SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE

ACCedes TO REQUEST

After a Careful Consideration, the Request of Associated Students Adopted by the School of Agriculture.

Intense interest and speculation pervaded the chapel hour Monday morning, during the talk by Prof. Thomas. In the preliminary talk, Dr. Lory presented the object for which the meeting of the Associated Students had been called, requesting at the same time that the students consider carefully any proposition with which they might be called upon to act.

The Associated Students were convened by the president, Mr. Cram, and a resolution passed and sent to the meeting of the C. S. A. being held in the assembly room, to-wit:

"To the Students of the School of Agriculture of the Colorado Agricultural College:

"Fellow Students:

"We, the Associated Students of the Colorado Agricultural College, in all due respect, ask you as students of the School of Agriculture to please remove the letters 'C. A. C.' from your uniforms.

"A. W. CUMMER,
"Secretary Associated Students."

The meeting of the School of Agriculture lasted for nearly an hour and it was this suspense that had caused the most intense interest in the Associated Students' meeting. As no business was contemplated other than that of the wearing of the pins by the School of Agriculture, Dr. Thomas talked to the students on various topics of current interest.

On the return of the secretary of the Associated Students the meeting was again called to order and the following answer read:

"We, the students of the School of Agriculture, herein comply with the above request and ask that the request be inserted in the next issue of the Collegian and be signed by the secretary of the Associated Students."

Thus the much-mooted question which has come so near disturbing the equanimity of the College and the School of Agriculture has been amicably settled.

Harmony is the password which must now pervade the camp of both student bodies. Build up, do not tear down; boost both the College and the School of Agriculture.

In conclusion of the Associated Students' meeting, a vote of thanks was extended to the School of Agriculture in the following form:

"We, the Associated Students of C. S. C., wish to thank the students of the School of Agriculture for the gentlemanly and sportsmanlike manner in which they complied with our request to remove the C. A. C. pins from their uniforms.

(Signed)

A. W. CUMMER, Sec'y-Treas.
V. E. CRAM, President.

NECESSARY

A Reader Expresses His Views on the General Conditions of College Life.

Unknowingly a student will drift into a way that is narrow and shallow. It is indeed logical that he should; he is devoting his time and energies to the acquisition of knowledge along a chosen line. In his room he endeavors to acquire a reasonable grasp of his various subjects. He does not have the time nor inclination to acquaint himself with the current issues of the day; whether political or otherwise. It can readily be seen that a sensible person would not expect to find in a conscientious student a well-read person on current national topics.

Is this what should be expected of the same student when a discussion on the general conditions in college affairs arises? Far be it from such; these are local and vital conditions which affect materially the surroundings of a college. Those little things which make college life interesting, which make or marks a man as a booster, or a hanger on, these things, I say, need the hearty goodfellowship and that surplus energy which is not used in obtaining some little wisdom we may have to make our stay here a pleasant one.

Come! Fellow readers, let us then be up and doing. It is detrimental to us and our college, if about us is drawn the narrow margin of that "I don't care spirit." It is necessary that a larger portion of the students become actively engaged more specifically and generally in the enterprises...

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AT THE

Orpheum Theatre

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A COMEDY IN 4 ACTS

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FORT COLLINS, COLORADO
which are primarily their interests. Where only a few are behind all the movements in any life they unwillingly, unconsciously and unknowingly permeate the different things with which they have to do with only their conceptions, which evidently are not the broadest that could be obtained if a larger variety from every side of college life were boosters.

The best interests of the college are in the balance, to bring it up to the standard there must be a change of status in the minds of the students regarding the importance of active indulgence in the general activities of the institution. You may "peruse" your book and become indeed a brilliant scholar in recitation, but unless you have rounded out yourself by contact with social gatherings, politics of the college, communicating and mixing with your fellow students then you are not what will generally be constituted a thorough college man.—Contributed.

"MR. BOB"

Dramatic Club Presents an Enjoyable Entertainment.

The Dramatic Club achieved a well merited applause in the production of "Mr. Bob" last week. As it was the last appearance of the club this year, the club spared no effort to make this performance a rousing success.

The play was an amusing little comedy well adapted to produce amusement to a fun-loving audience. It was carried through smoothly without a hitch of any kind and the cast showed that they had been trained by an excellent coach.

The work of all was at par to have singled out any individual and said there is the star, would have shown partiality.

Prof. Paul, as Mr. Robert Browne, had a difficult part to uphold and when he "came down" he was clear down. Mr. Jeffries as butler, and Miss Chamberlain and Miss Hunt as two mischievous girls, carried the audience with them in every action. As much as we would like to praise all—but Sh! Space won't permit, so good-bye, "Mr. Bob."

WHAT'S A GENTLEMAN?

An exact definition of a gentleman has been tried many times—never, perhaps, with entirely satisfactory results. Little Sadie had never heard of any of the definitions, but she managed to throw a gleam of light on the subject, albeit one touched with unconscious cynicism. The word was in the spelling lesson, and I said:

"Sadie, what is a gentleman?"

