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**Student Life**, Published by the Students of the Utah Agricultural College, Logan, Utah

LITERARY NUMBER FOR MONTH OF NOVEMBER

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Our Great West

Less than sixty years ago the wise people of the far East looked upon the portion of our vast nation, known as the Rocky mountains, as the realm of the howling coyote and the prolific rabbit. What was there out in this boundless expanse of sagebrush and desolately silent mountains to beckon the comfortably situated man of the East? Statesmen waged wordy battles in opposition to any suggestion of development of the West.

The sturdy pioneer, urged on by a potent blending of the spirit of adventure and conquest, pushed on and on towards the setting sun. Our Rockies were reached; the practical hand of the hardy frontiersman, made doubly active by dire necessity, cleared the land and planted crops. The courses of mountain rivers were changed and the water led through networks of canals to quench the thirst of the grain. The mountains, virtually bursting with precious minerals, gave forth with gladness their treasures. The dells and slopes of rugged mountains furnished the timber for the rapid growth of population.

Today this region is an empire. The people of the East who have seen the West add their assent to the truism, "Had our Pilgrim fathers landed on the Pacific coast, New England would not have been settled today." Cities are born and grow to maturity in a day. The news of the discovery of a mineral-bearing district or the announcement of the opening for sale of land under a new canal or near a new railroad brings into our midst thousands of choice citizens. And thus it is that the lonely prospector's cabin of yesterday is now a thriving mining town with its mighty tunnels, shafts, mills and smelters, pouring forth in rich profusion its limitless wealth to the greedy world. The miner's years of patient toil are suddenly rewarded by discovery of kingly fortunes. The discovery of mines, the building of the world's greatest smelters, the record-breaking output have ceased to cause great sensations because people have grown used to them, and they are expected as a matter of course. And now the world looks to the Rocky mountains for a vast portion of its yearly increase in the supply of the precious metals, of copper, iron and lead.

In times past the reclaiming of a
few thousand acres of land by a canal was heralded about the country as a great event. Now tracts of land measuring into the hundreds of thousands of acres are often transformed from a sagebrush plain into a land of fruit, grain and flowers by an irrigating project and in our busy West the event passes as not unusual. The center of American agriculture is gradually moving westward. The product of the Western farmer is rapidly becoming important in the world’s commerce.

Over the millions of acres of land yet unclaimed and on the mighty mountain ranges roam myriads of cattle and sheep, each year yielding their owners millions of dollars.

Our Western schools and colleges are supplying a culture and education which an increasing number of people from all parts of the world seek. The college man of our schools is typically western. With a painstaking, well-trained hand, he is carefully moulding the culture and education of the West. Our college men come from the mines, the farms, the lumber camps, the cattle range, the sheep range and the cities, where a man, if he is to survive the struggle, must depend on himself. It is no wonder that the Western college man is a success. His early training, crowned by four years in college, develops a man fully able to surmount any obstacle.

All of this is going on, yet the West is in its infancy. The possibilities are only beginning to be utilized. The opportunity for achievement is as good as ever.

We realize that we live in a land distinctly different from the East. Our conditions, people, commerce, climate, atmosphere, in fact everything is different from any other place. To convey in words, a few touches and impressions of some things of the West, our personality, society, activities, people, wealth and industries is the purpose of this Rocky mountain edition of Student Life. We present here some brief accounts of what is to the Western man ordinary, everyday life.
Is there any more real sport than to saddle a fresh horse and follow three or four good gray hounds in a coyote chase? Choose a clear, crisp morning and select a clever horse. If you are so fortunate as to be on the unsettled plains and ride out of the corral to look upon miles of unbroken prairie, the chase will be ideal. A few depressions relieve the flatness of the landscape. Here and there prairie dogs have dug their little villages, dreaded by horse and rider. The sun is just rising.

Perhaps the rider is first to notice the sly form of a coyote sneaking away in the distance. It bears to right or left enough to allow its keen eye to watch the intruders. The pony is given the rein and all are off. The hounds quickly separate, one getting his speed at fifty yards, while the others warm up slowly.

A coyote usually takes alarm very gracefully. He stops, looks at his pursuers, and then quickens his pace, his sharp features appearing over his slender shoulders. He remains deliberate until the first hound is within one hundred yards.
Then the distance between them gradually lessens until at last the coyote begins to dodge.

