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Student life, May 1910, Commencement

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STUDENT LIFE

VOL. 8. NO. 3

Commencement Number

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENT BODY

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"Entered as second-class matter September 19, 1908 at the postoffice at Logan, Utah, under
the Act of March 3, 1879."

College Delivery is made from Student Life
Office, Room 278.
Suddenly the door opened and a shy girl with big, brown eyes, entered. "I—I'm afraid I've made a mistake. Is—isn't this the class in Domestic Science?" she stammered, and her eyes faltered over the boys sprawled on chairs and sofas, and then quickly dropped at the loud laugh which followed. Her face burned and in her embarrassment she awkwardly shifted her pile of books to the other arm as she realized that she was the cynosure of fifteen pairs of laughing, boyish eyes. With her eyes still on the floor she fumbled nervously for the door-knob and, in her haste, she dropped her books.

It was then that the big boy with the serious face stepped forward and began picking up her note-books and pencils. "Now, fellows," he drawled, "this isn't fair, teasing a poor little freshman," and turning to the girl, he made an elaborate bow and opened the door with a flourish. "Allow me to escort you to your class," he said gravely.

She gave him one fleeting glance and then hurried down the hall with the youth at her heels. When they were almost at the end of the all, she stopped and turned around so suddenly that the boy almost fell over her.

She had regained her self-composure and her eyes looked at him with doubt and quickly rising anger. "I'm afraid you are making fun of me," she said abruptly. "I may be a freshman, but you act like a-a-a- cannibal," and holding her head high, she marched away.

A roar of laughter issued from the "Frat." room, where a dozen heads were peeping through the door.

"Say, Bill," laughed one, that little, green freshman knows how to treat a tall, fresh senior all right."

"What'd she say to you, anyway?" said another as Bill sheepishly brushed by them and dropped on a lounge.

"Oh, nothing much,—but the way she said it—I feel two inches shorter than I did a few minutes ago, but I'll get even with her yet."

Weeks and months passed and Bill rarely saw the freshman girl,
but when they did meet he never failed to raise his hat and she never failed to throw back her head and give him the "glassy eye" as the fellows said.

Bill was very busy. He was working hard on his debate. He wanted more than anything else, to make the team that would debate with Surrey College.

One day he sat in the window reading his oration. "I wonder," he mused, "if I'll make the team. I know this speech is good—but that confounded English. If I fail in that it's all up with me—and I've got all those notes to write. Hello, there's Miss Freshman." He smiled and raised his hat as she passed. "I wonder why I always speak to her when I know she will pass me up. She's rather pretty and has quite an air for a freshman. Heigho, I've simply got to get those notes. I'll do them on the typewriter," and gathering his books together, he strolled leisurely into the building.

It was late and there was nobody in the typewriting room. But yes—in the farthest corner, a girl was humming a song and rattling an accompaniment on the keys. Bill sat down in the opposite corner but somehow it hurt his thumb to strike the keys. He tried to use a pencil, but that hurt his finger too. He noticed that it was swollen. "Must have hurt it while I was wresting in the 'gym' this morning," he thought, "but it doesn't matter. I can write to-morrow." When to-morrow came his finger was worse and he couldn't use it at all. The doctor said it was sprained and wouldn't be fit for use for several weeks. Bill was nearly desperate. He had his debate all ready but couldn't get his English notes written up. One day he sat on the college steps wondering for the hundredth time how he was going to get his notes written. Somebody was humming a song and thumping a typewriter, somewhere above him.

Presently a voice startled him. "Hello, Bill, has your girl quit you? You look like you haven't a friend on earth."

Bill forced a laugh. "I've sprained my finger, that's all and—well, I guess you'll win out for the debate without a hitch."

Jack's eyes glittered but he held down his excitement. He was Bill's rival and equally anxious to win.

"You see," Bill explained, "I
can't try-out if I'm not up in my lessons and this finger knocks me all out."

"Sorry, old pal," said Jack, "wish I could help you, but am crowded to the limit myself. Hope your finger'll be better," he added politely, if not enthusiastically, as he moved away. Bill was about to go too, when a voice from the window above restrained him.

"Wait just a moment."

He looked up just in time to see a dark head disappear. "Well I'll be hanged if that wasn't Freshman." He sank limply to a bench.

Gwen had accidentally overheard the conversation through the open window and on the impulse of the moment, had called to him. She flew downstairs and reached him all breathless.

"I was afraid you might go," she panted. "I came to tell you that I wa—I can help you—that is, I mean, I have lots of spare time."

He looked mystified, and she hastened to explain. "You see I couldn't help hearing what you said and I came right down. I—I don't know very much—I'm only a freshman," she continued shyly, "but I thought maybe if there was writing—I could do it and you could win the debate after all." She looked up at him, unconsciously clasping and unclasping her hands in her eagerness.

Bill's eyes shone. "You're a brick to offer to help me after I've been such a brute and I'm ashamed to accept your offer—but I'm going to do it anyway. I—I'd rather win that debate than anything—but there's a whole cart-load of notes to write. Are you sure you have time?"

"Oh, bushels, and I'll just love to do it for—for the school, you know. Every day at this time I can write for you. Good-bye," she ended abruptly. Her manner had grown reserved again and she walked away holding her head high.

Bill looked after her curiously. "Girls certainly are queer," he mused. "But I must get this finger fixed."

Three weeks passed and the great day, the day of the debate, arrived. The chapel seats were filled and great things were expected of Bill Burrel, for was not he the chief debater on our side? Bill was nervous but he felt that he must win the debate, if
only to show that insignificant freshman, what he could do. He was chagrined at the utter indifference she showed in the debate and yet—"Oh, well," he thought "it's mighty good of her to help me at all, but she doesn't have to be so all-fired reserved and high and mighty.—What's all that applause for?—Why, it must be for me.""

