Utah's Student Showing at Harvard This Year.

THE last week of June is annually Harvard's gala week, but this year it was marked by several innovations, all of which added to the pleasures of the occasion. The festivities might be said to have begun with the Harvard-Yale baseball game, June 23, when Harvard won by a score of 5 to 3. However, the redletter day of commencement week, the day embracing so many cherished traditions of bygone generations of graduates, is class day, and the festivities of the class of '04 were the most enjoyable that have taken place for many years. One feature, without which all the outdoor exercises would have been a failure, was the ideal, balmy June weather lasting the entire day, and enhanced in beauty at night by a full moon, shining from a cloudless sky.

At 9 a. m. the seniors, in caps and gowns, assembled in front of the old dormitory, known as Holworthy hall, and led by a band, marched slowly around the entire yard and thence to the Appleton chapel, where prayer was offered by Dr. Peabody, the dean of the Divinity school. Two hours later the regular, traditional literary exercises began in Sander's theater. These were: prayer, class day oration, class day poem, and the ode. This is the ode in full:

How careless we came to they permanent home,
How thoughtlessly entered they life—
So inconstant, and fond with the follies of youth,
With trifling and vanities rife.
Though our thoughts were caprice, we were welcomed by thee,
To thy cloister's perennial peace;
The spell of tradition was over these walks,
And thy strength bade mutation to cease.

Still careless we've lived in they permanent home;
Thy cycle has turned since we came.
The years cannot alter thy vigor and truth,
But our hearts are no longer the same.
And lo, at the end, what thine influence wrought,
With what power they purpose could bless,
What maturity, Harvard, thy scope could impart,
Our poor hearts in amazement confess.

Next in order came the "tree exercises." In a secluded part of the college yard, enclosed on three sides by Holden chapel, and Hollis and Harvard halls, respectively, stands a magnificent elm, which stood there over 100 years ago, as an old engraving proves. It is around this tree, known to every Harvard man as "class day tree," that certain exercises, whose origin is shrouded in the dim past, occur every Harvard class day. Formerly the massive trunk was encircled by flowers, for which the seniors scrambled, but now facetious presents, accompanied by humorous speeches, are made to various members of the class.

ANOTHER EVENT.

The next event was a new feature—so successful that it will probably become a permanent part of future class day exercises. It was decided to give the humorous ivy oration, formerly given as part of the literary exercises, in the magnificent new stadium on Soldiers' field, across the Charles river. Accordingly, at 4:45, nearly 15,000 people were grouped in the oval part of the vast amphitheater, and after music, cheering and singing by the glee club, the ivy oration was delivered with telling effect. Then there was more cheering—for the president, the dean, the graduates, the ladies, the athletic teams, etc. The class colors of 1904 were then presented to the freshmen, the class of 1907, who, in turn, will present it to the freshmen three years hence. This feature was also introduced this year. The singing of "Fair Harvard" by the entire audience, was succeeded by the march of the seniors around the arena, and then began the most spectacular display of the day—the throwing of confetti and paper streamers. Over 160 bushels of this paper ammunition of all colors had been distributed among the spectators and at a given signal the air was filled with colored flakes, while variegated streamers extended from every tier of seats to the arena. A slight breeze helped to distribute the airy material, and for some time the stadium was a scene of unparalleled beauty and splendor.

YOUNG UTAH STUDENTS WHO ATTENDED HARVARD UNIVERSITY LAST YEAR.

Reading from left to right those standing are: Roy Bullen, Richmond; Christian Larsen, Logan; George B. Hendricks, Lewiston; George D. Keyser, Salt Lake City.

From left to right those sitting are: Osborne Widtsoe, Logan; Chester Snow, Ogden; Henry C. Parker, Wellsville; Niels M. Hansen, Jr., Logan; Bayard Mendenhall, Springville; George F. Taylor, Plain City; Freeman Tanner, Provo.

UNDER STATELY ELMS.

All afternoon there had been music from a number of band stands in the yard, and gaily chatting parties had been promenading about under the stately elms. At 7 o'clock the illumination began, and as darkness came, the yard suggested a scene in fairy land. Thousands of colored lanterns shed a soft glow on the crowds of beautifully gowned ladies, which literally filled the lawns. At intervals colored fires gave to parts of the scene a wierd brightness. The glee club, various bands, and the mandolin and guitar club, stationed at various points filled the air with "touches of sweet harmony."