The horse is doing his best, taking the rein and gaining confidence of his rider. He crosses tracks and dog holes without a stumble. The rider, alert to the misstep which is always possible, feels the clear air and the thrill which comes only in the saddle. The animal needs no guide, but cuts through the brush and follows the ever-dodging object of the chase.

A mile is passed and the second hound leads. But a few yards separate him from the pursued. They enter tall grass and both roll over at the first attempt. They land apart, each holding a grave respect for the other, while the other dogs gain. The same hound takes a second hold. This time the last dog overtakes them and the fight is on. The coyote makes little attempt to run, but his two rows of teeth, which look like four, present a very formidable appearance to a pack of dogs. All wait for a chance at that fatal spot behind the jaws. Minutes pass as they snap at each other, usually at the expense of the dogs. At last the slow hound proves quickest in the fight and is the first to grip the exposed throat. His hold is square and one good twist of the neck ends the struggle.

F. S. H.

Pioneer Lumbering in Utah

The lumbering industry in Utah is now almost a thing of the past, as far as manufacturing is concerned. For many years the loggers were a very important class of men to the cities of Utah. Not long ago every boy over 10 years of age could say that he had taken his turn in the timber. In the early days transportation between the outer world and little valleys like Cache was very poor, and consequently all building materials were “home-made.”

The poor transportation facilities, while making importation of lumber almost impossible, also made the price of all implements so high that there was very little woodworking machinery among the people. For all the settlements around Logan, Utah, on which this article is mostly based, there was only one old style “Pit Saw” in use. This was was operated by two men, one standing on the log and the other under the log in a large hole in the ground. The people could not afford to buy such expensive lumber and so the sawyers soon made a
change. They replaced the old hand power machine by a circular saw, which was run by water power, but the logs were pushed through the saw by hand. By this method they were able to make a fair sized pile of lumber in a day. It was only several years later that this machine gave way to the latest pattern of "log saws" which were run exclusively by artificial power. The log, after once being rolled from the skidway on the carriage, was fastened by means of steel dogs and the carriage was forced to the saw by means of a set of cog wheels. When the first slab is cut off it drops upon a set of rollers, which sends it to the waste pile. The carriage returns as if by magic. The log is turned by means of a "nigger," which comes through the floor and strikes it on one edge.

The use of this latest model gave rise to another occupation, which is very closely related to the mill work. To make lumber requires logs and so we soon find a set of men living at the yard and furnishing the sawyer with his raw products. "Bunks" and horse sheds were made for every patch of timber. Day after day, year after year these and numerous other men worked on and gradually they disrobed the mountains. Farther and farther into the hills they went until the timber was almost exhausted. And then "Uncle Sam" said they had gone far enough and he would place the greater part of Utah under the "Forest Reserve," thus prohibiting the cutting of timber for at least several years.

W. L. S.
October

When you start for home at evening,
Before going down the hill,
Do you ever glance about you
And receive a happy thrill
As you look both north and southward,
Drinking in, with sparkling eyes,
All the glories of the sunset,
Tinting mountain tops and skies?

When the autumn frosts have colored
Aspens topaz, maples red,
Are those streams of glowing lava
Flowing down, from craters fed?
No, 'tis but our mountain maple,
Changed from green to scarlet hue.
Does there not a sense of gladness,
Joy of living, come to you?

Let us sing to our Cache valley:
Where's a finer in this world?
Let us shout for dear old A. C.,
With our banners all unfurled.
Praises be to Mother Nature;
She has given us her best;
Fight, ye braves, to see old Utah
Unsurpassed in all the West.

A-NON-A-MISS.
A Day with a Sheepherder

Here are some of the blood-curdling experiences that happened to a sheep herder one day last summer:

Dawn was approaching, a faint suggestion of color appeared in the eastern horizon, dark patches of shadow blended indistinctly with the murmuring groves of quaking aspen on the hill sides. A couple of coyotes near at hand, but yet unable to be seen, filled the air with their staccato barks and melancholy howls bringing into action the sleeping sheep camp.

An old “bell ewe” slowly got up and shook herself vigorously, making the surrounding hills and timber resound with the clatter of the brazen bell. The other sheep followed her lead, getting up at first singly, then in twos and threes until the whole herd was on its feet, and amid the hubbub created by the bleating of lambs separated from their mothers, was moved slowly away from the “bedground.”