"Please, ma'am," she answered, "a gentleman's a man you don't know very well."

Athletics

BASEBALL

In gentle spring the thoughts of youth lightly turn to love. If that undesirable and indefinable feeling is not present, we look for symptoms of baseball fever.

The last mentioned disease has broken out in the Aggie camp, but there are not enough cases to cause Rothgeb to declare a quarantine. "Fusseritis" is also claiming its victims. Symptoms are very pronounced, being especially noticeable on chapel days.

Last Monday Coach Rothgeb issued the first call for baseball men. About forty men came out for practice, the greater share of these men being raw material. It's the same old story in the same old way with us. Know ye, gentle reader, that our classes are scheduled to hold till 5:30 p.m.; then how can baseball men get out for the team? This insurmountable fact from an athletic standpoint, has limited our success upon the gridiron, the basketball floor, and will seriously affect our baseball team for this year.

This trouble is chronic, and our faculty should either close classes at 5:30 or give up collegiate contests. Both can be done, but one or the other must be done. We don't enjoy getting spanked all the time. If the faculty will make a stand and aid us in the matter we might be able to use the paddle ourselves once in a while.

"We are making no prediction as to the coming season; the fact is all who are fortunate enough to escape a 5:30 class and know the first rudiments of baseball are out."

A PROTEST

Years ago there rose among the students of C. A. C. a demand for an opportunity to develop the art of public speaking. Accordingly literary societies were organized to meet on Friday nights. But the College authorities, in an attempt to prevent dancing, ordered that these societies be held on Saturday nights. Dancing parties at that time were held on Saturday nights.

Since that time the College authorities have been and have repeatedly asserted that they were in favor of encouraging literary societies.

Heretofore Saturday night has been considered primarily as literary society night.

There is a tendency now, however, to override the rights of the literary societies. The Athletic Association, the same organization which is continually asking and deserving of our support, began a campaign against literary work by scheduling every important basketball game for a Saturday night. We wanted to go. Of course, we did. We like to see our athletic teams play. The literary societies suffered. The Dramatic Club followed the lead, and many times, even without permission, invaded the chapel and scheduled a play for Saturday night. We wanted to go. Of course, we did. We like to see our schoolmates play. The societies suffered.

On next Saturday evening there is advertised for the College chapel "An Evening of Enchantment," by T. A. Greene, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. We want to go. Of course, we do. We want to support the Y. M. C. A., and we want to see T. A. Greene perform. The literary societies will suffer.

One week from next Saturday night, it is rumored, will occur the gymnasium class exhibition. We want to go. Of course we do. If we happen to be invited our literary society may suffer.

But the question is where will it stop? Fellow students, every time you allow the literary society to be displaced you are establishing a precedent. You are saying "Anything is more important than literary work."

Will They Scare 'Em Again?

Shall we petition for an hour at 6:30 p.m.? Shall we demand that Saturday night be held on Saturday afternoon? Shall we demand that Saturday night be held after 9 p.m.? Shall we dare to ask that the literary societies be given an equal opportunity to develop the art of public speaking?

A PROTEST
Societies

V. M. A.

At the meeting on February 28th the members of the association listened to a talk on "Heredity" by Prof. Gillette, who gave one of his usual interesting and instructive lectures. After other things, he corrected any wrong impressions which may have been given by a recent lecturer on this subject, and gave us the best of authorities for all of his statements.

Following this lecture a short business meeting was held, at which the following officers for the spring term were elected:

President—G. A. Wright.
Vice-President—R. L. Van Sickie.
Secretary-Treasurer—F. D. Hylton.

Collegian Correspondent—A. G. Wadleigh.

Program of V. M. A. for March 7, as follows:

"Bacteriological Examination of Water," Prof. Sackett.
"Enteric-hepatitis in Turkeys," Dr. Farnes.

Prof. Sackett gave an exceptionally interesting talk in regard to some large city water supply cases with which he was connected and also described the practical technique used in testing water for sewage bacteria, etc.

COLUMBIAN SOCIETY

The Columbians met at Hort. Hall Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. Only a short meeting was held, on account of the Dramatic Club play. Miss Wilson furnished the music, but no regular program was given. Election and installation of officers took place. The following are the new officers:

President—Mr. Horne.
Vice-President—Mr. Wilson.
Secretary—Miss Butler.
Treasurer—Mr. Stuver.
Critic—Mr. W. W. Stewart.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Special Music.

The special musical program that was arranged for last Tuesday night has been postponed one week and will come this Tuesday night. Miss Alberta Rogers of the College Conservatory of Music, is to have it in charge. There will be several special selections and all will be in a better mood for study after 7:30 next Tuesday night if they attend this meeting.

The Laymen's Convention.

