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Magazine Number.
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Contents

His First Race..............................L. A. Richardson
How Prue Went to the Party................Margaret Peart
The Quest.............................................The Raven
An Incident on the "Bar O"................J. D. Pence
Editorial.............................................W. L. Peterson
Editorial.............................................Jeremiah, Jr.
Dramatics, Past and Present................F. R. Arnold
Athletic History.................................E. P. Hoff
Debating.............................................R. O. Porter
The Band............................................Jos. Grue
Frats and Clubs.................................Members
Locals..............................................

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HIS FIRST RACE

"Last call for the mile. All out!" came loudly through the open window. The locker room was in an uproar. Men were struggling to get into their clothes in time to see this last race. "It's up to you, old man; you must win it."

"Yes, Bert, the meet is in your hands, and if you come back here without winning that race—"

The man to whom these remarks, with many others, were addressed sat upon a table slowly tying his spiked shoes, and to all outward appearances, taking no notice of his surroundings. Over and over to himself he kept saying, "I must keep quiet; if I get excited, it's all up."

But keeping quiet was not so easy. All the men were trying to talk to him at once. His fingers trembled so that he could hardly tie his shoes. His heart was pounding against his ribs and drops of sweat stood on his forehead. Just then the coach entered and came towards him.

"Come, Bert, they're waiting for you. Here, put on an extra robe. Keep warm and dry until you start."

Outside a strong breeze was blowing and a fine, misty rain struck cold against their faces. "A heavy track and slow time," thought Bert. As they walked toward the track the coach said, "Remember what I told you about the man with the red stripe on his jersey. He's your man. Find him and stick to him. Don't let them draw you out. They are one point ahead of us." Bert understood. The opposing team was just one point ahead and this was the last event in the meet. He was the only representative his school had in the race, so the outcome depended upon him. As he threw aside his robe and stepped out upon the track a great cheer went up from the grandstand and bleachers, which were crowded, in spite of the rain. A lump came up in his throat and he could hardly keep from choking. He was trembling with excitement and longed for a chance to trot up and down the track a few times "to limber up," but he had no time, for the other men were already waiting for him. There were four others starting and he noticed with relief that he was placed next to the man he had been told to follow. He had little time to look around, for as soon as he was in position the command came, "Get on your marks! Get set!" The pistol cracked and they were off. They left with a rush and had gone a hundred yards or more before Bert noticed that he
was running much too fast. Still the other men were ahead of him. He looked more closely and noticed that there were only three of them and the red stripe was not there. This was the trap he had been warned against. These men were drawing him on to get him “winded,” then they would drop out and let the other man win the race. In the excitement of starting he had forgotten the coach’s instructions. But he felt that it was not too late. Without glancing back he gradually lessened his speed and lengthened his stride. Soon he heard the thud of feet at his elbow, and turning slightly he caught a flash of crimson. Slowly he forced his man to take the lead, and as he watched the machine-like movement of his opponent’s muscular legs, and heard the crunch of cinders underfoot, his brain cleared and his old confidence returned. He found his own long, easy stride and fell in just one pace behind.

At the beginning of the last lap Bert still held his place. The other men had fallen far behind, so the two were left to themselves. As they rounded the first curve they both increased their speed almost at the same time. Bert’s breath was beginning to come hard, but he still felt strong and was confident that he could hold out to the finish. But would he have strength enough to make the final dash count? His companion seemed untiring and set the pace faster and faster. Still Bert hung on. As they reached the last turn he tried to take the lead, but succeeded only in coming abreast. The other man also quickened his pace and they ran side by side. Neither was able to take the lead. The white tape was now only two hundred yards away. The thunders of applause were drowned by the drumming in his ears. His legs had lost all their spring and each step jarred his aching brain. The track seemed all the time rising to meet him. At the end of one hundred yards he felt, rather than saw, that he was falling behind. Now was the time to make his last supreme effort—now or never! He had long ago lost all count of time. It seemed to him that he had been running on so forever. He knew that he was again in the lead, but could not tell how far. He no longer saw the frantic cheering crowd. A long, white cord seemed to grow and fill his hot eyes. His head rolled loosely upon his shoulders. His knees were bending beneath his weight. Then something cut him sharply across the chest and snapped. At last! It seemed to choke out what strength remained in him and, with a feeling of relief, he fell into the arms anxiously waiting for him.

L. A. R.
HOW PRUE WENT TO THE PARTY

Prue sat in the library with a pile of books before her. Jake sat across the library facing her; also with a pile of books. Prue opened one of her books, read a few words, glanced across at Jake, read a few more words, and sighed.

“What do I care,” she thought, “whether a meat diet or a vegetable one is best. I want to go to the party,” and unconsciously she again glanced across at Jake. Their eyes met and Jake smiled, but Prue flushed and looked aside and then hastily picked up her book. “Now, why did I do that?” she thought, “I meant to speak to him and—and be nice.”

After awhile she looked up furtively, but Jake was evidently deep in his lessons. Absent-mindedly, she picked up her pencil and then was vexed because it wasn’t sharpened. Suddenly her face lighted up. “I wonder,” she mused, “I wonder if Jake has a knife.” Impulsively she stood up and made her way around the tables to where Jake sat.

“Have you a knife?”

“Why, yes, I think so,” he said, awkwardly fumbling in his pockets. “Can I sharpen it for you?”

Prue sat down and watched him.

“I like the way you sharpen pencils. You take the wood off so evenly.”

Jake looked pleased.

“Why that’s nothing,” he laughed, “anybody can sharpen them like that. Wait a minute and I’ll put your initials on it.”


“Never mind, you can sit here. I was just going anyway.”

“Oh don’t go. I—I mean, don’t go on my account. I can get that chair over there.”

“Why, of course. No, I don’t mean for you to get it. Let me.”

They both reached the chair at the same time and Jake carried it over beside his. Prue sank into it with a little contented sigh and then started up again.

“My books are over there,” she said, and added as Jake started for them, “It’s awfully nice of you.” When he came back she smiled and repeated softly, “It’s awfully nice of you.”

Jake liked the delicious little way she had of drawling “awfully.”

When they were finally settled in their chairs an awkward pause ensued, during which both of them pretended to be deep in their
books. Jake soon shut his book, however, and coughed.

"Do you like school?" he asked conventionally.

"Oh, awfully—specially the social part of it. I just love games and—and parties and things, don't you?"

