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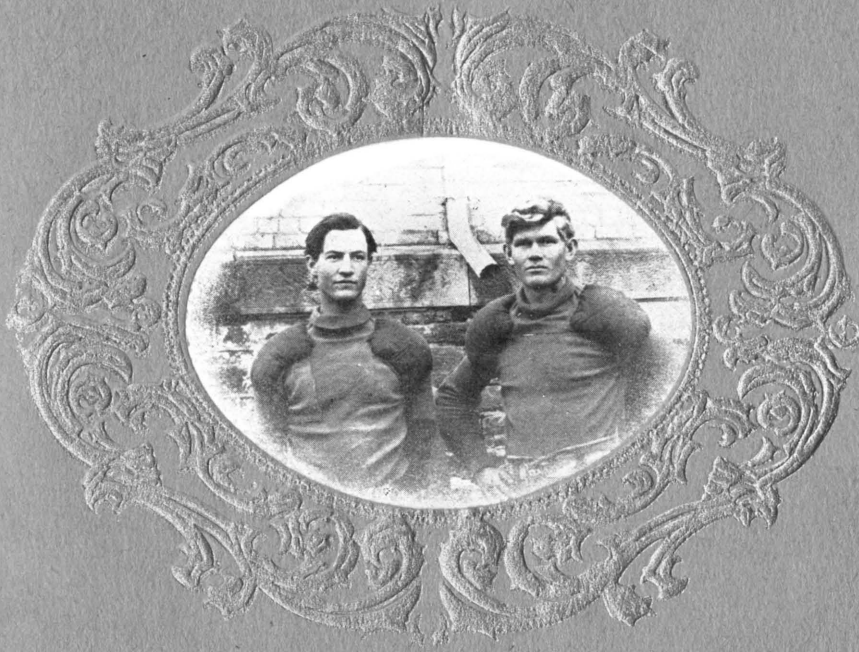
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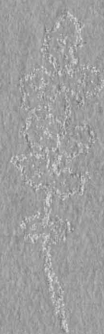




Student Life

Agricultural
College of
Utah
December, 1904
Vol. 3 No. 3

The Desert News





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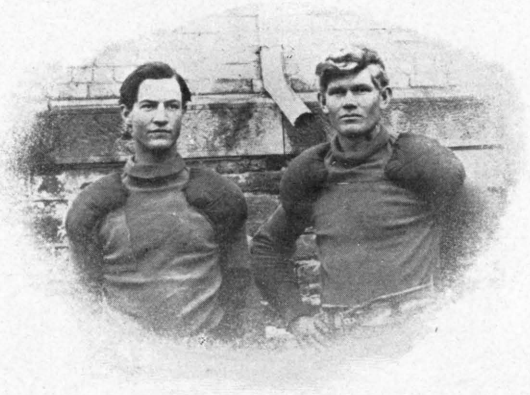
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“Le Roi est mort; Vive le Roi!”

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Foot Ball Team.

Brimstone and Dynamite.

A Story in Which Football, Politics and Men's Sentimentalism are Concerned.

Even the most enthusiastic were compelled to acknowledge that the football outlook around old Harvard was far from encouraging. In fact they said that the chance for victory in the annual game with Yale was becoming smaller each day, and that the Blue would probably send her rival to the "dumps."

Such "dope" as this caused "Dynamite" Harkney, Harvard's captain '87, to drive his men into the "scrub" line like a steam hammer. It was the last scrimmage practice that the first team was to have with the "scrubs" before the big game, and they had to make a showing. Somehow the "scrubs" were harder than ever to handle, as they got into the plays, and broke them up before they were fairly started.

"Brimstone" Varley, the scrub's captain and quarter, coolly directed the onslaught against the first eleven, and each time Harkney's team went down, a smile of supreme satisfaction rippled over Varley's face.

His college-life's ambition was being satisfied! Long had he possessed this insane desire. Ancient animosities between "Dynamite" and "Brimstone" dated back to their Freshman year, and the intense rivalry was plainly shown in the scrimmage.

Yard by yard the "scrubs" gained on the big team; and each down showed that Harkney's team must loose. The coaches "cussed" and swore at eleven first team men, but of no avail, for slowly but surely the "scrubs," yes the miserable "scrubs," pounded on to the coveted goal post. "Twenty-five yards more," thought "Brimstone," "and Harkney's gone." The "scrub" captain called out, "x-20-22," and a second later he placed the pigskin on the ground behind the goal posts. The "scrubs" had won, and "Brimstone" was equal to "Dynamite."

At the clubs that night the sole conversation concerned "Brimstone's victory and "Dynamite's"

defeat; the conclusion being in almost every instance that the feud would grow more bitter.

During the rest of the school year each antagonist kept an eagle eye on the other, but no open trouble resulted, although the deep-dyed hatred was there.

June rolled around, and with it came that time which a college man never forgets; the time when he leaves his alma mater and goes into the cold, hard world to work out his own "salvation." "Dynamite" and "Brimstone" were among those who awaited Commencement day with pleasure, but yet with a tinge of pain, for both of them loved "Fair Harvard." When the two received their "sheep-skins," and had bowed their heads in the last benediction they went forth to play their biggest game of all—that of Life.

* * * * *

There was but one week left for the special session of Congress to finish business and adjourn, and excitement was at a high pitch. On November 16, 1901, the dailies were running "head liners" of extraordinary size announcing that probably House Bill No. 231 would pass. If this bill became a law, it meant a victory for the Colorado, Texas & Southwestern Railroad, a colossal corporation of the middle west.

House Bill No. 231 provided for the opening of the Texarkana Indian Reservation in Oklahoma. From the surface, the bill appeared harmless, but its opponents claimed a "gigantic deal" was on, whereby

the C. T. & S. W. R. R. would become the bona fide owners of the country thrown open. In this particular section of Oklahoma there were known to exist rich sulphur mines, and the individuals who secured control of it could become immensely wealthy.

The opposition to the bill was in the Senate, and it was led by Senator Harkney of Missouri. He had been given the nick-name of "Dynamite" Harkney by the local reporters, because of his strenuous opposition to the bill. The bill in question had its earnest friends and supporters, and the man who led this faction was Senator Tom Harper from a western state. Many rumors were in the air, and the most dangerous one to the bill was that Senator Harper was only a tool in the hands of the railroad company, and that the real man, who was directing the fight for the passage of the act, was President "Brimstone" Varley of the C. T. & S. W. R. R. So prominent had Varley become in Washington politics, that an ingenious reporter on the "Star," had given him the forename he now carried.

It became evident to the supporters of the bill that it would have to be brought to a vote as soon as possible. An afternoon edition of the Washington papers, published on Friday before the adjournment on the following Tuesday, announced that the respective forces had gone into private consultations. The outcome of the closed meetings was watched with wide interest.

Perhaps the greatest sensation Washington had experienced for years, came when the evening edition of the "Star" published an article, using the following as a "scare head":

SOMETHING WRONG.

"DYNAMITE" HARKNEY AND
"BRIMSTONE" VARLEY DISAPPEAR

Leaders of Opposition and Support
of the Notorious House Bill No.
231 Have Folded Their Tents
and Stolen Away.

There then followed several columns of reading matter which told of the disappearance of the men, the article closing with the statement that "the cause of the disappearance of the leaders is a mystery. Things are at a standstill in regard to the passage of House Bill No. 231, and political circles are disturbed. The act was to be voted on at Monday's session, and if the principals are not found it is probable that no vote will be taken, but the notorious bill will be laid over for next session."

* * * * *

Harvard had not won for years. Season after season Yale had captured the annual football game, but Harvard, with the persistency for which she is noted, came up each season and gamely took her beating.

From the very beginning of the season of '01, things looked bright for the Crimson. Her team was

composed of mostly veterans; a new and better system of coaching was being tried, and all omens pointed toward a victory over the old rival from New Haven.

