities in agriculture, emphasizing health, wealth and wisdom as the three great opportunities offered by the farm.

Mr. Joseph Reed of the bureau of plant industry visited the station recently investigating the sugar beet work.

Agriculture is becoming so intensely fascinating that even the ladies are beginning to indulge.

At the present time “Forestry” seems to be the most popular branch of Agriculture. Professor Clark is now teaching the course to an army of forty men.

Mr. James G. Duffin president of the State Horticulture Society lectured to the Agricultural Club January 10th. He talked on fruit growing from a commercial standpoint.

Stephen Boswell, our old reliable foreman of the Juab County farm is taking the winter course.

Wm. Jardine, now one of Uncle Sam’s slaves, talked at the Dry Farming Congress.

Ladies Mirza and Braisette, the big black pure bred Percheron mares are of great assistance to
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Professor Caine in his stock judging, etc.

Turpin has an extra large class in *chickenology*. It is rumored that Professor Arnold is going to take the course.

Dr. Plummer, one of the big poultry men of the state, and president of the State Poultry Association, lectured to the Agricultural students January 11th.

From all indications the winter course this year promises to be the best ever given at the college.

You will hear more of this later.

The Domestic Science (1) girls have completed the course in laundry and are now taking plain cooking.

Night School closed December 18th.

Who says the Domestic Science department isn't honest? The shop fellows have received their promised mince pies.

The customary dinners began Tuesday January 14th.

Mrs. Cook assisted by Mrs. Maycock, is superintending the making of all the costumes for Pygmalion and Galatea. The color scheme was worked out by Professor Fletcher.

The third year girls are now taking up art needle work.

About a dozen girls were registered for the winter course in Domestic Science and Art.

MECHANIC ARTS

The new year sees the Mechanic Arts Department in the finest shape in its history.

During the holidays new equipment arrived from the east, for the Carriage Shop. This will be a great benefit to the boys in carriage building, who have now begun a number of mountain wagons.

Every corner shows improvement and new accommodations for
the big increase in numbers, and for the Winter Students that are pouring in by scores each day.

The sound of the hammer and the buzz of machinery these days, distinguish the Mechanics Building as the busiest spot on the campus. One can pass through this department and see on every hand the industry and excellence of the work.

Mr. H. E. Jensen and Mr. A. Hansen have chosen respectively the following subjects for their thesis. “Child Labor in the State” and “Production and Manufacturing.”

MUSIC

The band dance on December 9th was one of the most successful parties of the season. The Thatcher pavilion was filled with the jolliest and most loyal crowd of students ever got together. Everybody had the time of his life and is anxiously waiting for another band dance. On that day the band marched down town made such an impression on the students and townspeople that they were forced to come out and show their appreciation for it.

Miss Smith, a sister to our popular Librarian, entertained us in chapel a short time ago. As a singer Miss Smith has a national reputation.

The Music Department will present to the students of the college this month some of the compositions of Frauz Peter Schubert. This musician was born in Vienna, January 31, 1797, and was the thirteenth child. As a composer of songs Schubert is second to
none. His Erkäenig, Heidenr-eslein, Schäfers Klagelied and Rastlose Liebe are among his most famous songs. One of Schubert's great drawbacks was that almost to the time of his death nobody would sing his songs. but he inspired the great Johann Michael Vogel, (Opera Singer) who undertook to interpret his great work. Schubert's first song to go to print was the Erlking, (1818) of which 800 copies were sold in 9 months—his friends reaping the profits. His great orchestral works the Cdur Symphony and the Unfinished Symphony which he left incomplete owing to his sudden death, is the work of a genius not alone in composing but also in instrumentizing. His compositions numbered 1200 in his short life of 31 years.

The Second A. C. Faculty quartette concert was given on Wednesday evening January 15th, the rehearsal, which was open to the students, on Tuesday afternoon. The first quartette concert was attended by about 10 percent of the A. C. Students, it is the earnest hope that for the remaining quartette concerts, the students will attend in full force.