Her large eyes gazed at him innocently.

"I hadn't thought about it, but of course I do, I—I believe there's a party tonight, isn't there?"

"Ye—I mean—is there?"

Jake was discomfited.

"Well—I don’t know for sure. What are you studying?"

"Foods." Prue was disappointed. She toyed with her pencil for a moment and then asked absent-ly, "Are you going to play basketball?"

"No—yes—I don't know." He was annoyed at his own clumsiness. Another awkward pause and the gong rang for classes.

"Do you have a class now?" he asked.

"No, but I'm afraid I'm keeping you from studying," she answered stiffly.

"N—o, I don’t want to study. Let’s go into the Hall. The librarian is looking at us."

"Well, I don’t care. I haven’t anything else to do," she answered indifferently.

They stood by one of the hall radiators. Prue turned her back and gazed into space. Jake beat a tattoo on the heater.

"Isn’t it cold?" he said. "Everything’s like ice. Aren’t you cold?"

"No, but I’m sick of school. I think it’s the stupidest place."

"Why, I thought you liked it."

"Well, I don’t," she snapped.

"Not even the social part of it?"

"N—o."

"I don’t suppose you’re interested, then, but I believe there is a dance tonight?"

Prue turned her head just the least bit.

"Ye-s?" she murmured suggestively.

"I was going to ask you if you would like to go."

She turned her head the least bit more.

"Ye-s?"

"Well, would you like to go?" he blurted out.

Prue was almost facing him by now.

"Of course, you—goose. There's another bell—must go, but say, I do like school, after all. I think it’s just awfully nice," and she disappeared around the corner.

M. P.
THE QUEST

Jack leaned against the wall absorbed in the filling of his pipe, and after five minutes of painstaking labor, the feat was accomplished. Then he aimlessly fumbled for his match case. A stranger, passing by, gazed attentively at the pipe, and well he might. Pipes were Jack's hobby, and this one was curiously inlaid with gold and ivory. Billy Winfield, Jack's chum, had once said that Jack could tell a strange tale concerning the pipe, if he wished. As the smoke lazily rose about him, Jack stretched himself on a hospitable lawn for the perfect enjoyment that only a smoker knows. The confusing sounds of the union station did not bother him; the clanging, pounding roar of the railroad yards, the sharp click of heels on the pavement, the aimless chatter of a group of tourists were as lost on him as the rustling of the wind in the corn of his native state.

An automobile stopping at the curb, from which stepped a slender, graceful girl, caught Jack's wandering gaze and held it. He watched the young lady come along the platform and enter the station. Then he awoke as from a dream, and stretching himself absently, walked inside. He caught sight of her again as she stopped for a moment at the magazine counter, and then he saw her approach the ticket window and heard a melodious voice ask for a ticket to Brady.

* * * * *

A horse climbed wearily up above the foothills of the Lost Medicine range. The young man in the saddle was deep in day dreams, as the patient animal under him followed the familiar trail. At about noon they emerged upon the shore of a little mountain lake, and the horse, freed from the saddle and bridle, wandered off among the trees. The man sought the shade of the huge pines where he prepared to fill his pipe. The task accomplished, he stretched at full length on the ground and pillow his head on his saddle. A few sunbeams stealing through the dense foliage shone upon the polished pipe bowl, curiously inlaid with gold and ivory. In a few minutes the tired man was in the land of dreams.

Some little time later the sleeper opened his eyes to behold a few rods away a girl sitting on a horse idly watching him. Their eyes met for a second, then the girl gave the horse a cut and vanished behind a clump of maples. But as the horse turned, something dropped from her hand, and after a futile effort on her part to regain it, fluttered to the ground.
by his side. He stretched out his arm and picked it up, and stared at it stupidly. Then a strange expression stole over his countenance and he absentl y began to fumble for something. His face puckered into a puzzled frown. The bit of paper was a photograph of a tall youth in a college sweater, holding an inlaid pipe in his hand—a picture of himself. On the corner was written “J. F. C., May 24, 190—.” He had given that picture to Billy Winfield during his Senior year. The picture recalled his pipe to his mind, and he turned to look for it. A hasty scrutiny did not reveal it, and he picked up his saddle, only to drop it, and quickly kneel to examine something on the ground. For there, near the place where he had been lying, was the imprint of a dainty heel in a bit of moss.

Jack slowly rose, pushed back his hat, and driving his hands deep into his trousers’ pockets, tried to think. Things were a trifle complicated to say the least. That face haunted him, and was vaguely suggestive of some one he knew. It was a rather unusual experience for a young man to awake and find a girl looking at him, curiously, as if he were some new or strange species of animal. Then, for the wood nymph to disappear, and in so doing, drop a photograph of himself—what was he to make of it? How had that picture wandered from an eastern college town to a solitary spur of the Rockies? Billy, he knew, was in Canada, and his home was in New York, that is, when he was at home. Besides, this nymph had absentl y carried off his pipe, which he cherished far above all his other possessions.

Walking over to a rock, he sat down, chin in hand, and thought. Where had he seen that face before? He must solve the puzzle in some way. Half an hour passed, and a chipmunk, approaching to examine this strange creature, that had encroached upon his solitude, reached the base of the rock. Suddenly he forgot his curiosity and scurried madly for shelter, as Jack sprang up, and began to whoop and caper about excitedly. He knew he had seen the girl before. She it was who had attracted his attention in the union station, the girl who had purchased a ticket to Brady. Well, that explained how such a dainty creature had come to be there; she was probably staying at the summer hotel over the ridge. But who was she? Where was she from? Where had she obtained his picture? And, what worried him the most, what on earth did she want with his pipe? Well, he would not be long finding out a few things. He would search Brady and the country round until he found her.

* * * * *
A very badly disgusted young man boarded an east-bound train at Brady, resolved to hunt up Billy Winfield, and ascertain how he had lost the picture, or how it had come into the possession of the young lady. Dame Fortune had certainly not been very anxious that his search be successful thus far. First, he had found a crippled horse; next, he had been caught in a storm, and soaked to the skin. And finally, he had arrived at Brady only to find that a young lady, answering his description, had left for the east, hurriedly, but an hour before his arrival. The hotel clerk had evidently been well tipped, as no information could be extracted from him.