It is estimated that there were no less than 40,000 people in the yard at night and the vast crowd was constantly moving, circulating from place to place. In the gymnasium and in Memorial hall, both gaily decorated with evergreens and college colors, dancing went on from 8 till 11. From 7 till 9 President and Mrs. Eliot received the seniors and their friends, in the president's residence. At 11 there was a scramble for lanterns, which are much sought after for souvenirs, and in a few minutes the yard was in darkness, save for a few arc-lights, and the most successful classday Harvard has known was over.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Wednesday, the 29th, was Commencement Day. Honorary degrees were conferred in Sanders theater, and commencement parts were delivered by representative graduates from the various departments. A Latin oration was one of the traditional features. The day closed with a meeting of the alumni association of Harvard university.

UTAH MEN IN THE '04 CLASS.

Utah had a somewhat stronger representation at Harvard this year than most of the western states, but only four of the number completed their courses and were permitted to wear the academic cap and gown at commencement. The following Utah men received degrees this year:

Douglas B. Kimball, Salt Lake City; Niels M. Hansen, Jr., Logan; Henry C. Parker, Wellsville, and George F. Taylor, Plain City.

Of these Messrs. Hansen, Parker and Taylor prepared for Harvard at the Agricultural college of Utah, Taylor being a member of the class of 1900. Mr. Taylor and Hansen have each spent two years at Harvard in the department of civil engineering, and each obtained his degree of S. B. in this special line of work. Mr. Hansen has accepted a position as instructor in the engineering department of the Agricultural college of Utah. Both are members of the Harvard engineering society, of which another Utah student is president.

Mr. Parker has spent three years at Harvard perfecting himself in his chosen vocation of mining engineering. This line of study has involved much work in geology and practical work at the engineering camp— a sort of out-door summer school conducted in New Hampshire, by the engineering department. Mr. Parker has attained the distinction of being elected president of the Harvard Mining society.

Douglas Brooks Kimball received his early training at the St. Paul's school and was also a student at Yale before entering Harvard in 1900.

OTHER UTAH STUDENTS AT HARVARD.

In addition to the four seniors, eight others have been at Harvard during the past school year. They are:

Roy Bullen of Richmond, a graduate of the Brigham Young college, Logan, where he was for a time, instructor in mathematics. He is a junior in the department of civil engineering and will be graduated with the class of 1905. Mr. Bullen was distinctly honored by being elected president of the Harvard Engineering society in addition to being given a place on the editorial board of the Harvard Engineering Journal, a magazine published by the engineering students and devoted to the interests of engineering in all its branches and architecture.

George B. Hendricks of Lewiston, likewise a graduate of the Brigham Young college, where he received his A. B. in 1903. He is in the graduate school working for an A. M., which he expects to receive in 1905. His special field of investigation is economics. Mr. Hendricks is attending the University of Chicago this summer.

George D. Keyser of Salt Lake City, a junior in civil engineering. Mr. Keyser was prepared partly at the U. of U., partly at the University of Colorado. He is spending the summer at the Harvard engineering camp in the New Hampshire hills, doing work in surveying, etc.

Christian Larsen of Logan, a graduate of the A. C. U., in the class of 1896, instructor of English in the L. D. S. university, on leave of absence. Mr. Larsen is in the graduate school and his work is chiefly in the English and Germanic departments. He hopes to get the degree of A. M. in another year. He is attending the Harvard university summer school this summer.

Chester Snow of Ogden, a graduate of the Ogden high school, and for a year a student at the A. C. U. He is specializing in physics and hopes to win a degree in that line. Mr. Snow passed successfully not only all the entrance examinations but also the examinations admitting him to the sophomore class.

Freeman Tanner of Provo, formerly a student at the Brigham Young academy and at the Agricultural college of Utah, was this year a special student in civil engineering but expects to specialize in mining engineering. Mr. Tanner is spending the summer at the engineer camp, Squam lake, New Hampshire.

George U. Wenner of Ogden, where he was a student at the high school. He was graduated from Yale in 1903 with the degree of A. B. and entered Harvard law school.

