THE WEEKLY EXPONENT

Vol. 2 BOZEMAN MONTANA FRIDAY, NOVEMBER, 25, 1910. No. 11

SPECIAL HOURS FOR MEETINGS

FACULTY GRANTS TWO ASSEMBLIES EACH MONTH TO ORGANIZATIONS.

TO ENCOURAGE ATTENDANCE

The Committe to Consider Measures Recommends This Plan—Outgrowth of Exponent Editorial.

At a meeting called under the instructions of President Hamilton and presided over by Chairman F. W. Ham of the faculty assembly committee last Frday it was decided to grant the students every alternate assembly period for holding meetings. This means that the regular assembly program will be dispensed with on the second and fourth Fridays of each month.

The action taken is in answer to appeal for some provision for meet- made several weeks ago by the Exponent. The noon hour has been the only time that meetings could be held and has proven unsatisfactory to the difficulty in getting attendance. So many of the students go to their homes or boarding houses for the noon meal and have only enough time to make the trip in an hour that it necessarily was impossible to secure their attendance at noon meetings. The time after laboratory met with the objection that athletic practice was held at that time throughout the year.

The committee which met last Friday to consider the matter was composed of the regular faculty assembly committee, Professors Ham, Duddy and Oliver, and the following students: J. M. Spain, representing the Arena and Boosters; Miss Helen Shiell, for the Y. W. C. A.; Guy J. Millegan for the Y. M.; Wm. G. Tremper for the Civil Engineers' Society; Roy B. Williams, representing the Athletic asociation; Harry Peck for the Electric Club; Ruth Stanton for the Boosterines; George Cook for the Agricultural Club; and Peter Allard for the Philomathian.

In order to provide for a little regularity in the use of this period, a committee was appointed to prepare a schedule for the different societies which desire to avail themselves regularly of the privilege. This committee is composed of J. M. Spain, Wm. G. Tremper, Harry Peck, Guy Millegan, and Peter Allard.

The reservation is made that if the innovation does not result in better attendance and more interest in the organizations affected, the privelege will be withdrawn and the former schedule resumed. The meeting was marked by the enthusiastic reception of the announcement of the plan. The first trial of the new system will be on December 2.

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INTERESTING LECTURES BY LOCAL PHYSICIANS

Two splendid lectures were given in the home science department this week by local physicians. This course of lectures was given for the class in home nursing but was open to any girl in college. Four lectures were given last week by a trained nurse followed by those this week of Drs. Jump and Piedaule.

That the girls appreciated these lectures was shown by the attendance at all six lectures of the course. Girls from nearly every department of the College attended.

Dr. C. W. Jump lectured Monday morning, Nov. 21, on tuberculosis. His lecture was full of thought and practical suggestions and it is hoped that he will repeat in assembly some time for the benefit of the student body. He concluded with, "tuberculosis will only be stamped out by the education of the general public."

Wednesday morning, November 23, Dr. Joseph Piedalue lectured on "Emergencies." This lecture was of great interest and helpfulness to the girls. Dr. Piedalue showed how to use the material at hand in case of emergencies. He also took up the symptoms and treatment of different kinds of coma and emphasized the fact that patent medicines should not be used. He said a remedy for many ailments could be found in the kitchen, mentioning the sodium compounds—soda and common salt.

UNIVERSITY WINS CRITICAL GAME

Montana Agricultural College Overwhelmed by 10 to 0 Score at Missoula Yesterday. Little and Dornblazer Towers of Strength. Two Touchdowns in First Twenty Minutes. Clean Contest Before Record Attendance. Chambers and Wolpert do Wonderful Work,

In a game hard fought from start to finish the University of Montana defeated the Montana State College in the annual Thanksgiving game at Missoula. The score was 10 to 0 and was made in the first half. After the beginning of the second half the wearers of the Blue and Gold fought hard and had a slight advantage besides keeping the Varsity from a further score.

Dahling outpunted L'ttle clearly and on two occasions booted the muddy ball sixty yards.

The game was free from unfair play but was hard fought in the extreme. As a result a number of men on both sides were slightly hurt and were forced to take out time. Captain MacClay of the Varsity was out for part of one quarter and Taylor, the Aggies' left end was forced to



UNIVERSITY BACKFIELD

Deschamps Dornblazer Winstanley Day

Although every man of both teams played hard all the time, the game was won by the extraordinary playing of two 'Varsity players. One was Dornblazer and the other Little. The former at defensive fullback gave the most wonderful exhibition of backing up the line that has ever been seen on a Montana field. He was everywhere breaking up end runs, split bucks and forward passes alike. On only three or four occasions was this peer of tacklers eluded. The second brilliant star of the Varsity was Little. He was his teams most consistent ground gainer throughout the entire game. Having missed only two of the thirteen passes thrown to him this wizard of the open game gained a total of 130 yards. Aside from his handling of the forward pass which was really nothing short of phenomenal, Little was consistent in running back punts.

The College team could hardly be said to have been represented by any star performer. The defense of all was steady and the handling of the ball and general team work was satisfactory. Time and again the College line opened up holes through which the backs started to gain, but each time the omnipresent Dornblazer plugged the hole and ended the ball's advance. Both Dahling and Wolpert managed to get away for a good gain each, the latter having circled the Varsity's right end for one gain of 22 yards. The College deep field man was steady but could not run back punts as well as could Little or Winstanley. The longest individual gain was made by the Aggies on a triple pass from cup formation. Wolpert passed from ten yards behind the scrimmage line and the ball sped true for just the allowed thirty yards to Wade who received the ball cleverly.

retire near the end of the game. Esp, the fullback for the College sustained a hard blow on the head which forced his removal during the first quarter. Chambers took time out for an injury to his back. All the injuries were trivial and the cripples were in good shape by evening.

The State College eleven was beaten fairly in a hard fought game and the championship which was won by the Varsity through this game was well earned and deserved by them.

The Varsity gained a total of 379 yards, 170 yards of which was made through the agency of 22 forward passes, five of which went bad. The College made 136 yards and tried six forward pases, one of which was good for 18 yards. The College punted twenty times for an average of 32½ yards as against Varsity's eight times for an average of 31 yards.

The game in detail follows:

Captain Sheriff won the toss and chose to receive at south goal. Winstanley kicked off to Chambers who returned 10 yards. Esp 2 yards from split buck, Wolpert no gain, and Wolpert punts 25 yards. Deschamps made 5, and Dornblazer first downs. Esp was hurt and Tremper replaced him. Dornblazer and Winstanley again made first downs. Time for Bennett, and Klebe took his place. Winstanley no gain, then a forward pass of 12 yards Winstanley to Little crossed for a touchdown. Winstanley missed goal. Score 5 to 0.

Sheriff kicked to Beard who brought the pigskin back 8 yards. Dahling intercepted a forward pass. Wolpert 1 yard, Tremper 1, and Wolpert punted 20 yards to Little who returned 4. Winstanley makes 13, Dornblazer no gain. College penalized 5 yards for offside., Deschamps first downs. A forward pass to Little added 10, Day got 5, and another forward pass to Little was good for 8 yards. Winstanley reeled off 7, Dornblazer on split buck 7 more, and then repeated for 6 through center. Two attempts brought the ball within six inches of College goal where ball changed hands and Dahling kicked out 30 yards. Tremper caught a forward pass. College gained two on as many attempts and Dahling booted to Little. 'Varsity no gain, then a forward pass to Little made 8, and another to Beard added 4. Dornblazer went around end for a sensational run of 18 yards till stopped by Chambers. Ryan through tackle got 2. Dornblazer no gain, Day no gain, and ball changed hands. Tremper got 1, and again 3, then Dahling punted 35 to Little who came back five.



FORWARDS OF VICTOR.OUS TEAM

Beard Ryan Gleason Fredell Conners McClay Little

Day was good for 3, a forward pass to Beard made first down. Dornblazer made 8 yards when time for quarter called.

Winstanley's place kick landed in Dahling's arms who brought back 14 yards. Wolpert 3, and Dahling kicked 25 to Winstanley. A forward pass to Little got 15 yards, and the trick repeated added 5. Dornblazer 4 yards and then 7. Winstanley 1 yard, Dornbazer no gain, Deschamps could not cross so Dahling booted 30 yards out. Forward pass to Little for 12, Dornblazer 3, Winstanley 1, Ryan went over for another touchdown. On kickout ball was muffed, and no goal attempted. Score 10 to 0.

Sheriff kicked off to Dornblazer who returntd 10 yards. Forward pass to Little 5, but Dahling was at the receiving end of a second try. Little intercepted a forward pass by College. Winstanley 8, forward pass blocked, and Little punted 40 yards to Chambers. Dahling got 3, Tremper 5, and forward pass put ball in Varsity's hands. Little booted 35 to Chambers who brought back 8. Tremper 2 yards, and Dahling kicks 40 to Winstanley. Forward pass good for 15, Winstanley 3, Dornblazer 1, then Chambers recovered fumbled forward pass. Dahling punted 25 and College recovered ball, Wolpert got 2 yards, Chambers made onside kick, when time was called for first half.

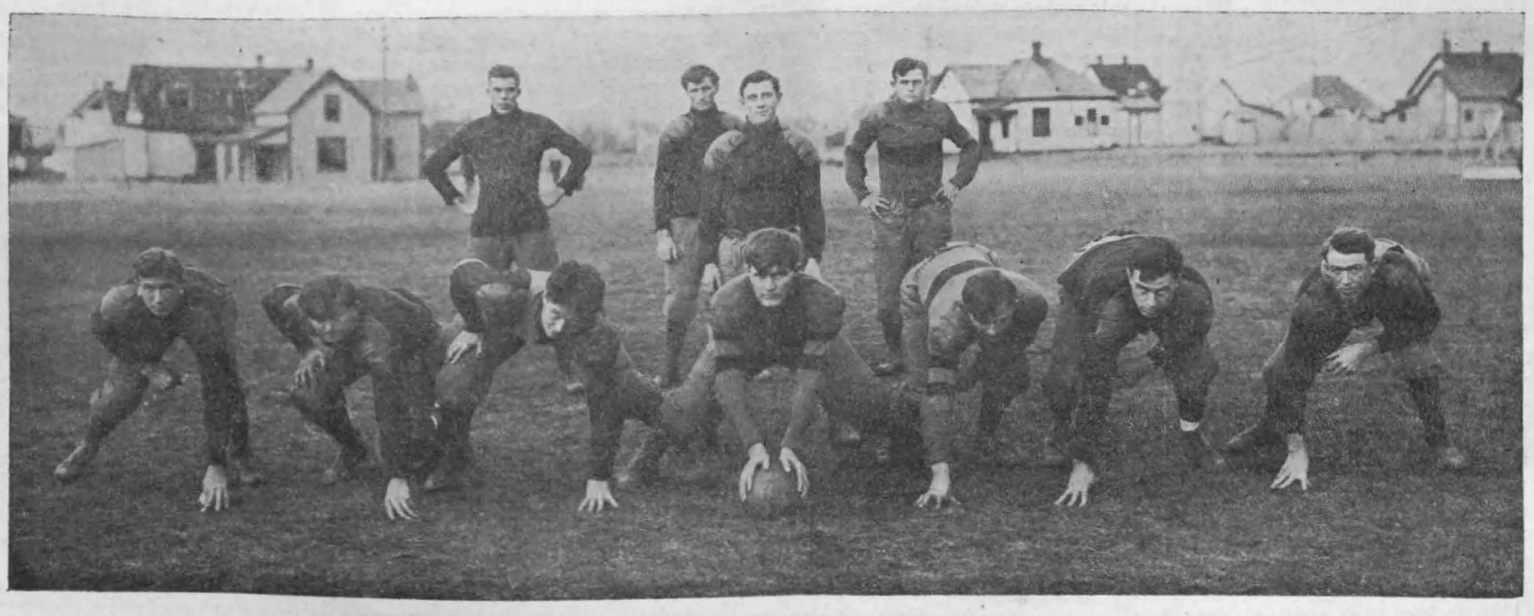
Winstanley kicked off to Tremper. Dahling looses 2, but a second later gains 6. He then kicked off 25 yards. Tremper recovered an attempt to toss to Beard. Wolpert no gain, and Dahling punts 35 to Winstanley. Varsity punted and Annin recovered ball. Wolpert was good for 3, and Dahling 2, then the ball was punted 25 yards. Deschamps no gain, forward pass in Little's arms made 18 yards.

Dornblazer broke through the line for the longest run of the day, going 30 yards before stopped. Ryan loses 2 and then 1 more, and Winstanley's second attempt to place kick goes wide.