When, after weeks of trouble and hardship, he finally unearthed Billy, up in a tangled swamp in Ontario, he learned that Billy had left the picture in his den at home, and supposed it to be still there. Then he had wandered back to Brady, in the hopes of bribing that mulish hotel clerk to allow him to glance at the register, but to no avail. If he could only learn her name!

He was almost ready to give up and acknowledge himself beaten as he sat on the shady side of the Veranda one day, lost in a futile day dream, in which the unknown girl played the principal part. He wondered if he would ever see her again.

An automobile came up the driveway and he heard two girlish voices talking and laughing together. He suddenly remembered that his sister was expecting her Wellesley chum for a visit and idly wondered who she was. His reverie was interrupted in a few minutes by some one calling, "Jack! Jack! Jack! Where are you?" A grunt from the porch brought his sister out there. "Oh, here you are! Come inside, Jack. I want you to meet Edna."

Jack heaved a sigh, knocked the ashes from his pipe and followed his sister into the house. A slender, graceful figure with its back toward them turned as they entered, and he found himself looking into the blue eyes of the girl of his dreams! He managed to mumble out something as they were introduced, and to suppress his desire to carry her off before she again slipped away from him.

Where had he seen her before? The question he had so often asked himself was at last answered. She was Billy's little sister, the little girl in pinafore and pigtail braids who had pouted and called him names once, years ago, when he and Billy had teased her. After all his wild and eager questing, here she was in his
home for a month's visit with his sister! His good luck made him dizzy!

Before the month was over a pair of blue eyes laughed tenderly into his as his dream girl gave him as her answer to a certain question, a pipe curiously inlaid with gold and ivory.

THE RAVEN.

AN INCIDENT ON THE "BARO"

"Christo! I kill you! Sabe?"
"No, I don't savy, and you keep your paws away from that shooting iron or Idaho will be rid of another greaser, pronto."

This outbreak between Jerry and Pablo had been expected for some time by the vaqueros of the horse camp, for the American puncher placed Mexicans and rattlesnakes in the same class and did not make any attempt to hide his feelings. On the other hand, Pablo, unlike most of the greaser wranglers, felt a pride in the blood of the old Spanish family that flowed in his veins, and resented any slight or sneer at his nationality. Consequently, when he heard himself referred to as "that damned greaser," the above mentioned quarrel broke out and probably would have ended seriously at the time had not the day's gathering of horses appeared on the hill, making it necessary for every man in camp to turn out.

The band was unusually hard to hold that day because of the large number of three and four-year-old horses that had never been rounded up before. One glossy black stallion more daring than the rest attempted to break through the line of watchful, well-mounted men. Finally, by a quick bolt down the hillside, he got past the men and with tail and mane streaming, dashed away toward the desert. Jerry, being the nearest to him, followed, urging on his cayuse; and both were soon lost from sight in the low rolling hills that receded to the parched and distant waste.

Lone horses when breaking away in this manner always circle in the radius of a few miles, therefore it is customary for a man with a fresh horse to strike out in the opposite direction to wait for the wearied fugitive to pass; then with the fresh mount, head him back to the herd.

"Get another mustang and chase that fuzz-tail back," shouted the foreman to Pablo as he rode past, adding: "Hurry up and get back for we'll need you both to help part 'em."

Pablo obeyed quietly enough, but could the boss have seen his eyes light up on receiving these orders, probably another man would have had the job.

As his pony loped easily along,
Pablo's thoughts surged hotly through his brain. "No chance to kill Americano in camp—he watch and too quick with pistol—knife in the noche—no, the hombres suspect and"—here the upturned palms and expressive shrug disposed of that idea—"but here very facile to wait and shoot damn Americano as he ride up."

Now his mind was made up, here, miles away from anyone, why could he not shoot Jerry when he should come up to turn the chase over to him? Thus determined, he mounted a slight elevation and waited. He did not have long to stay quiet, for the chase had been a hard one, and soon the black stallion appeared a little to the left with Jerry close behind Pablo with his revolver in his right hand and held down by his side, started out slowly in the same direction as the approaching pair were running, in order to keep his weapon hid. The stallion sped by, too tired and worn out to fear a man, then Jerry passed by pulling up to stop his horse.

That was Pablo's chance. Raising his gun quickly to a level, he aimed it at Jerry as deliberately as if he were pointing at a coyote instead of a fellow man. The gun popped. Jerry's horse sprang forward riderless, and the man fell with a thump under a sagebrush. Pablo sat still a moment, hurling Mexican oaths at the stiffening body, then reined his horse toward the Nevada line.

J. D. P.
We are living in an age of activity, one in which the strenuous work of today often crowds out the view of tomorrow. So many of us cannot see beyond ourselves and the little sphere that supports our own personal ambitions; so much time and energy is put into work that earns money only, that we find no time to look at some of the opportunities for advancing ourselves and the communities in which we live. How many of us ever stop for an instant to think how much we would be benefitting ourselves socially and intellectually, and helping others in the same way, if we should take an active part in some club or society? When we consider that we have over a thousand students, it seems impossible that we have so few organizations for social advantage and general betterment of students.

The calls for new clubs and societies are loud and constant, but there is no valid reason why each of them should not be answered by a busy and enthusiastic group of students. Among the activities which should find fertile soil at the U. A. C. are Debating, Journalism, Photography, Tennis, Politics, Golf and Chess. No one can truthfully charge that we have not more than enough students interested in these to make a live, energetic club of each.

Debating: Take, for instance, our debating work, which prepares for one of our main inter-collegiate contests, is an important part of our English courses, and most significant of all, is the means of training us in ready and
forceful expression. Our debating societies have not enjoyed long life. Evidently they have all been top-heavy with inactive members. With our large student body there should be no less than six or eight debating clubs, each with its fifteen or twenty members. The fact that we meet annually at least three rival institutions in debate should be sufficient incentive to work, since there are honors for nearly ten men.

**Politics:** At many schools there is a political club, which aims at teaching its members political theories and giving them first-hand acquaintance with the twists and curves of party life; and recently we have heard of a current events club, which exists to keep its members posted on important happenings the world over. For some reason or other both clubs appeal to us and we think one or both—or even a single club with the aims of both—ought to be organized here. One of the first duties of education is to prepare for citizenship, and in a school as practical as ours, this is apt to be lost sight of; but a political club would instruct us admirably in the political rights, privileges and duties of educated Americans. Similarly, education ought to awaken and keep alive our interest in the world of today, but the deeds and thoughts of living men often get lost in the mist of scientific theories, rhetorical squabbles and dead history in which we live in the school. Why not listen occasionally to the hum of the buzzing world and give our sympathy to its call? We wait anxiously for the leadership of some enthusiastic student of present-day history and government.