Set back a few yards and nearly covered by overhanging trees, the camp wagon stood facing the band. The “herder” slept here. Until the coyotes had disturbed his sleep he had not given signs of any action other than that produced by a high elevation—sound sleeping—but now he was very busy. He had started a fire in the small sheet iron stove
in the front part of the wagon and was mixing a pan of "sour dough," stopping at times to attend to a pot of fragrant coffee and a pan of bacon sizzling on the stove. After having cooked and eaten his breakfast he filled and lighted his pipe and taking his Winchester, sauntered after his sheep, which were now on a gently sloping hillside opposite the camp feeding quietly, and spread out in the shape of a fan. After reaching a small knoll and seating himself on a smooth rock, the herder drew a month old newspaper from his pocket and with odorous clouds of tobacco smoke rolling up lazily around his face, he "kept on with his day's work."

The sheep fed quietly and steadily until about 9 o'clock, when they were "filled up" and moved under the cool shade of a quaking aspen grove, where they remained until nearly 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The sun beat down fiercely upon the mountain ridges, warming the light atmosphere of the high altitude to almost tropical heat, making it uncomfortable for the herder who was stretched out on the top of the knoll exposed to the full glare of the rays.

He got up, stretched and started slowly toward one of the higher points that commanded a view of the surrounding country. The top of the peak was covered only by rocks, except for one large pinon which had served as a landmark since civilized man had first set foot on the mountain. Upon reaching this tree the man threw himself in the cool, inviting shade made by the murmuring pine.

From his position the herder could look down the slopes to where the receding foothills joined the vast sagebrush desert. A network of black streaks representing the canyons twisted their way across the gray desert, mingling with the horizon in the interminable distance; dry beds of many alkali lakes dotted the plain, white and standing out against the gray background of sagebrush and sand; clouds of dust kicked up by range horses on their way to some water hole were visible in several directions; streaks of rich yellow and of dark green with dark dots set here and there far below indicated the few and scattered ranches.

The herder was soon fast asleep and, except for a mountain hawk that circled lazily at his dizzy height and the ceaseless racket of the grasshoppers, every living thing seemed to be taking its siesta.

The sun was dipping toward the western range and the mountain tops and groves were casting their shadow down across the gulches and draws and far upon the opposite hillside, before the herder awoke. He sprang to his feet and looked for the band, but he did not have any cause of uneasiness, for the sheep had not moved more than
half a mile since he left them in the morning. They were now grazing contentedly above a large bank of snow and a troupe of lambs was frisking on the bank itself.

As the shadows lengthened the herd neared the camp that they had left early in the morning and by the time that the glowing sun had settled behind the Bruneau range they were climbing the slight rise toward camp. Such is the life of a sheep herder in the Idaho hills in summer, when nothing varies the monotony of his uneventful life save the killing of an occasional coyote.

J. P.
"Well, mother, let us get another six months out of it, then we'll go. I would go now, but I fear we haven't got enough money, and you know, mother, I want a good farm if I want any."

"But, Alexander, dear, look at the danger you are running. The workings are getting pretty far down, the caves are becoming too plentiful and that gas! Oh my boy, profit by your father's death and let us go now."

"No, mother, let me have another six months at it. Then good-bye to the mines. You know, six months means another three hundred dollars, and that means a better farm. So be patient, mother, dear. Good night."

"As you will then, Alex., but oh my son, do be careful. Good night."

Mrs. Robert Bronden and her son Alex. lived in a little three-room company house. Their furniture was of the kind found in most coal mining camps—a few chairs, a couple of tables, a sofa and the beds, with the necessary utensils common to every working man's abode. In this home, however, cleanliness was an outstanding feature; it was to be seen in the most obscure corners; it gave a strict, yet comfortable feeling to all who entered; in a modest and old-fashioned way it recalled what writers, poets and essayists crave for—"Home, Sweet Home."

It had been a hard blow to Mrs. Bronden, twelve years before, when her husband has been brought home charred and blackened beyond all recognition. Without a moment's warning a terrific explosion had snuffed out the lives of eighteen men, among them Robert Bronden, leaving her with their only child, Alex., then a lad of thirteen summers. She had struggled bravely to make a living for them both, but at fifteen Alex. was forced to help his mother, so entered the mines. Ten years in the mines saw him hungering for a change. What was there in a mining camp? A store and a saloon. The store closed at 7 o'clock and the saloon, where all the other young men congregated—no, Alex's mother had raised him above such contamination. He stayed at home and studied what little he could.