MILITARY

The prospects for a Military Ball are not promising, only ten volunteering to take part in the special drill.

Paddock is not registered for drill this year, so now there are no "queeners" in the department.

Parkinson and McCombs are making records in the Military as well as in the Athletic department.

The companies are now completely organized.

LIBRARY NOTES

During the month of December there were one thousand two hundred and fifty-nine books borrowed from the Library. This number does not include periodicals nor the books which were read in the library. As the readers have free access to the shelves there is no satisfactory way in which an estimate of books used merely in the library can be kept. Of the books taken from the library the different classes were represented as follows:

- Philosophy 2
- Religion 15
- Sociology (including economics, political science, education, military science) 206.
- Science, 94.
- Useful arts, (Agriculture, domestic science, commerce, mechanic trade), etc; 248
- Fine arts, (Architecture, sculpture, painting, music, house furnishing, etc.) 209.
- Literature, 170.
History, 26.
Fiction, 289.
(Much of the fiction was taken in connection with the English classes and some for holiday reading.)
Two tables in the reading room, containing all the books on forestry are reserved for the students in forestry.

SOROSIS NOTES

On the evening of December 14th Miss Eva Nebeker entertained the Sorosis at a Kensington which ended with an oyster supper at ten o'clock. During the evening Miss Nebeker, accompanied by her sister Lottie, played several beautiful selections on the violin. Her audience was small but thoroughly appreciative. Similar gatherings were also held in the homes of Misses Ina Stratford and Nan Nibley.

Miss Bertha Eccles of Ogden, for two years a very well known student of the college, was married to Mr. W. Arthur Wright. Most of the old Doso “bunch” was present at the reception given in her honor.

We hope the failure of the last party don’t discourage Captain Hansen. He did well.

The Sorosis Society meets regularly as in former years. One meeting each month is devoted to the study of the life of the composer whose work is being taken up in chapel. The other meetings are strictly business or Kensingtons. Occasionally an outside lecturer is invited to speak to the organization.

The Sorosis knows three boys that won’t miss any dances at the leap-year party.

Mell (at the kitchen phone.)—“I want to talk to the cow barn please.”

Fee immediately connected her with the secretary’s office.

Mell (sweetly)—“Hello! Is this the cow barn?”

A gruff voice (from the Secretary’s office)—“No, this is Coburn”

If some of the faculty had wished to “see themselves as ither see them” they could have had that opportunity by calling at the College on the night of January 11th.

Mel
STUDENT LIFE

Waiting—the Senior Girl

Serene I fold my arms and wait,
   Nor care for winds, nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst luck and fate,
   For lo! my love shall come to me.
I stay my haste, I make delays;
   For what avails this rapid pace?
I stand amid my college days;
   And whom I want shall see my face.
Asleep, awake, by night or day,
   The friends I like are seeking me;
No wind can drive my dart astray,
   For I've worked out my destiny.
What matter if now I stand alone?
   I wait with joy and coming days;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
   And gather up sweet love's sun rays.
The waters know their own, and draw
   The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So draw my love with equal law,
   The manly man, my soul's delight.
The stars come nightly to the sky,
   The tidal wave comes to the sea;
No time, nor space, nor law, nor high,
   Can keep my love away from me.

—Sadie, B.
(With apology to John Burroughs)
Why not make this the best year you ever spent? Why not do more in school, have a better time, and live a better life? Don’t swear off having any more good times, but have better ones. Enjoy life. It may not last long and then think what you will have missed. Don’t think of what you have done in the past but better yourself now and in the future. You’ll find life goes easier and you’ll feel that you have accomplished a whole lot if each day you do something. Now is the time.

The coming attractions given by the different organizations in school are worthy of the united support of the students. Those taking part in these things are working hard to give the best they have. Long after you have gone home at night they may be seen studying and
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plodding on with their respective parts. Still they must keep up in their studies, which is no easy task, as well as the rest. Those taking part in "Pygmalion and Galatea," have something to give which will be appreciated by all who see it.