**Literary:** The Helicon, our only literary society, which was organized only last year and which promised so much, is deep in what seems to be a Rip Van Winkle sleep. With courses in English numbered from one to twenty, it is astonishing that we do not have at least one literary society worthy of the name. The English department might help revive this dormant organization.

**Journalism:** When the journalistic side of our college grows a little more we may hope to have a small press club consisting of the past and present workers on the student publications. Such an organization selected from the staffs of the weekly, the monthly and the annual would be a great help in our college journalism, and would, no doubt, have a very great tendency to raise the standard of the publications.

**Photography:** And a Camera Club, why not? Suppose twelve or fifteen of the thirty or forty camera users of this student body get their heads together, secure a room in the college for their meet-
ings, and then require each member to pay a small fee towards the purchase of photographic magazines, albums, books on the camera, and pictures. Then once during the year let a contest be held, the winning picture to be hung in the library and let prizes be offered for special kinds of work. Would not this be one of the most fascinating diversions imaginable? Would it not be a good way of increasing interest in the useful and interesting art of photography? Would not membership in such a club be at a premium in a very short time?

**Chess:** Most of the big schools have chess clubs, and in the last year or two some of the colleges of the west have added such clubs to their list of student organizations. Chess will probably be popular here some day—when some few students make up their minds that they want it, then and then only shall we get a club.

**Officers:** At some schools the cadet officers have a club. It is only a suggestion that we make, but it seems to us that there is a sufficient number of officers in the battalion for a large club. Such an organization might inspire enthusiasm for the work, and make the positions more desirable.

**Tennis:** The tennis courts are in better condition than ever before, yet we do not hear or see much of our tennis club. Tennis is one of the best physical exercises, demanding agility, quick thinking and nice skill. Besides it takes but two—of either sex—to play the game, and it has this advantage, that it can be played all one's life, in school or out. Why don't a few fans arouse some interest in their favorite game?

**Golf:** If the demand were made, golf links would undoubtedly be laid out on the campus. It is reasonable to suppose that if this game were started, many students and faculty members would become warmly attached to the game of Andy Carnegie and Rockefeller.

Sociology teaches us that man is a gregarious animal, and business and politics assure us that there is strength in organization, all of which is as true within as without the college world; with this advantage, that within there is joy and inspiration as well as might in our union. If we must associate, both for instruction and pleasure, by all means let us do it to the advantage and taste of all. We have mentioned here only such forms of student enterprise as might well flourish in our school, and we leave to others the organization of clubs. But we assure all clubs our heartiest support, and to new ones we extend a welcoming hand. Our students have been sharply criticised for want of responsibility; here is a good chance to rebuke our critics. We have here suggested the
greatest opportunity for leadership in untried activities our school affords—who will be leaders?

HUMOR.

We knew that humor differed not only with individuals, but also with countries, but until recently we never doubted that humor was funny. In a current magazine we read an article entitled “Serious Humor,” in which the writer made a plea for sober humor. For awhile we were very much upset by that article, for it disturbed our very mental balance. Were we to think humor serious, sorrow funny, sugar sour, Math. 4 simple, and the attendance committee easy? In consternation we rushed to Webster, and there learned to our joy that he, too, thought humor funny; and then we hurried off to delve into Mark Twain’s choice pages, and we found that even he labored under our delusion.

Many of our cherished notions and pet theories have been brushed aside by the modern unfeeling scholar, but this one we refuse to surrender. When told that Cleopatra was ugly, that the Pilgrims did not land on Plymouth Rock, and that the cherry tree story was false, we bowed our head meekly; and when we learned that Shakespeare did not write his plays, nor Homer his poems, and that Fulton did not invent the steamboat, we submitted out of respect to superior knowledge. When it comes to defining humor, however, we think we are on familiar ground, and we gently but firmly refuse to yield; we cast our lot with the ancient fools who thought humor funny.

Certain as we are that humor is playful and fantastic, not stupid and matter-of-fact, we are perfectly willing to await the verdict of those who may be presumed to know. What we are even more worried about than the definition of humor, is that some well-meaning individuals have said we ourselves lack it! Just the other day a man said, “The chief trouble with the A. C. student body is that it lacks a keen sense of humor.” Now if humor is serious, we certainly ought to have our full share; and on the other hand, if it is funny, we also believe we ought to have a considerable amount, since in Hoyt’s words, “There are funny things going on around you all the time if you only have eyes to see them.” Perhaps we need to have our eyes tested to discover why we do not see funny things.

We think there is nowhere a richer field for a humorist than our own A. C. Someone once advanced the theory that there were only half a dozen original jokes, and set out to classify all he could
find. By the time he had gathered all the jokes about old maid, bald bachelors, hen-pecked husbands and the centipede's feet, we understand his friends had to snatch his data away and remove him quietly to a padded cell. Poor soul! he should have been a library clerk or a bookkeeper's assistant where his eagerness for classification could have been satisfied with less disastrous results. The root of the matter is, we have all the original jokes and many new ones with us yet. Long may they live! Why not have the old bachelors on the faculty tell us why they never married, and the single ladies tell us why they chose a profession? Why not have Prof. Langton explain why the Big Dipper is not in the Milky Way, and Prof. Parker explain how he dared make his chapel talk.

When Boaz had eaten and drunk, the story goes that his "heart was merry." If that is all it takes to bring joy to the soul, we favor a bread line and free lemonade for all students. Early in the year we were urged by one of our visitors to lift our voices in happy song, but how can we sing if our hearts are heavy? We call for a committee to investigate heaviness of heart and its relation to the high price of food. It is strange that Congress did not think to have its committee look into the matter. If we may venture a remedy, what we need is exhilaration. We greatly fear we take life too seriously, and have neither jollity at the board nor merriment on the field. Mr. La Gallienne says "gayety is the essence of power," and we join with Robert Louis Stevenson in his prayer for "courage and gayety and a quiet mind."