The conversation just cited was almost an every-day occurrence. The conversation just cited was almost an every-day occurrence. The mother worked for her son's sake and the son for love of his mother. She would gladly have accepted a
piece of land of almost any description just to get her son away from the mine, and he, brave soul that he was, wanted to give his mother a home that spelled comfort.

Situated in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, in a rich coal vein, Culcoor, the property of the Highland Coal Company, was, as it appeared, a typical Colorado mining camp. It boasted no pretensions to beauty; it was merely a common every-day coal camp. Its sleepy appearance attested to that. Lying on the side of a mountain, so barren that it looked uncanny, Culcoor passed day after day. From a distance, the only fact that indicated life, was the unfurling smoke from its boiler stacks. Activity became more pronounced, however, as the visitor drew nearer, the chu-chu of the hoisting engine, the joyous yells of freed school children, the metallic ring of the mechanic's hammer, the noisy coal chutes, the sound of moving wagons.

As coal mines go, Culcoor was considered past the prime of its life and output. Nineteen years tearing coal from the bowels of the earth showed perceptibly on this mine. Its output was only one-fourth of what it had been fifteen years before. Still it had a good record. One explosion marred its otherwise clean existence; the one that had taken Robert Bronden into eternity. The cause had never been found out. But as state laws became more strict, Culcoor came also to be looked upon as a comparatively safe mine. As the mine got farther down, however, gas became more abundant; roof caves were every day occurrences; the class of workmen more unskilled; for no matter where it is, your American miner will not stay around a dangerous mine. Consequently the foreign element, Slavs, Poles, Finns, Greeks and Italians, composed for the most part the employees of the Culcoor mine. Whether it be ignorance or a sort of familiar defiance that takes hold of them cannot be ascertained, but from past records and behaviors, foreigners in a coal mine are of the most reckless and careless class. Alex, Bronden knew and deplored this fact, for Tony, his driving companion, was held completely in this mesh of dangerous circumstances.

On the morning of Dec. 11, 19—, Bronden took his mule from the stable in a happy frame of mind, for had not the mine foreman the day before told him that promotion in the shape of boss driver awaited him the following Monday. No wonder, then, he was whistling a lively tune when he put on Katie's harness. Tony, too, was letting guttural grunts of pleasure come from him, when he hooked his tail chain to the trip of empty cars.

“Say, Alik,” he shouted as Bronden moved off with his first trip, “Nex treep I put een a da cotton my lamp.”
“All right,” sang back Alex, “you know where the cotton is.”

Three drivers pulled all the coal from No. 4 entry; Jack Larraman with his team pulled 12 empty cars to the sidetrack at 44 room, returning to the slope with his twelve loaded cars. From 44 room Bronден and Tony split the trip between them, each man taking six empties, going inside to the working places, and returning with six loads. Alex had the longest “run,” consequently he was first to go in and last to come out each trip. From fifteen to twenty minutes was considered ample time for a trip.

No. 4 entry was damp and cold, and Tony and Alex, having to wait for the slope driver, had constructed a half wooden, half-canvas shanty against the wall of coal as a protection. In this little shanty they kept their lamp oil, their dinner buckets, whips and other sundries. When putting in a new wick or cotton in their lamps this hut also proved useful.

About half past nine on the morning mentioned above Tony put a new cotton in his lamp. To obtain light, when this is done, it is necessary to take the burning cotton from the lamp and lay it, still burning, on the ground. This affords ample light. Tony did this, put in his fresh cotton and started in the entry with his empty cars. Fifteen minutes later when he returned he was horrified to see the little shanty burning fiercely. In a moment he understood; he had forgotten to stamp out the burning cotton and this had quickly ignited the oil-soaked canvas. Consternation seized him. He knew not what to do. If he went inside to warn the others, it might mean death to himself; if he—his thoughts ceased. With a cowardly yell and with speed befitting such a man, he ran out the entry and up the slope to safety.

Ten minutes later Bronden, coming out with his trip, saw the hellish blaze. Without a moment’s hesitation he unhooked his mule, gave it a smart crack with the whip and sent it galloping past the blistering furnace to safety. Then, running like a deer, inside the entry he went to warn the miners of their danger. Working place after working place, he passed shouting frantically the while, “Fire! Fire! Run for your lives!” At last he reached the inmost men and shouting for them to follow him, he started to retrace his steps. He had not gone far, when he met the other miners. They had been out to the fire, but smoke and heat had beaten them back. There was no escape. They were hemmed in like rats in a trap. God save them!