It takes too much time and space to tell of that eventful contest in which old Harvard laid her foe low, with the score of 24 to 0 painted on Yale's gravestone. The enthusiasts, who witnessed the game, are talking about it yet. It was a sublime scene, indeed, to see thousands of men bare their heads and with tears in their eyes, sing "Fair Harvard," as if their whole souls depended on it. When that multitude cheered, it sent the blood coursing through a person's veins with an extra big thump. The fact is that howling humanity forgets itself at a football game. Although it appears childish to see men and women howl, yell, sing and cry, just because a man in padded clothes has carried a pigskin a few yards, it is only blue-blooded American patriotism asserted. It is the love for the mother country in another form; that of love for the Alma Mater.

Imagine, if you can, about one hundred gray-headed "boys," whose ages range from 47 to 80 years, fully imbued with the above spirit. There is something doing; something fierce. Well, the class of '87, Harvard, went into convulsions immediately after Marshall had made the last touchdown for the Crimson. The old "boys" began to sing, cry, yell and caress each other all at the same time. They were happy,

tumultuous, and wild, but what of it?—old Harvard had won.

There happened to be an individual lurking around the crowd, whose "daily bread" depends upon how well he minds other people's business. On this particular occasion, he had his optics wide open, and when he saw Varley and Harkney of '87, caressing each other, and dancing like wild men, he recognized somebody, and then he remembered what he had seen in a Washington paper. It did not take long for this man to act, for a few moments later, he 'phoned the Boston "Globe" to hold space in the evening edition for a good story. He then wrote it, drawing upon his imagination for what he didn't know.

The following is a clipping from a Boston paper:

MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

PRES. "BRIMSTONE" VARLEY
AND SEN. "DYNAMITE"
HARKNEY FOUND.

Were at Football Game at Boston.

The disappearance of Pres. "Brimstone" Varley of the C. T. & S. W. R. R., and Sen. "Dynamite" Harkney of Missouri is explained. They were at the Harvard-Yale football game, and participated in the grand celebration at the close of the second half. They danced the zigzag, hand-in-hand, as if rivalry and enmity had never been theirs.

Now the question is: "What has become of House Bill No. 231?" We leave it to our readers.

There were two troubled men the next morning on the Boston-Washington flyer. One sat in a private car, while the other rode in a standard Wagner. Who they were you can guess. The man in the private car looked glum for a while, and then he muttered: "D—n those reporters * * * intended to get back to Washington in order to see the bill through tomorrow, but what's the use now?" The man in the Wagner simply smiled.

After a while the man in the private car walked through the train and coming to the man in the Wagner, he said: "Let's call her square, 'Dynamite.'" The man in the Wagner grasped the hand of the man from the private car, and replied: "'Brimstone,' it goes with me."

House Bill No. 231 was not even brought to a vote.

Mac Greegor.

A False Proverb.

"All the world a lover loves."

Proverbs often lead astray;
Long I've wooed Belinda, she
Scorns and flouts me, says me
nay.

Can the proverb then be true?

How it is I scarcely see,
That all the world a lover loves
When 'Linda's all the world to
me. —Exchange.

The Scope of Agriculture.

In order to know agriculture, one should study the conditions making it possible, its past history, the problems now confronting it, farm mechanics and its general influence upon civilization.

Man and the material world around us, make possible every process and every element in civilization. Agriculture, the most fundamental element in civilization, is a result of man's labor expended upon materials furnished by nature. These materials include forces, objects and relations. Man's function in the agricultural process, is to direct forces, and whenever possible subdue them, utilize objects and discover relations.

Classifications are necessary in order that we may acquire and retain knowledge and transmit it to others. In spite of their value, classifications are apt to be misleading. When we state that the scientific agriculturist in a given act is controlling forces, or utilizing objects, or discovering relations, we do not mean to convey the idea that in dealing with one point in the classification the agriculturist is necessarily cut off from each of the other points. Forces cannot be controlled without using objects; relations cannot be discovered except

through a study of both forces and objects. Every problem confronting the agriculturist involves, in varying degrees, forces, objects and relations. In any attempted solution the question is more apt to be one of emphasis than one of exclusion.

The statement that man can, within bounds, control and direct natural forces, is another way of saying that his power over nature is increasing. Nothing sets forth this fact more clearly than a survey of what scientific agriculture has already accomplished.

In constructing glass houses, man controls and directs natural forces in such a manner as to create artificial climate. Momentous results follow from this control and direction. By means of glass houses, tropical climate may be produced almost anywhere on the surface of the globe. Fruit trees, garden vegetables, flowering plants and sometimes field crops are grown in glass houses. The necessity for creating artificial climate is made apparent by the fact that nearly all plants require a special climate. Geraniums and heliotropes flourish in a temperature that would kill delicate orchids. Young tomatoes and cabbage plants grow together under the same roof; the maidenhair fern, if kept in

their company, would pine away. A climate good for violets would be bad for pineapples. Seasons may be advanced or retarded by glass houses. Our friends are regaled with strawberries grown in March; roses flourish during a twelve-month. The flora of the Amazon valley is reproduced forty and fifty degrees north of the equator. Around Boston lettuce is grown all winter by means of glass. Glass houses make tomato growing possible in New England. The United States and England have spent many millions in constructing houses wherein artificial climates may be maintained.

Control and direction of water is a prominent feature in agriculture. Rivers are caused to flow in definite channels by means of dykes and embankments; reservoirs are constructed in which waters are stored up for use during drought and periodic dry seasons; underground drains are made which carry off surplus water from swampy grounds, thereby rendering them cultivable; vast districts in arid regions are made to blossom like the rose through irrigation.

The agriculturist not only controls water already on the surface of the earth, but when it becomes necessary he brings it to the surface by means of bored wells.

Animal breeding, plant variation, and development of new kinds of grains are fine examples of man's increasing power over natural objects. The distinction between a

magnificent Durham bull and the wild cattle of Europe is a distinction due to man's care and judgment in selecting for breeding purposes the best individuals out of each successive generation. Sheep-raisers in the Inter-Mountain region in one decade, through selection and breeding, have increased the average weight of their flocks. What a difference there is between the massive limbs of a draft horse and the greyhound-shaped limbs of a race horse. Variations in the length and form of hogs' noses indicate man's power over domestic animals through selective breeding. The most improved breeds, when neglected, rapidly deteriorate. There are instances when pure-bred animals, through neglect, in one generation have developed some of the earmarks of a scrub.

Man's power over the character and disposition of animals, through breeding and selection, is just as marked as his ability to change their physical form. Even the most superficial observer is aware of the vast difference in disposition between a wild "cayuse" and a thoroughbred trotting horse.

Experiment stations throughout the United States are carefully investigating the subject of plant variation. Not only are they causing variations in old and well-established types; but in some instances they have created new fruits. The United States bureau of plant breeding has recently created a new fruit by crossing the hedge-orange of Ja-

pan with the common sweet orange of Florida. Another new fruit, called "tangelo," has resulted from crossing the tangerine orange with the pomelo or grape fruit.

Cosmopolitan varieties of fruit are no longer mainly sought after by the horticulturist. His aim is rather to produce many kinds, each specially adapted to some particular valley or plain. Plant breeding is coming to be just as important in agriculture as animal breeding.

Nature gave us the wild rose; man grafted upon it his own purposes and aims, and there resulted the American Beauty rose. People are still living who remember when the tomato was little, seedy and hardly fit to eat; today our annual tomato crop is worth millions. As now known, the tomato may be said to be a product of the last fifty years. The many fine vegetables that today minister to our health and happiness probably were unknown one hundred years ago. Floriculture has indefinitely modified the form and colors of flowers. Experiment stations are producing new varieties of wheat from time to time. Our native wild plum, through domestication and amelioration, has produced more than two hundred horticultural varieties. Many of our finest types of grapes have been developed from the fox grape, which was found wild in the woods. The difference between a sour crab apple and a large pippin is a difference due to human purpose and patience.

For centuries the energies of mankind have been wasted in useless and exhausting wars. Governments, in the past, have only partially realized the importance of agriculture; individuals, attracted by the pageantry and glamour of politics and money getting, have chased the phantoms of power and speculation, apparently wholly oblivious to the great truth that the soil is the ultimate source of all wealth. Simple truths, which might have been discovered through observation, were overlooked; first-class minds spent their energies in criticising old theories or in constructing new ones. Even those who did cultivate the soil were looked down upon by the parasitic upper-classes and were styled the mud sills of society.