Mechanically, he walked up the steps and stood before the audience, his face a perfect blank. He realized that he had forgotten everything he had intended to say. As his eyes wandered over the people, he saw the freshman girl. She was looking at him seriously, intently, a trifle scornfully. He rubbed his hand over his eyes and with an effort brought back his speech.

Afterward, people said they had never heard such an oration from a school-boy before, but Bill missed something in the cheers and congratulations. He hardly knew what.

He noticed that Gwen spoke to him very coldly when they met, and he felt vaguely that she avoided him.

Commencement week was over at last and he realized that he would never come back to school again. He had said "good-bye" to all the fellows but still he lingered, walking through the grounds and trying to remember what he had forgotten. Away off in the pine grove, he could see a white dress shimmering through the green. He sauntered toward it and saw that it was Gwen.

"Why I—I thought you had gone," she said with a little catch in her voice.

"I'm just going, but I wanted to see these pines once more."

"Oh, do you like them too? I'm so glad—I mean isn't it funny that we should both like them.

"Oh, I don't know. I have often wondered," he said, pulling a pine branch to pieces, "why you helped me so much with the debate and yet won't forgive me for bowing you out of the Frat. room that day."

Gwen tilted her nose just a trifle. "You are too conceited," she said, "it wasn't you I was helping, but the school."

Bill's face fell. "Do you know?" he said, "I made a vow once that I would get even with you for that haughty air."

"Oh, it hurt did it? I'm glad, but," and she laughed a queer little laugh, "as to getting even,
perhaps you kept your vow after all. I’m going now.’”

Bill was silent. He wondered what she meant by his getting even after all. After awhile he sighed. “It’s tough having to leave school for good. Wish I were coming back next year.”

“Oh, you can visit your friends most any time,” she answered carelessly.

“May I come to see you this summer?” he asked, eagerly.

“If you want to,” still carelessly.

“You just bet I do. Good-bye. I’ll sure come.” He swung buoyantly down the hill. “I don’t believe I’ve forgotten anything,” he laughed, “it’s funny how one imagines things.”

M. P.

The Call of Friendship

Jim threw his magazine down with an impatient gesture. “What a fool I am to read such trash on a night like this,” he said half aloud as he lifted the flap of his tent and stepped out into the cool summer air.

The gurgle of the water in the stream below and the croaking of a frog in the meadow around the point were the only sounds which greeted him. As he leaned back in his camp chair and gazed on the beauty of the moon-kissed mountain, his thoughts wandered to the school days which had been cut short a little more than a year before. He little thought as he told the fellows good-bye that morning at the station that he would be away from them so long. How he had missed them! Especially on nights like this, when there was time to sit and dream.

He had left school near the close of his junior year to accept a position with an engineering party of one of the western railroads. After thirteen months of continued service on the deserts and in the mountains far from civilization he had been called in to take charge of the survey for the extension of the electric car system into one of the most noted
canyon resorts in the intermountain country. Fortune had favored him in his work thus far, for his promotion had been rapid. However, he was sufficiently farsighted to see that he could not go on thus without a more complete education. True he was now drawing a salary more than double what he had received for the same line of work before entering college; but his ambitions extended beyond the mere making of money. He wished to do something which would make the world bigger and help in the advancement of civilization. His mind was made up to return to college; however, he had nearly decided not to go back to his old school, but to take out his degree in one where the work along his chosen line was more complete.

In his thoughts to-night he wondered how his old friends at school, especially his "frat" brothers would feel when he wrote them regarding his intentions.

Though some of the boys had graduated, a few of his closest friends were still there. A letter from Roswell Armstrong, his room-mate, brought the news that he was going back as a member of the faculty. What would Ross think of this decision to go elsewhere to finish his education? And "the Kid," what would he say? As Jim thought of these two, he felt a lump rising in his throat which made him swallow hard. They had been friends to him in the true meaning of the word. The latter, Kenneth Underwood, was a great deal younger than Jim, but an affection had developed between the two almost like that existing between father and son. Jim was Ken's ideal and he knew it. "How much has the boy missed me, or who has taken my place?" thought Jim.

He was recalled to the present by the sound of laughter coming from the "bull tent." He wondered how the occupants could prefer an old worn-out yarn to the intoxicating influence of this summer evening. As his glance fell to the ground he saw his shadow newly created. Instinctively he turned that he might not miss another minute of the glorious moon-rise. But it did not serve to lighten his spirits. The effect rather, was the reverse, for there was nobody to share the pleasure with him. "If only some of the fellows were here," he thought. "Somebody who
could see the real beauty in a night of this sort!"

The golden disk had grown smaller and had changed to silver, when he was again awakened from his revery, this time with a start. He thought he caught a few words of a song very dear to him. Above the gurgle of the stream came faintly, almost inaudibly:

—— —— mine she'll be,
—— ——— girl I love.

He leaned forward and listened eagerly, but the sound of running water was all he heard. Evidently his imagination had been at work. Some phenomenon of nature had tricked his mind into making his dreams of the past seem a reality of the present. But again he leans forward listening intently. Again there comes still faintly the higher notes at the end of the same song, and he thinks he catches the words.

—— —— our many years.
—— ——— so good so true
—— ——— fill our eyes with tears.”

Then there was a long pause during which he did not stir from his strained position. The suspense was beginning to work on his nerves when he heard still far off the sound of laughter.

Presently all doubt left his mind. He was not dreaming, but very much awake. This time he heard more plainly though some of the lower tones were lost:

“—— —— mountains hoary
—— ——— towers to view.”

Clearly, somebody was rowing up the river. Whoever it might be, they were his friends, that was certain.

With a bound he was off for the bend just below. Soon the boat came in sight, then slowly glided by. He had not been seen. When the song was finished, he gave a short, shrill whistle known only to the boys of his “frat.” Instantly the boat was headed about, and a few stiff strokes of the oars were sufficient to send its bow well up on the sandbar where he stood. “Ken” sat in front. After an instant’s pause the one word “Kid” was sufficient to bring him flying into Jim’s out-stretched arms. The others sat silently staring for a moment, then Ross sprang ashore with the exclamation: “Egad, fellows, it’s Jim.” The shout which pierced the night was good to hear.