JEREMIAH JR.
The pleasure of reminiscence is as keen for the college senior as for the grandsire. He has helped make history both in and out of the classroom and, like Goldsmith's soldier, he enjoys shouldering his crutch and showing how victory was won in athletics, dramatics or debate. There are certain epoch-making dates in his college career when he either "got into the game" himself or watched others do it. Next to his interest in athletics is that with which he looks back to the dramatic evenings of his college life. It was there that he got his first ideas of the art of acting, of imitating real life, of realizing that the amateur student can often play some parts as well as the professional actor. This initiation into the science of stage-craft often comes over him with revealing force.

The performance of "The Climbers" marks the seventh regular season of A. C. dramatics. These seven years are well worthy of being chronicled in full, for they form a record of plays that range from Shakespeare to Clyde Fitch; they are replete with humorous incidents in them, and they furnish a dramatic history of which any young college might be proud. In 1903 the college first invaded the stage of the Thatcher Opera House and revealed to the Cache Valley world its dramatic talent. It was then that the young women students of the Sorosias put on Shakespear's "Midsummer Night's Dream." At that time the college believed that students should have no dramatic gods before Shakespeare. Nothing else was worthy the dignity of an institution of higher learning. We did not have the good fortune to see this performance, but we can easily imagine the sweet voices of the pretty maids in the fairy scenes of the play, though rumor relates that some of them found the armor so heavy to wear that when they reposed on the mossy banks they were well nigh unable to rise. The following year Student Life, ever out of pocket in those days, produced "As You Like It," its own staff and other leading students furnishing the actors. Here again we are not prehistoric enough to give the report of an eye witness, but we know there were some good people in the cast whom we applauded in later plays. Whether the interpretation was within the reach of the actors or not in these Shakespearian plays, the students must have learned by heart some of the most beautiful passages of the English language and to make
such lines a part of one's mental being is well worth the drudgery of rehearsals.

The following year, 1905, saw the college well launched in the dramatic world. That was the year of the first college opera, when the “Little Tycoon” was given. A picked cast of students, coached by Prof. Upham and Miss Moench, gave admirable performances of Goldsmith’s “She Stoops to Conquer” from unlettered Blackfoot on the north, where a newspaper critic asked if the students wrote the play, to equally unlettered Richfield on the south, where the natives were bored and unpenetrated by Goldsmith's wit. The most appreciative audiences were found in Logan and Salt Lake. This was the first and only time that the college has given its play in the capital.

The next two years there were no college plays, but in spite of consolidation, tumult and unrest, the college continued to sing its operas gayly and gave Gilbert and Sullivan’s “Pirates of Penzance” and “Pinafore.”

With the year 1907 began a new dramatic regime. The reign of the classical Shakespeare and the old English comedies was over for a time at least. The dramatic department became filled with a spirit of modernity, well befitting an industrial school. It was only a part of the eternal cycle which is constantly driving man from romance to realism, from the spiritual to the material, from the ideal to the practical. The first of the modern plays was Gilbert’s “Pygmalion and Galatea,” apparently a Greek drama, but thoroughly modern in ideas and spirit. There are many still in college who remember the charm of its cleverness and the good acting of Miss Hayball. That year the operas were “The Rose of Avergne” and the “Marriage by Lanternlight,” two as pleasing comic operas as one would want to see both for action and music, but the ultra-moderns demanded a chorus and would not be satisfied with principals alone. They got a gorgeous chorus the next year in “Babette” as well as excellent solo work and a good musical comedy.

The play, however, of last year can hardly count among the notable college productions. The selection of “The American Citizen” turned out to be unfortunate for its humor fell flat and its situations failed to interest. Only a comedian with the large personal following of Nat Goodwin or an actress with the beauty of Maxine Elliott could have given it any length of life. Coach and students struggled hard and nobly with it, but it was an excellent lesson to all of a poorly constructed and written play. Ibsen and Sardow had evidently had no message for its author.
The present year the college has given two plays with success; one, an old-fashioned, conventional farce called, “Mr. Job,” which was acted with much spirit by the high school students; and a second, “The Climbers,” which is still fresh in our minds. As an acting play it is, by far, the best ever given by the A. C. students and has taught them that the stage should be an intensified copy of real life. Whenever any actor at a rehearsal asked Sardow how a certain passage should be given he would reply always with the question, “How would you say it?” and thus would get the actor to give the natural intonation. Rachel, the great French actress, used to say that the simplest things in her plays were the hardest for her to say. The passions and the emotions were easy for her to portray, but such remarks as ‘What do I behold?’ ‘Can I believe my eyes?’ were almost impossible for her “Because,” said she, “I would never use such expressions in real life.” Our best actors in America owe much of their success to the fact that they belong to city clubs where they mix with judges, business man, scholars, men of all professions, as well as actors, and thus are able to observe living models of the characters that they may at any moment be called upon to enact. The best acting, that which produces the illusion of real life, is thus based on observation. Imagination and instinct count for much, but the actor with brains watches people and copies their mannerisms. In “The Climbers” the student actors of the A. C. had a chance to be simply, directly and absolutely natural and the highest praise that was given them was that they overdid nothing. The plays of Clyde Fitch charm even more by their life-like detail than by their plots; and because they are life itself they are the best possible material for amateurs.

The A. C. dramatic season is not yet over. The Agricultural Club is planning to give an evening of plays, including a newspaper play called “The Cache Valley Farmer” and a burlesque of “Othello.” They have the first nearly ready for production and those who have seen it in embryo find it an amusing trifle of a play, built around a serious idea, and containing several excellent parts which the club men are handling with much ability. Then, too, there is the opera to come. This year, “The Geisha” will be given, a comic opera that has been sung all over the world, has stood the test of time, and is now getting into the regular repertory of some of the European opera houses. There are also rumors of an evening of plays by the Sorousis girls and it is to be hoped that they are not vain rumors. There is no bet-
ter way for a college fraternity to get an enviable reputation for itself than by becoming famous for its yearly play. Any society can give a dancing party, but the frat men or women who can give a play have to have brains and, in the long run, the best students will want to join the fraternity that stands for the highest things.

The dramatic outlook is encouraging. So many students want the experience that comes from acting in public and are willing to work for it. The day cannot be far off when the college will have a regular stock company, each member of which can play several parts. These members will be the regular students in public speaking classes who will learn their parts as regular classroom work and will get credit for it. The sphere of an industrial college is large and should embrace the art of acting, for people need to be amused in life as much as they need to be fed. It will perhaps not be long before we have a regular school of acting as an integral department of the college work.