What was there to do? The smoke was becoming unbearable. They could do nothing! Oh why had not Tony come back and warned them? He would have had time!
Suddenly Alex saw a movement among the miners. They were carrying canvas and wood to an empty room. He devined their purpose; they were going to brattice up a room to keep the smoke out, and live in hopes of rescue. Alex knew it was hopeless. They would meet their God before rescuers could begin work.

“Oh, mother, if I had only listened to you. What will become of her? Oh, my God! My God!” he groaned.

“Let’s die together, pard,” said a voice at his elbow. “Let’s get in there beside these fellows and await God’s time. Oh, but it is hard,” he cried, “My wife and children, bless them. This smoke is too”—without a groan he fell at Alex’s feet. The smoke had done its work.

“God, have mercy on us.”

“What?”

“Time to get up, Alex, dear. Why, what’s the matter son? What’s the matter?” “Is that you, mother? Oh, I am so glad, mother!”

“Yes, son.”

“I think I’ll start for Idaho today and see that piece of land that agent wrote us about.”

J. Y. S.
Western Boys and Eastern Colleges

Six years ago six of the graduates of one of the good high schools hereabouts turned their backs from "the tempestuous sea of life," the perils of which had doubtless been too luridly painted by their diligent instructors, into the more peaceful waters of college years. No two chose the same college, so that when we met last summer to renew old ties, it was to be expected that we should have widely different tales to unfold. After many pleasant stories had gone around the circle, we came to discuss, apropos of recent newspaper and magazine articles, the purpose of colleges and, strange to say, we failed to unite on a single issue. One man argued hotly for the superior skill in the earning of daily bread, which colleges are supposed to give, and another argued just as hotly for that rather indefinite prize called culture; one held stoutly to association with the picked men one meets at college as the sumnum bonum, another to athletic prowess and another—who had gone to West Point—to discipline. All were right and yet no one was all right. The careful arguments for this or that bit of evidence that the four years had been well spent only attest the multiplicity of college activities and the variety of things which a degree may symbolize. Because of differences in situation, equipment, faculty and aims, no two colleges make identical offers to prospective students, and because of differences in origin, temperament, mind and ambition, no two students get quite the same thing from any two schools. It is obvious, then, that no one man can faithfully picture the impressions of western boys at eastern colleges, and also that a single man's impressions of a single institution may not even be typical. Like the blind man who examined the elephant, I am, therefore, forced to give my personal impressions, however much they may differ from those of other men.

Ever since the dawn of history the western man has sought the lamp of learning in the east, and the eastern man has sought Eldorado in the west. In setting my face toward the rising sun, then, I seemed to be doing nothing unusual, yet my departure was looked upon as an ill omen by certain superannuated kinsmen and insistent advisers. "Liberal education!" said one of them warmly, "Tommyrot! Why don't you learn a trade or buy a farm?" But these thunderings rolled over my head, for I held to my resolution with the pugnacity of inexperienced youth.
A story oft repeated at Harvard tells that a distinguished teacher once met a lonely freshman in the yard, and questioning him, learned that he knew no one east of the Rocky mountains. Though with hardly so dismal a present, I could count but one very new acquaintance between the Rockies and the Atlantic, a fact which makes me think my first impression resembled that of many another. Gazing beneath the spreading branches of generations-old elms at buildings representing all types of architecture from the early seventeenth to the early twentieth century, I was awed into silence at once by the beauty, antiquity and grandness of the place. Not even the clang of street cars and the shouts of news-boys in a neighboring square could shake my belief that all this was removed from the bustling world where "things are in the saddle"; a belief which was even more firmly established by the discovery of old-fashioned brick walks and quaint gas street lamps. All that was visible to the eye—walks, trees, buildings—showing unmistakably long and honored traditions, imposing strength and size which to me approached vastness, seemed to invite smilingly all comers to partake freely of the wisdom of the ages there garnered.

Strangely enough, however, it is not that wisdom which leaves the most enduring impression of all. For a student connects wisdom with any great school, and however loyal a son he may be of this or that institution, he rarely thinks of any school as typifying wisdom. Schools do not differ so much in their wisdom—which is seldom dispensed in special brands—as in their spirit. Within the walls of those five old buildings I found the bearing, manner of thought and speech of the men quite in keeping with the exterior. In all the time I was there I heard no megaphonic announcement of new theory of marriage, or of the solution of the riddle of life, or of the departure of some enthusiastic teacher with carpet bag and camera to study the ways and learn the language of the monkeys. Every impulse to be erratic, extraordinary or revolutionary seems to have been carefully removed from the temper of every man who teaches there. The word conservative may be writ large over the whole institution.