The members of the Choral Society will, as they always do, interest, and please everyone with their selected music. Turn out and show your loyalty and appreciation.

What's doing in the Military Department this year? Formerly every year has witnessed a grand Military Ball but this year, from all appearances, there will be none. It is strange indeed that, out of all the students taking drill only about a dozen have consented to join the special squad. What's the matter cadets? Wake up! Get the affair moving and give a ball which will surpass all former ones and will be a credit to yourselves, the Military Department and the whole school. Heretofore the Annual Military Ball has been anxiously looked forward too by all students. It has been the one great event of the year and *Student Life* hastaken extreme pleasure, each February, in publishing a Military Number Think a moment cadets! Are you going to let such a thing die out? We hope not.

THE REWARD OF AN HONEST LIFE

"Honesty is the best policy" is an old saying well recognized by all thinking men and women. The sooner in life the boy or girl comes to realize this important truth the sooner will he or she be on the right path to true knowledge; and the longer it takes the individual to become cognizant of the truth of this saying, and the part it plays in a successful life, just that much longer will his life's work be, to a certain degree, a failure.

When a man has labored persistently and honestly year after year having established a character envied by all who know him, and then at the very age of life, when he should enjoy the reputation he has established, allows it to be ruined by some dishonest act done in an unguarded moment,—how great is his remorse. The anguish and bitterness in such a moment have been too much for many an individual; and rather than live he takes his own life. This may be an extreme case, but it is surely the possible outcome of such acts.

The boy whose parents have sent him to school that they might have joy in his intellectual growth and moral development; who idles away his time in the school halls, or in
the public amusement dens, breaks the trust reposed in him, and lives a dishonest life. Nor is this all; he causes those parents, who daily toil and pray for his success in life, pain that no medical aid can relieve. If he be composed of the right kind of metal, the remorse of conscience may bring him into line before it is too late; but that only when he has reaped the reward of his carelessness. "Sow the wind and you reap the whirlwind," and an honest life brings its own reward.

Again, the student, who will use dishonest means to obtain a passing mark in examination, does not have the pleasure, the true pleasure, although he may get an A. that the student does, who only learns enough of his subject to pass; but honestly learns that much. The one is practicing a principle of destruction, the other establishing a character which money can not buy or moth and worms corrupt.

Then what is the reward of an honest life? Character, the crown and glory of life. That which dignifies and exalts every position in society; influences and elevates every environment; brings joy, peace, satisfaction, and contentment of mind to the possessor. For it is the strength and civilization of a nation. The very foundation of every true growth and development, whether in civil, religious, or social affairs. The world builds its governments upon it; with it, the nations fight their battles; for did not Napoleon say, "The moral is to the physical as ten to one."

The student then, though he may have but little culture, and small ability to grasp the subject presented, who develops a character of sterling quality, will wield an influence and receive a reward that the student, who receives A's in examinations, and is bright and quick to comprehend, will never receive if his character can be questioned.

"A good name is better to be chosen than riches," is a fundamental truth, and it is obtained only by an honest life, be it humble or otherwise, established through years of honest toil, carefully guarding every act, and ever following Granville Sharp's advice, "Always endeavor to be really what you would wish to appear."

CROSS COUNTRY WORK

I take this opportunity to let A. C. students know what they are missing. If you walk through our halls to-day you don't see the specimens of physical humanity
that should be found in an institution of our standing. I don't mean to say that we have a weak, puny "bunch," but I do mean to say that we have a lot of fellows that lack physical development and culture.

Not long ago I read an article by one of the great Eastern trainers which brought out most concisely the fact that the harm was was not in *hard training* but in *suddenly stopping* hard training. How do we follow out such advice? Most of us come in from out of doors, often from strenuous exercise, and stick our heads in books, some of us never to take them out again until next June. What harm does it do? We *may* come out with a strong constitution and we may come with a weak one. This we do know, that we are much more susceptible to bad health and disease.