F. R. A.

ATHLETIC HISTORY

Athletics at this institution date back to the fall of 1891, when the first football team was organized. It was certainly an unpromising beginning, for the team that year consisted merely of a few jolly players, and the games of a few skirmishes. No contests were held with teams from the outside, although at that time the University was playing the game in a sort of haphazard way. Though the start was simple and unpretentious, football constantly grew and flourished. For the first ten years, however, there was no regular way of doing things; no salaried coach was employed, and games and contests were arranged as occasion arose, or as the true sportsmen in the institution felt so disposed.

During these precarious years of our history no records were kept, and no one was held responsible for athletics, hence it is a hard matter to get accurate information concerning this interesting subject.

There was very little interest in athletics at large, for a search through the musty files of the local papers fails to reveal much regarding the early games and players. For these reasons it will be impossible to give an adequate record of the early games and a complete story of the players. Most of the information here given was obtained through inter-
views with local veteran sportsmen, and much has been omitted because it was rather vague and untrustworthy.

Most of the stories of early days have to do with football, for that has been the most persistent and best-liked form of athletics, and has existed, with the exception of 1893, down to the present. Baseball has been played much here, but has had an up-and-down history, as there have been periods when the lateness of spring and other conditions have largely retarded this sport, and in some cases have altogether prevented the organization of teams.

The fall of 1892 found football flourishing. Harry Sanborn, son of the president, was captain of the team. The first game with the university was played that year and resulted in a victory for us.

In '94 W. McLaughlin was captain, and several games with the university and different high schools of the state were played. The next year the B. Y. C. put a team in the field for the first time, and for five successive years the games with the locals were our chief concern. For the most part the crimson was successful in winning the victories. Once, however, when Langton returned from Chicago, where he had trained under Stagg, we were the winners, due to Langton's coaching. Previous to this time there was no one in the institution who had the slightest information regarding the game, and the boys simply played according to the knowledge they could pick up from reading the rule books. In those early days Lieutenant Dunning, Prof. Mayo and Prof. Langton did most of the coaching. Strange as it may appear to us, there were no restrictions against faculty members playing on the teams, and it was not until 1901 that this was prohibited. Since then only legitimate students have been permitted on the teams. Among the early players special mention should be made of "Big" Swendson, Hugh Nealy, Sanborn, Ed. Wheatley, all large men and, according to tradition, mighty players.

Lieutenant Dunning left the school in 1898 and Langton did most of the coaching up to 1901. Harry Parker was captain in 1900; Ed. Crawford in 1901; Aquila Nebekar in 1902, and Will Jardine in 1903. The B. Y. C. quit the game in 1900, and then our main games were with the U. of U., the National Guard and the Y. M. C. A. of Salt Lake, which was made up of many old eastern college grads, and some hard games were played.

Our first salaried coach was the lamented Dick Richards, who came for a short time in 1901. As far as whipping teams into shape is concerned, he was prob-
ably the greatest coach that Utah has ever known. Campbell came as coach in 1902 and stayed five years. Then came Walker for two seasons, who during his brief stay made a wonderful impression on athletics. Mr. Teetzel has coached two seasons in baseball and basketball and one year in football.

The university has beaten us in football for several years, with the exception of 1903, when Coach Holmes came up for the famous "Practice Game" and got it 17-0! The two previous years the "U" beat us 17-0, so that became a kind of hoodoo.

During this period we had several as fine players as ever donned a suit; among the best known being Allred, Tenn, Kirk, Jardine, Smart, Tuttle, Madsen, probably the greatest tackle ever in the state, and Crawford, who Dave Campbell said could make Harvard end his first year. The list of captains to date is: Madsen, '04; (Roberts-Egbert); Hansen, '05; Nelson, '06; Hansen, '07; Brossard, '08, and Paddock, '09. Much could be said regarding our recent games, but that is so much a matter of current information that, through lack of space, they may be overlooked here.

As for baseball, mention should be made of Bankhead, Pond, Packer, Cook, Dougle, Sermon, Taylor, the West boys and others who appeared at different times. Baseball has been dormant of recent years, but was revived by Walker two years ago, and our teams have made a creditable showing for two seasons. The team bids fair to do well this year.

Basketball was first played here by girls. It was not until 1906 that we were represented in the state league. Since then we have had a fair team each year. We began track work in 1905, when we sent a team to the state meet. Previous to that time our track work had been confined to class and field-day meets. Many stars have appeared, chief of whom are Allred, Phillips, Hansen, Stewart, Farnsworth, Dixon, Conger, Frew, Brossard and Plant and many others, several of whom are still with us and hope to make a place for themselves in the near future.

Mention should be made of tennis. Nothing has ever been done in the way of contests with the outside, yet it has long been an important form of athletics for those seeking exercise only. There is now a strong feeling in the school, and a desire on the part of some to do some real active work along this line. The courts have been put in first-class shape, and now daily many contestants can be seen out practicing. It is to be hoped that this spirit will grow and that more interest will be taken in this most fascinating game. E. P. H., '09.
DEBATING

Ten years ago intercollegiate debates were not common in Utah. In our own school there were occasional contests between members of the various literary societies, but we seldom ventured our own walls in this phase of student activity.

Strange it is that literary and forensic contests should not be among the first endeavors of men who are assembled for intellectual development, but athletic contests invariably come first. The debate is a truer measure of the intellectual life of students than physical contests can possibly be.

Although not every sound thinker can express his thoughts fluently, a large proportion of good thinkers can make clear statements of their ideas and, therefore, if debaters are selected from the school at large, after competitive tryouts have been held, it is fair to assume that the men on the teams represent at least the average intelligence of the student body.

It follows from what has been said that it is greatly to our interest to make a good record in this field of activity. Up to the present time we have been fairly successful in our intercollegiate debates, having been defeated only three times out of nine contests in which we have taken part. But not enough interest is yet taken. Every student can contribute to our success in several ways. In the first place, more of us should enter the tryouts. The keener the competition becomes, the greater will be the effort put forth by every man who hopes to make the team and the better will be the quality of the team finally chosen. In the second place, every student who indulges in an occasional perusal of newspapers or magazines can bring to the attention of the team timely articles on the question to be discussed. The team will find all current articles without assistance if necessary, but we may lighten their labors materially by working with them.

It is a valuable asset to a debator to know that his fellow students are interested in his work. Every one knows that a little cheering helps an athlete; a sympathetic interest is equally valuable to the man who is preparing for a forensic battle.