College puts ball in play on 25 yard line. Tremper 1 yard, and Dahling punts and College man falls on ball for gain of 35 yards. Dahling tore off 3 yards, forward pass no good, and Dahling punted 25 yards. Little punted 20 out of bounds.

The prettiest play of the game was then pulled off. A triple forward pass landed in Wade's arms for 18 yards and Wolpert immediately circled their left end for 22 yards, leaving the ball on Varsity's 15 yard line. A split buck failed to gain, then Little intercepted a forward pass and kick-

Continued on page 3)



College Team That Play 'Varsity Here

SAFETY WINS LAST HOME GAME

COLLEGE TEAM VICTORIOUS BY NARROW MARGIN OVER COLUMBIAS

WOLPERT AND SHERIFF EXCEL

First Defeat in Five Years For the Visitors—Snow Makes Open Play Difficult.

Last Saturday afternoon the College eleven met and defeated the strong Columbia team of Butte by the small score of 2 to 0. The Inter-State fair grounds was covered with a six inch layer of snow and fast playing was very much handicapped by the uncertain footing and the slippery condition of the pigskin. Considering the fact there was very little fumbling and strange to say the forward pass was used successfully on several occasions.

The only score of the game came in the third quarter when a short forward pass by the College, Chambers to Taylor, was intercepted by two Columbia players, fumbled, and deflected diagonally across the visitors' goal line where Grady fell on it for a safety.

During the first session the Butte backfield gained more consistently than did the College and several times carried the ball to dangerous proximity of the Collegian's goal line. Each time the College line showed its ability to brace and the ball went to them on downs.

The wet ball was hard to handle and the punting of both O'Malley and Wolpert was rather disappointing although on two occasions the latter punted in the neighborhood of 50 yards for the College.

Annin went in at right end in the second half and was called on to try a drop kick for goal from the snowy field. It was an impossibility but the ball only missed the uprights by a few feet.

The game throughout was hard fought and fast and end runs and open plays were the features of the game. Grady and O'Malley were the strong factors of the Columbias while Wolpert was the individual star of the college backfie'd. On one occasion he was given the ball on his own goal line and with a skin tackle play advanced it twenty-eight yards before being downed. Sheriff was a tower of strength in the line for the Aggies and broke up plays consistently. The Captain proved himself a fast man in the open field when he ran down Grady from behind and saved the College goal line from being crossed in the first quarter of the game. Hodgskiss was always after the ball and recovered a number of fumbles.

After the first quarter the superior condition of the College team began to tell and the ball was kept in the opposing territory during the larger part of the game.

The Columbias made use of the short forward pass quite often but were not so successful with this department of the game as were the Collegians. The Columbias made seven successful passes out of twelve trials for a total of 23 yards. The Aggies tried six passes, two of which were made good for 25 yards. Near the end of the game Annin leaped high in the air and grasped the slippery oval on a pass of 15 yards.

The College had the better of the gaining having totaled 118 yards and three first downs while the visitors advanced the ball 84 yards with two first downs. Penalties were few and evenly divided and the game was fairly free from roughness.

Very little support was forthcoming from the students and town people and the game caused the College Athletic association a loss of over $75. However, some valuable practice was gained and the squad was well satisfied with the outcome.

McIntosh refereed and Glisson acted as umpire.

The lineup follows:

M. A. C.	Position	Columbias
Taylor	left end	Fletcher
Sheriff, capt	left tackle	O'Malley
Sheridan	left guard	Woolcox
Hodgskiss	center	Nutterville

(Continued on page 4)

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CALENDAR

December 10. Civic League, Madame Langendorff. Opera house.

Dec. 16. Annual Inter-Class debate, College Hall.

Dec. 21 Christmas vacation begins, 12:30 p. m.

GET TOGETHER AND LIFT.

The championship bird just wouldn't perch on the banner of this institution. Despite the heroic efforts of every individual on the football team, the 'Varsity was able to roll up a score against them yesterday. It is a sad disappointment, it strikes deep into the senisbilities or every true supporter of the gold and blue.

Now that results cannot be changed let us have a few words with the knockers, not only or the college itself but of Bozeman. As early as today there are murmurings to the effect that the coaching was at the bottom of the defeat; that the team was not properly grounded in the game. Without discredit to anybody, let it be understood that neither coaching nor playing was to blame. One side must lose, and when our boys fought with all the strength and all the determination there was in them, when the coaches had sacrificed everything to help get the team into winning shape, that is a poor time for some irresponsible, narrow-minded, hanger-on to locate the blame on the shoulders of either the coaches or players.

This is only another demonstration of the power of united, concerted action. One or two men cannot bring the banner here. The team alone can not do it. The prime factor in success has been solved by the 'Varsity. Every man over there is a live booster. Every man wanted to see the team win. Every man was willing to make a personal sacrifice in order to realize that end. Every man started out last spring with the determination to get as many new students for his college as possible.

Contrast that with our own conditions and you have the answer. Students and ex-students openly espousing the cause of the rivals; discouraging the efforts of the players and coaches; knocking every effort to strengthen the team; jeering them when things go against them; belittling them when they do something good. There has been that undercurrent since the opening of the season. It is hard to tell where it originated, but it was furthered, either consciously or unconsciously, by members of the student body.

That is not all. Those same knockers are the ones who will come around next week and try to convince everybody that they knew the team wouldn't win.

Of course the team would not win. It never will, until the spirit of underhand treachery is eradicated, Every man who tries to lay the blame on either the coaches or players is simply excusing himself for the part he played in the season.

Now that this lesson was administered, let us forget the past and all pull together for a successful year in other branches of competition. Football is not everything, without trying to detract from the credit due the University

There are other branches, notably basket ball, track, oratory and baseball which will give us ample opportunity for reversing the conditions. But to do so will require that knocking be abolished and that everybody pull together. With our three hundred regular students all pulling together, nothing could stop the combination. Put your grievance in your pocket and come as a real live factor. Work, strive, cheer, talk, encourage, do something. Throw off the veil of indifference, which in places merges into one of opposition. The way to make things right is to be right yourself.

Selfishness and indifference on the part of the students are the factors which contributed most to a failure to land the high honors. Remove these blemishes, by force or by ridicule, and the tables may be turned. Drift along in the same rut, breathing discouragement and belching forth narrow minded,egotistical knocks and history will continue to repeat itself.

Now is the time to begin for next years football season. Get new students, build up the present team, boost, lift, shake off the evil and retrogressive spirit, take the blame for everything yourself and thus make your stand as a REAL LIVE supporter of the blue and gold.

GRATIFYING INNOVATION

It is with considerable satisfaction that the Exponent this week chronicles the move on the part of the faculty assembly committee to provide a certain time at which meetings of student organizations may be held. It is said that the action grew directly out of the editorial expression of opinion voiced in these columns several weeks ago. Incidentally that is a source of satisfaction to the board, indicating as it does that the appeals of these pages sometimes secure recognition.

But the main source of satisfaction is in the promptness and readiness with which the faculty took action on something that they believed was desired by the students. It is indicative of a cordial relation between the faculty and student body, a condition which is certain to build up an ardent spirit of co-operation and thus in the end result in furthering the very college spirit which is destined to carry this college at the vanguard of the Montana institutions into a realization of the purposes for which they were founded.

In granting the students every alternate assembly period to use as they desire, certain reservations are made. In the main these are that the advantage must be used by the students, and there must be better attendance at the meetings for which this provision is made. They have granted an hour free from the demands of lunch time, free from the hurry and rush usually incident to the meetings at noon, if this does not result in more interest and better attendance, then all agitation has been in vain and the privilege will be revoked.

But the faculty believes in the sincerity and good intentions of the students, believes that they are striving for better conditions, believes that they will make use of the privilege extended, and acts on this belief to the extent of heartily co-operating with them in furthering the interests and possibilities of student enterprises.

This is probably the biggest concession ever granted to a student body in Montana; it affects a general shake-up of the schedule which has been followed for years; it stands as a mark of confidence in undergraduate ctivity and it is a recognition of the importance in college life and college education of voluntary student effort.

The first opportunity to make use of the privilege extended will come on December 2. The committee selected to arrange the schedule for the different societies will probably have completed its work by that time. Justice and sincerity demand that rousing meetings shall be held on that date to celebrate the occasion, and that on every successive occasion the attendance at the meetings be up to the maximum. Reserve the time thus granted for that purpose. You can do it for assembly and you must do it for the new order of affairs.

A MOST IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT.

Not many days will elapse before the opening of a new department of the college, the dormitory. The new building will offer accommodations for nearly 100 girls; will shelter these young ladies within easy reach of the college buildings and will serve to attract many of the daughters of Montana, who now go to other schools because of the uncertainty of boarding with strangers.

The accumulating effect of the improvement upon the conditions here would be hard to estimate. It is certain to foster a spirit of unity such as had hardly been noped for. It will provide a central point around which the spirit of M. A. C. may be built up. In hundreds of ways the new dormitory will develop college life into a higher, broader ideal.

The lack of such accomodations for the young ladies favorable to attending this institution has long been felt, not only in the attendance of the fair sex year by year, but in the matter of holding those who did register here. That parents will find this a considerable incentive to keeping their daughters in the state cannot be denied. That the young ladies themselves will be more desirous of entering here is also certain. And so it is with a feeling of gratitude to the legislators and state officers, as well as to those who labored for the appropriation, that the loyal M. A. C. student looks upon the nearly completed building.

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Alumni and Ex-Student Notes

Earl Osborn, who attend the M. A. C. several years ago, is a student this year in the McKillips veterinary school in Chicago.

Mamie Alward, '08, is secretary of the Madison county teachers' institute, which is in session this week in Virginia City.

Miss Zoe Hartman, formerly a student on the hill, spent the latter part of this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hartman.

Edna Tracy, '08, who is teaching in the Virginia City high school this year, arrived in Bozeman last Friday for her Thanksgiving vacation.

Earl Hutton, a former preparatory student, was in Bozeman last Monday on business. He returned to his home near Jeffers Tuesday morning.

Lontie Hutton, ex-'12, returned from Chicago last Thursday where he has been with a shipment of sheep. While east he visited relatives and friends in Constantine, Mich.

Word comes that Timothy Edwards, '09, has accepted a position as draughtsman with a Great Falls firm. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards will make the Cataract city their home this winter.

Jack White is again in the city after an absence in the interest of the firm by which he is employed. Mr. White expects to get the work in this territory finished up soon and will return to Fargo for the winter.

Addie Kimpton, '10, spent Friday and Saturdy of last week in Bozeman. She returned to her home near Radersburg Saturday but her sister, Miss Mittie, who came over with her, will remain in Bozeman for several weeks.

G. T. Paul, of Dillon, H. G. Pickett, of Helena, and Col. O. P. Chisholm, members of the state board of education, were visitors at the college last Tuesday, where they inspected the various departments.

The latest reports from Will Throm, ex-'09, who is ill with typhoid fever at Fort Shaw, are to the effect that he is improving rapidly, but it will take some time for his complete recovery.

Percy Lockhart, a former student at M. A. C., came over from Helena Wednesday and left that afternoon accompanied by Harold Lockhart and Riley Bradshaw for Electric, Montana,where they will enjoy a hunting trip.

Chas. Callaghan, formerly one of the students at the college, has accepted a position with the McCarthy coal mines at Fromberg, in Carbon county, and will leave for that place next week. Mrs. Callaghan will accompany him.

The many friends of Rita Shellenberger and Gladys Franzman, formerly members of the class of 1912 here, will be pleased to learn that the young ladies are visiting friends in St. Paul this week and will eat their Thanksgiving turkey at that place. Both young ladies are attending Stout College at Menominie, Wis., this year.

John S. James, '09, is now at his home near Cascade recuperating from a recent attack of typhoid fever. Mr. James suffered with two attacks of this malady during the last year. He is in good health now but rather weak from the long illness. Last year he laid up with appendicitis, thus making a combination of ill fortune which might overcome a less determined man.

Miss Joanne Nickolson, a graduate of the short course in home science in 1906, has been visiting in Bozeman for the past week.

A wedding of unusual interest to the college took place last Wednesday at high noon at th home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vickers, in Virginia City, when Paul LeRoy Mitchell and Miss Ella Rhodes Vickers were united in marriage. The ring ceremony was performed by Rev. G. W. G. Van Winkle, of the Elling Memorial Episcopal church in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The bride was formerly a student here and was one of the occupants of the provisional dormitory which was maintained here during the winter of '08-'09. The groom is the first graduate of the pharmacy department here. Both are well remembered by many of the present students and the best wishes of all go out to the happy young couple.