But this state of affairs is rapidly passing away. Scientific discovery directed man's mind to the study of natural law; increasing population emphasized the necessity of making two blades of grass grow where one grew before; patient experimentation has taken the place of dogmatic assertion; improved means of transportation and communication are bringing together the remotest ends of the earth; cultivators in any part of the earth may now profit by the experience and discoveries of agriculturists in every other part. Each succeeding year larger numbers of young men devote their lives to scientific agriculture. Government, both state and national, is each decade spending increasing sums in maintaining experiment

stations and in disseminating agricultural information. No sane mind, knowing the possibilities of agriculture, can dwell upon them without becoming enthusiastic.

To acquire knowledge is to master relations. We must not fall into the habit of thinking that knowledge of an object as such is more important than mastering its relations to other objects. We must not make the word relation identical with the term dependence. The relations of men to the soil vary, but their dependence upon it remains almost a fixed quantity. Soil cultivation has just as much to do with the wealth of Lyman Gage as it had to do with the worldly possessions of Sterling J. Morton. Mr. Gage is an eminent banker of Chicago; Mr. Morton was a widely-known agriculturist of Nebraska. Their relations to the soil differed; their dependence upon it was practically the same.

Every occupation in life affects other occupations, and is in turn influenced by them. Some prefer to speak of this process as social reflex action. The simple meaning of it

all is that A cannot be tied to B without B being tied to A. We are not to infer, however, from the fact that A and B are connected that each exerts the same influence upon the other. In determining the direct and reflex influence of each upon the other, all the factors entering in must be taken into account. It will appear upon examination that no two persons are just alike in power and influence and that no two objects ever possess exactly the same set of relations. As a result, social problems are generally complex from the moment of their existence.

Agronomists, horticulturists, students of animal husbandry and of farm mechanics, work, each of them, in a distinct field. Each class of workers is engaged in solving a different set of problems; each, in some measure, seems separated from the rest. The results of their labors, however, at any given time, when carefully studied, blend into a harmonious whole. Fundamentally, they are mastering the same set of relations from different standpoints.

J. F. E.



A Fourth of July Experience.

Every American is familiar with the usual intensity of a modern fourth of July—when gunpowder burns freely and the noisy revelry lasts from early morning until midnight. On this day we all seem to be mad in our attempts to make the noble bird of freedom scream and do not stop to recall, that formerly the great national holiday was rather a solemn occasion, when the Declaration of Independence was read in a monotonous way to all the people the community could muster. It was also a signal for local orators to come forth, and, with brilliant efforts, tell us how our ancestors had exhibited their power in twisting the British Lion's tail to get their liberty, and how that liberty had been nobly guarded.

But we have all celebrated this day in a more modern fashion. While our parents, elder brothers and sisters would be at the picnic grounds letting the enthusiasm and oratory "soak in," we have loaded old tin cans with cannon crackers or giant powder and yelled and jumped with delight when the can would explode, throwing dirt, and pebbles in every direction and making such a fearful "racket" that all the teams on the village street would put up their ears and try to break away from their drivers.

Then some of us have had battles with roman candles, the stars from which would burn large holes in our clothes, all of which was great sport, until our mothers found the holes. Then there were imaginary forts and toy cannon which we would take by assault—acting over the battles and brave deeds of our ancestors who proved themselves to be so valiant.

The average boy of America seeks noise—no matter what kind, just so that it is noise—on this, the nation's holiday. He seems to see in the smoke of his fire works the images of the great battles for liberty and justice, and in the noise and bluster, seems to hear our great American eagle scream his appreciation of the day's celebration.

A few years ago I witnessed the celebration of the great national holiday in New York City, and the experiences of that day were very forcibly impressed upon my memory, and you may be interested in them.

In the smaller towns and villages, the citizen who loves quiet and peace has a chance to escape to the hills, or woods, but in the great city of New York, after the celebration is in full blast, it is impossible to find any place where the air is not continually being rent with fearful,

ear-splitting explosions and concussions, screaming and wailing contrivances rushing through the air and all sorts of appliances for making what the grown folks call "infernal racket."

Some enthusiastic person—I had a rougher name for him then—got directly under my room window about midnight of the third and started to hold a target practice with a small cannon. The first report shook the building and made the windows of my room play a drum solo. Being unarmed, I was unable to respond to this cannonading in a manner which, at that moment, seemed to me fit. I looked in the clothes room for something handy—and heavy—and found a pair of old shoes, which did not have a very *soulful* appearance and I immediately resolved to share my find with my friend below. The first shoe fell a little short, but had the effect of starting the raider in retreat. The second shoe struck the fellow just where shoes are intended to hit such fellows. From around the corner I heard him yell, "Say, feller, I aint a bridal party."

Since my enemy had the consideration for my feelings or his, I don't know which, to retire, I, thinking him routed, retired also. But I didn't go to sleep. Oh, no! It seemed to me that everybody in the city took up the bombardment. The city had started its celebration. I remained in bed as long as I could stand it, listening to big guns, little

guns, and a lot of sons of guns out in the street.

When I went out in the morning I was surprised to find that the streets were not crowded—yet I wasn't out two minutes until I made up my mind that if I would see the town that day I would take my life in my hand—and my heart in my mouth.

Broadway had taken on its holiday attire and Wall street looked lonesome—neither one, however, was crowded.

Small boys,—they were not all small,—were everywhere engaged in setting off "nigger chasers," and other diabolical contrivances, that kept the pedestrians doing a fancy high step and continuous acrobatic performance.

Everywhere I went the noise seemed to be getting greater until about noon I was nearly insane—and positive that the demonstrative youths were, who were making the noise.

I had begun to feel that I must escape, but where? "Take to the water," seemed instinctive. When I got to the wharf I saw boats for Atlantic City, Coney Island, Staten Island, etc. Just why I took the boat for Coney Island I never could imagine, but it looked like escape there. I found after getting there that it is better "to bear those ills we have than fly to others we know not of"—New York was bad, but Coney Island was indescribable. I stayed there quite a while, because I

dreaded to make that journey over again, for it had caused me to be squeezed, mashed, and stepped upon—while my tongue was sore from asking people's pardon for getting even.

I took a car back to the city about seven o'clock. Everything was ablaze with light from the Bowery to Grant's Tomb. The streets were so badly crowded that it took me an hour to go three blocks—and everybody seemed to have the same look

in his face—"New York shall not sleep tonight."

I was truly thankful to reach my hotel at last without losing any part of my anatomy.

The tremendous racket raged until after midnight and before I dropped to sleep I was aware of the fact that there are twenty-four hours in the fourth day of July and every one of them full of gunpowder, possibilities and noise.

Ever-at-Rest.



Archie Taylor Jones.

Once more death has robbed us of a dear companion. The feeling of sadness and mental depression, experienced by the entire student body, occasioned by the demise of

Jenkins, had been but slightly alleviated by the lapse of time, when news reached us from Smithfield that Jones was dead. Within an hour after the message was received,

nearly every student had been notified. The carefree, joyful countenance so characteristic of students was changed; idle thoughts were abandoned; and with serious reflections, sober thoughts and suppressed voices, all seemed eager to express their love for Orlando.

Jones was held in high esteem by the faculty; he was loved by the students. He was honest and upright in all his dealings, true to himself and his fellows. He was affable, kind and generous; a genuine student and perfect gentleman.

He distinguished himself in the student production of "As You Like It" last spring, and since then has been best known as Orlando.

Jones was twenty-three years old. He has been three years in attendance at the Agricultural College. He registered this year with Freshman standing, but contracted typhoid fever about October 20. He was taken to the Invalid's Home hospital in this city, where he was treated for a few days. He seemed to be recovering rapidly and was taken to his home at Smithfield, where his parents, brothers and sisters did all in their power to make him comfortable and insure his recovery. Until two days prior to his death he seemed to be rapidly improving.