Only those who have had a similar experience can appreciate what followed. Presently Jim
stopped in front of young Underwood. "How the boy has grown," he exclaimed. "Why, Kid, you’re as big as I am. If you don’t make the team this year it won’t be because you’re too small. But let’s not talk about that now. What I want to know is how it happens that you are up here?"

"Oh, this is a little trip we planned at our last meeting just before Commencement," said Ross. "Now, what good luck has brought you here at the same time?"

"Well, of course you know that the resort down here is to have the car line extended to it, and I’m up here blazing the way: But you fellows must be hungry. Come on up to camp and we’ll see what ‘Chef’ can do for us."

In an incredibly short time, they were seated around an inviting spread—all but Roe Wattis, nicknamed "Happy," because of his good nature. He had spent his summer in the laboratory, and was now trying to replace some of the chemical fumes by mountain air. As he came in, the conversation ceased. "Gad, but this is great! Eh, fellows?" he said as he sat down. "Never breathed such air. And," shooting a hungry glance across the table,—"look what a feed we have before us. Jim, give me two weeks up here with such food to eat and such air to breathe and you and I’ll play the back field alone—that is if you’ll return with us."

"Don’t talk about it, old man," said Jim, "or you’ll have me deserting before my work is done."

"Yes, some on back with us, Jim," said one of the others, "you don’t know how we’ve missed you."

"Missed me? I wonder if I haven’t missed you! To be frank, I have had more pleasure, real genuine pleasure, since I heard you singing down the river tonight than I have experienced in the past fifteen months. An hour ago, I was about as wretched as it is possible for a man without serious trouble to be. I was out trying to enjoy the night; but I couldn’t,—I was too much alone. To be sure there are the boys of my party, but I don’t enjoy their pastime very much. I used to enjoy the things which appeal to them, but not now. Since I came to school and since I have known you fellows my ideals have changed. The fact is, boys, I had nearly decided to go back to
school before you came, not to
the same one however, for you
know how great the handicaps
are there in my chosen work."

Just then he felt Ken’s hand
on his shoulder and heard the
half-whispered question,— "But,
Jim, aren’t there other things to
make up for it?"

For a few moments Jim did not
look up. He seemed lost in
thought. Then he said: "Yes,
Kid, there are. Since you boys
came I have thought of it in an-
other light and have decided that
after all there is something in
school life besides what one
learns from books, or what one
gets from the profs."

"Then, will you come?"

Again there was a pause, but
only for an instant. Then Jim
spoke up resolutely: "Yes, I
will. I can finish my work here
in about twenty days and, by
Jove, ‘Happy’ shall help me do
it."

The tent poles fairly shook
from the force of the shout which
was followed by:

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Jim! Jim! Jim!

L. M. W.

Come Back to A. C. U.
A College Boy's Dilemma

Sitting on the lawn, idly fumbling a small pearl knife, Harry viewed college life with an air of the deepest disgust. "Now," he reflected, "here am I—the honorable Harry Whitcomb, gifted, attractive, popular, a football hero, a bright fellow—down and out. All my hard earned wages gone, vanished. Oh! that's what it is to be a member of two frats, frats that bleed a fellow until he can't even purchase a box of matches, bleed him until he goes so deep in debt that board bills chase him in his dreams; laundry men, tailors, landladies shriek at him from all sides in the awful darkness of the wee small hours." He kicked viciously at a little yellow dog who had been lying quietly beside him, and heaved a ponderous sigh, but instantly resumed his reverie trying to find a plan by which he could ga'ín a few dollars, at least until his next month's income. Not an idea presented itself. "A pretty mess,—a pretty mess," he murmured, "and November hardly past. If I keep on at this rate I shall be out of school before Christmas. What an ass I've been."

A little cloud covered the sun, leaving the world grey for a moment. Harry glanced up curiously and as he turned his attention to the East building he saw the tall, slouchy figure of good-humored Dick leaning against a pillar with a book in his hand.

"There's a fellow who doesn't have to worry," he thought. "He's got a bank account as big as his heart. Happy thought. Why not confide in him?"

It was not necessary for him to call as "Slack" had seen him and was coming towards him with his usual saunter.

"Hello, old boy," he called half a block away. "Surely you are not melancholy on such a lovely day." Harry braced him self and played a tattoo on the history he was holding, answering dismally, "Howdy, Slack. It is an excellent day, beautiful weather for November."

Slack sank awkwardly to the ground and stared perplexedly at Harry. "What in Heaven's name ails you? Has she given you the bounce?" he asked. Harry stopped a moment then answered
seriously. "No, but—"

"Cheer up. Never mind. Why I've got the best news for you, old chap. You'll feel better right away. Believe me, I had the grumps so bad this morning I didn't know I was alive until I met Hale and he cured me. Maybe I can try the same stunt on you. Remember at the last frat meeting?" Harry's blood chilled and he gasped like a fainting girl. "We decided to stir the crowd up a trifle as the bunch is getting pretty dead. You, what would you say to a dance in 'The Delta' next Friday night? Just for the 'Frat' and 'Their's.' I am certain we need to do something. We can get Fuller's Orchestra. It will cost about twelve or fifteen a piece, but this will be the last before our big Xmas blowout. What do you say? Hey?" and Slack laughed lightly, completely overcome with the joy of "'His,' "'The Delta,'" and Fuller's Orchestra. Harry's heart had failed him—he could not ask Slack to help him; these frat boys must not know.

"I'm sick to-day and nothing stirs me," was his answer to Slack's surprised question of "What's the matter?"

"Sorry, but you'll feel better soon. Let's stroll over and meet the girls."

"I—I'm—I'm—going—home. Really, Dick, I'm sick. I'll—I will consider the party. Good-bye." He sprang to his feet, jammed his soft felt down to his ears, snatched up his history, whistled softly to "'spot," and walked briskly away. Turning to glance over his shoulder he called back "Pray excuse me. I am in an awful rush."