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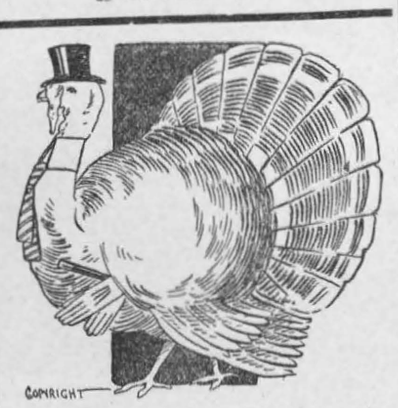
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THE WEEKLY EXPONENT

Monthly Supplement

VOL. 2 BOZEMAN MONTANA NOVEMBER, 1910. No. 11

A Timely Reminder

"Well! Where'd ye get the clock? Brand new! I'll be hanged! Well that is great! Her birthday?"

Jack Ward, tall and muscular, looked at the speaker with an amused smile. This was not the first question in regard to the small alarm clock on his desk.

"Couldn't have missed it better," he grinned broadly. "She doesn't need an alarm—always on time and sometimes even waiting. But that old Prof. Denny has made me late once too often with his everlasting absent-mindedness. 'Zo' comes the fourth, you know, and he never hears the noon bell. Kept us ten minutes overtime yesterday. I was late for dinner, a date and there was no end of trouble."

The visitor laughed heartily. "Can't just see the connection. Going to carry an alarm clock in your pocket, so's to be on time? Well, that's getting bad. I never—"

"Not so fast there, 'Slim.' We fellows are getting blame tired of Denny's capers. Some of us met today to see what we could do and the clock's the result. We're going to put it on his desk tomorrow with the alarm set at 12:30, see! I bet he'll know then when to play quits. You know," this with a long drawn out sigh, "how interesting his lectures are ,anyway. Just the thing to give a fellow a good appetite for dinner, eh? Can just see him jump when the old alarm goes off. It's loud, too. Believe me he'll come back to the world and with a mighty thump. Well, 'Slim,' do give me one decent look. You stand there staring at me as if I were a perfect idiot."

"I'll not put it so hard as that," returned the other, "but how the clock is to tick away on his desk right under his nose without the old fellow's noticing it, is beyond me."

"O, come off! Nothing easier," laughed Jack. "You know yourself that when he gets started on a lecture his thoughts are all down by the calm pond where the frogs sing, or in the dusk of the evening when the bees—'models of industry, young gentlemen,'—fly homeward. Just you watch, and mum's the word. We all know of it. I guess, now, but he mustn't until tomorrow. Thank goodness, I'll be out on time for once!"

However, "Slim" was not so sure. He soon departed with the remark: "Here's hoping—that the alarm may bring him back from the frog pond and the bees, and it may not. You can't always tell about the absent minded."

* * * * * *

The next day came at last and the long waited fourth bell rang, bringing a thrill of joy to the hearts of the zoology class. They were unusually prompt in taking their seats, each one casting, as he did, an inquiring glance at the desk where the clock was already stationed.

Slowly and with faltering steps, the professor entered the room. His feet had to shamble along and bring the unwilling body where duty called, while the mind was far away in some sacred nook. A slight, shriveled figure he was, in a tight fitting suit once black but now greenish in color and shiny from constant wear. He looked over the class before him with his dreamy, colorless eyes, and readjusted his blurred glasses as he pulled himself together to deliver the morning lecture.

The class was very attentive. Never had there been better order, never had pens jotted down his words so quickly. At last it was nearing 12:30. The professor had wandered away from the main subject and was discoursing on "Habit. His voice rang out in the familiar nasal twang. "Habit, young men, is an all powerful factor that works inconceivable inconvenience, not to say mischief, on this fair globe of ours. We continue in a course of conduct, not of our own personal choice, unfortunately but, alas—because our fathers before us did so, and so on and so on."

Knowing glances flitted around the class. Jack Ward winked at his friend as if to say, "I supose his ancestors were all absent minded—never realized when it was dinner time. Here's where the influence of neredity receives a blow."

After a moment of thought accompanied by the familiar far-away look the professor continued:

"But to narrow this statement down, young men, to the subject in hand, I will relate a true experiment tried on a chick. Chickens cannot swim, as you all know. They are not supposed to; they never have since man's memory. But if a newly hatched chick be thrown into a stream—" and he stretched out his long, bony arms as if in the act of throwing the young bird into the cold water. But the heartless deed was not committed, for at the critical moment the shrill alarm went off. Looks of triumph flitted around the class. All eyes were riveted on the professor.

Slowly, almost reluctantly, he let go of the imaginary downy feathers. A look of slight surprise came into his eyes, as he glanced down at his desk, and now for the first time he saw the clock. Then a light such as the students had never before seen, twinkled in his dreamy eyes. He stopped as if a sudden, happy thought had explained everything, and looking at his class almost affectionately, he said, as soon as their stormy applause and the clanging of the alarm had ceased: "Young men, I thank you for this little gift. I had forgotten it was my birthday. An alarm clock is something my wife has needed for our servant for some time. It is certainly a very kind remembrance on your part."

Silent, amazed, dumbfounded, the class sat before him, some in open mouthed astonishment, others in expressionless bewilderment. But Professor Denny,, returning to the bank of the stream, captured the unfortunate chick and continued his cruel experiment.

—o—

Roundup

All is bustle in the College,
Every teacher minds his pins,
For the time is drawing nearer
When the next roundup begins.

Prexy's herd's must all be counted—
Not a student's record lost—
Must be corraled, lassoed, branded,
Examined well whate'er the cost.

Freshies, green, just newly broken,
Wander 'round with faces pale;
Sophs are playful with assurance
They have weathered other gales.

Juniors, fatted with their cramming,
Occupy the seats of ease;
While the seniors, always bluffers,
Bluff as gaily as you please.

Yes, the roundup's surely coming;
Get your lessons in your head;
You are all doomed to be branded—
Branded hard with ink of red.

When the busy week is over
We'll be loosed to graze again,
Loosed to feed on lit and science
And history of 1910.

Said the Sage

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meter alone.

There are letters of accent,
There are letters of tone,
But the best of all letters
Is to letter alone.

—Ex.

There's a kick you'd like to make?
Don't!
There's a head you'd like to break?
Don't!
Do you feel you want to whine,
Like a genuine canine
And send blue streaks down the line?
Well, dont!

—Business Journal.

Whatever troubles Adam had
No man could make him sore
By saying when he sprung a jest:
"I've heard that joke before."—Ex.

Mary had a little lamb;
You've heard that fact before;
But have you heard she passed her plate
And had a little more?—Ex.

Climbing Sunrise Peak

We started at daylight, four of us, each mounted on a sturdy, little mountain pony. Behind us plodded a patient burro, piled high with blankets, provisions and cooking utensils. For miles we followed a road that wound its way up through the foothills. By sunrise we had reached the base of the mountain where the road gave place to a narrow trail. We climbed for an hour and then halted for breakfast at a little, grassy park near the trail, where a mountain stream, resting for a moment in its downward plunge, circled in a slow eddy. While one built a fire and put the coffee on to boil, the rest of us tried our luck with rod and fly in the stream. Soon a dozen finny beauties were browning in the pan with thin strips of bacon. What a meal this was; the sweet, flaky trout, crisp bacon and fragrant coffee with good home-made bread made a feast fit for a king. The clear, cool air, faintly scented by the pines that towered all around us, sent the blood jumping through your veins and made you feel glad to be alive. Tiny birds chirped and sang from the grass and trees on every hand, in a broken melody that seemed to come from nowhere in particular but just to float around us.

From our little park we could look through the tree tops below and catch little glimpses of the grey, dusty plains. Here and there clusters of low ranch buildings could be seen, the white smoke rising lazily from the chimneys. In the distance the windows of the town floated back the rays of the early morning sun.

Breakfast over, the dishes were quickly washed and repacked, the fire drenched and the climb was resumed. Steeper and steeper grew the ascent and the trail became more rocky and twisted. Long before noon we were walking and leading our horses. The sun beat down through the trees intensely, making the still atmosphere in the timber almost suffocating. When we did reach a shady spot there was always a band of mosquitoes there ready to take their toll of us as we rested. At noon we reached an old miner's shack. Here we were given dinner and here we left the horses, resuming the journey on foot in the afternoon. A lead rope was fastened to the burro's halter and she followed stolidly behind us.

As the afternoon wore on, the air grew cooler on the mountain, but out on the plains far below us we could see the atmosphere all a-quiver with the heat. Far away a column of dust rose and hung like a cloud over the land, marking the trail of a bunch of cattle moving to water. Suddenly the afternoon light gave way to dusk as the sun slid behind the ridge above us. We hastened on to reach a camping place before night fall. A little spring bubbling from beneath a large boulder was presently discovered. This spot was to be our camp. While two of us started supper the other two removed the packs from "Jenny" and after hobbling her, turned her loose to pick a supper from the scanty herbage. We were above timber line now and only vines and low, scrubby bushes covered the rocks.

Being dead tired we rolled up in our blankets as soon as supper was over, and went right to sleep. The next thing I knew I was awakened by a terrible sound; a sound of some animal in great distress or in fierce anger. I bounded up, every nerve in my body tense, for I knew not what. There a little way above me stood "Jenny", feet apart and neck outstretched greeting the new day to the best of her musical ability. It was this song of welcome that had roused me.

Waking my companions we scrambled to the summit of the mountain, about half an hour's climb. There, huddled together for warmth, for it was bitter cold at that altiude and hour, we waited for the sun to rise.

Slowly the faint, pink flush crept toward us from the east. Brighter grew the glow and deeper in tone until, in a flood of crimson glory, the sun appeared over the range to the east of us. It was gorgeous to say the least. If one could paint it just as it was people would scoff at the picture and say it was far from natural.

Looking down on the west side we could see the purple shadows of night slowly retreating before the gold and red of the new day. We did not linger long but clambered stifly back to camp where the fire thawed cut our chilled limbs and we enjcyed steaming cups of coffee, with our breakfast.

A. E. S., '13

—o—

The Little Brown Cottage

The cottage stood in the midst of a small, neglected garden, and was reputed to be haunted. Perhaps it was that I was too young to be afraid, that I jumped at the offer of twenty-five cents that my uncle jokingly made, if I would go after sun-down and look for five minutes through one of the windows. Anxious for the coveted coin, and in spite of the threatened storm, I set out that very night, and creeping through a hole in the picket fence which separated the cottage from our back yard, I made my way through the tall, rank grass towards the old house.

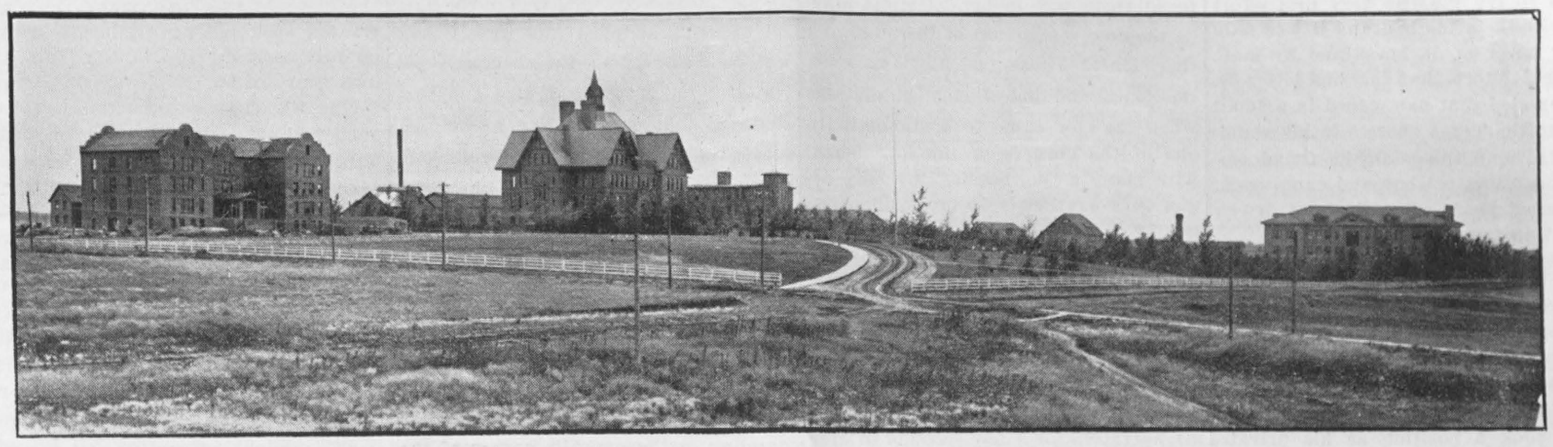
It was about twenty feet square and had been uninhabited for years, no one caring to take it after the last occupants had given it a rather unsavory reputation. Placing an old box under one of the windows, I stood on my toes and peered in. The window was in one corner so the whole room was within range of my eye. Seen in the gathering dusk the interior looked gloomy enough. A tumbledown bedstead stood unsteadily in one corner, and beside it a rickety chair balanced itself uncertainly on three legs. A bit of tallow candle was sticking to the wall as it had been left after having last been lit, and the dripping grease had formed a small pyramid on the floor beneath. The rain beating through the rotting shingles had left the ceiling seamed and discolored, and in some places the broken plaster had fallen to the floor and left gaps through which the stars could look pityingly down. The wind, rising with the approaching storm, moaned and sobbed about the eaves of the cottage like some uneasy spirit. The paper with which the room had once been decorated, hung in tatters on the wall, and the long streamers, stirred by the wind, seemed to move and beckon like long, ghostly arms.