The older men among us say that Prof. E. W. Robinson is the man to whom credit must be given for organizing debating in this institution, and the present generation of students have Dr. Thomas to thank for the complete development of the system.
There are many details to be attended to in selecting a team, providing literature for them, selecting judges, arranging contests, fixing dates and places, and securing necessary funds. These questions used to be very troublesome indeed; but they are taken care of in the present system of management without so much difficulty.

Now, in all probability we shall debate annually with at least two schools; and in the interest of economy of time and energy, it might be a good plan for us to co-operate with them on the plan adopted some time ago by Harvard, Princeton and Yale. The three schools mentioned meet each year in debate. The question is agreed upon early in the year and the three debates are on the same question. The debates are all held the same evenings, one at each school. The visiting team in each case defends the negative side of the question. By this arrangement each school trains two teams at the same time, one on the negative and the other on the affirmative. The advantage of such a system can readily be appreciated. This scheme can be carried out here admirably, if all concerned are prepared to enter into an agreement for a term of years. Let us try it.

R. O. P.
THE BAND

Someone once advanced the theory that noise increased with civilization, and a visit to a big metropolis verifies the theory. Ancient Athens and Rome must have been painfully quiet. On the other hand, certain writers maintain music is more widespread today than ever. Whether it is this love of Pan's pleasant pastime or dislike of drill that wins recruits for the band, we know not, but certain it is that jolly fellows from far and near yearly become patient students of some wood or brass instrument.

Within the walls of the A. C. illustrious artists have sojourned for a season. Jos. A. Smith, Jr., the cornet soloist; McCloud, Guy Smith and Rudolph, of clarinet fame; Whitmore, Lee and Wright, lovers of the saxophone; Jacobson, the fifer; Lind and Works, trombone artists; McKinnon, who punished the drums, and Jones, who drew comfort from the sousaphone. There are many still with us, and there are many who would return to us were it possible to do so.

These tuneful heroes have been of great service to the Military Department, furnishing the music for the Grand Ball and Inspection Day. And now the band is to march with the cadets three times a week! The band has led many processions at home and abroad, and has given well-praised concerts. Best of all, it has aroused tremendous enthusiasm, and has inspired many students with loyalty for the school of their choice. Its tuneful music has often driven homesickness and petty cares far away, leaving their victims light-hearted and strong.

The merry musicians practice each day during drill hour, and notwithstanding the encroachments on their time made by long-winded chapel speakers, make truly wonderful advancement. Students are forced to leave school unexpectedly at times and this occasionally injures the band, but the bandmaster hopes some day to have a reserve from which to draw. Each year sees the departure of active members by graduation or other causes, and raw material has to be trained. In spite of all these handicaps, however, the band is better each year.

The writer is a warm friend of the band, and ardently wishes it would delight us often with its excellent music. Student Body exercises would be several times as interesting if the band led the singing; and enthusiasm for athletics would be much greater if the band were present in uniform at every contest. Other schools have had their band at basketball
games—but where was ours? Before an important baseball, basketball, football, or even debating contest, why not have the band out? It has by no means exhaust-
ed all possibilities. Competent judges have said we have the best student band in the state. May its reputation never diminish!

J. G.
FRATS AND CLUBS

The growth of our fraternities and clubs has been slow, but like that of sturdy oaks, it is characterized by enduring stability. Very few of our societies, once launched, have ever disbanded. The others have by degrees attained such strength that they are now out of all danger of dissolution.

The Sorosis society is the rightful claimant to the honor of being the oldest society in the school. It was started in 1899 and since then has enjoyed a prosperous life. Sorosis stands for three things in our college, namely, literary training, social culture and college loyalty. The girls are successful in all of them. Each year Sorosis gives a dancing party, which is one of the swell affairs of the season. Their part in student activities is well known to everyone. Many of us remember their remarkably good minstrel show two years ago, and now it is whispered about that they are contemplating something of a similar nature. Through thick and thin, the Sorosis girls are always in the front rank of friends of the U. A. C.

The Sigma Alpha fraternity, one of the old-timers, had its inception in a small law club, organized while Prof. E. W. Robinson was instructor in law. Later it was reorganized as the Phi Delta Nu. Finally, in 1904, it became the Sigma Alpha, the first Greek letter "frat" in the college. Its charter members were: O. W. Adams, J. E. Barrack, R. C. Hillman, L. M. Howell, N. A. Jensen, F. R. Jensen, B. F. Riter, Jr., and R. E. Rudolph. Since that time many prominent students have become members. The fraternity numbers among its members eight alumni, and two seniors. The present active membership is eleven. The object of the organization is to promote intellectual and social advancement and to honor its Alma Mater.

The Pi Zeta Pi was organized in December, 1905, by five Freshmen members of the class of '09. Before the end of that year four new members were taken in, and the next year another member was added, making a total of ten. Since 1907 members have been taken at large from college classes. For the first three years of its existence, the frat occupied a room in the college, but eventually it was decided to move to town, as it would be more convenient for meeting purposes. The total membership at present is twenty-five, as follows: Fourteen at the A. C., two of whom are on the faculty, one, a senior at the U. of U., three graduate this year
from the Law School at Chicago, two are engaged in mining at Bingham, two in commercial work in Utah, one practical agriculturist in Idaho, and two in the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

We have only one national fraternity represented, the Delta Theta Sigma. This fraternity was founded in Ohio, having for its aim the advancement of scientific agriculture. It was the intention of the founders to raise agriculture to a higher position in the agricultural schools of the United States. This it has accomplished to a very encouraging degree. A great part of its success is due to the high scholarship which it demands of students who become members. In our school the Delta Theta Sigma has begun the work of uniting students of the larger schools of the United States with those of our own. The chapter established here is the Epsilon; other chapters are located in Iowa, Missouri, Colorado, Oregon, Washington and California. The active charter mem-

Until quite recently the Phi Kappa Iota fraternity was unknown to the larger part of our student body. Notwithstanding the fact that this live organization has been in existence more than two years, the announcement of its advent into the world of recognized college fraternities came as a surprise to most of us. Before the end of this school year we hope to know more about its membership and its work. At present it is known that it has within its fold several graduates and many from the ranks of the upper classmen.

The Beta Kappa Phi is the only Greek letter sorority in the college. It is composed mainly of girls in the high school department and has as its aim the social and intellectual betterment of its members.