Every one of the men who went to Denver last week to the big convention were glad they went. On Thursday evening we sat down to the biggest banquet ever held in Colorado of any kind. There were over 1,200 men there and, in addition to the banquet being on such a vast style, the after addresses were as large in proportion. Prof. Gillette gave a good address, telling of how the citizenship of other nations has been raised because of the missionaries going over there. J. Campbell White showed the large work that is being done and how the business men of this country are getting behind it.

Space does not permit to give generalities so let us take a little survey of what is really happening in some of the nations as was told there by men directly from the various fields.

Turkey is becoming Christian. Thousands of Turks are reading the Bible and confessing their faith in Christ, and the people are helping to support men there among them to tell more about this religion. They say constitutional government and Mohammedanism cannot travel together and that religion has got to be revised.

The Philippines Islands are making rapid growth under our government, for under the Spanish rule, they were not allowed to accept or teach any other religion than that of the Pope and one-third of the men had said that religion did not meet their wants. If these islands are to be self-governing, they must learn the principles of self-governed and this comes from free speech and the open Bible.

China has 250,000 members of Protestant church today. Their attitude cannot be tabulated, but they want to hear our preaching and read our religious books. The head of the Imperial Telegraph says: "We have not to have strong homes, and mothers are at the head of these homes. Back of education is moral training and Christianity alone furnished the kind of moral training I am speaking about."

Hindooism of India, is most degrading to woman, as she is held in bondage and may be killed or sold at any time. The priests are so corrupt that many of the best class will not speak to them. They keep their power by keeping the people of India ignorant. There are eight thousand women devoting their lives to this degraded temple worship. Christ is today doing for the women of India and China what he has done for your sister and mine.

Twenty-five years ago the people of Korea were ignorant and prejudiced against foreign religions and now there are 230,000 Koreans that acknowledge Jesus Christ. There has been an average of 100 converts an hour every year since his first mission went to Korea, and last year churches were established at the rate of more than one a day. The people have been loyal supporters of the work and last year they gave $135,000.

Alumni Department

Special efforts were made during the first of the week to secure a large delegation from Collins Lodge No. 19, of Masons to visit Windsor Lodge No. 69, Thursday evening. Of the 79 Masons who formed the special party, 17, or 21 ½ per cent were students, graduates, or former students of the Aggie College. Twenty of the 79 are or have been connected with the College in capacity of student or instructor. The student and graduate party was as follows: W. F. Gilkison ‘85, L. A. Gage ‘97, Earl Douglass ‘00, Emmet C. McAnelly ‘00, J. W. Lawrence, M. E. ‘02, I. E. Newsom ‘04, F. X. Langridge ‘04, W. J. Gray, ex-‘06, Arthur Lamb ex-‘06, Ralph Bristol ex-‘06, E. J. Iddings ‘07, T. P. Benedict ex-‘09, Floyd Hylton ‘10, E. H. Aicher ‘10, W. M. Brown ‘12, Dr. B. P. Kaupp, M. S. ‘09, and Charles McMahan, ex-Com.

1885
Mrs. Helen White Rigden ‘85, is the retiring president of the Woman’s Club of Fort Collins.

1902
Estes P. Taylor ‘02, who for the last two years has been entomologist for the state experiment at Mountain Grove, Missouri, is visiting with his mother and sisters in Fort Collins. A few of Mr. Taylor’s friends in and out of the College were entertained in his honor by his sister, Mrs. A. I. Akin, last Wednesday evening. Mr. Taylor will go to Grand Junction in a few days to assume his new duties and responsibilities as horicultural inspector of Mesa county.

1903
Mrs. Helen Barry Dawson ‘03, of Delagua, Colo., is spending some time in Fort Collins, visiting College and other friends.

1904
Howard Sneddon ‘04, county surveyor of Chaffee county, Salida, Colorado, in a letter of recent date, compliments the present management of the Collegian. After saying some kind things concerning the Alumni Department, he writes as follows:

"While we all feel more or less interested in the present students and their doings, the classmatess of our days are the ones we like to hear about. The Collegian this year is O. K. Success to the workers thereon. I have noticed the articles by four graduates of the College in the Ranch and Range. The College is coming to the front and, no doubt, will soon receive the wide recognition that it so well deserves."

1907
Harvey J. Phelps ‘07, was married
on Tuesday, March 1st, to Miss Jennie Hathaway, a very popular young lady of Denver. After a short wedding trip to Fowler, Colo., Mr. and Mrs. Phelps will be at home in Denver. Mr. Phelps has a desirable position as mechanical engineer for the Denver Rock Drill Manufacturing Company, of Denver.

1908

Don W. Stuver '08, recently received a liberal increase in salary. He is a draftsman on designing work for the Arnold Construction Company, Denver.

Clifford Davis ex-'08, is secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Longmont, Colo. Mrs. Davis was formerly Miss Mabel Secor, a student in the Domestic Science Department of the College.

1909

Vernon J. Ayres '09, has resigned his position as veterinary inspector for the city of Denver, and is now a practicing veterinarian at Sterling, Colo. Although he has been in Sterling but a few days, Dr. Ayres reports that he has already secured a very satisfactory practice.