Suddenly I realized that it had grown dark. The threatened storm was fast approaching, and the angry mutterings of thunder had grown nearer and more ominous. As I turned to take a last look into the house before leaving, the storm broke. A vivid flash or lightning lit up the interior of the room, making each object stand out clear and distinct in the pale, bluish light. A moment the light flickered, then all was intense blackness; but scarcely hearing the crash of thunder which followed; heedless of the torrents of rain which drenched me to the skin, I tore across the garden, tumbled through the gap in the fence, nor stopped until I was once more safe in the brightly lighted dining room. In the blinding glare of that flash of lightning I had seen the spectral outlines of a human face.

Next day I received my promised two bits, and two more for good measure, but all the gold in the Klondike would not have tempted me to venture, after dark, into that garden again; and it was many months before I could be persuaded to believe that the pale spectre I had seen that night in the little, brown cottage was but the reflection of my own scared face in an old cracked mirror on the oposite wall.

—A. E. L., '13

General View of the Campus and College Building Looking Southwest.



Girls' Dormitory Shops College Hall Chemistry Bldg. Dairy Buildings and Horse Barns Agricultural Hall

A Sketch

"Wal for the land sakes! Who'd ever thought of seein' you here on this day! William Ezra! Come down and put up your uncle's horse and you, Alviry, set a piece for your Uncle Willis to eat. You must be about starved Willis. Come right in and sit down by the fireplace and warm yourself. Land! it's been nearly six month since you been to see us. Hear as how you've been havin' some right smart of excitement over your way. The goodness only knows, you ain't been beatin' us none. You ain't heerd of nothin'! My! Wal, you probably hern tell of Miss Amanda Mariah Newcomb that learned the children around these parts. She couldn't get decent rooms and meals anywhere 'round and so she just begged me to take her in. I felt that sorry for her that I says to her:

"If you'll take keer of your own room and won't be forever havin' beaux a-hangin' around, I'll take ye."

But la! Just a-lookin' at her anybody would a-knowed she weren't the kind to attract men folks. As sure as my name is Temperance Mehitable Jones! she was four feet around the waist if she was an inch. And she was that short waisted yeh had to look mighty keerful to tell her waist from her shoulders. The children called her "Hippo," and it was a mighty close fit. Her hair was grey but she had a black pompador she used to pin on. When it was some of them orful hot days she used to lift it up a little and fan her head. But that weren't all. She had a ornier disposition than any goat you ever seen. There weren't a day passed that she didn't lick every last one of them kids. They was all purty mad and was a-layin' for her.

Hallowe'en they had a big party and invited her to jine them. 'Long about ten I heerd a rap at the door. I went and there was five of the bunch a-luggin a big, old pack rat by the tail. You know I ain't ever been afeerd of anything so I says:

"Now look-here! Ye can't scare me, so yeh might as well beat the poor creature's brains out and save me the treble."

Then they up and told me they wanted to put it in "Hippo's bureau drawer. So I went out in the kitchen, innocent like, to lock up fer the night.

Wal, me and Obediah had just gotten a-bed when we heard the children and Miss Newcomb come in. The children goes right up stairs but pretty soon we hears them comin' down the bannisters. Then all of a sudden Miss Newcomb begun. Land a-mercies! You'd a-thought she was bein' killed. I run in for I was a feered she'd break a window light. But when I opened the door! May the saints preserve me in vinegar if I ever see such a sight again. Here was that two hundred pounds of human flesh on top of that spindle legged bamboo table Cousin Sarah Parker give me when I was married. She was all tangled up in the bedspread and was yellin' and prayin' fit to kill. I was skeered to death she'd break the table and I guess she was too, for she stood mighty keerful. And that rat! Here it set right up on top of her bureau, a-chewing her best pomp. It was the tamest thing I ever seen. We had to take it out and kill it before she'd leave off howlin' and standin' on that table. The table's been wabbly ever since.

Yas, that's the reason she throwed over her school. Said she weren't a-goin' to stand no such insults. But goodness me! You must be hungry enough to eat a bear! Alviry! Haven't you got your uncle's lunch set yet? You'll find some pie in a tin in the pantry. —M. E., '14.

—o—

Speaking of freshmen, we got this effusion the other day:

Oh, the leanness of the Senior when he's lean,
And the meanness of the Junior when he's mean;
But the leanness of the lean
And the meanness of the mean
Aren't in it with
The greenness of the Freshman when he's green.

—Ex.

—o—

The following composition was written by a boy:

"If the editor makes a mistake folks say he ought to be hung; if the doctor makes a mistake he buries them and the folks dassent say nothing, because doctors can read and write Latin.

"When the editor makes mistakes there is lawsuits, swearing and a big fuss, but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and perfect silence.

"A doctor can use a word a yard long without him or anybody knowin' what it means, but if the editor uses one he has to spell it.

"Any college man can make a doctor to order, but an editor has to be born."

—o—

Old Pete

Pete Judson was an odd character. None of the present generation could remember when they hadn't passed his stand on the way to and from school or to the office. There he stood, day in and day out, rain or shine, always greeting his customers with a smile and some optimistic comment on the weather. He was of medium height and of a round, robust build. If he had been dressed in a red, fur-trimmed suit, and if his whiskers had been perfectly white, he certainly would have seemed a story book Santa come to life. His face was always rosy and his nose in full bloom—though I'm sure this was due only to his good nature—and his eyes twinkled merrily all the while. The lower part of his face was covered by a heavy, grey mustache and a gray stubble beard. He generally wore a threadbare gray suit, but on very rare occasions he appeared in a striped suit, given him by some patron.

His friends among the children had made up various tales about him, but one of the grandmothers of the town, who professed to know, said he was really a very ordinary person. He had come to the States from Norway when he was a lad but two years old, and had lived the early years of his life in a town only a few miles distant. When he was nearly nine years old his mother had died. As he and his father had never been companionable Pete left home and went to Canada. Nothing had been heard of him until he had drifted into K——, one day in July, purchased a small stand and became a fixture of the city. Since then he had become the friend of everyone. He never neglected to help any body who needed it, and often cheered a weary, rainsoaked passerby with his cheery comment, "How do ye do, Mr. This rain is sure givin' them angle worms a good time, now, aint it?"

—M. E., '13.

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A REVIEW

The excellent showing made so far this semester in the various activities at M. A. C. promises a brilliant record for the year 1910-'11. With many improvements in the campus and buildings to greet the students on their return last fall a spirit of general improvement along all lines has been maintained and as a result a fair amount of success has been attained so that at this Thanksgiving time the students have a great deal for which they may well be thankful.

Among these, perhaps the most important, and the one thing which means the most to the college is the passing of the amendment to the state consitution to maintain the present tax levy. This means a great deal to the institutions of the state from a financial point of view and those who so liberally aided in the campaign may feel well repaid for their work. Not only the faculty but the students and alumni as well took part in the work in earnest and made the best of every opportunity to speak a good word for the amendment. The result shows what may be accomplished when a determined effort is made and everybody joins in to help boost for M. A. C.

The girls' dormitory will soon be ready for occupancy and when finished will be one of the finest equipped largest and most modern dormitories in the west. All outside work on the building was completed several weeks ago and now only the inside finishing work remains to be done. At least one hundred students will find rooms here while many more can obtain board in the large dining hall. The new building adds a great deal to the appearance of the grounds and will be one of the main factors in increasing the number of students for next year.

With a large number of men on the football field every afternoon for practice and through the faithful services of Coach McIntosh and Mr. Schermerhorn, a very creditable showing has been made in football. The team has played five games and lost one and that with an outside institution so that it makes no difference in the intercollegiate championship of the state. With the last game of the season to be played at Missoula, with Montana University, on Thanksgiving day, the 1910 football season will close and whether the M. A. C. wins that game or not, it can still be said that a good record has been made.

A great many other things might be mentioned which go to mark success for this much of the college year if time would permit, but now don't let the student feel that this is a time for relaxation, for a great deal yet remains to be done.

When Thanksgiving vacation is over return to college with renewed vigor and determination on the part of each one to help make this year the best in the history of M. A. C.

The Tenderfoot's Bear

"There's the bear now!" shouted Jim. "Shoot quick, you tenderfoot!"

Floyd Karsten, the young easterner to whom the above command had been directed, tried to shoot but each cartridge missed fire, for in some way he had lost the firing pin of his rifle. After three attempts to shoot, he dropped his rifle and ran, while Jim scampered back to camp by another path.

Karsten fairly flew with that blood thirsty bear close at his heels. Just in front of the surveying party's camp there was a deep, muddy slough in which various small water plants thrived in abundance. A long log reaching from one side to the other had been placed here and was sometimes used as a foot bridge. Karsten crossed the log in a nimble manner and reached the other side at about the same time the bear reached the middle of the log. Struck with a bright idea, the man quickly turned and with a push of his foot rolled the log. There was a piercing shriek, a great splash, and the bear sank from view. Then from the place there arose a strange figure, more like a mermaid than a bear; first appeared a head with bright red tresses veiled with long strings of green water plants festooned about its brow, then the shoulders and body draped in a beautifully slim bear pelt which was bedecked with myriads of clinging snails and other "wee beasties." Our mermaid clawed several times at the veiling and removed enough of it so that we could all recognize the freckled face of Bill Hanley.

Everybody at camp had gathered around the bank to see the "greenhorn's" bear, and incidentally Bill was the reciuient of many cheering assurances and much valuable advice. Softly swearing to himself he finally pulled himself out of the mire and retired to his tent for the rest of the day. After that, all that was necessary to hush Bill when he became too talkative was to mention bear.

—o—

Black George

George was black, black as the proverbial ace of spades, except for the grey, kinky mop of hair that wreathed his shiny, ebony crown. He was a good story teller, especially when the story concerned himself. Many a long ride and cold winter evening was made pleasant by stories of his experience, told in the dialect of the old time southern darky. From these sketches I pieced out his history.

He was born on a large plantation in southern Alabama "quite a spell befo' de wah," as he expressed it. While still a lad he drifted through the Gulf States and into Mexico. Here he roamed around the country prospecting and mining a little, but his chief occupation was trying to live without working as long as possible. At that time smuggling back and forth across the Rio Grand was at its height. George saw men become rich in a single night at this trade, so he determined to try it. His very first effort was nipped in the bud and it was only under cover of darkness and by more personal effort than he had ever before exerted that he escaped in a small boat to the Texas shore. In his wandering around this state he found employment as a cowboy and camp cook. The great herds of cattle were driven northward as summer approached and George came with them. On one of these drives when George was acting as cook, Jay Gould, the railroad man, had occasion to visit the camp. The old southern beaten biscuit and some of George's famous apricot pie so pleased the magnate that he offered the camp cook a position as his private chef. From then on for several years, George's stories are of life in New York and the disadvantages of cooking in the narrow buffet of a private car.

All the time during his easy, profitable life as a private chef, the "wanderlust" was on him and the call of the west beat in his mind. He pined for the mountains; to feel the hot winds of the plains on his face as he herded the cattle; to wander through the hills with his pack horse and outfit, searching for the rich strike that never came. One spring morning the train bearing Gould's car drew into Denver and George, the chef, disappeared for ever, but "Black George," the prospector was soon found in a cabin near Cripple Creek.