"Certainly, certainly." Dick murmured. "Why, I'd be delighted. He must be deuced sick at the rate he walks. Just an unmerciful grouch and I know it. Oh, well, it's Harry for it," and he rose leisurely from the grass to keep his appointment with the girls.

Harry's spirits had fallen farther below zero than ever and as he thought of the party planned by the boys of Frat One he ground his teeth savagely, calling them a bunch of spendthrifts and making malicious wishes. He would not go, at any rate. "If Dozark didn't belong to the other frat I'd strike him. By Jove! I'll do it anyway. I expect he's in the library now. Surely 'the dozen' will not be up
“You look ill. What’s the matter?” Dozark asked sympathetically.

“The truth is, I am not a bit well,” was the disconsolate answer. “I’m going home now.”

“Aren’t you coming at five?”

“No, I’d better go home and doctor up a bit.”

“All right—majority rules old man. Good luck to you and be careful.”

So Harry left for his room. He had failed again. The fellows must be going crazy—a dance and a theater party. It made him dizzy. How much he had already given for those frats. He walked slowly. Glancing up once he saw, not far in advance, Professor Walsh; an old friend of his father’s. Why not step into his apartments and seek his aid. No! he would go right home and telephone.

On reaching home he found the family at dinner. Harry ate hurriedly and left early, running to his room in order to commence the attack on his father’s friend. The directory lay on the table. He turned the leaves hastily, looking for the number. “Ah, here it is, 94 red,” he exclaimed, and reached for the phone whose bell, at that moment, sent forth
a jarring jangle. He took down the receiver feverishly and said harshly "Hello!" It proved to be Miss Haley, a popular young lady, who had invited a number to spend the evening at her home and would he come? "Certainly"—and why not, it might help to drown his troubles. His watch told him it was time to dress—he would talk to Prof. Walsh next morning.

Harry's spirits rose as he mixed with the crowd and his troubles grew less in his mind. It was a jolly party. They sang and played until the hostess quieted them with a short talk from her uncle, and refreshments. Everyone listened patiently for half an hour and a sigh of relief went round as he finished. The boys collected and talked eagerly for a few minutes. Harry stepped near enough to hear what they were saying.

"We can get a rack from Hansen and one from Goslin. Dandy horses too," he heard Dick saying.

Great Heavens! What was this? More stunts? He turned away. Finances again. So they were planning a hay-rack ride? He jabbed his hands into his pockets and walked slowly away.

What should he do? Illness was his only hope. Accordingly he sought out Miss Haley. Calling her to one side he began "Sorry, Edna, but I have been feeling punk to-day. Will you excuse me now? I should love to stay and I have enjoyed myself very much but I really don't feel equal to it any longer."

"Well, I am sorry you are ill and can not stay, for the fellows are planning a grand hay-rack ride; we are coming back here to finish the sherbet," she said. "But if you are ill we'll have to excuse you. I'm glad you came over. Hope you will be better soon."

Harry avoided the glances of inquisitive girls. Edna promised to make it all right with the crowd, expressed her regret at his illness and with a hurried "Good-night" he was gone.

His face was flushed, he felt dizzy and sick. He was not feigning now, it was real. "Oh, you fool," he cried to himself. "You weak plaything. What right have you to go to college and deceive as you do." These words ran through his brain with such clearness that he started as though some one had spoken. But another voice was saying,
“What can a fellow do?” He reached his room like one in a trance. He walked to the window and sat down. What was to be done? Should he go to the members of the Frats and tell them it was impossible for him to belong? And should he tell them why? It was the only sure way of getting through school. He could pay up his present debts if he incurred no more, but a man must spend money when he belongs to Frats. If he dropped one he must drop both. Oh! the humiliation—how could he do it? To think of Whit—as he had been dubbed—withdrawi ng from the frats because he didn’t have the means. It was galling. The girls who had petted him—think what they would say. He knew only too well how popular he was. Would every body cut him now? Why not write home and tell his father all about it? Surely that would be best. No! he must be independent.

It was day-break when he rose from his chair, haggard and pale, but his face was calmer and he whistled a tune as he moved about preparing for first hour class.

Dick met him at the door with his usual “Hello, old man,” and Harry felt a twinge of pain. “Meeting at three-forty to-day. Be sure and be there. I’m going home for an hour or so.”

Farther up the hall he encountered Prof. Walsh who also greeted him cordially. “You look pale, my lad. Mustn’t work so hard,” he said and Harry smiled. “Don’t worry, it isn’t study.”

In class Dozark sat down by him.

“We couldn’t meet last night. After chapel today.”

“Good,” Harry cried. He thought before that he might have to wait two or three days, which meant such suspense he doubted his courage.

The boys were all assembled when Harry came in. He did not wait for order to be called but stepped resolutely to the table which stood in the middle of the room.

“Fellows,” he began. “I have come to-day to ask a favor of you. You all know how much I enjoy your company, but I wish you would accept my resignation as vice-president of this Frat and let me withdraw entirely. The fact of the matter is that I have not the means and you know, boys,” he went on, “When a fellow gets financially embarrassed
it is time to draw a halt." His voice trembled at first, but was now firm and steady. His eyes were clear and he stood straight and steady. The fellows looked dazed, and an exclamation broke from Dozark: "Well, you're a peach." but a glance from the president checked any further remarks. Harry laughed a little unnatural laugh as he turned toward his pal. Rising to his feet the president said as he faced him: "Whit, we are sorry—deuced sorry that circumstances have served you this way." The boy’s head began to whirl again and he was glad when he was incidentally excused. He left the room hurriedly and went out to sit on the bleachers. Here he buried himself deeply in his thoughts.

Meanwhile the meeting proceeded. Harry’s sad predicament was the first business.

"Don’t worry fellows—let it drop. I can afford to help Harry through. I’d do anything for him."

and Dozark’s eyes bespoke his seriousness.