On November 8th, he told his anxious parents that he had given up the idea of returning to school. His courage and hope, that up to that moment had been remarkable, left him, and he rapidly grew weak-

er. He struggled to overcome his keenly felt disappointment; he resigned himself to God's decree, and on the 10th of November he passed to the realm of immortality.

The funeral was held Sunday afternoon, November 13, at the Smithfield tabernacle. Professors Upham and Robinson were the principal speakers and both commented in the highest terms of praise upon Orlando's integrity of character, loyalty and ambition. A large number of students attended the services and their presence was highly appreciated by the bereaved family.

Farrell, Rich, Jensen, Olsen. Barrack and Hillman acted as pallbearers.

Such unexpected calamities as the death of Jenkins and Jones make us realize that we are but members of an ephemeral host, holding temporarily a place in the endless train of humanity, that moves toward the ultimate home of the soul. They have finished their work while,

"Daily the tides of life go ebbing
and flowing beside them.

Thousands of throbbing hearts,
where theirs are at rest and
forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where
theirs no longer are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands,
where theirs have ceased from
their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where
theirs have completed their
journey!"

Resolutions of Condolence.

Whereas, Allwise God, in His Providence, has seen fit to remove from us our classmate and brother, Mr. Archie Taylor Jones, therefore,

Be it Resolved, by the Commercial Club:

That he was bound to us, both as classmate and companion, by the strongest ties of fraternal affection,

That we attest to his possession of a moral character of the highest merit, and an intellectuality far beyond the average of his class,

That his untimely death has left among us feelings of deepest sorrow and a vacancy that cannot be filled,

That to all who mourn for him, his parents, relatives, and friends, we extend a heartfelt sympathy.

Be it further Resolved:

That a copy of these Resolutions be recorded on the minutes of the Commercial Club, a copy published in Student Life, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

COMMERCIAL CLUB.

Logan, Utah, December 6, 1904.



The Tycoon Series.

Under the advertising management of "Student Life," there will be presented during the winter several entertainments of a high merit. These entertainments will be known as the "Tycoon Series." The first

number is the band concert on December 19, and after the Christmas holidays the musical department comes forward with the Japanese comic opera, "The Little Tycoon." Following this, the dramatic club

will "tread the boards" with Oliver Goldsmith's delightful comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." Some time in April the band will appear in another concert, and the entertainments will end with an oratorio in April, given principally by imported artists. From appearances, these amateur productions will be unexcelled.

Band Concert.

The program for the band concert, Monday, December 19, reads as follows:

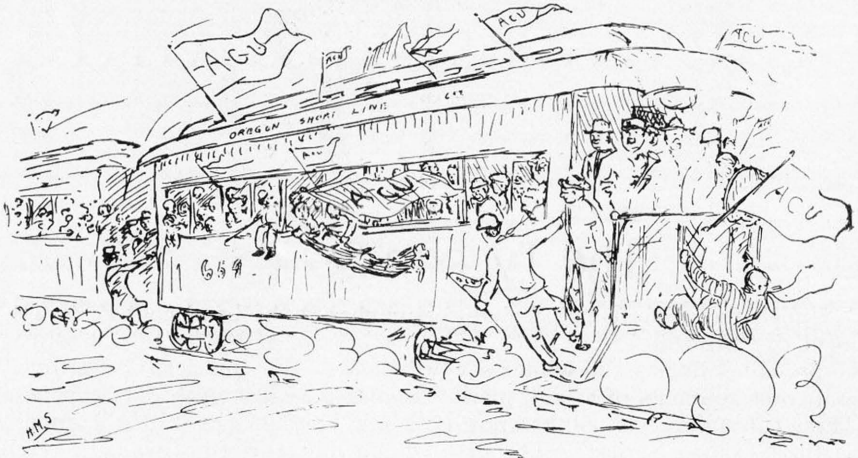
- 1. March—"King Over All" .. Scouton

- 2. Dance—"Polonaise" Scharwenka
- 3. Solo Mr. F. H. Baugh
- 4. Selection from "Bohemian Girl" Balfe
- 5. Serenade—"Venitza" .. Brooke
- 6. Overture—"Champion" Wiegard

PART TWO.

- 7. British Patrol Asch
- 8. Saxophone quartette.
- 9. Waltz—"Sobre Las Olas" .. Roses
- 10. Selection—"Night's Frolic" .. Herman
- 11. Grand American Fantasia ... Bendix

U. of U. 43; A. C. U. O.



The battle is over, the shinguard and headgear are things of the past, the voice of the knocker is no longer heard, the yelp of the quarterback has given place to the moan of wintry winds and—the championship is again in possession of the 'Varsity.

The team developed by Maddock beat us fairly, squarely. We have no cause to complain. Although the score doesn't indicate it, we put up a good fight, as good a fight as was possible under the circumstances. We have no desire to come forward with explanations. We don't think it necessary. The condition of the Aggies at the time when they were compelled to enter the big game of the year was such that a blind man could see they were fearfully handicapped.

The men were too badly beaten up to play their style of ball as it should be played. The tandem formations lacked the driving force necessary to make them gain yards. The U. of U. plays a style of ball that puts up a large score or doesn't score at all. We hoped to prevent them from scoring by breaking up their formations back of the line. The crippled condition of the men rendered this impossible.

There was, however, one thing that tended to lessen the bitterness of defeat and that was the support given the defeated team by the Agricultural College rooters. Football, we are told, is played to develop college spirit. We agree in a way, but add that that college spirit tastes

better if it is washed down with the chaser of victory, than if it is shaken up with the ice of defeat and gulped down.

Who, that saw that demonstration on the occasion of our defeat; who, that heard the cheers that continued to urge on the defeated players, the cheers that showed no signs of lessening even though the score did pile up, can say that, although our crop of "goose eggs" is large, we haven't accomplished something?

A school that can muster six hundred rooters who are willing to go a hundred miles to cheer for an already defeated team, for we were not blind, and could not but see what our fate would probably be, has indeed accomplished the object football is supposed to accomplish.

But to the game. After the first few downs, it was evident that the Aggies were out-classed. Our line plunges lacked spirit. The men frequently broke through, but always alone and straight up and in this condition were easily handled by the 'Varsity backs.

Bennion, Wade and Russell did star work for the University. Wade's quarterback run was always good for big gains and this, in addition to his ability to run men, stamps him as a quarter of extraordinary ability. Bennion, aside from his line plunging, kicked two field goals, one of them from the fifty-yard line, a feat unparalleled in the West. Bennion could make good with a bigger team.

Russell made more ground than

any of the backs. Russell is swift, uses his head, and is good in open field work.

The line up:

Pitt.....L. E. R.....Findlay
 Peterson....L. T. R.....Nelson
 Carlson.....L. G. R....Mortenson
 Robbins.....C.....Peterson
 Barton.....R. G. L.....Hanson
 Hope, Olesen,

Fleshman...R. T. L.....Mateson
 Anderson...R. E. L.....Roberts
 WadeQ...Fenn, Hanson
 Russell.....L. H. R.....Jardine
 BrownR. H. S.....Madsen
 Bennion.....F. B....Wansguard
 Egbert,

Referee, Goshen; umpire, Baum;
 head linesman, Shulte.
 Thirty-five minute halves.



The Football Reception.

The football boys came home from their coast trip. Victorious? you ask. Well, it would seem so, if judged by the cheering and royal reception they received at the depot the night they returned. The entire student body and faculty turned out to a man. Half an hour before the train was due, there was a throng such as Logan has never before seen assembled at the station. The air reverberated with

"Rackety cax, co-ax, co-ax,
 Rackety cax, co-ax, co-ax,

That's the kind, that's the kind
 Football boys every time."

When the train pulled in, it was almost impossible for the passengers to edge their way through the crowd while the unsuspecting travelers thought they were encountered by a cyclone or that the inhabitants had gone mad.

The team was conveyed to the central part of the town in a large furniture van, drawn by some of the enthusiasts, while others followed, continually cheering and singing.