The mining business not proving profitable, George again turned cow boy and drifted up on the Montana range. It was there that I met him, a wrinkled old man but still strong and active, riding range and breaking horses as easily as men half a century younger than he. Old George is a welcome visitor at any ranch in the country, both for his ability as an entertainer and as a cook. Many times have I reached home late in the evening, with the thought of preparing supper hanging over me, and have had Black George meet me at the door with his expansive grin of welcome and the words, "Howdy, suh; howdy! Yas suh, dinnah's all ready, suh! Yas suh. they's apilcot pie; yas suh."

A. E. S., '13

—o—

A Knot Hole View

A person certainly can see many amusing things if he keeps his eyes open and takes notice of the little performances going on around him.

Saturday evening, about six o'clock I think it was, when I was wending my way homeward after a hard day's labor in the various departments of our great institution, I noticed a great deal of commotion going on in the back yard of one of the residences which I had to pass. As I am naturally an inquisitive creature and ready for any excitement that might turn up, I took a peep through a knot hole, which luckily happened to be in the fence, and there I beheld the good housewife, bucket in one hand and stool in the other chasing a cow. Several times she went around the course at a great rate, the lady muttering something all the time (I couldn't just catch the trend of her monologue but I suppose it was something very interesting) and brandishing her stool and bucket at intervals, making the exact picture of an Amazon, and the cow, tail in the air, bellowing and running for all there was in her. I guess maybe the cow was afraid of the stool and the bucket. I was just about to scale the fence and aid a lady in distress when the cow came to a standstill in one of the corners of the lot. Then, with many a "so, bossie," my lady began very cautiously to creep upon the quarry.

Maybe the cow was too exhausted to make any further resistance or maybe she was planning further tactics, I couldn't figure it out just at that time. Anyway, she let her tormenter come up to her.

Now, my dear reader, I must stop my narrative for a few seconds to give a little advice in the art of milking and that is, always milk a cow on the right side.

After the good woman had succeeded in quieting the cow down, she proceeded to milk the animal from the left side. I was about to tell her that this wasn't the correct way to milk and might probably prove disastrous, but thinking this might happen to be an exceptional cow and was in the habbit of being stripped this way, I kept my counsel. After I had stood and watched for several minutes and saw that the lady was getting along real nicely and nothing further would happen, I turned to go away. But alas! I had hardly taken two steps before I heard a terrific thump and rushing back to my knot hole I reached there just in time to see my lady friend, whom I had come to know rather well by this time, go rolling along the ground after her milk pail, and as she was dreadfully fleshy she did this stunt perfectly. All of this time the cow was standing in the opposite corner of the lot. This time I was determined to be of aid to one of the weaker sex; but the Fates again thwarted me. I had hardly reached the top of the fence before a man, who was her husband, entered the gate and came to the aid of his lady love, who was still lying flat upon the ground and letting forth a few weak groans.

—C. E. B.,'14

Stand Up And Cheer

Stand up and cheer !
Cheer loud and long for dear Montana.
For to-day we raise
The Gold and Blue to wave victorious.
Our sturdy band now is fighting,
And we're sure to win the fray;
We've got the vim,
We're here to win,
For this is dear Montana's day !
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
(Repeat.)

Hit the Line

Hit the line, Montana
The Aggies win to-day,
We will show [the sons of Utah,]
[them at Missoula]
That the Gold and Blue holds sway.
Rush them down the backfield,
Victory or die
You can hear the rooters cheering,
As the backs go tearing by.
(Repeat.)

Exchanges

Teacher—"Who supported Atlas?"

Pupil—"The book don't say, but I expect his wife did."—Ex.

Junior—"Did you ever take castor oil, freshie?"

Freshie—"No sir, in what room is it given?"—Ex.

She—"I have thought the matter over and will take you on one condition."

He (joyously)—"Well, that is encouraging. I entered Yale on six."

Bill Shakespeare's Ball Team

I will root.—Richard II.

Now you strike like the blind man—Much Ado About Nothing.

Out, I say,—Macbeth.

I will be short.—Hamlet.

Thou canst not hit it! hit it! hit it!—Love's Labor Lost.

He knows the game.—Henry VI.

O, hateful error.—Julius Caesar.

A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit.—Hamlet.

He will steal, sir.—All's Well That Ends Well.

They cannot sit with ease on the old bench.—Romeo and Juliet.

Let the world slide.—Taming of the Shrew.

What an arm he has.—Cariolanus.

—Ex.

"That old hen is eating tacks."

"Yes, she is probably going to eat a carpet."

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"

"Because," said the Swede, "it rises out of dey yeast, und sets behind dey vest."—Ex.

"There isn't much difference between me and Eve," said the little girl who was forced to wear her sister's skirts.

"How is that?" asked her chum.

"Why Eve had to wear leaves and I have to wear leavings."—Ex.

First Boy—"Gee, your father a shoemaker, and your brother wears those old shoes."

Second Boy—"Huh, your father a dentist, and your baby's only got one

Let well enough alone and there will be no progress.

Weekly Willamette Collegian is certainly a genuine college paper. News from beginning to end.

Ada—"Are you fond of tea, Humphrey?"

Jones—"Yes, but I like the next letter better."

First Senior Boy.—"Got change for a dollar?"

Second Senior Boy.—"You must take me for a United States treasury. Here's change for twenty cents."—Ex.

"What an odd paper-weight you have!"

"Yes, it's my wife's first buscuit."

—Ex.

Abandoned

(A Love Story)

He said I was beautiful and I know he was right.

My skin was as soft as satin, and white as ivory. My slender figure elegant.

Our first meeting was in a shop and he made no attempt to disguise his admiration.

He praised me to the skies and called me "very dear."

From that day for many months we were inseparable. I occupied all his thoughts. Again and again he gazed with indescribable affection at my wonderful complexion, my graceful figure and pressed me to his lips. His embrace was tenderness itself.

He always enjoyed my society even when nothing else afforded him pleasure he would turn to me—and not in vain—for comfort and relief.

When all his friends proved faithless I alone remained faithful.

Oh, why was it not fated to be ever thus? Alas! One day in a public thoroughfare I had a heavy fall, and though it was through his fault, I was never the same to him as before.

This cruel adventure fairly broke me down. True he endeavored afterwards to make amends for his harsh treatment. He treated me with the greatest consideration but the light of former days had gone out.

He no doubt tried to love me as before but in vain; his feelings had undergone a complete change; and now I am nothing but a miserable wreck of my former self. Here I lie in my sorrow— a forsaken, broken—meerschaum pipe.

The list of exchanges received by the Exponent now numbers about fifty. They come from all over the United States but the majority of them come from the northwest. These exchanges help the colleges to keep in touch with each other. The Exponent expects to criticize the bad points and praise the good points in the papers received from other colleges and it expects the same treatment from them.

The editorial staff of the Industrial Collegian is to be complimented on their splendid college paper. As a suggestion, though, why not change the cut on the front page.

The Kansas State Normal "Bulletin" has a style all its own which is very taking. The paper is well balanced and none of the departments seem to be lagging. Ditto Lombard Review.

—o—

Self hatred is that which a man possesses when he starts to tell the only girl that long heart entombed message and he remembers that he ate onions for supper.—Ex.

—o—

Skookum

Skookum was a roly poly Spaniel pup. Mrs. Holman fell in love with him the first time he stuck his curly, black head through the fence as she passed by his home. The second time she came by she interviewed the owner and, after a long argument, triumphantly carried "His Majesty" into her own neat house.

Now Skookum had a complete set of good manners, but, like everyone else, only displayed these on very rare occasions and then not long at a time. Therefore, as soon as Mrs. Holman had tucked him into a cozy little basket and had turned her back to attend to various household matters, Skookum decided to explore. Because the kitchen was the place for him to stay he found the den particularly inviting. He walked, or rather, waddled in very cautiously at first. Things were wholly new and awe inspiring but he was not the dog to lack courage for long. Here he sniffed a footstool and there he pulled down a newspaper or magazine.

However, his final triumph came when he discovered the sewing basket. Of course he dumped it over. One couldn't expect a pup to play conveniently with a sewing basket that was right side up. What fun it was to chase the spools! How aggravating to have the threads get in the way! But these were all mere trifles compared to the fun of pulling the spool up stairs. In some way he had gotten into the hall with a roll of tape. The end was fastened around some piece of furniture in the other room. This, however, only increased the sport. With growls of mischief and whines and barks of pleasure, he begun laboriously to climb the stairs, pulling hard at the tape and shaking his head furiously as it unrolled

His ascent was slow but steady and goodness knows how far he should have gone, had he not come to the end of the tape just as he reached the landing. He pulled hard; he jerked; he barked; all to no avail. He could make the string come no further. Suddenly the other end of the tape gave way and with a series of terrified yelps, Master Skookum tumbled backwards and down onto the stairs that led from the landing to the kitchen. Poor doggie had a journey well punctuated with howls and bumps; a journey that ended with a grand exclamation point as he landed right in the pan of yeast Mrs. Holman had set to raise on a chair near the stairway door. That good lady immediately rushed to the rescue of her yeast but, finding this past help, pulled a frightened and thoroughly subdued puppy-dog from the mixture and proceeded to give him a much needed scrubbing.

Since that day poor Skookum has been assigned to a kennel, and though he is the proud and happy possessor of a collar and chain, he doesn't seem to enjoy life as he once did.

—o—

A Novice's Deer Hunt

About a week after the Bearmouth train hold-up of six years ago, father and myself visited one of the ranchers near that place for the purpose of deer hunting. The weather was delightful, cool and crisp, and altho' it was late in October there was but little snow, and that only on the northern exposures. We spent the first three days up in the surrounding hills and were having the time of our lives. We were, however, very poor hunters as we spent most of the time resting at places where a good view could be obtained, talking over the prospect of finding a train robber, or committing that unpardonable sin of a deer hunter, shooting at game.

The evening of the third day father was called home on business. This caused bitter disappointment as it had begun to snow. The next morning there was a tracking snow of about one and a half inches, so the rancher and I saddled the horses and started out in earnest. We rode about three miles from the ranch, tied the horses and climbed a low hill to look for tracks. Near the top the hill was not very steep and here a bunch of deer had evidently spent the night. There was a maze of tracks, and as it was impossible to tell the direction in which they had all gone, my partner and I separated. Following some tracks to the right I went ovtr a ridge, and there, about a hundred feet away, were a buck and two does. My rifle was a borrowed Savage and the safety caused a moment's delay. It was time enough and they were bounding diagonally down the hill when I got in the first shot, a miss by twenty feet. Just before going over a small ridge three hundred yards away they turned and looked back. The buck and one doe were standing fairly close together. I shot at the buck; the doe sprang straight into the air and all disappeared.

Oh, the savageness that came over me at the sight of the blood at the spot where the doe had been hit. There was exquisite pleasure in the sight of that red stain. A wonderful piece of meat had been hit. There would be glory and also that indefinable something called sport in bringing it to hand.

Any fool could see that the doe was hard hit. There was but one thing to do; to sit tight until she should lie down and stiffen from the wound. However, the air was crisp and the lure of that red trail was too much. I gave a shout and started on the dead run. At the foot of the hill the three separated, one going up the canyon, another down, and the wounded one straight ahead up a small canyon on the side of a high hill. I climbed this on a half run and at the top found the spot where the deer had lain down and watched me come up the hill.

The day was now becoming warm and the snow was melting rapidly. In a few hours it would be gone from the southern exposures. There was still time to hang back and wait for the inevitable stiffening but the lust of the chase was strong.

Half way down the opposite side the trail turned and went along side of the hill through the timber. About a mile from the turning place larger tracks joined in, presumably those of the buck she had been with. Both doubled and circled, making a hard trail to follow, especially as part of the ground was bare of snow. I followed the buck's tracks far away and circled back on discovering the mistake. The doe had bounded off in the opposite direction and had lain down again after going half a mile. The trail then led down into a canyon and diagonally up over another large hill. The flow of blood continued, the steps were becoming shorter and places in the melting snow showed how close we were. On the other side of the hill the snow was practically gone and I made a large circle keeping to the snow. No result. I doubled back and this time found the trail crossing my tracks in an open place where I couldn't have failed to notice them before.

Gradually the aspect of the chase had been changing. The thrill at the sight of blood had passed; it now caused only pity. I was weak and steaming from exertion and could almost feel the pain of the wounded animal ahead. Then there was the thought of the buck's devotion. He had come in again and done his best to muddle up the tracks.

Further on the doe made some weak and futile effort to cover up her trail. The sight of some entrail's here was like a stab of pain. The snow on the southern sides had gone. I was all in but still had the one impulse to go forward as fast as possible. No prayers could recall that miserable shot. The beautiful creature in front was in pain. It was in my power to end it and I strove to the limit of endurance to make amends, to catch up and cut the agony short.