The question comes up, how are we to continue our exercise and out of door training? There is but one answer and that is Cross Country running. I don't mean to have this apply in the least to basket ball men nor to men who are inclined to play basket ball, but I do mean to hit the men who need developing, the men who need to continue their development, and most of all the men who *never* have time.

What I mean by Cross Country work is to get out every day—slip into track suit, take a thirty minute run in the fresh air with but the sky over head and the good solid earth underneath—come in on the run and take a cold shower. It takes nerve, it takes pluck. You'll be surprised to find how much it makes you feel like a real man. It takes just one hour to do the whole thing and the fellow who feels that he is not economizing time in his school work, or that he is not accomplishing some thing by taking care of that grand constitution which God has given him, has certainly figured it wrong.

Some say they are afraid of catching cold, others are afraid of pneumonia and most others "can't' Why not be right frank and say you haven't the "sand" or nerve, or to be still plainer, that you are too lazy? Instead of catching cold you get rid of it. Instead of getting pneumonia you strengthen your lungs. Instead of wasting time you save it.

Just one more phase of the question, and that is its influence on track work. The success of our track team depends largely on our cross country work. It develops our present track men and shows up our "dark horses." Get out,
fellows, and surprise yourselves. Let us be patriotic to our school as well as to our selves.

Cross country running has been done at the U. for three years and, as I can testify, to great advantage to the school as well as the individuals. It has been found successful in the East for a number of years. Cornell has turned out the long distance runners of the world by this very means.

So let us get out, fellows. It takes but a track suit and a pair of shoes and you can buy them all for one dollar and sixty-five cents. If you have not the grit and physique to run a few miles every day, show us you have the gumption to try. We leave the locker room every day at four P. M. Come join us and we'll "hit" across country with a "Hail, Hail, the gang's all here." Bennion—'09.

THAT CARLYLE-CHICAGO GAME

Or—A Warning to Local Butterflies
STUDENT LIFE

Rating to be used in grading students hereafter:
A.—awful; B.—bum; C.—common D.—dormant; E.—excellent; F.—fine.

Student.—translating in German I—"Ich bin am scheuusten."

Miss Nibley.—commenting on a recent speaker in chapel—"He is a good Halloween joke."

J.L.C.—"I didn't get wet but Van did."

One of the Dormitory girls recently did some detective work through the key hole of a Yale lock.

L.L. Cook was elected Captain of the Basket Ball Team in December.

Irving Sampson and wife were seen at the college December 18th.

Prof. Langton—"Can't you read my writing?"

Brossard—"Naw, that isn't writing, that's just scribbling."

Miss Stella Stewart, a former student of the institution was seen in Montpelier, Idaho during the holidays. She is as charming as ever and sends "her best" to all of her acquaintances here.

A living, vital, question—"Why did Jack Coburn go up to Montpelier during the holiday vacation?"

Homer—"I have nearly all the problems."

Langton—"Better look out, or you'll get through this year."

Not long since the Dormitory crowd was serenaded at 2. A. M. by the Ladies department. The matron isn't pleased yet.

Effie Jensen, Vera Taylor, Mel Homer, Jean Crookston, Fay and Justeson and Marie Barber were
initiated into the *Sorosis Society* last month.

Clair's combined affinities—
Glena, Mae, Best.

Maggie Morrell engineered a very successful leap-year skating party at the swamps during vacation at which every one present had a good time. Coach Walker performed nicely upon his eye-brow and other portions of his anatomy with very *amusing* grace.

E. P. Hoff the local editor has been detained at home by severe illness.

Prof. Merrill, Utah's greatest agronomist, lectured to the student body January 4th.

L. M, Kjar, noted in music circles here, has been seriously ill since the holidays. We hope for his speedy recovery.

"Red" Hall (to student wearing a little cap in a snow storm)—
"Look out there! My hair turned rusty."