This was just the beginning. The next night the students gave the

boys a hearty welcome at the college. The programme consisted of a series of stereoscopic views of football games and players, which were accompanied by a number of interesting speeches from the players. This was followed by a dance and refreshments in the gymnasium where the boys were made to forget their stiff limbs and bruises and to feel that their efforts were fully appreciated.

Dr. Yoder's Reception.

On Friday evening, November 18, Dr. and Mrs. Yoder tendered a reception to all of the students of chemistry, and to Prof. and Mrs. Widtsoe. The reception was given at Professor Yoder's home, which was elegantly decorated for the occasion. The first part of the evening was spent in playing lively parlor games, that put all present in a joyful mood that was preserved during the entire evening. No time was lost in passing from one event to another. The entertainment had been perfectly planned and was systematically conducted.

An absolutely new and unique feature was presented in the east parlor where refreshments were served at ten o'clock. The center of attraction was the punch bowl, which was not an ordinary bowl but an immense carboy daintily decorated with wandering Jew, from which the punch was siphoned. The drinking vessels consisted of Erlenmeyer flasks, test tubes, beak-

ers, crucibles, evaporating dishes, graduated cylinders, reagent bottles, mortars and various other laboratory utensils, the beakers, flasks, and cylinders ranging in capacity from ten c. c. to two liters. Delivery tubes were provided for those who were not accustomed to using the bottles, but two or three little Freshmen had sad experiences with their "straws." They tried hard to draw the contents of their flasks through stirring rods.

A puzzle package was passed to each guest, and upon opening the same it was found to contain a paper cap, which was worn during the remainder of the evening. A substantial luncheon was then served. The napkins provided were ingeniously folded, and many vain attempts were made to duplicate the designs. Prof. Widtsoe declared that no one but a Chinaman could produce such results by merely folding paper. A few minutes later, the professor succeeded in producing the design. Mike Downey also accomplished the feat.

The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and was one of the most successful social events of the season.

Scrubs Capture Another Scalp.

Again our swift aggregation of "scrubs" has added victory to its list. They took a jaunt to Pocatello recently, and while there plucked, for the second time this

year, the scalps of the Academy warriors.

The scrubs played their old, steady game, and succeeded in two short halves, in putting up a score of ten, and preventing the Idaho bunch from scoring.

Pocatello played a much better game than when they appeared in Logan. The addition of a swift, heavy, quarterback prevented the score from running higher.

Connelley, as usual, was our best ground-gainer. Frew, at full, also

demonstrated that he has in him the material of an excellent kicker; his punts, for the day, averaging over forty-five yards.

This closes the season for the Second. May their record in the future be as brilliant; may they pile up victories until their names cause those of Yale and Michigan to pale into insignificance, and may they remain with us until we again land the championship, is the sincere wish of the "Spotin' Editah" of the Knockers organ.

Professor Northrop.



Robert S. Northrop of Ithaca, N. Y., who has been elected to fill the

position of professor of botany and horticulture, arrived a few days ago and has entered upon his professional duties. Mr. Northrop is a graduate of the Michigan Agricultural College, and has done graduate work in horticulture at Cornell University. His ability and proficiency in his special line was recognized by his Alma Mater, and he was there employed as an undergraduate assistant instructor in horticulture. Upon completing his course, Mr. Northrop was given a professorship in horticulture and botany in the Agricultural College of North Dakota, which position he held until last year, when he resigned to accept a similar position at Cornell. We are fortunate in being able to secure at this time of the year a competent and strong man for this position.



Military Department.

If our good friends of the Universal Peace Society will kindly pause and consider the condition, not the theory that confronts them, we who are supposed to represent the military element, would like to get in a word or two edge-wise.

Every sensible, right-minded civilian or soldier deplors the fact that wars still appear to be unavoidable in our day. But the remedy surely cannot at present lie in abolishing our army. Human nature in the individuals that make up a nation must be reformed before wars can cease. No one will argue that rowdyism and crime can be suppressed by discharging all the policemen of our cities. The only sen-

sible course is to keep in good shape what army we need until the time comes when armies can really be dispensed with. We hear at times, (principally from short-haired women and long-haired men) that military training arouses and fosters the fighting or brutal instinct. It does not make a man a bully to be able to defend himself, either with his hands or with weapons. We believe there is not a particle of truth in our peaceful friends' claim. Where will you find a gentler, better natured aggregation than the members of our football teams, who are used to the giving and taking of the hardest kind of blows? (In fact, warfare as carried on in the Philip-

pires, at least, is much less dangerous than a Pacific coast trip.

* * * * *

For some years after the civil war the veterans of that struggle who entered the regular army at its close were not generally in favor of manoeuvres. Many of them believed that no valuable lessons could be learned in make-believe war, or as one series of manoeuvres was called by them, "monkey-war." These officers apparently forgot that their lessons had been learned at great cost of lives and treasure, while fighting an enemy as undisciplined and untrained as they were.

Of late it is generally conceded that the dispositions required by the various problems of minor tactics cannot be successfully made in the excitement of battle, unless one has become familiar with them under less trying conditions.

Among the first summer rendezvous for Utah garrisons was Strawberry Valley on the Uintah Indian reservation.

Here about twenty years ago, the troops from Forts Bridger, Douglas and Duchesne met in many a fierce but bloodless engagement. The artillery belched forth its blank defiance against infantry intrenched securely and the cavalry made its impetuous charges across the valley. No more serious casualties were reported than the occasional unhorsing of a colored trooper of the Ninth Cavalry, who generally was fortunate enough to light on

the least vulnerable part of his anatomy,—his head.

Since the Spanish-American war, summer manoeuvres have been held on a much larger scale than formerly. Last summer these exercises were held at Manassas, where 26,000 troops were engaged; at Camp Atascadero, California, where 5,000 troops participated; and also at American Lake, Washington, and in Ohio, where smaller encampments were established.

Even at this date many of our regular army officers can feel the cold chills creep up and down their spinal columns at the thought of what would probably have happened to us before we caught our second wind, if our raw volunteers and recruit regulars had been sent against Japs in 1898 instead of Spaniards and Filipinos.

* * * * *

Among former officers of the cadet battalian, the following have been traced by our reporter:

Jenson, C., formerly commandant, is in the government service, having a responsible position in the department of soils.

Davis, A. J., after graduating at West Point, was assigned to the Ninth Cavalry and is now stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Mark Cannon is at Stanford.

Broberg is in the American National Bank of San Francisco.

Irvine, R. L., is a cadet at the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

Judah is mining in Anaconda.

Barrack owns up to having shov-

eled snow in Alaska for two years, and like the boomerang, came back to the A. C., where he is now. So are Rich, Kerr, Pearce, Gleed, Sampson. Pulley, Farrell and Peterson, E. G., are holding down good positions at the college, but it is said the "East is calling" several of them.

Santschi is doing well at the United States Military Academy, West Point, and will graduate in another year.

Beers, former commandant, is with the U. S. Geological Survey.

Hogensen and Nelson are also in the Department of Soils.

Thatcher, Bithell and Goodwin are in business in Logan.

Sanborn is with his father, the first president of the A. C., reclaiming some abandoned New Hampshire farms by modern scientific methods.

McLean is a prosperous electrical engineer in Salt Lake.

Walt McLaughlin, like many of the rest, is with Uncle Sam and beams on us frequently.

Erwin is chemist for a large manufacturing concern in the East.

Funk is in business up north.

Atkinson is auditor for a railway company in Baker City.

Any news of the rest will be welcomed by the military department.

* * * * *

It will soon be time to discuss ways and means for one of the brilliant events of the school year, the military ball. Rumors are current to the effect that the next one is to

eclipse, if possible, all previous successes in this line.

* * * * *

The cadet battalion has recently been organized with the following officers:

Commandant—Captain H. D. Styer, U. S. Army.

Adjutant—First Lieutenant J. H. Holmes.

Quartermaster—First Lieutenant W. J. Burton.

COMPANY A.

Captain—F. R. Jenson.

Lieutenants — Tuttle, F., and Connelly.

Sergeants — Fleming, Procter, Phillips and Munk.

Corporals—Wrigley, Poulsen, L., Batt, Walters and Conger.

COMPANY B.