I came up over a ridge and saw her pass over the mountain. There was time for a shot but not for a person shaking from a steep climb. The snow was all gone and although I tramped around searching until dark it did not do any good.

With leg muscles cramping so as to be nearly useless, I finally reached the house and went back with the relief party of two, which had gotten that far.

That night a blizzard came on. The wind sounded like a thousand demons, nature's demons calling for revenge. I was physically wretched and sick at heart but all through the night answered them back with the inward cry, "I'd take back that shot if I could."

J. W. '13

MODERN MARY

Mary had a Hobble Skirt
Tied tightly in a bow,
And everywhere that Mary went
She simply could'nt go

You can go anywhere with HARRIS-TAILORED-CLOTHES.

H. R. HARRIS.

College Notes

Miss Francis Read accompanied the football team as far as Helena, where she will eat Thanksgiving dinner with her folks.

—o—

W. J. Bradshaw, of Electric, was a visitor at the school last Friday. He was visiting his son, Riley, a second year short course man at the college.

—o—

Charles Frazer, '13, will spend Thanksgiving vacation with his parents at Columbus. He left for the Yellowstone last Wednesday afternoon and will return Sunday.

—o—

Frank and Charles Wight and Spencer Crosby returned from White Sulphur Springs the first of the week. They had been attending a big railroad celebration in their home town.

—o—

Prof. O. B. Whipple who has been in the northern part of the state for the last few days in the interest of the farmers institute work returned Monday in time to take up his college duties.

—o—

Harvey Cox, a graduate of the pharmacy department last year was a visitor at the Hill last Friday morning. At present Mr. Cox is in the employ of the Gallatin Drug company of this city.

—o—

Ralph Brabrook and Frank McGuire, both sophomores at the College departed for the ranch home of the latter last Wednesday where they will spend a few days in quest of big game in the mountains near Shannon.

—o—

Prof. R. W. Fisher, former head of the horticultural department at the school, who has been in town for several days, departed for his home in the Bitter Root last Monday. He stayed over Saturday to witness the Columbia-College football game.

—o—

Prof. L. G. Schermerhorn, assistant horticulturist at the institution, returned last Sunday from Spokane where he attended the apple show. His stories of the displays of fruit which he saw there will keep anyone interested for several hours.

—o—

The big new street car has been in working order all week and it is certainly a pleasure to be able to ride around the sharp curves without bowing to everybody in the car. For the cold winter months this new accomodation will be greatly appreciated by all those students who have to walk any great distance to college.

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MILES CITY LEWISTON LIVINGSTON BOZEMAN

Selmer Solberg, one of the freshmen Exponent reporters, left Wednesday evening for Big Timber, there to spend the short vacation granted for eating turkey.

—o—

Hollis Powell and Luke Hill, both members of the sophomore class, are at present at their homes in Livingston where they are spending the Thanksgiving recess.

—o—

Will J. Kremer was over from Livingston Sunday. Mr. Kremer has just recently accepted a position at that place. He expects to be able to visit Bozeman friends quite frequently during the winter.

—o—

The Gallatin high school squad journeyed to Billings and on the morning of Thanksgiving annexed the scalp of the Billings high by a score of 23 to 0. This is the last game for them this season and gives them title to the championship of eastern Montana.

—o—

The large denizens of the woods are surely suffering these days as the forests are full of hunters. Among the college people who are enjoying the sport are Professors R. D. Kneale, M. H. Spaulding, D. B. Swingle, and H. E. Morris, who are after deer or elk in the mountains south of Bozeman.

—o—

The fire which broke out in the Vreeland millinery store last Monday night resulted rather disastrously for some of the college people who make their home at the Oxford. The smoke permeated the entire building and rendered sleep almost impossible. Miss Regina Barnes, Miss Viola Fisher, Wm. Chapman and Joe Soper were among those who left their rooms in a considerable hurry. The millinery store is almost a total loss and is the property of Mrs. F. W. Vreeland, whose three daughters, Misses Edna, Ruth and Marjorie, have been students on the hill.

Lucy Pool is spending the vacation at her home in Townsend.

—o—

David Higbie went over to Missoula to witness the Thanksgiving game.

—o—

John C. Wharton enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner yesterday at the family home in Butte.

—o—

Chas. Fraser of the sophomore class is spending his Thanksgiving vacation with his parents at Columbus.

—o—

Miss Nora Millegan of Cascade, near Great Falls, is in the city spending Thanksgiving with her brothers, Guy and Homer.

—o—

Ray Bancroft gave a short address upon the history and significance of "Thanksgiving" at the regular Y. M. C. A. meeting Tuesday.

—o—

Howard Seamans is in Bozeman from Lewistown to spend Thanksgiving with his brother Arthur Seamans, who is a sophomore in M.A.C.

—o—

R. B. Williams, Stanley Douglas, W. B. Vestal and Lawrence Wylie, left last Tuesday on a hunting expedition up the West Gallatin where they will remain until Sunday.

—o—

L. F. Geiseker was married in Lincoln, Neb., November 24th. Mrs. Giesiker is a graduate of the University of Nebraska. They will return about the first of December and take up their residence in the house previously occupied by Mr. L. M. Bond on Ninth Avenue.

—o—

D. A. Scoates, who held the position of agricultural engineer at this college and who left in September to take a like position in Mississippi, was married to Miss Eleanor Lamb, of De Kalb, Ill., on Thanksgiving day. Mrs. Scoates is a 1910 graduate in domestic science of the Iowa Agricultural College of Ames, Iowa.

Appollo Busch is sojourning at the Hunter Hot Springs this week.

—o—

John Distad went to Missoula Wednesday and was in attendance at the game.

—o—

Miss Grace Clark was called home Tuesday because of the serious illness of her father.

—o—

Ray Jones, of the freshman class, spent the week-end with his folks in Livingston.

—o—

Miss L. A. Balwin is recovering rapidly, but has not been able to be at college the past week.

—o—

Miss Maud Hawley has recovered from her recent illness, but will not attend college any longer.

—o—

Mrs. Whitfield W. Spain, of Deer Lodge, is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Louis Accola.

—o—

Chas. L. Hansen and George Morgan, business manager and assistant of the Exponent, will leave in the morning for a short relaxation in search of big game.

—o—

There was no assembly meeting last week, the hour being given over to hall classes, insurgent meetings and other diversions. That this would be the case was not known in time to arrange many meetings.

—o—

By the time the paper goes to press the football team of the college is pretty well scattered. Tremper, manager, is in the mountains near Helena hunting. Capt. Sheriff is visiting his people at Canyon Ferry, Hugo Dahling, Alonzo Truitt and Cassius Kirk are visiting at Missoula.

—o—

The football team, through these columns, wishes to extend a vote of thanks to Misses Irene Piedalue, Frances Read and Edna Hagerman. These girls were the only members of the student body who had the interest of the institution at heart to such an extent that they could afford a few minutes each evening of last week to see the team in play before the great game which decided the championship.

—o—

Among the old students from the Bitter Root who witnessed the game were Elmer Sleeman, ex-'13, manager of last fall's basketball team, and Will LeFevre, ex-'10, now engaged on a fruit farm near Hamilton. Fred Taylor, who graduated from the three year short course last fall, was down from the experiment station of the horticultural department near Stevensville. Walter Buford, ex-'12, accompanied the team from Helena to see the last championship game.

—o—

Union services, for which all the Protestants and Catholic churches of the city will adjourn their regular services, will be held at the Bozeman opera house Sunday evening. The speakers will be Judge E. K. Cheadle, of Lewistown, on "Social conditions in Bozeman," and Pres. J. M. Hamilton on "What the college in doing for Bozeman." The interesting personality of the speakers, coupled with the timeliness of their subjects, is expected to attract a record attendance.

—o—

The students at the 'varsity certainly have a knack for doing nothing by halves. The night before and after the game, about fifty of the 67 boys in the institution, climbed up the steep slippery side of Mt. Sentinal and in the snow placed red calcium fuses in the shape of a block M 90 feet square. This figure illuminated the whole mountain for fifteen or twenty minutes, and was one of the prettiest sights ever witnessed by the college boys. At the game most of the students wore a peculiar sort of headgear. The new regalia consists of a Turkish fez type, the turban being copper colored felt, with a large golden M on its front and a silver tassel dangling from it.



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THE WEEKLY EXPONENT

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Bozeman, Montana.

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CALENDAR

December 10. Civic League, Madame Langendorff. Opera house.

Dec. 16. Annual Inter-Class debate, College Hall.

Dec. 21 Christmas vacation begins, 12:30 p. m.

GET TOGETHER AND LIFT.

The championship bird just wouldn't perch on the banner of this institution. Despite the heroic efforts of every individual on the football team, the 'Varsity was able to roll up a score against them yesterday. It is a sad disappointment, it strikes deep into the senisbilities or every true supporter of the gold and blue.

Now that results cannot be changed let us have a few words with the knockers, not only or the college itself but of Bozeman. As early as today there are murmurings to the effect that the coaching was at the bottom of the defeat; that the team was not properly grounded in the game. Without discredit to anybody, let it be understood that neither coaching nor playing was to blame. One side must lose, and when our boys fought with all the strength and all the determination there was in them, when the coaches had sacrificed everything to help get the team into winning shape, that is a poor time for some irresponsible, narrow-minded, hanger-on to locate the blame on the shoulders of either the coaches or players.

This is only another demonstration of the power of united, concerted action. One or two men cannot bring the banner here. The team alone can not do it. The prime factor in success has been solved by the 'Varsity. Every man over there is a live booster. Every man wanted to see the team win. Every man was willing to make a personal sacrifice in order to realize that end. Every man started out last spring with the determination to get as many new students for his college as possible.

Contrast that with our own conditions and you have the answer. Students and ex-students openly espousing the cause of the rivals; discouraging the efforts of the players and coaches; knocking every effort to strengthen the team; jeering them when things go against them; belittling them when they do something good. There has been that undercurrent since the opening of the season. It is hard to tell where it originated, but it was furthered, either consciously or unconsciously, by members of the student body.

That is not all. Those same knockers are the ones who will come around next week and try to convince everybody that they knew the team wouldn't win.

Of course the team would not win. It never will, until the spirit of underhand treachery is eradicated. Every man who tries to lay the blame on either the coaches or players is simply excusing himself for the part he played in the season.

Now that this lesson was administered, let us forget the past and all pull together for a successful year in other branches of competition. Football is not everything, without trying to detract from the credit due the University.

There are other branches, notably basket ball, track, oratory and baseball which will give us ample opportunity for reversing the conditions. But to do so will require that knocking be abolished and that everybody pull together. With our three hundred regular students all pulling together, nothing could stop the combination. Put your grievance in your pocket and come as a real live factor. Work, strive, cheer, talk, encourage, do something. Throw off the veil of indifference, which in places merges into one of opposition. The way to make things right is to be right yourself.

Selfishness and indifference on the part of the students are the factors which contributed most to a failure to land the high honors. Remove these blemishes, by force or by ridicule, and the tables may be turned. Drift along in the same rut, breathing discouragement and belching forth narrow minded,egotistical knocks and history will continue to repeat itself.

Now is the time to begin for next years football season. Get new students, build up the present team, boost, lift, shake off the evil and retrogressive spirit, take the blame for everything yourself and thus make your stand as a REAL LIVE supporter of the blue and gold.

GRATIFYING INNOVATION

It is with considerable satisfaction that the Exponent this week chronicles the move on the part of the faculty assembly committee to provide a certain time at which meetings of student organizations may be held. It is said that the action grew directly out of the editorial expression of opinion voiced in these columns several weeks ago. Incidentally that is a source of satisfaction to the board, indicating as it does that the appeals of these pages sometimes secure recognition.

But the main source of satisfaction is in the promptness and readiness with which the faculty took action on something that they believed was desired by the students. It is indicative of a cordial relation between the faculty and student body, a condition which is certain to build up an ardent spirit of co-operation and thus in the end result in furthering the very college spirit which is destined to carry this college at the vanguard of the Montana institutions into a realization of the purposes for which they were founded.

In granting the students every alternate assembly period to use as they desire, certain reservations are made. In the main these are that the advantage must be used by the students, and there must be better attendance at the meetings for which this provision is made. They have granted an hour free from the demands of lunch time, free from the hurry and rush usually incident to the meetings at noon, if this does not result in more interest and better attendance, then all agitation has been in vain and the privilege will be revoked.