Indeed, the very dignity of the place demands that this should be so. What school nigh on to three centuries old, situated at the very heart of conservatism in all America, with the silent spirit of the Puritans hovering over it day and night, and inheriting the glorious share in our history which has been New England's, could help being weighty in thought and hesitant in action? Conservatism is the last final tribunal of judgment in all
matters—athletic, disciplinary, artistic, literary. The man from the west, where custom is not yet a century old, where manners are various and where men have an easy disregard for set forms, is often spurred by his conscience to rebel against this spirit; but in the end he comes to admire and perhaps adopt it. To be dropped into a place where he cannot know every one within a week, and pass the time of day with great and small alike stuns him at first, and when he recovers he is apt to have a feeling of loneliness far keener than that engendered by the wide, dreary plain or the silent, gloomy canyon. Then it is that he rouses himself, swallows the big lump in his throat and proceeds to learn the manners of the Romans that he may live as they live.

At last the western boy comes to admit to himself that in the east they undoubtedly do some things better, and, returning home, he smiles at those who speak of the easterner in a patronizing way. Generations of ancestors, whose lessons have been carefully learned, give to eastern men a stability which we westerners lack. The western boy at last finds truly admirable their caution, their reverence for precedent, their praise of the dead past, and even their apparently cold intellectuality; and when after four year's absence he leaves honored halls for his Promised Land, it is the summation of these characteristics, I believe, which will stand before him all his days as a pillar of fire to enlighten and to encourage.
The sun was hot and scorching,
   On a blazing sage-brush plain;
Which lay just east of the college,
   Beside a dusty lane.

Down this lane so hot and dusty,
   A figure almost flew;
Leaving clouds of dust behind him,
   Near the sage-brush then he drew.

"Tres belle!" he cried in rapture,
   Inhaling the perfume rare;
"This sage is most delightful,
   'Tis sweet as a rose, I swear".

He plucked a generous handful,
   While smiling to himself
To think of its appearance
   On Miss Parmelee's parlor shelf.

On went this restless figure
   Well pleased—as one might see;
And then, before he knew it;
   At Miss Parmalee’s door stood he.

Miss Parmelee's face was beaming;
   Her smile was sweet and rare:
She took the professor's present,
   And used it—to wash her hair.

Artemesia Bitter
Sunset on the Sangre De Christo

When the sun sets on a clear day the ledges to the north and south of Mount Horn and Mount Humboldt sparkle as diamonds, and light flashes scintillating back and forth, now white, now red; now the snow glows like rich rare rubies and now the spruce forest below is tinged with spots of red among the deep purple of the boughs. Long streamers of crimson light flash across the snow-bound valley from out some narrow canyon and, glistening for a moment, fade slowly away toward the pine and spruce of the low mountains. A blaze of glory lights up the western sky and all the rocky tips of the giant beetling crags of Humboldt are tinted with the light of the dying sun.

Again and again flash forth rich streamers of light darting high into the blue heavens, tingling even the snow-clad, purple-forested summits of the Greenhorns in the east, with a delicate pink, the eastern sky mirroring in faded colors the grandeur and glory of the West. The long rays fade away and far in the south the three great snow-clad peaks, miles and miles adown the range, so far that only their summits show above the long line of the great white divide, light with a sudden glory. Rich jets of gold flash, the snow sparkles and the glow is as a coal that is blown in a dying fire, brighter still as the sinking sun flashes its last rays upon them and gilds the highest summit of these, the three great Spanish peaks, and sinking, fades away. The shadows fall on hill and mountain, deep purple grow the canyons wild, and the valley sinks slowly, restfully into mourning, as the long shadow of Mount Horn drifts across the hills and slowly creeps up Grape creek and on, and on, until it touches and darkens the white divide and on across the hills, mantling the sky and seems almost to place in shadow the clear white of the Spanish peaks, until it seems to cover all the valley and guards with grim and stately presence until the night shall come.
The Song of "The Tin Horn"

Myriads of fire clad ushers announced the sun, and, as it rose slowly from behind the mountains, they scurried down to the ranch and off to the far western range. It was a beautiful morning; and the warm rays of the sun woke "The Tin Horn Ranch" to song. The men all sang and every apartment of the ranch echoed their song.