"You might be willing to do it, but he would not be willing to let you," Dan spoke up quickly.

"No, it’s up to the Frat." the president said.

They all knew well enough that if they could find a way in which to make Whit feel he was relying on himself he would be satisfied. One of the fellows suggested that some one speak to Prof. B—, who was planning to leave for three months and who would certainly need a "sub." Whit had finished that course a year ago. He would receive enough from this to pull him even. Dan volunteered to see about it.

"Now don’t be blufféd out Daniel. B— is a hard one," he was cautioned.

"Some one may be ahead of us and I have another plan if that fails," the president said with his usual care. "By speaking to one of the officials I believe I can get him a government position in the Chem. Lab. If he works at all faithfully I know he will make good." So it was agreed that he should put in a good word for Whit.

If these plans failed they must find other means, for it was certain they would not let him drop if they could possibly help it. It was agreed not to mention anything to Harry.

Dan met some of the fellows in
the hall half an hour later with the news that someone else had gained the position and was already at work. The president wore a doubtful expression after his interview—they did not seem favorably inclined—he would see them again in an hour.

Harry roused himself and looked at his watch. In five minutes he would be telling the other boys the same story. He rose and walked slowly toward the building.

"Mr. Whitcomb," a voice said, "May I speak with you a moment." He turned to see Mr. Sayer standing in the door of the experiment station.

"Certainly," he answered and followed the gentleman into the room.

Harry did not meet the other "Frat" boys that afternoon and the president encountered him an hour later on the steps of the experiment station. Whit grasped his hand with the old friendly grip and requested that he walk home with him. In his boyish fashion he told the story of his good fortune while the president whistled softly the tune of their "alma mater."

"I can't understand it at all," Harry said happily.

But the president only continued to whistle—for he needed no explanation.

V. H.
Leonardo da Vinci

In 476 after Christ the mighty Roman Empire—which had controlled the destinies of the western world for centuries—ceased to be, and its magnificent civilization (government, laws, literature, art, cities, and Christian religion) passed into the care of multitudes of barbarians. For the next few centuries the future of the world rested with those savage men. Would they carry all that the past had developed into utter decay, or master the ways and learning of the conquered and push forward the world's civilization? It became apparent at last that Christianity and government were not to be lost to the west, but were to live and flourish through the education of the Germanic hordes.

It was as if the light had gone out of the world in 476—for learning well nigh died away. Darkness prevailed almost six centuries; then dawn broke about the year 1200, and the Renaissance had begun. The universal idea of those ages of darkness was religious asceticism. Perfection in this world and salvation in the next were to be obtained not by mingling with men, developing earth's resources or conquering the forces of nature,—or by acquiring vast knowledge, but by retiring to a cave, giving over the ways of mankind and by striving and whipping the evil out of the flesh. The old monk St. Bernard is pictured walking along the shores of Lake Leman, noticing neither the azure of the waters, nor the luxuriance of the vines; perceiving neither the radiance of the mountains with their robes of sun and snow, nor the living organisms that were his companions, but bending his head in selfish meditation,—closing his soul to the glory of those beauties and the joys of life.

Until the year 800 learning was scarcely a spark, and about that time Charlemagne blew the spark into a flame in a heroic attempt to found a university and reate a universal culture.

The great preparatory school for the Renaissance was the crusades—lasting from 1095-1300, which sent thousands of men into the orient in the hope of rescuing the Holy City from the heathen. Those movements destroyed
hide-bound traditions, spread broadcast knowledge of geography, eastern manners, customs, and learning,—gave an impetus to commerce, and brought the world closer together than it had been since the days of Rome's imperial greatness. From the last days of the crusades the flame of learning brightened steadily until its light filled Italy, France, Germany, and finally penetrated the farthest corners of the western world. Indeed, it is this same light which guides us today.

To compress the Renaissance into a paragraph is almost impossible, since it was the most widespread and influential movement of European history. Generally speaking, it had a double manifestation—it was the discovery of the world and the discovery of man. The discovery of the world—because during the Renaissance the world was traversed and mapped; men of the west sailed round Africa into the strange seas of the orient; and Columbus dared the unknown Atlantic to discover and explore mysteries of the vast west. The discovery of man—because, not only did men turn their eyes to the world about them, but they became interested in themselves and their fellow men. The old ideal of selfishness gave way to a spirit of altruism. Men became human beings possessing individuality, humanity, and reason. The wealth of their inheritance from the past, the possibilities of human thought, and the dignity of human life were revealed to men.

When this marvelous movement of discovery and rebirth of learning was at its height, in the middle of the 15th century, Leonardo da Vinci was born, a man said by Ex-President Eliot to be the historical character best typifying the ideal of a great university in a republic. As a boy Leonardo attended school in Florence, the city of his birth, mastering everything that was placed before him. Often he confounded his teachers with perplexing problems and doubts, then to the surprise of all solved them with ease. At the age of 27 he wrote a letter to the Duke of Milan in which he enumerated his achievements. He could make light and heavy bridges, cannons and fighting apparatus, was skilled in architecture and structural engineering, and was surpassed by none in painting.
He entered the service of the Duke of Milan in 1840 and for 20 years he accomplished many successful feats in engineering and hydraulics. In 1500 he left the service of the Duke of Milan and became the chief engineer and architect of Caesar Borgia, son of the pope. But when his matter was forced to flee from Rome into Spain, Leonardo returned to his old home at Florence, whence he was called in 1516 by Francis I king of France to serve as engineer and as court painter. He lived but 3 years after going to France.

He always loved nature passionately and soon learned to identify every animal, plant, and insect that he saw. He bought caged birds from the shopkeepers and opened the doors of the cages restoring the prisoners to freedom. He watched them fly away, then went home to experiment in building wings and flying device. He said some day men would travel through the air as the birds did.