Captain—T. Johnston.

Lieutenant—Reader, R.

Sergeants—Pheney, Crawford, W., and Pearson, R.

Corporals—Pyle, Parker, Tyzack and Dobbs.

COMPANY C.

Captain—R. C. Hillman.

Lieutenant—McKnight, W.

Sergeants—Matthews, Olsen, J., Scott.

Corporals — Vance, Edwards, Cowley, Skeene, Jacobson, J. W. B. and Hoff.

The remaining positions will be filled by examination at the beginning of the second term.

* * * * *

The fall target season closed on Monday, December 5, with a final contest for prizes, consisting of

arms captured from the Filipinos, which were offered by the commandant. The members of the College rifle team competed in a separate class, firing with the Krag rifle. The first prize, a Remington rifle, was won by Lowry after a tie score with Captain Jenson, who secured as a souvenir an old Spanish coin from Aguinaldo's treasury.

In the general contest, Burton, W. F., came out ahead with six bull's eyes out of seven shots, while Irons W. M., came next with greatest number of bull's eyes. Excellent scores were also made by Clark, Hansen, A., and Mathias, who tied the original score of Irons. The prizes were a Remington rifle and a Filipino bolo or short sword.

* * * * *

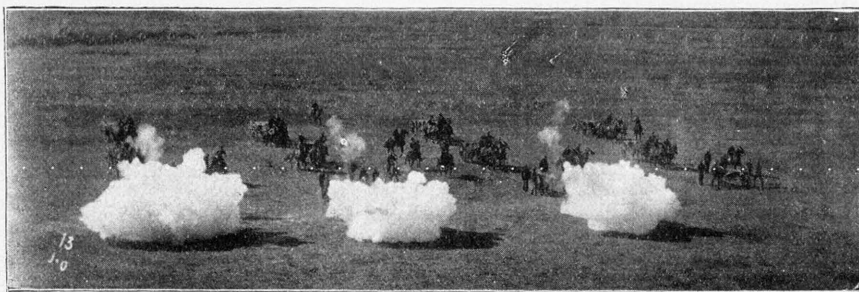
It has been found necessary to decline applications for admission to the military department for the present, because all the rifles and equipments on hand are in use. Some of the guides and file-closers in fact, have attended drill without

arms so as to permit new cadets to have the use of them.

* * * * *

One of the cadet officers suggests that in personal communication with the commandant, it is no longer considered good form to begin with "Say!"

The new rifle which has just been adopted for our army has a number of improved features which make it a much more efficient weapon than the one used for the last ten years. The barrel is entirely covered with wood so that it can be held without inconvenience after it becomes heated from rapid fire in battle. The initial velocity and penetrating power are greater. Twenty-five aimed shots have been fired in a minute, using the magazine. The muzzle velocity of the bullet is 2,300 feet a second, and its penetration into white pine at a distance of 50 feet is $54\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The maximum effective fighting range is 4,800 yards.



STUDENT LIFE.

Published Monthly by the Students of

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 Verna Bowman '05.....Student Affairs
 James Kearns '07.....Department Notes
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Editorial.

Keep up your good work, 'Varsity. If you can only put up a few more high scores on outside teams, you will have us poor Aggies thinking we are not so slow after all. Let the good work go on.

The Deseret Farmer.

Though a trifle late, we welcome into the world of journalism and extend the mit of fellowship to the

newly-born "Deseret Farmer," a paper edited by the Professor of Agronomy in our institution and managed by the former business manager of Student Life.

This paper fills a long-felt need in our state, a live farm paper that can get directly at the farmers. The sheet has been before the public for a short time and has been well received by the farmers of the state. Under the present management, the project cannot but be a success.

May your troubles be few, Farmer, and your life and subscription list long.

Debating Club.

Each winter, from time immemorial, the students have organized a general literary society, and every spring the organization has died of old age. The Longfellow Literary Society should be mentioned as an exception to the rule for, as we remember, it was active for several years. The Star didn't last at all, and every attempt to organize this year has proved futile.

Several clubs, and fraternities of limited membership, some department societies and class organizations, have held together and accomplished good results. Chief among them stands the Sorosis.

Now, what we want in addition to these, is a good, active debating club. One that will represent the whole school. One that will be recognized as representative of the entire student body, drawing its

members from all departments and all classes, from Freshmen up and even absorbing the most progressive youngsters in the preparatory department.

Let us organize and get a little practice in public speaking; then let us arrange for a series of debates with our neighbors, the B. Y. C., and awaken an interest in this important line of work.

The Legislature.

In several counties of our state the representatives who served in the last legislature have been re-elected. This is at least an indication that their previous work as lawmakers was satisfactory to their constituents. Fortunately, we have not had to endure the results of unwise legislation as some of our sister states have done. This may be partially due to the fact that Utah is young, and has not yet been subjected to a controlling influence of the corrupt politician and Party Boss. We still feel able to congratulate ourselves on our clean politics.

The legislature will meet next month, and will have several important questions to settle. The action of the legislature with reference to school appropriations is of considerable interest to us. The A. C. U. has always enjoyed the generous support of our legislatures; and it is largely due to their liberal patronage that it is now one of the largest, and best equipped institu-

tions of scientific technical training in the West. In common with the other Agricultural Colleges of the country, our courses are arranged to meet the demands of all. A liberal education in the sciences and arts can be acquired through the General Science Course. Technical training in civil, mechanical and irrigation engineering can be secured in the engineering courses. Systematic practical work in carpentry, forging, dairying, etc., is done in the manual training courses, and of equal importance are the courses in commerce, domestic science and agriculture.

To accomplish satisfactory results in so many departments necessitates the expenditure of large sums of money. In some departments we feel the need of better equipment and more instructors. It is true that we draw support from the government, but most of Uncle Sam's contribution finds its way to the Experiment Station, and after all, the success of our grand old school is proportional to the generosity of the legislature.

Moving Some.

Things are certainly moving some this winter in our school. We are most surely falling into that "Hurry up" habit we heard something about recently.

Student Life is, as usual, among those who are leading out. The howling success of "As You Like

It' last year has tempted us to again attempt something in the dramatic line. Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," is the piece chosen, and with the advantage of last year's training, the cast now chosen should add more laurels to last year's crop and incidentally a few shekels to our already colossal hoard.

Student Life is not doing things alone. The Department of Music, under Professor Thatcher, has something huge in the opera line, and several concerts in view, the whole series being combined under one management and one name—The Tycoon Series.

The rate at which this department is moving this year is a revelation to those who have been connected with it in years past. Professor Thatcher has a thirty-four piece military band, a symphonic orchestra, and numerous quartettes, all in perfect working order. Our department, if it keeps up the pace it has set, will, in a short time, easily equal any organization of its kind ever known in the state.

The organization of a debating club is under way. Not the kind we already have by the score, department affairs, but a debating society that will embrace the working members of all the smaller societies.

Our school has long felt this need, and those "pushing" the project should be given every encourage-

ment. Let us have a club that can represent us in competition with other schools. Let the public of Utah see some first-class intercollegiate debating.

S. R. Egbert.

A worthy successor to Captain Madsen was found, when the football boys selected S. R. Egbert to lead the Agricultural College of Utah warriors next year. Egbert is one of the oldest players on the squad, and has been "under fire" many times. The fact is that he played on one of the first teams our school ever put in the field, and the writer distinctly remembers the old A. C. U.-B. Y. C. contests, in which Egbert always prominently figured. Dave Olsen then belonged to the team from down town, and it was "battle royal" between these two men.

Egbert is a "bully" good fellow, a gentleman and a good student, and these qualifications in connection with his excellent football head and sound judgment make him ably fit to fill the position of captain. His position is usually at tackle, and in the 1902 contest with the State University, he stood up against the notorious Joe Zilligan, who is now with the University of Pennsylvania, and held him until rendered helpless by a physical injury.



A Few Remembrances

Department Notes.

Domestic Science.

Mr. Crockett has planted lettuce for use in the dining room during the lunch-serving term.

Mrs. Cotey and Miss Holmgren accompanied the parties which held farmers' institute meetings in various parts of the state. They held separate meetings for ladies and gave some very valuable instruction.