But the faculty believes in the sincerity and good intentions of the students, believes that they are striving for better conditions, believes that they will make use of the privilege extended, and acts on this belief to the extent of heartily co-operating with them in furthering the interests and possibilities of student enterprises.

This is probably the biggest concession ever granted to a student body in Montana; it affects a general shakeup of the schedule which has been followed for years; it stands as a mark of confidence in undergraduate ctivity and it is a recognition of the importance in college life and college education of voluntary student effort.

The first opportunity to make use of the privilege extended will come on December 2. The committee selected to arrange the schedule for the different societies will probably have completed its work by that time. Justice and sincerity demand that rousing meetings shall be held on that date to celebrate the occasion, and that on every successive occasion the attendance at the meetings be up to the maximum. Reserve the time thus granted for that purpose. You can do it for assembly and you must do it for the new order of affairs.

A MOST IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT.

Not many days will elapse before the opening of a new department of the college, the dormitory. The new building will offer accommodations for nearly 100 girls; will shelter these young ladies within easy reach of the college buildings and will serve to attract many of the daughters of Montana, who now go to other schools because of the uncertainty of boarding with strangers.

The accumulating effect of the improvement upon the conditions here would be hard to estimate. It is certain to foster a spirit of unity such as had hardly been noped for. It will provide a central point around which the spirit of M. A. C. may be built up. In hundreds of ways the new dormitory will develop college life into a higher, broader ideal.

The lack of such accomodations for the young ladies favorable to attending this institution has long been felt, not only in the attendance of the fair sex year by year, but in the matter of holding those who did register here. That parents will find this a considerable incentive to keeping their daughters in the state cannot be denied. That the young ladies themselves will be more desirous of entering here is also certain. And so it is with a feeling of gratitude to the legislators and state officers, as well as to those who labored for the appropriation, that the loyal M. A. C. student looks upon the nearly completed building.

—o—

Alumni and Ex-Student Notes

Earl Osborn, who attend the M. A. C. several years ago, is a student this year in the McKillips veterinary school in Chicago.

Mamie Alward, '08, is secretary of the Madison county teachers' institute, which is in session this week in Virginia City.

Miss Zoe Hartman, formerly a student on the hill, spent the latter part of this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hartman.

Edna Tracy, '08, who is teaching in the Virginia City high school this year, arrived in Bozeman last Friday for her Thanksgiving vacation.

Earl Hutton, a former preparatory student, was in Bozeman last Monday on business. He returned to his home near Jeffers Tuesday morning.

Lontie Hutton, ex-'12, returned from Chicago last Thursday where he has been with a shipment of sheep. While east he visited relatives and friends in Constantine, Mich.

Word comes that Timothy Edwards, '09, has accepted a position as draughtsman with a Great Falls firm. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards will make the Cataract city their home this winter.

Jack White is again in the city after an absence in the interest of the firm by which he is employed. Mr. White expects to get the work in this territory finished up soon and will return to Fargo for the winter.

Addie Kimpton, '10, spent Friday and Saturdy of last week in Bozeman. She returned to her home near Radersburg Saturday but her sister, Miss Mittie, who came over with her, will remain in Bozeman for several weeks.

G. T. Paul, of Dillon, H. G. Pickett, of Helena, and Col. O. P. Chisholm, members of the state board of education, were visitors at the college last Tuesday, where they inspected the various departments.

The latest reports from Will Throm, ex-'09, who is ill with typhoid fever at Fort Shaw, are to the effect that he is improving rapidly, but it will take some time for his complete recovery.

Percy Lockhart, a former student at M. A. C., came over from Helena Wednesday and left that afternoon accompanied by Harold Lockhart and Riley Bradshaw for Electric, Montana,where they will enjoy a hunting trip.

Chas. Callaghan, formerly one of the students at the college, has accepted a position with the McCarthy coal mines at Fromberg, in Carbon county, and will leave for that place next week. Mrs. Callaghan will accompany him.

The many friends or Rita Shellenberger and Gladys Franzman, formerly members of the class of 1912 here, will be pleased to learn that the young ladies are visiting friends in St. Paul this week and will eat their Thanksgiving turkey at that place. Both young ladies are attending Stout College at Menominie, Wis., this year.

John S. James, '09, is now at his home near Cascade recuperating from a recent attack of typhoid fever. Mr. James suffered with two attacks of this malady during the last year. He is in good health now but rather weak from the long illness. Last year he was laid up with appendicitis, thus making a combination of ill fortune which might overcome a less determined man.



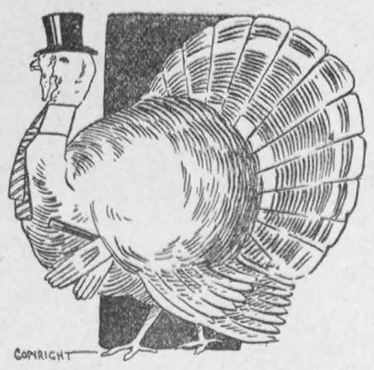
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Miss Joanne Nickolson, a graduate of the short course in home science in 1906, has been visiting in Bozeman for the past week.

A wedding of unusual interest to the college took place last Wednesday at high noon at th home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vickers, in Virginia City, when Paul LeRoy Mitchell and Miss Ella Rhodes Vickers were united in marriage. The ring ceremony was performed by Rev. G. W. G. Van Winkle, of the Elling Memorial Episcopal church in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The bride was formerly a student here and was one of the occupants of the provisional dormitory which was maintained here during the winter of '08-'09. The groom is the first graduate of the pharmacy department here. Both are well remembered by many of the present students and the best wishes of all go out to the happy young couple.

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THE WEEKLY EXPONENT

Monthly Supplement

Vol. 2 BOZEMAN MONTANA NOVEMBER, 1910. No. 11

A Timely Reminder

"Well! Where'd ye get the clock? Brand new! I'll be hanged! Well that is great! Her birthday?"

Jack Ward, tall and muscular, looked at the speaker with an amused smile. This was not the first question in regard to the small alarm clock on his desk.

"Couldn't have missed it better," he grinned broadly. "She doesn't need an alarm—always on time and sometimes even waiting. But that old Prof. Denny has made me late once too often with his everlasting absent-mindedness. 'Zo' comes the fourth, you know, and he never nears the noon bell. Kept us ten minutes overtime yesterday. I was late for dinner, a date and there was no end of trouble."

The visitor laughed heartily. "Can't just see the connection. Going to carry an alarm clock in your pocket, so's to be on time? Well, that's getting bad. I never—"

"Not so fast there, 'Slim.' We fellows are getting blame tired of Denny's capers. Some of us met today to see what we could do and the clock's the result. We're going to put it on his desk tomorrow with the alarm set at 12:30, see! I bet he'll know then when to play quits. You know," this with a long drawn out sigh, "how interesting his lectures are ,anyway. Just the thing to give a fellow a good appetite for dinner, eh? Can just see him jump when the old alarm goes off. It's loud, too. Believe me he'll come back to the world and with a mighty thump. Well, 'Slim,' do give me one decent look. You stand there staring at me as if I were a perfect idiot."

"I'll not put it so hard as that," returned the other, "but how the clock is to tick away on his desk right under his nose without the old fellow's noticing it, is beyond me."

"O, come off! Nothing easier," laughed Jack. "You know yourself that when he gets started on a lecture his thoughts are all down by the calm pond where the frogs sing, or in the dusk of the evening when the bees—'models of industry, young gentlemen,'—fly homeward. Just you watch, and mum's the word. We all know of it. I guess, now, but he mustn't until tomorrow. Thank goodness, I'll be out on time for once!"

However, "Slim" was not so sure. He soon departed with the remark: "Here's hoping—that the alarm may bring him back from the frog pond and the bees, and it may not. You can't always tell about the absent minded."

* * * * * *

The next day came at last and the long waited fourth bell rang, bringing a thrill of joy to the hearts of the zoology class. They were unusually prompt in taking their seats, each one casting, as he did, an inquiring glance at the desk where the clock was already stationed.

Slowly and with faltering steps, the professor entered the room. His feet had to shamble along and bring the unwilling body where duty called, while the mind was far away in some sacred nook. A slight, shriveled figure he was, in a tight fitting suit once black but now greenish in color and shiny from constant wear. He looked over the class before him with his dreamy, colorless eyes, and readjusted his blurred glasses as he pulled himself together to deliver the morning lecture.

The class was very attentive. Never had there been better order, never had pens jotted down his words so quickly. At last it was nearing 12:30. The professor had wandered away from the main subject and was discoursing on "Habit." His voice rang out in the familiar nasal twang. "Habit, young men, is an all powerful factor that works inconceivable inconvenience, not to say mischief, on this fair globe of ours. We continue in a course of conduct, not of our own personal choice, unfortunately but, alas—because our fathers before us did so, and so on and so on."

Knowing glances flitted around the class. Jack Ward winked at his friend as if to say, "I supose his ancestors were all absent minded—never realized when it was dinner time. Here's where the influence of neredity receives a blow."

After a moment of thought accompanied by the familiar far-away look the professor continued:

"But to narrow this statement down, young men, to the subject in hand, I will relate a true experiment tried on a chick. Chickens cannot swim, as you all know. They are not supposed to; they never have since man's memory. But if a newly hatched chick be thrown into a stream—" and he stretched out his long, bony arms as if in the act of throwing the young bird into the cold water. But the heartless deed was not committed, for at the critical moment the shrill alarm went off. Looks of triumph flitted around the class. All eyes were riveted on the professor.

Slowly, almost reluctantly, he let go of the imaginary downy feathers. A look of slight surprise came into his eyes, as he glanced down at his desk, and now for the first time he saw the clock. Then a light such as the students had never before seen, twinkled in his dreamy eyes. He stopped as if a sudden, happy thought had explained everything, and looking at his class almost affectionately, he said, as soon as their stormy applause and the clanging of the alarm had ceased: "Young men, I thank you for this little gift. I had forgotten it was my birthday. An alarm clock is something my wife has needed for our servant for some time. It is certainly a very kind remembrance on your part."

Silent, amazed, dumbfounded, the class sat before him, some in open mouthed astonishment, others in expressionless bewilderment. But Professor Denny,, returning to the bank of the stream, captured the unfortunate chick and continued his cruel experiment.

Roundup

All is bustle in the College,
Every teacher minds his pins,
For the time is drawing nearer
When the next roundup begins.

Prexy's herd's must all be counted—
Not a student's record lost—
Must be corraled, lassoed, branded,
Examined well whate'er the cost.

Freshies, green, just newly broken,
Wander 'round with faces pale;
Sophs are playful with assurance
They have weathered other gales.

Juniors, fatted with their cramming,
Occupy the seats of ease;
While the seniors, always bluffers,
Bluff as gaily as you please.

Yes, the roundup's surely coming;
Get your lessons in your head;
You are all doomed to be branded—
Branded hard with ink of red.

When the busy week is over
We'll be loosed to graze again,
Loosed to feed on lit and science
And history of 1910.

Said the Sage

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meter alone.

There are letters of accent,
There are letters of tone,
But the best of all letters
Is to letter alone.

—Ex.

There's a kick you'd like to make?
Don't!
There's a head you'd like to break?
Don't!
Do you feel you want to whine,
Like a genuine canine
And send blue streaks down the line?
Well, dont!

—Business Journal.

Whatever troubles Adam had
No man could make him sore
By saying when he sprung a jest:
"I've heard that joke before."—Ex.

Mary had a little lamb;
You've heard that fact before;
But have you heard she passed her plate
And had a little more?—Ex.

Climbing Sunrise Peak

We started at daylight, four of us, each mounted on a sturdy, little mountain pony. Behind us plodded a patient burro, piled high with blankets, provisions and cooking utensils. For miles we followed a road that wound its way up through the foothills. By sunrise we had reached the base of the mountain where the road gave place to a narrow trail. We climbed for an hour and then halted for breakfast at a little, grassy park near the trail, where a mountain stream, resting for a moment in its downward plunge, circled in a slow eddy. While one built a fire and put the coffee on to boil, the rest of us tried our luck with rod and fly in the stream. Soon a dozen finny beauties were browning in the pan with thin strips of bacon. What a meal this was; the sweet, flaky trout, crisp bacon and fragrant coffee with good home-made bread made a feast fit for a king. The clear, cool air, faintly scented by the pines that towered all around us, sent the blood jumping through your veins and made you feel glad to be alive. Tiny birds chirped and sang from the grass and trees on every hand, in a broken melody that seemed to come from nowhere in particular but just to float around us.