He was a successful scientist. He experimented in chemistry, especially with oils for painting and varnishes for preserving pictures. To learn the anatomy of the body, he dissected human beings and animals. He wrote treatises on mathematics and astronomy and was among the first to acknowledge the rotundity of the earth and to recognize its position in the universe. Not only was he a scientist but also an engineer. Indeed, engineering is traced directly back to Leonardo. The greatest part of the 20 years at Milan was spent in constructing canals and bridges, and solving difficult engineering problems. He was skilled in hydraulics, making water obey his command as by magic. To restore fertility to the dry plains of Lombardy and the surrounding territory he diverted the course of small rivers of northern Italy. So marked was his ability in so many branches of science and engineering that he became well known in Italy and France, in an age when news travelled by foot.

Leonardo was a model of what the modern man should be, though he lived and exercised his marvelous accomplishments in the Renaissance period; for he maintained a perfect balance between affairs of the world and culture. Strangely enough, however, he looked upon his scientific studies and engineering feats
as of less importance than his work as artist. While we honor him as the first engineer, he called himself the Florentine painter. Besides being an artist he was an architect, sculptor, poet and musician. Great as his influence on practical science was, it was even greater on art. He was the first to introduce the practice of light and shade, doing away with light and heavy coloring. He also introduced oil painting, making and mixing his own oils. He was a complete master of the portrayal of facial expressions—the very souls of his subjects looked out of his pictures. In all his paintings and drawings he was absolutely correct, drawing on his scientific researches to the benefit of his beloved profession.

"The Last Supper" was his masterpiece. This painting was done in oils on the wall of the refectory of the Dominican convent at Milan in 1498. In "The Last Supper" the Savior and His apostles are seated at a long table in a stately hall. The moment chosen is when the Savior said to His apostles "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." The surprise, horror, sorrow and remorse that Leonardo wrought into the facial expressions of the apostles is marvelous. At a glance the face of Judas is identified, one an almost see the feeling that is in his heart. The head of Christ is the most satisfactory yet painted.

His most successful portrait was that of Mona Lisa—which exists today. Mona Lisa was an exceedingly beautiful woman, wife of a distinguished Florentine. He worked on this for four years and then left it dissatisfied, for to him it was unfinished. But it was unfinished only, in that nothing could be finished according to his ideals. In this picture he has truly imitated nature, and it is commonly said to be the most wonderful portrait in the world. So desirous was he to make this picture perfectly natural that some one was kept constantly near Mona Lisa to sing or play on instruments or to gossip and amuse her. Leonardo then caught her smile and painted it as smile never was painted.

One of his principles was that to be able to define justly the beautiful in its sublimest mood, he must know the ugly. Therefore he was lead to seek strange faces and to follow them about the streets until he could reproduce them from memory; and to
visit the execution of criminals in order to know the hideous expressions of horror of their last moments. This combination of opposites is the keynote to his life. To a knowledge of science and engineering, considered vast and original in his day, he added artistic skill and appreciation rarely surpassed in the history of the world. Many noted men of his time won durable reputation in art or practical affairs, but Leonardo alone achieved a perfect combination of the two. Because of this he has been called the universal genius—a correct and everlasting example of true education.

A. B.
The Civic Responsibility of The College Woman

Before the college was open to women their education consisted largely of information and accomplishment. Within two generations systematic training has replaced the superficial education of the finishing school and the advantages of this change have been seen first in the improved, home life. The college graduate who is married or who is at home can prove more effectually than any other class of graduates the practical utility of college education for women. She can prove how false is the statement that the average girl does not need a thorough course of technical study because her household duties will not demand a knowledge of these subjects. The lawyer forgets in part his science, the businessman his classics, yet each proves daily the value of these subjects. The college men taking practical engineering have demanded a six year course before receiving their degree because they felt the lack of a general cultural education in a four year course. So the college woman finds every day fresh evidences of the advantage of a college course. She has within herself the resources that enable her not only to rise above much of the inevitable drudgery of household duties but also to appreciate the responsibility she owes the community.

A College education is now universally accepted as desirable for women because it prevents her mental horizon from becoming limited by the four walls of her home or by her immediate neighborhood. New interests lying outside the home circle exercise a broadening and strengthening influence which reacts beneficially not only upon the community but also upon the women themselves, and there is open to all women a civic responsibility that they must not shrink if they do their duty toward themselves, their family, the community, and the state.

And what are these civic interests? The three most vital to life are pure food, pure water and pure air.

First we should demand that all articles of food be inspected and labeled pure, and the label
should state the ingredients of which the food is composed and then it must be sold in clean markets. Milk should be considered because it is the principal food of infants. We ought to have a milk inspector who should insist upon healthy cows and the most sanitary conditions in the stables and in the dairy because the babies' lives depend upon a pure milk supply.

Second, we must insist on pure water. We protect the source of the water supply from all possible garbage or stable pollution because the good health of the community depend upon pure water.

Third, we must demand pure air for it is necessary for life. A poorly ventilated house, church, or school room will cause headaches, colds, all kinds of nose and throat troubles and numerous other maladies and weaken the general constitution.

Next, in importance, the college woman must insist upon sanitary conditions in the schoolhouse. The bad effects of poor ventilation are readily detected, and other school problems to be considered are the proper seating and the direction of the light, the school luncheon for the children, in order that the highest development of the child physical, mental, and moral may be brought about.

Salt Lake women have set us a notable example of active cultivation of the municipal art by the suppression of nuisances, such as unsightly telegraph poles in the middle of the street. They are having all possible overhead wires laid under ground. They are removing all flaming billboards and repulsive advertisements; and they are working to suppress the contamination of the air by smoke and dust. In many states there is a heavy penalty for expectorating upon the street car floor or the pavements and it is absolutely necessary to prohibit this habit if we wish to get rid of tuberculosis, "The Great White Plague."

The women in this state have the opportunity of using the ballot and they should assist in securing the enactment and enforcement of suitable ordinances and measures for the prevention of disease, the protection from direct pollution of the canals, a better plan for the care and removal of garbage, the extermination of flies, the cleaning of streets, back-yards, and stables,
and the conversion of vacant lots into play grounds. Each play ground should be fitted with swings, sandboxes, and an athletic field, for the purpose of getting children off the streets. Children's play grounds are as necessary as schools to the welfare of the modern community. These are a few of the most important civic interests.