Osborne Widtsoe of Logan was graduated in 1897 from the A. C. U. and was instructor in chemistry and physics in the L. D. S. university. Has leave of absence and entered the graduate school where he is specializing in English. Mr. Widtsoe is spending the summer at the University of Chicago summer school. He will get his A. M. in 1905.

A UTAH INSTRUCTOR AT HARVARD.

Frederick William Reynolds of Salt Lake City, who was graduated from the University of Utah in 1895, and from Harvard as A. B. in 1900, and as A. M. in 1902, has had the great good fortune of being an instructor in the English department of Harvard for several years. The mere fact of his securing the position is the best of testimonials to his ability and qualifications, as only the very best and most promising students in the department are considered as candidates for instructorships. Further proof that Mr. Reynolds' ability has been appreciated by the heads of the English department is seen in the fact that they were desirous of having him remain. However, Mr. Reynolds has accepted a position with the University of Utah for next year, although he will remain at Harvard this summer as an instructor in the summer school. Mrs. Reynolds, who has been attending Radcliffe, was graduated this year with the degree of A. B.

THE DEPARTMENTS IN WHICH UTAH IS REPRESENTED.

The three most important departments of Harvard university are the college, the Lawrence scientific school and the graduate school, all three under the immediate control of the faculty of arts and sciences. The college confers the degree of Bachelor of Arts, the scientific school, that of Bachelor of Science, while students in the graduate school may attain any one of the four degrees: Master of Arts, Master of Science, Doctor of Philosophy, or Doctor of Science. Other departments of the university are: the medical school, the law school, the divinity school, the dental school, the Bussey institute and Radcliffe college. Utah has had, during the past year, six students in the scientific school, four in the graduate school, two in Harvard college, one in the law school and one in the Radcliffe college, making a total of 14.

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MONTEVIDEO.

Sights of a Luxurious Capital—A Proud and Peculiar People.

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay, May 30.—Let us devote this beautiful morning to seeing the sights of Montevidéo; and, by the way, let us first learn to correctly pronounce its name. In the schools of Yankeedom we were taught to say Mon-te-ve-di-o, with the accent on the third syllable; but fiere on the spot, where the people certainly ought to know, it is called Mon-tay-vay-dee-oh, accenting the fourth syllable and remembering that the letter which in English is rendered "e" is called "a" in the Spanish language, and "i" is pronounced "e."

It is nearing mid-winter now on this side of the equator, you know, and these late May days are the most delightful of the year—absolutely perfect in point of weather, the heat tempered by ocean breezes, and dry, pure winds blowing down the great Rio de la Plata from uninhabited pampas. The happy Ricos (aristocrats) sit all day on their balconies strumming guitars, smoking cigarettes and sucking mate through silver tubes; while los Pobres (the poor)—equally careless of tomorrow if only there be "bite and sup" today—loll in the sunshine, more thoroughly contented than any king in his gilded palace; and in the balmy evenings all the local world, rich and poor together, hie themselves to the plazas to enjoy music and moonlight to the top of their bent.

Let us begin our sight-seeing with that central point, the Plaza de la Constitucion, which—after the manner of all Spanish-American towns—was laid out before the rest was fairly planned and was the nucleus around which everything grew. For many years it was known as the Plaza de le Matriz, until in 1830, when the constitution of the new-born republic was formally proclaimed in that square, after which it was solemnly rechristened. One side of it is occupied by the great Cathedral de la Matriz, with its hugh dome covered with blue, green and yellow tiles, and its two tall towers, in one of which is a clock that tells the hours, halves and quarters and is illuminated at night. Modern Montevideo is much given to stucco, stunning facades, and general freakishness of architecture, in contrast with which this plain old-fashioned church of the Martyrs, grim gray and massive, with its air of steadfastness and indestructibility, appears doubly impressive. It was dedicated more than a century ago, but time and revolutions have made little impression upon it. Inside we find the usual tawdriness that distinguishes other South American sanctuaries, the smell of candle smoke and long-imprisoned incense—a tomb-like atmosphere that receives no ventilation except from the carefully screened main entrance.

"ON THE OTHER SIDE."