During the absence of Mrs. Cotey and Miss Holmgren, Misses Fisher and Love have had charge of Mrs. Cotey's classes and Misses Peterson and Powell have taken Miss Holmgren's.

Miss Rudolph and Miss Fisher are preparing to serve an elaborate Christmas dinner before school closes for the holidays.

The girls in the sewing rooms are working hard on their new Christmas dresses.

Mrs. Cook's class in textiles is now studying the processes of manufacture.

The class in chafing dish cooking has completed its work.

James McCutcheon & Co., a linen house of New York, has furnished a large line of samples to Mrs. Cotey.

Manufacturers of the Kitchen Bouquet for flavoring and coloring soups have sent samples to be tested by our classes.

D. Ghirardelli & Co., of San Francisco, sent samples of imperial and breakfast cocoa and ground chocolate.

Hewlett Bros., of Salt Lake, furnished us with samples of their baking powder and extracts.

Agricultural Notes.

The members of the Agricultural Faculty have been busy during the past two weeks holding Farmers' institutes in Juab, Millard, Beaver, and Tooele counties. Six meetings were held in each county, and it is reported that they were the most successful institutes held in the state.

The lecturers used charts, stereopticon slides, etc., to illustrate their talks. This proved to be a very popular feature.

During the past two years there has been an awakened interest in agriculture throughout the state and the professors from the college get a hearty reception wherever they go.

The agricultural people are very much in favor of asking the legislature for an agricultural building. The difficulties under which this school is laboring at present are far greater than those of any other school in the college! yet, notwithstanding this, no school in the college has made such a rapid growth during the past two years. Surely the time has come when the agricultural department should be brought together, and when some of the largest and most important departments of the college should have more pleasant and convenient quarters.

A number of the agricultural men expect to attend the Western Fruit Growers' Association meeting at Boise during the holidays.

The Agricultural Club will give a public entertainment January 16th. Those who were fortunate enough last year to be at our reception, remember it as one of the most pleasant functions of the year. No doubt the entertainment this year will be as successful.

Mr. Melvin C. Merrill, who graduates this year from the agricultural course, expects to do post graduate work at Cornell University next year. He is specializing along the line of Horticulture.

Mr. J. E. Taylor, a senior student in agriculture, formerly business manager of Student Life is now

business manager of the Deseret Farmer.

The registration in the Agricultural school is near the hundred mark. Quite a contrast to the time when President Kerr was elected president, when there were just three students enrolled in agriculture.

On Sunday, December 4th, Director French of the Idaho experiment station, Prof. Judson, horticulturist of the Idaho University, Mr. Gibson, editor of the "Gem State Rural" and Mr. McPherson, horticultural inspector of the same state, were shown around the college by Prof. Ball.

Prof. Judson was a visitor in chapel Wednesday. The students in horticulture were disappointed in learning that he was not the long-looked for professor in horticulture for this institution.

Commercial Notes.

The Commercial Club is doing good work this year.

Dr. Engle in Economics: "Boys, you had better get the most out of this theory of wealth, as that is about all you will ever get."

Mr. Jensen has a tally system whereby each sheet of typewriting

paper is stamped and numbered. This insures economy and accuracy in the work.

Mr. Willard Gardner, one of our crack stenographers is occasionally employed at the Court House. Last week he reported the Hopson Murder case.

A New York bank has recently put on a night shift. There will be a "slump" in the burglar world.

Through reading the account of the "All Americans," one might be led to believe that the R. E. A.'s had nothing to conquest. But why did they not score more?

Let the other man do most of the talking. He will think more of you.

The great Louisiana Purchase exposition, recently closed, was attended by nineteen million people.

St. Louis day recorded the greatest attendance—over a million. Two hundred thousand people were present at the closing ceremonies on "Francis Day."

The Exposition Company has expended over \$22,000,000, and the several states and territories \$9,000,000. The receipts since April 30 have amounted to upwards of \$10,000,000, consisting of admissions and concession royalties. Outside of these receipts \$12,000,000 were raised by popular subscription and government appropriations. The concessionaries on the "Pike" have cleaned up \$10,000,000 which goes to them.

The exposition has been a financial success—a fact unprecedented in World's Fair annals.

Pres. Francis and his executive committee have shown themselves to be financiers of the highest type.

Campus, Classroom and Corridor.

Christmas time, again.

F. O. Nelsen has discontinued school. He has accepted the principalship of the Richmond schools.

Luella Nebeker is ill with typhoid fever, but is recovering.

Wise people purchase their presents after Christmas; they get them cheaper.

A watch-maker's sign is the worst fabricator man knows. Who ever heard of a Logan watch-maker really *making* a watch?

B. F. Cummings, of "street car conductor" fame, spoke in chapel a few mornings past.

Florence Roberts appeared at the Thatcher in "Zaza" and "Marta of

the Lowlands" during the Thanksgiving recess. Many English students attended the performances.

Prep.—At what joint did your friend have his leg amputated?

Prf. Ball—That's a mighty disrespectful way to refer to a hospital.

Don't forget the Tycoon Series. It's worth your money and time.

Everybody enjoyed the Thanksgiving recess, but several students looked worse for it on the next Tuesday morning.

The military uniforms have arrived, and the cadet corps is rapidly becoming soldier-like in appearance.

John—"Mable took pleasure in keeping him in hot water."

Frank—"Yes, and she cooked her goose."—Chaparral.

Many college people witnessed Maxine Elliot in "Her Own Way," while they were in Salt Lake. It is a pretty play, and Maxine was just as gracious as ever.

Twenty-three thousand dollars have been raised towards the electric rail-road to the college. The Logan Commercial Club and David Eccles of Ogden are behind the proposition.

Barrack (at the usher's table)—There's only one good-looking man at this table.

Downey—Thanks, old man, thanks.

At chapel the other morning,

Captain Styer read an interesting letter from a friend of his down in the Philippines.

Minnie (reading Student Life sign)—Who is Ole Cloes? I haven't seen him around.

We greatly admire the way the Salt Lake papers are backing up the 'Varsity footballists. The other day the dailies figured it out that our rival in the capital city is one of the four leading teams of the United States. According to the "dope" sent out, Yale stands at the head of the list of the down-Eastern teams; Michigan leads the Middle West; the University of Utah is the great unconquered of the Inter-Mountain region; and Stanford packs off the palm for the Western Coast. Student Life humbly adds to the list the Agricultural College of Utah, which stands undefeated and unmolested before the football warriors of Cache county. Comparisons are dangerous things to handle, sometimes.

The Athletic Association gave another of their Monday night parties at Thatcher's Pavilion on the 5th inst. Many students were there and enjoyed themselves.

Carpenters and plumbers have been refitting the General Chemical laboratory in order to accommodate the large number of students.

Evidently the Salt Lake people didn't appreciate the efforts of our

band while at the 'Varsity game. They even went so far as to say that the U. of U. had one as good, but of course they preferred to hire the army band.

Who didn't see Chef Jamesque Kearns—antee, acting in his official capacity as "Jim the Sandwich man," on the excursion train? "Seven hundred sandwiches sold," quoth James, "but not enough cash." The good natured Sophomore didn't enjoy the trip at all, because his conscience troubled him, and in Salt Lake he was seen interviewing a Pinkerton man. The Domestic Science girls have been on "Uneasy" street for some time.

The U. of U. Chronicle (after eight pages of rubbing it in): "It is not our intention to poke fun at our rivals." Consistency, thou art a double-jointed, flexible ax-handle.

By request of the attendance committee, an expert building inspector has examined and tested the railings in halls and the window seats in upstairs part of chapel. The railings have been pronounced safe, and it will be a relief to the members of the leisure class among the students to know that they will no longer be obliged to hold them up by leaning against them several hours a day. The window seats also were found to be securely held in place and need not be sat upon hereafter.

(The complaint that there are no

poets in the institution is clearly refuted by the following effusion, produced by the dormitory senate on the occasion of a recent fire-scare.)