I have already mentioned what some Salt Lake women have been able to accomplish, but the best example of a college graduate who has done much in civic improvement, due to her ability and power of organization, is Miss Jane Addams, who founded Hall House in Chicago, one of the largest settlement houses in this country. Miss Addams has taken a prominent part in almost every reform movement in Chicago and even in the United States, especially in all that concern women, children, and the tenement population. Her great service to the community has been widely recognized and she has been called "The Only Saint America Has Produced."

The foregoing instances have shown what women have accomplished in civic affairs. The college woman can do much by way of discussion to improve social and economic conditions. The love of study fostered by her college course should show itself after graduation in the formation of clubs or societies whose purpose should be to carry out all these different forms of civic interests. A school house or a public building conveniently situated for the community should be used for lectures and public meetings. Every one should be invited to take part and thus enthusiasm might easily be aroused on the part of the citizens and they would help assume the responsibility in civic improvements.

The college woman has the power of perception and organization, and the training which is necessary in order to accomplish much in municipal affairs.

Therefore, the college woman should assume this responsibility and be a leader in all civic improvements.

H. B.
Six years ago the members of the present graduating class entered the halls of this or some other educational institution. We came just the same as "preps" had been coming for years before and will continue to come indefinitely. We listened to earnest talks, and read convincing articles about some strange intangible thing called "loyalty." We formed an idea of what the loyalty was. To most of us loyalty came as a gradual transformation. It grew upon us without warning. As the years passed it became harder for us to tear ourselves from our associations and environment at commencement. But generally we did it with the knowledge that it would be a matter of three months and then, all would be reunited, friendships renewed and strengthened and the luring fascination of college life would have us within its grasp again.

But to the Senior it is different. The six years that they have walked through these halls, strolled on the campus, sat in the classroom through wearied discussion or interesting lecture, made merry at banquet or party, and participated in class pranks, have developed within them some strange quality that brings to their throats a choking lump when they think of leaving the college and its associations for the last time.

A love for the Agricultural College has been developed within the heart of every senior that makes him look upon the college
in much the same light as one looks upon his mother.

Every graduate will return to the campus some day, some will be gray-haired and bent with age. He will stand in the shadow of his class tree and gaze over the beautiful valley, and the recollections of his college days will fill his mind with memories of the best time in his life.

Looking backward over the past nine months, statements that were made in the first issue of Student Life are brought vividly to mind. We remember how we gloated over the excellent prospects of the college and its numerous adjuncts. We saw the best opportunity that the college ever had for a good sturdy growth. To what extent have those visions of greatness been fulfilled? The answer is obvious to even the casual observer. They have been fulfilled completely, even to a greater extent than was reasonably expected. Without question this year has been a remarkable success. The popularity of the Agricultural College and its particular brand of education were never so universal as today. The citizens of Utah have awakened to find a mighty, growing college and moreover they have in their awakening found a demand for the product of this college. Thus the great economic requirements of supply and demand are balanced.

There is no reason why next year and the years following should not be as successful as the one we are now finishing. Under the same, judicious administration that has so ably directed the powers of progress in this era of development, there is excellent opportunity to GROW.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1910.

U. of U. vs. U. A. C., October 8th, in Logan.
University of Southern California vs. U. A. C., October 26th, in Logan.
Montana Aggies vs. U. A. C., November 5th, in Bozeman, Montana.
Montana University vs. U. A. C., November 9th, in Missoula, Montana.
U. of U. vs. U. A. C., November 24th, Salt Lake City.
Athletics

As the school year draws to a close, one is able to look back and summarize the whole.

It is a great relief to the athlete, who has worked and trained so faithfully, to see the end draw near. He has lived an active, vigorous life at high tension, doing all in his power to achieve success. When he looks back and views the bare results of his labors too often it is very discouraging. The comparative scores of points made in the contests are not in most cases what they might have been. The one who has taken an active lively part in all the contests feels his failures or his past successes with either regrets or pride. If he has not done the very best that it was possible for him to do, he senses it deeply. If he has put forth every effort losing no time or opportunity, he feels with a great deal of satisfaction that the time has been well spent no matter what the final reckoning may be.

There is a glorious happiness in winning at any game. The athlete is lauded and applauded, while he is winning his race, but when it is all over he is too soon forgotten. The man who gives more of his time than any other man in school for the building up of the school, for the pleasure of the students and faculty, making school life more of a pleasure, the man who carries the good work and character of the school to other schools and cities, and in this way builds up the school by letting people know what the school stands for, where it is, and why one should go there in preference to other schools, the man who gives his time so freely and unselfishly to the cause of the whole and to each one of the students and faculty individually, should always be remembered.

In the summary of this year's athletic work no student or any one who cares to reflect can find sufficient cause for mourning. The athletes themselves should have no reason for regrets. It has been a banner year.

Last fall in football we had almost all new material. We played but very few games, but on the whole it was the best season, barring none, for the school that we have had. The good and elevating nature which character-
ized all our contests was healthy, clean and inspiring. We did not win all our games but we proved ourselves to be the equals of any of our opponents in cleanliness and in vigorous manly contests.

Third place in the basketball league does not sound as well as first or second, but it does make some noise. We did not even hope to win from Provo, and with the University equipped as it is with an excellent gymnasium, while we have nothing but the pigeon box up in the attic to hope to best them would be folly. The other schools have good gymnasiums, but are only high schools and we found them worthy opponents at the game of basketball on account of our handicap.

At track we have no reasons for not winning. There are no excuses necessary. We are not losing at track work. On May the seventh we held Provo down to a score of 63-59. We lived up to the new ruling and our oldest man was on the track for his third year, and most of them for the first year, while Provo had Peterson, who took twelve points in the meet. He according to this year's ruling should not be allowed to compete, because he has taken part for six successive years. Peterson is a power to the track scoring machine and he can't blame us for wanting him out. With Peterson out we would have beaten Provo.