1911

Phillip W. Lloyd ex-'11, is principal of the Severance school at Severance, Colo. Mr. Lloyd attended C. A. C. one year and was a member of the Columbian and Forensic societies. He left the College to attend the Normal School at Greeley and graduated there in 1909.

Chas. Knapp ex-'11, who went through the old preparatory department of the College, has gained a considerable knowledge of practical electricity in the last two years. He is now an electrician in the Portland Cement Company at Devil's Slide, Utah.

Nathan Muchnick ex-'11, is a draftsman for an electrical machinery company at Chicago, Ill. He received his final naturalization papers a few months ago and now uses the English translation of his name. Exit Nathan Muchnick; enter Nathan Millard.

Ex-Students.

Judge King, who was a student at the College in the early '90s, is now a real estate dealer and active and public spirited citizen at Sterling, Colo.

John Southard, who was a C. A. C. student about 1900, now holds an important position with the Clason Map Company, of Denver.

Miss Reba Amos, formerly a student in the College, was married on Thursday, March 10th, to Mr. Frederick Burton.

Mr. Tom Flenniken, of Denver, spent Sunday evening, the guest of Miss Annette Steele.

"Oh, of course, but since it has to be, why the sooner you have it over with, the better."

The days came and went and each bore with it a goody measure of vexation for Ann. From the moment she expressed her disliking for an undue amount of interest displayed by the girls, her troubles began. Not a knock at the door, not a whistle on the street, not a sound of a masculine voice, nor the sight of a form in masculine attire, but some sweet voice called out, "Oh Ann, here comes Howard."

She listened for Howard's voice in very sound, she looked for Howard's face in every passer by; she thought of Howard, she dreamed of Howard, and she was sure she simply hated Howard!

In the meantime, Howard was receiving impressions.

"Now, look here, old man, if you are my friend of mine, you've got to cut out this foolishness and let me take you over there to call!"

The boys were supposed to be engrossed in hydraulics, but at the present moment Ann seemed to be more interesting to both. "You'll go with me tomorrow night," Ben continued.

"I'm no fool, and there was the report. "Say, did you ever get a turn down? How fast do you think you'd be trotting after a girl if she had refused openly and flatly to be introduced to you? You'd go on the double quick, wouldn't you? I suppose you wouldn't think it was great to have a girl throw up her head with a 'Thank you, not today,' and leave you feeling like a chump as you watched her pigtails disappear down the street! As for me, once is enough."

"Oh, cheese it! You can't blame her, Ben. You didn't know you was from Adam, but, the girls are leading her a merry chase, that's all. You'd be the best kind of friends if you'd do as I say."

"Well, go on and have your fun—no objections, I assure you—but just count me out."

Ben knew by Howard's tone that—nothing short of the Fates could move him.

Ann was sitting in the library, with her back toward the window and all interest on an article on "The Home." Startled by a stage-whispered "Hello Ann," she looked up to find Ben at her elbow.

"Say, kiddo, will you be so kind and condescending—that's the right word, isn't it?—as to enlighten me a weee tiny bit?"

Ann seemed to feel what was coming, for she donned a guiltily innocent look.

"Why won't you accept an introduction to Howard?"

"For the very simple reason that I'm absolutely sick and tired just of the dis-
carded magazine he remarked irreverently, "What you reading? Oh, by the way, I run across a book in the stack room the other day, that's just the thing for your debate. Wait a minute and I'll get it for you," and he was gone. He hurried out, but instead of going into the stack room, he opened the door and sauntered leisurely down the steps. He wore a broad grin on his face quite in accord with his greetings.

"Oh, Palmer, I've just been reading a joke. Come on back and I'll go and read it to you," and he laughed at the thought.

Arm in arm they entered the reading room. They made a bee-line for the occupied window. Howard did not at first grasp the situation, but Ann gave a grunt of disapproval as she saw them enter.

"Caught! Well, I guess yes!" But her eyes sparkled and her lips smiled as their glances met, and to herself she said, "Just come ahead, I'm game."

"Why yes, Mr. Palmer, you might as well say you're glad to meet me, for, of course, since we are to be married, you'll have to learn to like me sooner or later. It seems to be all settled, so I suppose we'll both have to make the best of it."

"Oh, this is so sudden!" Howard fell in a faint into Ben's arms, but revived in a miraculously short time, at the sound of Mr. Daniels' determined footfall.

"But since it's got to be, and as you are the one that says it has, I suppose it has; what do you say to taking a stroll so we can talk it over better?"

Thus began a course of campusology which ended with the Master's Degree.