"Tommy Boy's" song was bold with cowboy daring. "Uncle Bill" whistled in time to the currycomb. The cook hummed a Chinese lay, as he thumped from kitchen to mess room. And "Humpty," seated on a box, comfortably near the fire, was stretching the old accordion to its limit, and as his musical spirit got the better of him, he bellowed forth into a song of a hundred verses.

Just then a man on horseback rode into the corral, put up his horse and walked to the house. He heard their song and it displeased him. Jack was angry and the severity of his anger flashed through his black eyes. He went into the mess-room, stopped when he heard "Humpy" singing, and then deliberately kicked him off the box.

"Here, cut that dam' howling. You'd drive a man mad." With this he threw his hat in the corner and sealed himself at the table.

"Humpy" rose slowly. He knew better than to resent Jack and limped to the porch.

"Ha! ha! what cut your song so short?" shouted one of the men.

"Humpy" glared and said: "Oh, that dam' Jack's raisin' hell again. Just got back from Steve's ranch. Stayed all night. Guess the gal giv 'im the cold shoulder. I'd like to wring his neck."

At breakfast Jack looked steadily at his plate and ate in silence. No one interrupted, no one plied him with questions. He had spoiled the song.

"All off boys. Got a have 'em in today, so you better rustle. And, so there's going to be a 'stag' down below tonight." And the boss rode away.

The cowboys mounted and rode in different directions. It was round-up time. Jack rode east, straight for the bluff, the landmark of the "Tin Horn," which rose out of the plain. His head hung down, the bridle was hooked over the horn of the saddle, hairy hands were clinched. He tried to keep down the terrible anger, the hatred, the very murder that rose in his heart. All morning he rode in this man-
Several bunches of cattle passed near—Jack never noticed. What cared he if the "old man" never got a steer. The sun beat down with a sickly heat, the pony got thirsty and trotted to a water hole. This brought Jack to his senses. He dismounted, laid down in the shade of a boulder and let his pony browse.

"Curse the blue-blooded Yankee." With a vicious kick he crushed an innocent little lizard under his heel. "Why should she throw me off for that dignified Yank? God, I'll kill him." He lay there for three or four hours, hating, planning revenge.

He was large, strong, good-looking, something above the ordinary cowboy. That is why Molly had preferred him to the rest of the rough men. They had been strong friends for more than a year, and Jack's friendship had developed into a passionate love. Then Jim Newman had come to the Stevenson ranch. He was handsome, educated and quiet. No wonder Molly's affections soon centered on him. He was so unlike the rest, obliging, entertaining, acquainted with the outside world. A source of enjoyment to the lonesome little girl. When Jack had ridden up to see her the night before, she had told him of her love for Newman. Jack had heard this, hurried away and riding all night over the moon-lit plains, and then finally back to the "Tin Horn."

He aroused himself at length, determined to banish the thoughts of her. Why not go to the "Stag Dance." it would be a change, and there would be plenty to drink.

He rode up to the barn-like building just at dusk; it was lighted up, and tied outside was a long line of horses. From within came harsh laughter, strains of music and the clink of spurs.

Jack entered, intent upon having a good time. He was soon among the crowd of rough men, swearing, drinking and dancing. The old negro would start a tune, the men would grasp hands and go through a "round" dance. Whirling, bowing, scrapping back and forth in a sea of rough merriment. After the dance a general treat would ensue. Jack was soon unsteady, reckless with the influence of drink.

Presently a group of men came up to the bar, laughing heartily. In the center was Newman, who had become the delight of that crowd. The anger of that day was creeping back over Jack, his face flamed, a deathly hatred flashed from his eyes. That man had now become the delight of his comrades. The group walked to a little room, where some of the men were gambling. Jack followed Newman with his eyes. He grasped the butt of his revolver and sneaked from the
crowd to the little room. As he slammed the door after him, the bartender looked up and the crowd turned around. Presently was heard an angry voice, followed by the report of a pistol. A sharp cry, and "Humpy" came smiling from the room. The men crowded around and "Humpy" answered their questions.

The Yank killed Jack deader 'en a gnat. Gee, I wish I had my accordion. I'd sing a song to the old "Tin Horn." 

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