Another girls' society is called the Blue T, consisting also of high school girls, which strives to promote sociability and college spirit among the girls of the school.

The date of the birth of the Agricultural Club is Jan. 25, 1902. Its first president was John T. Caine III. Since its beginning it has had as members many men who have become famous in our college. At present it has an active membership of fifty enthusiasts. The club has many purposes, some of which are: To act as a committee through which agricultural student may speak and to encourage interest in student activities. Very shortly they will plunge into the dramatic world with a presentation of the "Cache Valley Farmer," a delightful three-act comedy.

This completes the short list of active college clubs, frats and sororities that we have at present. We hope that the suggestion contained in another part of this paper will be acted upon, so that by the end of the year we may have several more active student organizations.
AN ODE TO PROFESSORS.

Teach on, Oh Profs., teach on!
Through scientific lore
Teach on!
What though the students think you bore?
What though they laugh and call you queer?
What though the time is a long, long year?
What though it brings you little cheer?
Never you mind!
Teach on!

Teach on, Oh Profs., teach on!
Through patience-trying days
Teach on!
Students may sit with vacant gaze,
Students may call your lectures stuff,
Students may play the game of bluff,
Your hand may ache to give a cuff,
Never you mind!
Teach on!       M. P.

EXAMINATION ECHOES.

In this conflict Beowulf was fatally wounded, from the effects of which he died.

“Treasure Island” is a tail of gold, without the least moral suggestion.

The climax of “The Necklace” is where Madame Loisel discovers that the diamonds were made of dough.

Milton was one of the most studious men that ever lived. He kept his head and mind wrapped up in a book—so much so that his eyes became very weak. He went to the doctor, who told him if he did not stop he would go blind in a short time, but he took no heed! Soon he was a blind man.

The Gothic novel is where characters mysteriously disappear and re-appear.
The fifteenth century contains some of our best poetry, characterized by a high degree of artistic sterility.

Miss Kyle (after explaining the use of *saw* and *seen*)—“Now, Mr. J——, will you please tell us when to use these words?”

Mr. J.—“You use *saw* when the object is near and *seen* when it is far off.”

**In Faculty**

Prof. Stewart—“For two years I have taught a 7:50 class, and have enjoyed it.”

President W.—“But I want the faculty to understand Dr. Stewart never arrived before 9 when he was my assistant.”

Prof. S.—“Well, you know I only aimed to be the first one there.”

——o——

Sessions (to the fellows who are to debate the U.)—“Now if you want to win that debate, take a good energetic rest the last week.

——o——

First Prep.—“What did Prof. Jensen mean when he spoke of the windows of the soul?”

Second Prep.—“I guess he was referring to yawning.”

——o——

Grue—“Say, Prof., what kind of a bug is the woggle bug?”

Prof. Titus—“It’s a humbug.”

Miss Stewart (to new student)—“You have signed your name Joseph R. What does the R. stand for?”

New Student—“Reuben.”

Miss S.—“How do you spell it, please?”

New Student (hesitating)—“I dunno—R-u-b-i-n, I guess.”

——o——

A lady employing a colored man, asked him his name.

“My name is Poe, ma’am.”

“Poe? Perhaps some of your family worked for Edgar Allan Poe.”

The darky’s eyes opened wide with great surprise. “Why, he gasped, pointing a dusky forefinger to himself, “why, Ah am Edgar Allan Poe!”—Ex.

——o——

Did he finally succeed in getting any one to make a bet with him?

Yes, the elevator boy took him up.—Yale Record.

——o——

Student—Are not the movements of the heart caused by electricity?

Prof.—I don’t know, I guess a good deal of action of the heart is caused by sparking.—Retort.

——o——

“Is your mistress in?”

“Yes; but she can’t be disturbed. She’s playing whist.”

“Ah, I understand. Well, another time will do. I only came to tell her that her little boy fell into the river.”—Ex.
Lady—"Very healthy place, is it? Have you any idea what the death rate is here?"

Caretaker—"Well, mum, I can't zactly say; but it's about one apiece all around."—London Punch.

Prof.—"A fool can ask questions that a wise man can't answer."

Boy—"I suppose that is why so many of us fail on exams."—Ex.

Professor—"You should always write so that your most ignorant reader may understand."

Student—"What part of my theme didn't you understand, professor?"

Little Bobby's Ma—"Josiah, Bobby has been using slang again today."

Little Bobby's Pa—"Now see here kid! You've got to cut it out! I won't stand for it! See?"—Ex.

The judge says: "What's the trouble?"

The man says: "Judge, this man is a friend of mine and his name is Gun. Now, Judge, Gun is loaded. I know it's against the law to carry a loaded gun on the streets, so I brought him in here."

The judge says: "Gun, you're discharged." (And the report was in the paper next day.)—Ex.
If you are at a Musical, or have a fondness for Music, you must surely be in need of something in the Musical line.

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Thatcher Music Co.
LOGAN, UTAH

Ed. Seligmann
THE COZY CORNER
WHERE THE CARS STOP

The French Dry Cleaning makes old clothing look almost like new. Ladies, please let us have some of your old dresses, waists, ball and evening gowns, or anything in this line and see what we can do. Also Gent’s Suits, Neckties, Overcoats, etc. etc. Suits pressed for 75c. Firstclass laundry work guaranteed. No charges for call or delivery.

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And when people want good reliable Furniture, prices, and quality to please, they hie themselves off to the

Wm. Edwards Furniture and Carpet House
MAIN STREET, LOGAN

HENRY G. HAYBALL'S SPECIAL GROCERY ORDER

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>20 Pounds Sugar</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 one-pound packages Best Raisins</td>
<td>25c</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 pounds Best Rice</td>
<td>25c</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 pounds Tapioca and Sago</td>
<td>25c</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 cans Tomatoes</td>
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<td>5 cans Peas or Corn</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 can 25 oz. K. C. Baking Powder</td>
<td>25c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 package 1/2 pound Best Japan Tea</td>
<td>25c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 one-pound cans Cocktail Salmon</td>
<td>50c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 cans Lye</td>
<td>25c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 packages best Corn Starch</td>
<td>25c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 packages best Laundry Starch</td>
<td>25c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 pound Schillings Best Coffee</td>
<td>25c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 bars Diamond C Laundry Soap</td>
<td>50c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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