L. A. C.

The Western Publisher has the nerve to give its readers the following example in mathematics. A meat dealer sells 400 steaks in a day at sixteen cents a pound. His right hand weighs half a pound. What is his clear profit?
The Rocky Mountain Collegian

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Baseball Manager............................L. G. Mc lain, 312 East Myrtle
Basket Ball Manager.........................A. J. BLOOMFIELD, Co. F Armory
Track Team Manager.........................F. B. SCAMMELL, Room 1, Avery Block
Football Manager............................KARL W. HORN

UNJUST

Recently an accusation has been made against the Collegian, or more properly speaking probably against the editor, which we believe was wholly unjust and we know cannot be supported by actual facts. It has reference to the publication of "student articles," the subject matter of which dealt with the question being agitated among the students. It is true that articles touching either or both sides of any or all questions concerning the welfare, interests, or morality of the College, if really intended for the honest, candid, loyal support of the position taken by the writer, would not be published regardless of the view held by the author. The students have never made a practice, however, of giving the editor, the power to place a stamp of disapproval on a very large quantity of material. Although he would be delighted if he might scan or peruse something containing opinions and arguments contrary to his own.

The Collegian is an instrument of the students themselves, and if they wish to make known their likes and dislikes on current questions and events by plainly stating them in a clear, gentlemanly, loyal, patriotic way for publication, then each will be received with equal weight regardless of the party from whom it comes. It is an impossibility, however, to satisfy or please everyone; therefore, the policy will be to treat all subjects in a manner which we consider just and equitable regardless of who it pleases or displeases.

She—I have just discovered that the diamonds in the diadem you gave me last year are false.
He—Why, then, they just match your golden hair.

TAKE NOTICE

It has become the custom of late to put various entertainments on Saturday night and have the literary societies meet an hour earlier and dismiss in time for them. Putting the societies at such an early hour prevents many from attending at all, while others do not attend for fear they will not get out in time to get good seats at the "special entertainment." An hour is not time enough to complete a program, and consequently, everything must be cut short. A meeting of this kind is worse than no meeting at all.

If this only happened once in a week it would make little difference; but when it happens about every week it is time to raise an objection and ask that a change be made. The basket ball games were scheduled on Saturday night, the Dramatic Club gives entertainments on Saturday night, a magician is put on for Saturday night, and what will be next? Where is it going to end? Will every Saturday night from this on meet with a similar fate? If so, the literary societies might as well disband with a similar fate? It is certainly time that something should be done and every effort put forth to discourage these "special entertainments" on Saturday night.

President Columbian Literary Society.

CULINARY EXHIBIT BY

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

The Home Economics Club of the College, will serve a cafeteria supper on Wednesday evening, March 16th, from 6 to 7 o'clock at the Domestic Science building. A rare opportunity to obtain a rare supper, well done, at a low price. Everyone is cordially invited.

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AT

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Local Items

Miss Nellie Stiers spent Saturday and Sunday in Greeley, the guest of Miss Florence Bliss.

Last Wednesday Miss Rausch went down to Denver as one of the judges at the chefs' contest in making the most attractive dish out of cheap cuts of meat.

Mrs. Williamson lectured in the chapel on Thursday. She has been appointed by the government as state factory inspector. She spoke of child labor in the mines and factories of the state.

Chapel Monday was occupied by Dr. Thomas, who gave us current events.

The Associated Students of the College, and the student body of the School of Agriculture held meetings after chapel. The Associated Students requested that the school remove the letters "C. A. C." from the uniforms. The student body of the school very courteously complied with the request. According to their own statement they do not wish to pass as College students. Through no fault of theirs, the letters were placed upon the uniforms, and they have shown a splendid spirit in agreeing to take them off without remuneration. It is indeed too bad that after having met us more than half way, a College student demanded to know when the promise would go into effect. But it is all over now. We have a high regard for the School of Agriculture and wish it the greatest of prosperity. We hope to welcome not a few into the College a year or two hence.

The cross guns and pins worn by the School of Agriculture the next day appealed to some of us as quite a joke. Captain Humphrey couldn't see the joke, however, and made them remove the pins.

Prof. Johnson—"Oh, my goodness gracious! There's a bug."

The Northern Colorado State Teachers' Association met at the College the latter part of the week.

Don't forget the Junior class play, March 22d.

Give the literary societies Saturday night unconditionally. See "Protest" and other articles in this issue.

Activities about the new Domestic building are increasing daily.

Wanted—A good cartoonist. R. S. V. P. to "Ye Editor."

Wanted, students to take a greater interest in the activities of the College.

The Electricals are remodeling the old Civil building, making it into pleasant quarters for themselves.

UNNECESSARY

Whoever the author may have been in the foregoing named article that appeared in the last issue of this paper, seemed to have an unnecessary amount of information about certain things in some of the departments that was entirely false or else the good author wanted to get some cheap notoriety and forgot to sign his name so that the Vets are at a loss to know who deserves the bouquets. However, the Vets can be and are square in their examinations, as is evidenced by the "honor system" which has been installed for some time, and no one has ever seen fit to bring his "pony" to an examination, even if some poor, misinformed individuals would have it that way. "Don't judge others."

A VET.