Mirza recently presented the Experiment Station with a bouncing colt. All concerned doing well.

Bennion, when applying for a position as a school teacher, gave as one of his qualifications that he was a junior in college.

The president of the school board replied—I am very sorry we can't consider you for the position, for we do not hire "junior's but only Mormons.

Prof. Peterson—"How old is the world, Miss Homer?"

Miss Homer—"I don't know, it's something like myself it doesn't like its real age to be known."

Say Bill, are you going home tonight to do your chores?

Bill replied happily, "No not tonight I am 'summer following' them, they need a rest."

Those students from the B. Y. who won out in the Journal's Story Writing Contest are to be congratulated. Their stories deserved victory.

Well educated youth just graduated from High School Normal—
"You can't find the word Pedigree in the Webster Dictionary."

A. C. unassuming genius—"Oh! you mean you can't find your pedigree in Webster."

Aunt after reading letter from niece's sweetheart—"If he always feels toward you as he says, you can rest assured you will be happy."

Niece, looking rather doubtful of the future—"Yes, even if the potatoes get burnt and the tea-kettle gets dry." (This is just a hint to the domestic science girls.)

A. C. lady Professor who was born in the West and has spent most of her life here spent a year or two in the East—"This Western
chivalry is immense.”

Senior '08—“Who is that other funny little jigger in our class?”

Brossard—I have sore lips.

Coach—Yes? I had to go to Chicago to get mine cured.

Puzzle—When is the nose tipped at an angle approved by the Soros-sis?

Mell (in rehearsal)—“Cynisca, never leave that man again unless you leave him together.”

Glenna (late for rehearsal)—“I couldn’t help it. They kept us in penmanship, learning to make I’s”

Hill thought the Seniors should leave off selecting pins and gowns until after the exams.

Bill Frew is growing fleshy so rapidly that he refuses to take part in indoor meets this winter since he does not present a graceful appearance when “on his marks.”

Old Granny aged 39 having out-lived her usefulness as a dairy cow was turned over to the Vets. Ask Knighton what they did to her.

The Mandolin and Guitar club appeared in chapel recently and our appreciation was shown by generous applause.

Van won’t train because he was afraid the girls will laugh at his spindly legs.

Little Jimmy Dixon the Herculean pillar of the track team is compelled to leave school about the first of February. It is hoped that he will return in a short time.

Under the auspices of the B. Y. C. and U. A. C. Miss Newlin of the University of Chicago gave a very interesting and instructive course of lectures and readings at the B. Y.

Bennion has aroused such interest in cross country running that a goodly string of enthusiasts can be seen any afternoon clipping over the frozen roads clothed in track suits ear muffs and mittens.

Ricy Jones is again in Logan and will be registered in the forestry course the second semester.

Dr. Plummer, the Major Ozone of clean sport in Utah, gave a very instructive lecture upon poultry before the student body January 11th.

Frat amusements consist of ping pong and tiddle-de-winks, beverages, milk and pop,—in toasts to absent members etc.

Shirley was talking to a girl over the phone.—

Little John up stairs—Oh! Shirley say that again I didn’t hear you.”

Why did they feed Derby flour? Ask Vance.

The basket ball boys are working hard to get in shape. Parkinson is really training. He is always in bed before twelve or one, has thrown away his corn-cob and doesn’t eat pie.
The Christmas number of the "Notre Dame Scholastic" has some very interesting literary articles.

"The Wyoming Student," is a neat little magazine.

"Vanderbilt Observer" furnishes us with some of our best literary exchanges.

We always have a warm welcome for the "William and Mary."

The "Rocky Mountain Collegian," has a good list of adds, but more reading material would add greatly to its worth.

The Christmas number of the "White and Blue," has an artistic cover design.

The "Round Up" is an entertaining magazine.

The Christmas number of the "Classicum," has a very attractive cover design, but the type used in the printing covers too much space—depriving it of marginal beauty.