On a Saturday-night that we long shall remember,
A bright frosty night in the month of December,
The cry of "Fire" was the general shout,
And profs. and students came rolling out.

Down stairs they came with a terrible clatter,
Little Joe begging White to bring down his typewriter.
Prof. Upham went round with sorrowful looks
Shouting, "Dixon, for mercy's sake, throw down my books!"

Carr, White and Cox, with bucket and bowl,
Gave a biograph stunt of the Logan patrol.
Arrived at the basement, they stood in amaze,
To find that the cook had extinguished the blaze.
They boasted and bragged of the danger they'd braved,
For the Beanery, the precious old Beanery was saved.

(The Senate will contract to furnish any amount of the above quality at two-bits per inch. Apply to Jack Carr, Pres.)

"Down through the train came Sunny Jim,
The hungry blessed, and blessed but
him."

Keep your eye peeled for the attractions that are to appear in the near future under the direction of the college organizations. There will be a great enough variety to please everybody. The "Tycoon Series" will become famous.

The principals of the "As You Like It" cast of last year, went to Smithfield to attend the funeral of A. T. Jones. A crowd of Commercial boys were also present.

Rehearsals of "The Little Tycoon," the comic opera, and "She Stoops to Conquer," Goldsmith's comedy, have already begun. Both of these works will be produced by college students.

The college orchestra is giving regular matinee dances in the gymnasium. A small admission is charged.

The winter courses of the college begin immediately after the Christmas holidays. When you go home, bring somebody back with you.

One hundred miles in seven hours is the record made by an O. S. L. train to Logan recently. We got our money's worth, in time, at least.

The military department has organized three companies. Jensen, Johnston and Hillman are in command of them.

Student Life staff is seriously considering the advisability of establishing a bureau in connection with the paper, bearing the dignified title of "Bureau for Consolidated Kickers and Knockers." The purpose of creating such department is to give certain individuals in the school a chance to register their complaints against the policy of this paper, in a regular and systematic manner. It would save the inconvenience which results from the inconsistency of critics of the same "class." For instance, Kicker No. 1 could register his kick on the huge "Kickers' Register," so that Kicker No. 2 could see it and formulate his "kick" in a manner that would coincide with Kick No. 1.

As it is, the "Knockers" are compelled to "go it alone," and their "critiques" in almost every instance do not "jibe."

This is bad for them, and we are determined to help them out of their difficulties.

We wish to thank the individuals in the school for their kind suggestions on "How to Kill Student Life," but we are sorry we cannot accommodate them by following their instructions.

*Gems From English V.
Criticisms of Student Life.*

Jokes on too few individuals.
Should have more pictures.
Need no faculty articles.
Need nothing not dealing with
student affairs.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Need nothing from other schools. | Fewer college notes and more "literature." |
| Need more from other schools. | Get more ads. |
| Need some current events. | Use pictures that mean something. |
| Alumni notes needed. | Have more about football. |
| Sketches and pictures of the faculty in demand. | Not so much stuff about football. |
| Faculty should contribute as a duty. | Excellent cover designs. |
| Football news from other schools. | Have a cover design that tells something about the paper, giving table of contents, etc. |
| More exchange jokes. | Margins too wide. |
| More pages of locals. | Not enough said about the preps. |
| More jokes, wherever you get them. | (Will somebody please show us the man who can meet these requirements?) |
| Fewer jokes in the locals. | |
| Objects to advertisements. | |

Exchanges.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

- | | |
|---|--|
| Chronicle—University of Utah. | Gold and Blue—L. D. S. University. |
| Black and Red—Northwestern University. | The Barometer—Oregon A. C. |
| Stylus—Park College, Mo. | The Miami Student—Miami University. |
| College Rambler—Illinois College. | St. Mary's Chimes—St. Mary's Academy. |
| The Crimson—B. Y. College. | The Clarion—University of Denver. |
| College Chips—Luther College. | The Whitworth Clionian—Whitworth College. |
| Rocky Mountain Collegian—Colorado Agricultural College. | The William and Mary—William and Mary College. |
| The Normal Advance—Indiana State Normal. | Augustana Observer—Augustana College. |
| The Mirror—Ohio University. | The Wesleyan—Wesleyan College, Ga. |
| The Peabody Record—University of Nashville. | Wyoming Student—University of Wyoming. |
| Red and Black—Salt Lake High School. | |

The Trinitonian—Trinity University.

So To Speak—Manitowac High School.

Classicum—Ogden High School.

The Polytechnic — Rennsalaer Polytechnic Inst.

The Spectator—Capitol University, Ohio.

The Pacific Wave—University of Washington.

Old Penn—University of Pennsylvania.

The Athenaeum—University of West Virginia.

The Evergreen — Agricultural College, Wash.

The Utah Eagle—Utah School for Deaf and Blind.

Colby Echo—Colby College.

The Tar Heel—University of North Carolina.

This is an excellent representation list of college magazines. They can be found on shelves in the west end of the stack room of the library. You are invited to read and replace them.

An ounce of generous praise will do more to make a man your friend than a pound of fault-finding.—Wyo. Student.

"What do you think now, Bobbie?" asked his mother, as he boxed his ears. "I don't think," replied the boy. "My train of thought has been delayed by a hot box."—Ex.

The Champion Team of all Ages.

At the end of every football season comes the task of making up ideal teams from the year's best players. It is great sport, sifting, weighing, and balancing the claims of closely matched athletes for places on the "All American" eleven. The results are formidable "line-ups," but how much more spectacular and tremendous a team might be put together by imagining barriers of time and space wiped out, and the pick of the strong and masterful men of all times and countries available for building up an invincible and terrific football team!

Here, then, is the line-up for the football team which might truly be called the "greatest ever," the unmatched, unapproachable pick of the ages:

Richard Coeur de Lion	right end
Entellus	right tackle
Milo	right guard
Hercules	center
Louis Cyr	left guard
Samson	left tackle
Spartacus	left end
Charlemagne	quarterback
Abner McIlrath	right halfback
Antaeus	left halfback
Maximinus	fullback
	—The Leader.

"Where there's a will there's a way,"

But the girl is loved by two.

Which, pray,

Wins the day?

—Vanderbilt Observer.

As little Jim was going to bed, crawling under the coverlet, his mother asked him if he had not forgotten something.

"Nope," he answered.

"Didn't you forget to say your prayers?"

"Nope. I didn't say 'em last night, an' nothin' didn't happen to me. I ain't agoin' to say 'em tonight, and if nothin' don't happen I ain't never goin' to say 'em.

But he did; something happened.—Ottawa Campus.

A father had been lecturing his son upon the evils of staying out late of night and getting up late in the morning. "You never will amount to anything," he continued, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember that the early bird catches the worm."

"How about the worm, father?" inquired the young man, borrowing the old sarcasm. "Wasn't he rather foolish to get up so early?"

"My son," replied the father solemnly, "that worm hadn't been to bed at all. He was on his way home."—Exchange.

The student body of Pacific University has dropped baseball from its list of intercollegiate sports by refusing to elect a manager.—Ex.

No. 2 of the White and Blue is a good paper, containing much that is of interest to a school and very little "filling," but it lacks much in things from other schools.

Among the high school papers on our exchange list, we are giving the November Red and Black a high place. One of its stories is exceptionally well written, and its locals and department notes create a lively interest in the school it comes from.

The Gold and Blue contains an article, "As It Looks to the Senior girls" by "One of Them," which is a heartbreaking and humiliating appeal for escorts for the girls. That's an awful condition, fellows. Fix it.

When the Wyoming Student can get so much into so little, how is it that some others can get so little into so much?

The Observer from the Vanderbilt University, Lebanon and Nashville, Tenn., comes near the ideal college paper.

A K. U. girl has the following classic lines attached to a broom she anticipated giving as a wedding present:

"This small gift accept from me,
Its use I recommend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storm the other end."

—The Transylvanian.

The Yale triennial catalogue which has just been issued, shows that the number of Yale graduates since the founding of the institution is 22,035. Of this number, 12,471 are living.—Ex.

In seven games Michigan's eleven scored 479 points, and her opponents made but 6.