"How realistic your painting is! It fairly makes my mouth water."

"sunset makes your mouth water"

"Oh, it is a sunset, is it? I thought it was a fresh egg."

A SUIT

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A HAT

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Collins Cash Clothing Co.
Of the thousands of college graduates who are now engaged in Journalism, hundreds owe their first groping experience to amateur papers and magazines of which they were editors in undergraduate days. There was the college weekly, with its magisterial advice to the faculty on questions of discipline, the boyish discussion of the present development of the baseball team, and the summary of a special lecture in which the young reporter for the first time, but not the last, misquoted the distinguished man of science. There was the college literary magazine, where the young poet published his first rhymes about death and love and fate, about everything not immediately related to boyhood and college life. There was the college literary magazine, where the young poet published his first rhymes about death and love and fate, about everything not immediately related to boyhood and college life.

The value of it all was that it was a part of undergraduate activity, like debating and athletics and classroom work. The special use of it was, and is, that it set so many men to writing for publications; in a small way the lessons of the classes in composition and literature were applied.

College Journalism is a real training school, in which one who is to become a professional writer learns a little, and where he often gets his first taste for the career of journalist and editor.—Youth’s Companion.

SENIOR CLASS RINGS

Nobby signet rings are being flashed by the Senior class. They are pronounced by many as being the best ever seen on the campus. This most excellent design was drawn by artist Bob Tedmon, probably better known by his ability as a cartoonist. The signet is oval in shape, the center of which is round, and upon which is stumped the seal of Colorado. Above the seal are the letters "C. S. O.;" below the figures "10." Bob also designed the 1909 class rings and admits he likes the present Senior class ring design much better than that of his own class. The Seniors appreciate Bob's work.

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COLLEGE JOURNALISM

Of the thousands of college graduates who are now engaged in Journalism, hundreds owe their first groping experience to amateur papers and magazines of which they were editors in undergraduate days.

There was the college weekly, with its magisterial advice to the faculty on questions of discipline, the boyish discussion of the present development of the baseball team, and the summary of a special lecture in which the young reporter for the first time, but not the last, misquoted the distinguished man of science. There was the college literary magazine, where the young poet published his first rhymes about death and love and fate, about everything not immediately related to boyhood and college life.

Here, too, the seedling fictionalist tried to branch out just like Kipling, or whatever other well-rooted tree towered in the literary field. And the critic, who was older and wiser than he was ten years later, echoed for a dozen pages at a time the opinions of the professors, and never guessed that he was not original.

In some colleges there was the comic paper, illustrated by awkward disciples of Mr. Gibson, and full of jokes that were best when they were worst, and unspeakably worst when they tried to be like the humor of the professional joker.
ENCROACHMENTS

Beginning early last fall a movement was inaugurated and carried to successful fruition for establishing Monday night as the night exclusive for the technical societies to meet. Saturday night had always been respected as a time devoted to the literary societies, thus the remainder of the week was left open for other entertainments. Recently, or during the winter, occasional special functions requested the privilege to use Saturday night. These were granted by the different societies, until now things have gone from bad to worse, and the different literary organizations have been completely broken up.

The work accomplished in the past term has amounted to practically nothing, not because the work was not to be done nor because of lack of interest in the organizations, but because other functions were provided that demanded the support of the student body or functions that required portions of the building adjacent thereto, which made the meetings unprocurable.

It seems to the writer that it is time to call a halt. The literary societies must be given a preference above everything else, or they must change their meeting night to some mid-week evening, or discontinue their work altogether. To dilly-dally along as we have been forced to do for the past term is altogether nonsense. I doubt whether any of the literary organizations can long survive such a dilatory way of meeting. Therefore we appeal to the students, the faculty, and all who have a care for the preservation of the societies to leave to us unbroken and undisturbed our legal, traditional, undisputed night.

President Philo Literary Society.

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as in everything else—Quality is a very essential thing. Without quality a piece of printed matter, which was intended to impress a customer, utterly fails of its purpose; no matter how effective the argument or how cleverly worded it may be.

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When you ride through a forest you are not impressed by it except as a great mass of green and other colors that give a striking effect. There is simply a blending together of thousands and thousands of trees in one big block.

But suddenly, as you pass along your way, one giant towers high above his fellows, thrusting into the air a leafy dome that shadows a score of smaller trees and catches the eye at once with its magnificent stature and spread of limbs. It is different from the rest. They stand massed together indistinguishable from one another, but the big fellow is so much greater that he commands attention at once.

Or perhaps, after riding for miles under an arcade of elms, you suddenly come to the open country. Just outside of the forest stands one lone tree, its graceful branches drooping toward the earth and its tall trunk scarred with many a battle of the elements. "What a beautiful tree," you say. And yet you have just passed others as beautiful in every respect. But this tree stands apart from its fellows and is not hid by them nor to be confounded with them. So it catches your eye.