There is our baseball team that not only has worked hard but is doing something. Unfortunately the intercollegiate league fell through this year. Our team has been playing ball. Not very much has been said about the baseball on account of there being no league, but the men have been playing a good steady game all season. They have met some of the best teams from the surrounding towns and have obtained some very pleasing results. They are building all this year for the next year's team. All the men except two are freshmen or under and will be here for next year.

We have in a hasty way gone over the results of our teams this year and it is seen from this brief review that the one big thing points towards the future. Coach Teetzel is not building for the pleasures and momentary victories of the right—now. He has chosen his men so that they will be good men when they are most needed. They will all be back next year to the man, except pos-
sibly McCombs, our football center, and Batt, our full-back. Mortensen, our star of former years, will be added to the football squad, as well as several high school stars. Frew will be back in the game again next year to captain the team through what seems to be as bright a season as any football team of any school ever anticipated. The men can hardly wait to get back to school and into the game they feel so sure of a winning team.

In basketball we shall have all of this year's team and an army of subs to pick from as well as a few high school stars.

In track and baseball we have practically the same thing. All our men are new men and are good. With this year's experience and development next year and the three years to come certainly shall be winners. With Teetzel at the helm and the multitude of good conscientious, sincere, determined oarsmen and the uniform solid support of the student body, faculty, and friends as aids, there is no evident reason why we should not take the lead next year.
Seniors

Seniors are such capricious creatures—one never knows what to expect of them, or what they will do next, but we have been fortunate in finding out exactly what each one is and what he or she will do this summer and it is as follows:

Erastus Peterson—Scouring vats at Logan Sugar factory.

F. A. Wyatt—Cultivating mustard in Fiji Islands.

O. G. Lloyd—Concocting soothing syrup and slippery salve in the Brown Pharmacy at Kanab.

C. E. Barrett—Developing negatives with a ruby light.

Bob. Stewart—Growing wonderberries on mahoganies.

A. E. Aldous—Developing formulas for the perfection of a substance guaranteed to grow hair in one night.

R. C. Allred—Selling Cache Valley underwear at Peterboro.

Alex McOmie—Executive ability a side line—dispensing chestnuts with an old Jodo board h’s occupation.

Susannah Perry—Selling Walk-Over Shoes in a gent’s Furnishing store, Salt Lake City.

Amelia Manning—At Washington, D. C., securing patent on Manning’s Improved Sanitary Nursing Bottle.

Winifred Smith—Studying the effects of moral suasion in obstinate unmarried men.

Helen Bartlett—Studying the saliva of pigs and the dilution of amylase with the view of writing an article on the effects of drinking water.

Corlett Riter—Dispensing agricultural relief and last aid to the chocolate pecanies, Dexter, Texas.

A. B. Ballantyne—With James & Hopkins one ringed circus spieving for Minnie Loo, the brainless wonder.

Jack Sadler—Compiling an index for Webster’s abridged dictionary.

Wm. Oldham—In Cache Junction collecting facts to prove that two may live as one.

Jim Stewart—Dealing for a three card Monte game at Caliente, Nev.

Ethel Bennion—Preparation of a compound warranted to prevent the growth of whiskers.
Dean F. Peterson—Contemplating the development of species of hairless dogs for boneless sausages.

Florence Dudley—Preparing an article on the effect of goats milk on the brain cells of an infant.

Alice Kewley—Conducting an Anti-Carrot campaign in Sanpete county.

Nora Sonne—Touring Oklahoma and Indian Territory as a Robert Burns reader.

Veda Dixon—Writing two books, one "Bringing up of Preston" and "How Looks the World from Under a 10 Foot Hat."

Odessa Hendricks—Treatise on "Liquor, Liquor, Oh Woeful Day!"

Amy Leigh—Senior Dramatics changed her career. She is now dancing in the Aleazar Theatre in Fresco.

Aaron Rasmussen—Happy is chasing elusive happiness—Success.

R. B. Curtis—Bear hunting his pastime—Dealing with COLE his business.

Jim Pence—Next comptroller of the currency—Sh! don’t wake him up.

Bill Peterson—Grew tall and went to feet—likes dressmakers—now among Indians selling Lydia E. Pinkham’s Pink Pills for Pale People.

Asa Bullen—Inflating Balloons at Panhandle aviator’s establishment.

Orville Lee—Writing thesis on the comparative growth of black hair and sagebrush.

Chas. Hirst—President of the Roosevelt anti-race suicide league—active member.

A. H. Saxer—Stoning stolen Prunes in Smart’s orchard. He will discover why they fall to the ground and develop the laws of Potential and Kinetic Energy.

Joe Grue—Making a Crazy quilt under the supervision of the architectural department at Chicago University.

Lavina Maughan—Seeing the sights and collecting fares on the Uganda scenic railroad.

Inez Maughan—Regular contributor to "The National Ripsaw" and the "Appeal to Reason."

They all mean well. May they do well and thus beginning well. Well, we know they shall all do well.
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Domestic Science and Arts.—Cooking, Serving Home Construction and Sanitation, Laundering, Hand and Machine Sewing, Dressmaking, Embroidery Household Economics, Home Nursing, etc.

General Science.—English, Mathematics, History, Modern Languages, Natural and Physical Science, etc.

Engineering.—Irrigation Engineering jointly with the University of Utah.

Domestic Science and Arts will be repeated during the Summer Session. Courses are also offered in Music, both vocal and instrumental, Art, Physical Culture, Library Work, etc.

SUMMER SCHOOL

Summer School will open June 6th and close July 16th, 1910. Courses will be offered in Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Geology, History, Economics, English, French and German. Many of the regular courses in Agriculture, Domestic Science, Commerce and Mechanic Arts will be repeated during the Summer Session. Write for summer school circular.

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