On another side of the plaza is the Cabildo, where congress holds its sessions, as indicated by the label across its front—"Representacion Nacional." On the other side is the far-famed Uruguay club house, with its magnificent facade of white marble, one of the most luxuriously appointed places of its kind on the continent. Nearly opposite is the English club house—an institution dear to the hearts of exlied Britons, though plainly housed and conducted with an eye to the solid comfort of its members and their guests rather than to ostentatious display. In the middle of the plaza is a superb white marble fountain, with many basins and much carving, its base inscribed with patriotic sentiments and dates commemorating the political history of the country. From this central point paths radiate like the spokes of a wheel, each path flanked with acacia and Egyptian-thorn bushes covered with blossoms but pruned and so tended that one pities their crippled condition. There is a pretty little kiosque, where a fine military band plays every Sunday morning after mass and on most evenings of the week. Stone benches outline the paths, set under the thorn trees, and the rest of the plaza is strewn with smooth, reddish gravel, upon which small tables are scattered about, where ices, wines, lemonade, etc., are served. On summer evenings all upper-class Montevideo may be seen here, out on dress parade, in their choicest jewels and finest clothes (mostly imported), showing all the latest freaks of fickle fashion. It is the "beauty show" of the section, patronized by all the ladies, old and young, and therefore as a matter of course, diligently attended by all the men. The senoritas, guarded by their mothers and duennas, slowly promenade up and down the paths, or rather they toddle, with more or less grace, on their extremely high-heeled slippers—the marketable females with downcast eyes and coquettish mien, their chaperones marching with bold front, like veteran soldiers, glaring severely at the double rows of ogling men whose attention they have come out on purpose to attract, while the latter, unabashed, stare into the faces of the girls with audible comments on their beauty and style, after the accepted fashion of Spanish-America.

Here and there in the crowd one sees an Indian face, but the native Guarani type is more rare than the negro; and dashing mulattos and negresses are common—the latter generally extravagantly dressed in the extreme of style, almost invariably wearing white or pale blue, those most unsuitable colors which the race wherever found seem to affect.

LISTEN TO THE BUZZ.

Sit awhile on one of the benches and listen to the buzz of conversation as the brilliant throng files by, and you will hear as much French, Italian, English and German spoken as Spanish, for Montevideo is a cosmopolitan town and fully one-third of its population are foreigners. You will readily comprehend that the social life of the aristocracy is very gay; that a high degree of education is the rule; that money is plenty—easily gained and freely expended; in short, that society here is fully up to that of any European city of equal size. Just outside the plaza groups of hackney coaches stand waiting for customers, who seldom come. We will have none of them, for in Montevideo it is eminently the fashion to ride in tram cars. Street railways gridiron the city criss-crossing in every direction, and in their clean though crowded coaches one can study Uruguayan life and character to much better advantage than when shut up by oneself in a private carriage. There are upwards of 60 miles of tramway in Montevideo, and that everybody patronizes them is proved by the fact that they carry something over 10,000,000 passengers a year—a high average for a city of only 120,000. The tariff is from 2 to 7 cents, according to the length of your trip, and the spick-and-span new cars, all made in New York, are certainly safer and pleasanter than the jolting, bug-infested hacks. There is but one drawback to the tram cars, viz., that their jolly drivers, one and all, carry cow's horns and toot to one another continually, executing shrill, prolonged trills with might and main, and out of pure facetiousness making a din that is almost deafening.

A GORGEOUS COLORED CITY.

It does not take long in our peregrinations to discover that Uruguay's capital is a city of stucco and tiles and gorgeous coloring, of fine shops and handsome houses, of magnificence, wealth and luxury, of noise and clattering hoofs—though nobody bustles and hurries as in the north, of cheerful faces and good clothes and contented people who have no acquaintance with the wolf called poverty that prowls about the doors of many of their cousins on the Pacific side of the continent. The town is laid out on the usual chess-board plan, with long broad streets that run up one hill and down another, as straight lines can be drawn, with clusters of telegraph and telephone wires overhead and double rows of tramway lines below. Owing to its situation on a granite promontory, almost surrounded by water, Montevideo is admirably drained, well ventilated and constantly washed clean by rains that fall about 75 days out of the 365. The buildings are all flat-roofed, of two or at most three stories, the materials that enter into their composition being mostly brick and stucco, tiles, marble, iron and very little timber.