Men are exactly like these trees. For the most part they are indifferently alike, and at a casual glance you could not tell one from another. He is no better and no worse; no more talented and no more stupid. His capacity for work is no greater and no less than that of his fellows. His habits are about the same, his ambitions are the same, his faults are the same, and there is nothing to distinguish him from the crowd.

If you want to make a real success in life, be different. Either grow up above the rest of them and command attention by your greater knowledge and superior ability, or else learn to get out of the throng so men can see your capability and learn to appreciate your worth.

If the street car conductor knew as much as the superintendent, he would be managing a road. If the stenographer understood business as well as her employer, she would be in business for herself. Knowledge compels recognition. The world is just a great, big forest of human trees, of which thousands nod unnoticed in the breezes till time.

**THE GOLDEN RULE**

**U-NO-US**

**BE INDIVIDUAL**

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decays them. Occasionally, however, one shoots high above the crowd and—towering majestically there—bathes in the sunshine of men's approval or vibrates to the thunder of their applause.

Which do you prefer to be?—Ex. A LESSON IN HARMONY

Modest Altschuler recalls an amusing incident of his last season's tour from coast to coast with the Ben Greet Players. The orchestra and the Shakespearean actors had landed at a small theatre in an equally small town in the Lehigh valley, and crowded into the "edifice" to prepare for the performance of "The Tempest." Mr. Altschuler was looking out for the comfort of the ladies of the company.

"Where is the ladies' dressing room?" he said, addressing the stage manager, a German.

"Dere," responded the German, indicating the decidedly diminutive room of which the men had already taken possession, its rough appearance betokening it as being intended for masculine use.

"No, no, the ladies' room!" said Mr. Altschuler, testily.

"Dots it," was the second affirmation.

"I want the ladies' dressing room," thrilled Mr. Altschuler, his tenor rising in a startling crescendo, "ladies' room, woman's room, female's room, fair sex's room, Daughters of Eve's room! Savvy?" elucidating his meaning with a strongly accentuated climax.

A nod of affirmation.

"You don't mean to tell me that the ladies and gentlemen are supposed to dress in the same room!" said Mr. Altschuler seeing a light.

"Yah," returned the other in surprised tones. "What's the matter? Don't they speak?—The Violin World.

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KEPT HIS WORD

He was a little man, but he had a loud voice and evidently wanted everyone to know what he said. He and a companion—who, be it said to his credit, seemed ashamed of the company he was in—stood in the hotel rotunda. The little fellow was talking about Ireland and he said many hard things concerning the country and the people.

A great big man stood by listening to the little fellow’s vaporing. He merely smiled, until the little fellow said in a very loud tone:

"Show me an Irishman and I will show you a coward."

Then the big fellow slipped up and touched the little fellow on the shoulder, and said in a heavy bass voice:

"What’s that you said?"

"I said, show me an Irishman and I’ll show you a coward," said the little fellow, whose knees were shaking under him.

"Well, I’m an Irishman," said the big man.

"You are an Irishman? Well," and a smile of joy flitted over the little fellow’s countenance as he saw a hole through which he could crawl, "I’m a coward." And he set off at a run.

He asked so many questions that day that he finally wore out his mother’s patience.

"Robert," she cried, "if you ask me another question I shall put you to bed without your supper."

Robert promptly asked another and was packed off to bed. Later his mother repented. After all, asking questions was the only way he could acquire knowledge; so she tiptoed upstairs, knelt beside Robert’s bed and told him she was sorry.

"Now, dear," she said, "if you want to ask one more question before you go to sleep, ask it now and I will try to answer it."

Robert thought for a moment, then said: "Mother, how far can a cat spit?"
A CHANCE

Ten o'clock! The lad spoke the words with a sigh. He was sitting at a table, over which were scattered many papers. A college algebra lay open among the papers. The boy lay his head upon his arms. He presented a very picture of dejection. For over an hour he remained thus. Finally he rose and opened his trunk. He held the lid up and looked rather undecidedly into the trunk for a moment, then began work. Within an hour his trunk was packed. The walls, which had had only a few pictures, were now bare. He had determined to go home. "I know I can hoe corn," he said; "I had no right to expect to learn anything." The landlady tried to dissuade him, as did several of his classmates, but he refused to listen. As the train pulled out of the College station, and he sank down into a seat and watched the athletic field pass by, then Ag. Hall, then the last of Fort Collins, he could not keep the tears from flowing down his cheeks. Then taking a last long look at the receding city he closed his eyes tightly and tried to forget.

*****

Two years passed. In the midst of a broad field of wheat, a young man was slowly walking with a shovel over his shoulder. He stopped and stood watching the heat waves rising from the field. As he stood there, he was perfectly contented. The trickle of the water as it ran down a large crack sounded as music to him. Far off at the edge of the field birds were singing, and every living thing seemed to whisper sweet music to him. A short distance away he could hear a stranded fish flopping in the shallow water. The bees kept up a continuous strain of music as they flew overhead. As he stood there listening, another sweet song was wafted to his ears. It was the dinner bell, and he saw his sister standing on the porch watching for him to come.