The general plan of the private houses is the Andalusian vestibule, with floor of marble and dadoes of alabaster or blue and white Talevera tiles, double doors of massive iron or carved wood, always wide open by day, disclosing a tall inner gate of open-work wrought iron or steel, through which one can see the flowery patio, embellished with palms and statuary and fragrant shrubs growing in boxes; and often a second, and even a third patio beyond, making a charming vista.

MUST RING TO ENTER.

The frail-looking gate, with its lace-like pattern, though it affords no obstruction to the view, is securely fastened inside, and to gain admission one must ring a bell, similar to those on our doors at home, which summons the servant to unlock it. The facades of the better houses are adorned with much marble and stucco, and before every window are iron bars, gilded perhaps and highly ornamented, but nevertheless as secure as those of the common jail. In Montevideo it seems that the wealthier a man is the more does his casa run to fanciful embellishment in the way of tiling and stucco, the more elaborately lace-like is his iron work, the thicker the gilding upon his gate and window bars, the softer the tints of rose and purple and blue and yellow upon his outer walls. Many of the tenement houses have their vestibules and patios paved with the knuckle bones of sheep, arranged like mosaic work in fantastic designs; and it is a stale old joke to tell astonished strangers that those are human bones, of people who were killed in the thirty-years war. At any rate the effect is gruesome in the extreme, and in walking upon the bones one feels as if entering a charnel house. Continuing our tour along the Galle 18 de Julio, which is pronounced by many travelers to be the finest street in South America, as in the evening it is one of the most animated, 26 meters wide, lined with shops filled with rich Parisian goods we come at length to the Plaza Independencia, which is hardly second in interest to that of the Constitucion.

LONG AND BROAD.

It is an imposing parallelodram, very long and broad, crossed by paved paths lined with benches, and surrounded by lofty colonnades in the Doric style, such as we have seen in the capitals of Peru, Chili and Mexico. On one side is the government building, which in local parlance is called a "Palacio," though it bears no resemblance to a palace, being an exceedingly plain affair. In it are the offices of the various cabinet ministers, and in front stands a queer little sentry box (which we at first mistook for a barber's sign) painted in blue and white stripes, with simulated curtains tied back with golden cords done in red and yellow paint. The barracks are fronted by one of the arcades, under which the corps de grade (mostly negroes) loll all day long on a bench smoking cigarettes and exchanging comments upon passing ladies.

By the way, have you ever seen the flag of Uruguay? In my opinion it is the prettiest in the world, next to the Stars and Stripes of "God's Country," and the sky-blue and white stripes of Argentina. This is also in alternate stripes of blue and white, with a full rayed golden sun in the upper corner nearest the staff, in the place where the square of stars appears in the American banner.

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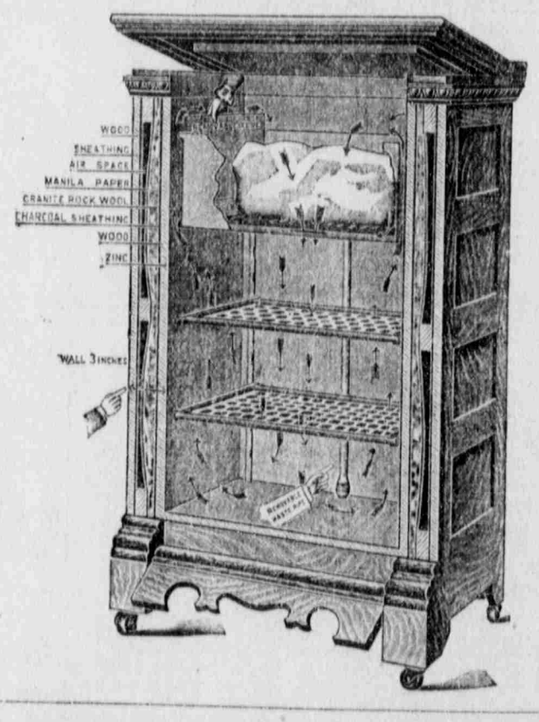

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