When he sat down for dinner, he found at his plate a letter. It proved to be a circular from his college. He glanced at it and threw it aside.

Just as he finished dinner the telephone rang. It was a neighbor, who told him there was to be a social affair at the school house that evening.

Everything went well that afternoon and when evening came he felt so cheerful he decided to attend the social. Being naturally of a cheerful disposition he enjoyed himself very much. Finally he sat down and then realized for the first time that he was quite tired.

As he sat there watching the others at their games, he heard the word "college." Almost unconsciously he listened. Two young men were talking. "So you are going back again?"
Yea.

Well, I can't go this year, but I hope to be able to next year.

Both were hard working young fellows who were trying to earn enough to get an education. As they talked and explained their plans, with such evident pleasure of anticipation, it set the lad to thinking. "I had a chance."

But he put the thoughts away from him. "I am getting foolish, I guess." But the thought kept coming, "I had a chance; I had a chance." As he lay in his bed that evening, wide-eyed and sleepless, he still thought of college. At last he cried aloud, "I had a chance, I still have a chance: I'm young, maybe I could—maybe I could. Maybe if I studied real hard I could get my lessons."

So for a week the thought struggled in his slow, dull brain. One moment he had decided to go; another moment he decided it was no use.

On September 8th, the same lad boarded a train bound for Fort Collins. In his hand he carried a suitcase. In his very soul he carried a strange happiness. He was about to take his chance.

"DIPLOMA"

(With apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

The college year was waning fast, 
When over Vassar's campus passed 
A maid, who bore with glowing pride 
A paper with the words inside, 
"Diploma."

Her brow was high, her eyes below 
Sparkled out the words, "I know, I know!"

And loud she made the welkin ring 
With praises of that worldly thing, 
"Diploma."

In many homes she saw the glare 
Of household duties, filled with care; 
Above she saw the flash of fame. 
And from her lips escaped the name, 
"Diploma."

"Try not the world," the old man said; 
"Dark trials will rest upon your head. 
How can you hope to win?" he cried; 
In forceful tones the maid replied: 
"Diploma."

"Ah, stay," the young man cried, and rest 
Your weary head upon my breast!" 
"I cannot," was the maid's reply; 
"I must ignite the world with my "Diploma."

L'EVOL

Now in the twilight children play, 
A husband reads—the usual way; 
A mother sighs with boundless joy, 
And thinks of that discarded toy, 
"Diploma."

"Here, I say! Be a bit more careful with that razor; that's the second time you've cut me."

"Well, well, so it is; but there! I always deduct a ha'penny for every cut. Why, it's nothing for a man to go out of here having won four pence off me."—The Tatler.

Student—Are not the movements of the heart caused by electricity? 
Professor—I don't know, I guess a good deal of action of the heart is caused by sparking.
ANTICIPATION

I stand at the shore with longing eyes
And gaze out over the sea,
Looking ever and ever for it—the ship
That I know is coming to me.
Ah, many a year have I kept my watch,
Ah, long have I stood on the shore!
But alas, my ship never greets my sight,
Though others arrive by the score.
'Twas years ago as a child I came
And I waited impatiently then;
E'er asking, as over the deep I looked,
"Oh, when will mine come—oh, when?"
Ah, little I knew of the years that must pass!
Ah, little I dreamed that e'en now I still my fruitless vigil would keep
With the marks of age on my brow!
And then in my youth I was waiting still,
And while to manhood I grew
I was planning of what would be in the ship
That was coming in over the blue.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

Thus sings the Colby, Kansas, Free Press: "Knock and the world knocks with you; boost and you boost alone. When you roast good and loud you will find that the crowd has a hammer as big as your own. Buy, and the gang is with you; renig, and the gang is off; for a lad with the thirst will see you curt, if you don't proceed to cough. Be rich, and the gang will praise you; be poor, and they will pass you by. You're a warm young guy when you start to buy; you're a snob when you have'nt the price. Be glad and the mob will cheer you; they'll shout while your wealth endures; show a tearful lamp and you'll see them all tramp, and it's back to the woods for your's. There's always a bunch to boost you while at your money they glance; but you'll find them all gone, in the cold gray dawn when the fringe shows on your pants."

Bridget, told to clean the windows, washed them very carefully on the inside only. Her mistress asked the reason of this omission, thinking perhaps she was too timid to sit out. Imagine the lady's surprise when Bridget exclaimed: "Shure, mum, I cl'aned th'm inside so as we could look out, but left the dirt on the outside so's the people couldn't look in."

—Selected.

A patient of a famous eye specialist, coming to pay his bill, growled: "Doctor, it seems to me that $500 is a big charge for that operation of mine. It didn't take you over a half of a minute."

"My dear sir," the other answered, "in learning to perform that operation in half a minute I have spoiled over eleven pecks of such eyes as yours."

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