From our little park we could look through the tree tops below and catch little glimpses of the grey, dusty plains. Here and there clusters of low ranch buildings could be seen, the white smoke rising lazily from the chimneys. In the distance the windows of the town floated back the rays of the early morning sun.

Breakfast over, the dishes were quickly washed and repacked, the fire drenched and the climb was resumed. Steeper and steeper grew the ascent and the trail became more rocky and twisted. Long before noon we were walking and leading our horses. The sun beat down through the trees intensely, making the still atmosphere in the timber almost suffocating. When we did reach a shady spot there was always a band of mosquitoes there ready to take their toll of us as we rested. At noon we reached an old miner's shack. Here we were given dinner and here we left the horses, resuming the journey on foot in the afternoon. A lead rope was fastened to the burro's halter and she followed stolidly behind us.

As the afternoon wore on, the air grew cooler on the mountain, but out on the plains far below us we could see the atmosphere all a-quiver with the heat. Far away a column of dust rose and hung like a cloud over the land, marking the trail of a bunch of cattle moving to water. Suddenly the afternoon light gave way to dusk as the sun slid behind the ridge above us. We hastened on to reach a camping place before night fall. A little spring bubbling from beneath a large boulder was presently discovered. This spot was to be our camp. While two of us started supper the other two removed the packs from "Jenny" and after hobbling her, turned her loose to pick a supper from the scanty herbage. We were above timber line now and only vines and low, scrubby bushes covered the rocks.

Being dead tired we rolled up in our blankets as soon as supper was over, and went right to sleep. The next thing I knew I was awakened by a terrible sound; a sound of some animal in great distress or in fierce anger. I bounded up, every nerve in my body tense, for I knew not what. There a little way above me stood "Jenny". feet apart and neck outstretched greeting the new day to the best of her musical ability. It was this song of welcome that had roused me.

Waking my companions we scrambled to the summit of the mountain, about half an hour's climb. There, huddled together for warmth, for it was bitter cold at that altiude and hour, we waited for the sun to rise.

Slowly the faint, pink flush crept toward us from the east. Brighter grew the glow and deeper in tone until, in a flood of crimson glory, the sun appeared over the range to the east of us. It was gorgeous to say the least. If one could paint it just as it was people would scoff at the picture and say it was far from natural.

Looking down on the west side we could see the purple shadows of night slowly retreating before the gold and red of the new day. We did not linger long but clambered stifly back to camp where the fire thawed out our chilled limbs and we enjcyed steaming cups of coffee, with our breakfast.

A. E. S., '13

General View of the Campus and College Building Looking Southwest.



Girls' Dormitory Shops College Hall Chemistry Bldg. Dairy Buildings and Horse Barns Agricultural Hall

A Sketch

"Wal for the land sakes! Who'd ever thought of seein' you here on this day! William Ezra! Come down and put up your uncle's horse and you, Alviry, set a piece for your Uncle Willis to eat. You must be about starved Willis. Come right in and sit down by the fireplace and warm yourself. Land! it's been nearly six month since you been to see us. Hear as how you've been havin' some right smart of excitement over your way. The goodness only knows, you ain't been beatin' us none. You ain't heerd of nothin'! My! Wal, you probably hern tell of Miss Amanda Mariah Newcomb that learned the children around these parts. She couldn't get decent rooms and meals anywhere 'round and so she just begged me to take her in. I felt that sorry for her that I says to her:

"If you'll take keer of your own room and won't be forever havin' beaux a-hangin' around, I'll take ye."

But la! Just a-lookin' at her anybody would a-knowed she weren't the kind to attract men folks. As sure as my name is Temperance Mehitable Jones! she was four feet around the waist if she was an inch. And she was that short waisted yeh had to look mighty keerful to tell her waist from her shoulders. The children called her "Hippo," and it was a mighty close fit. Her hair was grey but she had a black pompador she used to pin on. When it was some of them orful hot days she used to lift it up a little and fan her head. But that weren't all. She had a ornier disposition than any goat you ever seen. There weren't a day passed that she didn't lick every last one of them kids. They was all purty mad and was a-layin' for her.

Hallowe'en they had a big party and invited her to jine them. 'Long about ten I heerd a rap at the door. I went and there was five of the bunch a-luggin a big, old pack rat by the tail. You know I ain't ever been afeerd of anything so I says:

"Now look-here! Ye can't scare me, so yeh might as well beat the poor creature's brains out and save me the treble."

Then they up and told me they wanted to put it in "Hippo's bureau drawer. So I went out in the kitchen, innocent like, to lock up fer the night.

Wal, me and Obediah had just gotten a-bed when we heard the children and Miss Newcomb come in. The children goes right up stairs but pretty soon we hears them comin' down the bannisters. Then all of a sudden Miss Newcomb begun. Land a-mercies! You'd a-thought she was bein' killed. I run in for I was a feered she'd break a window light. But when I opened the door! May the saints preserve me in vinegar if I ever see such a sight again. Here was that two hundred pounds of human flesh on top of that spindle legged bamboo table Cousin Sarah Parker give me when I was married. She was all tangled up in the bedspread and was yellin' and prayin' fit to kill. I was skeered to death she'd break the table and I guess she was too, for she stood mighty keerful. And that rat! Here it set right up on top of her bureau, a-chewing her best pomp. It was the tamest thing I ever seen. We had to take it out and kill it before she'd leave off howlin' and standin' on that table. The table's been wabbly ever since.

Yas, that's the reason she throwed over her school. Said she weren't a-goin' to stand no such insults. But goodness me! You must be hungry enough to eat a bear! Alviry! Haven't you got your uncle's lunch set yet? You'll find some pie in a tin in the pantry.

—M. E., '14.

—o—

Speaking of freshmen, we got this effusion the other day:

Oh, the leanness of the Senior when
he's lean,
And the meanness of the Junior when
he's mean;
But the leanness of the lean
And the meanness of the mean
Aren't in it with
The greenness of the Freshman when
he's green.

—Ex.

—o—

The following composition was written by a boy:

"If the editor makes a mistake folks say he ought to be hung; if the doctor makes a mistake he buries them and the folks dassent say nothing, because doctors can read and write Latin.

"When the editor makes mistakes there is lawsuits, swearing and a big fuss, but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and perfect silence.

"A doctor can use a word a yard long without him or anybody knowin' what it means, but if the editor uses one he has to spell it.

"Any college man can make a doctor to order, but an editor has to be born."

—o—

Old Pete

Pete Judson was an odd character. None of the present generation could remember when they hadn't passed his stand on the way to and from school or to the office. There he stood, day in and day out, rain or shine, always greeting his customers with a smile and some optimistic comment on the weather. He was of medium height and of a round, robust build. If he had been dressed in a red, fur-trimmed suit, and if his whiskers had been perfectly white, he certainly would have seemed a story book Santa come to life. His face was always rosy and his nose in full bloom—though I'm sure this was due only to his good nature—and his eyes twinkled merrily all the while. The lower part of his face was covered by a heavy, grey mustache and a gray stubble beard. He generally wore a threadbare gray suit, but on very rare occasions he appeared in a striped suit, given him by some patron.

His friends among the children had made up various tales about him, but one of the grandmothers of the town, who professed to know, said he was really a very ordinary person. He had come to the States from Norway when he was a lad but two years old, and had lived the early years of his life in a town only a few miles distant. When he was nearly nine years old his mother had died. As he and his father had never been companionable Pete left home and went to Canada. Nothing had been heard of him until he had drifted into K——, one day in July, purchased a small stand and became a fixture of the city. Since then he had become the friend of everyone. He never neglected to help any body who needed it, and often cheered a weary, rainsoaked passerby with his cheery comment, "How do ye do, Mr. This rain is sure givin' them angle worms a good time, now, aint it?"

—M. E., '13.

The Little Brown Cottage

The cottage stood in the midst of a small, neglected garden, and was reputed to be haunted. Perhaps it was that I was too young to be afraid, that I jumped at the offer of twenty-five cents that my uncle jokingly made, if I would go after sun-down and look for five minutes through one of the windows. Anxious for the coveted coin, and in spite of the threatened storm, I set out that very night, and creeping through a hole in the picket fence which separated the cottage from our back yard, I made my way through the tall, rank grass towards the old house.

It was about twenty feet square and had been uninhabited for years, no one caring to take it after the last occupants had given it a rather unsavory reputation. Placing an old box under one of the windows, I stood on my toes and peered in. The window was in one corner so the whole room was within range of my eye. Seen in the gathering dusk the interior looked gloomy enough. A tumbledown bedstead stood unsteadily in one corner, and beside it a rickety chair balanced itself uncertainly on three legs. A bit of tallow candle was sticking to the wall as it had been left after having last been lit, and the dripping grease had formed a small pyramid on the floor beneath. The rain beating through the rotting shingles had left the ceiling seamed and discolored, and in some places the broken plaster had fallen to the floor and left gaps through which the stars could look pityingly down. The wind, rising with the approaching storm, moaned and sobbed about the eaves of the cottage like some uneasy spirit. The paper with which the room had once been decorated, hung in tatters on the wall, and the long streamers, stirred by the wind, seemed to move and beckon like long, ghostly arms.

Suddenly I realized that it had grown dark. The threatened storm was fast approaching, and the angry mutterings of thunder had grown nearer and more ominous. As I turned to take a last look into the house before leaving, the storm broke. A vivid flash or lightning lit up the interior of the room, making each object stand out clear and distinct in the pale, bluish light. A moment the light flickered, then all was intense blackness; but scarcely hearing the crash of thunder which followed; heedless of the torrents of rain which drenched me to the skin, I tore across the garden, tumbled through the gap in the fence, nor stopped until I was once more safe in the brightly lighted dining room. In the blinding glare of that flash of lightning I had seen the spectral outlines of a human face.

Next day I received my promised two bits, and two more for good measure, but all the gold in the Klondike would not have tempted me to venture, after dark, into that garden again; and it was many months before I could be persuaded to believe that the pale spectre I had seen that night in the little, brown cottage was but the reflection of my own scared face in an old cracked mirror on the oposite wall.

—A. E. L., '13

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..... Assistant Literary Editor.

A REVIEW

The excellent showing made so far this semester in the various activities at M. A. C. promises a brilliant record for the year 1910-'11. With many improvements in the campus and buildings to greet the students on their return last fall a spirit of general improvement along all lines has been maintained and as a result a fair amount of success has been attained so that at this Thanksgiving time the students have a great deal for which they may well be thankful.

Among these, perhaps the most important, and the one thing which means the most to the college is the passing of the amendment to the state consitution to maintain the present tax levy. This means a great deal to the institutions of the state from a financial point of view and those who so liberally aided in the campaign may feel well repaid for their work. Not only the faculty but the students and alumni as well took part in the work in earnest and made the best of every opportunity to speak a good word for the amendment. The result shows what may be accomplished when a determined effort is made and everybody joins in to help boost for M. A. C.

The girls' dormitory will soon be ready for occupancy and when finished will be one of the finest equipped largest and most modern dormitories in the west. All outside work on the building was completed several weeks ago and now only the inside finishing work remains to be done. At least one hundred students will find rooms here while many more can obtain board in the large dining hall. The new building adds a great deal to the appearance of the grounds and will be one of the main factors in increasing the number of students for next year.

With a large number of men on the football field every afternoon for practice and through the faithful services of Coach McIntosh and Mr. Schermerhorn, a very creditable showing has been made in football. The team has played five games and lost one and that with an outside institution so that it makes no difference in the intercollegiate championship of the state. With the last game of the season to be played at Missoula, with Montana University, on Thanksgiving day, the 1910 football season will close and whether the M. A. C. wins that game or not, it can still be said that a good record has been made.

A great many other things might be mentioned which go to mark success for this much of the college year if time would permit, but now don't let the student feel that this is a time for relaxation, for a great deal yet remains to be done.

When Thanksgiving vacation is over return to college with renewed vigor and determination on the part of each one to help make this year the best in the history of M. A. C.

The Tenderfoot's Bear

"There's the bear now!" shouted Jim. "Shoot quick, you tenderfoot!"

Floyd Karsten, the young easterner to whom the above command had been directed, tried to shoot but each cartridge missed fire, for in some way he had lost the firing pin of his rifle. After three attempts to shoot, he dropped his rifle and ran, while Jim scampered back to camp by another path.

Karsten fairly flew with that blood thirsty bear close at his heels. Just in front of the surveying party's camp there was a deep, muddy slough in which various small water plants thrived in abundance. A long log reaching from one side to the other had been placed here and was sometimes used as a foot bridge. Karsten crossed the log in a nimble manner and reached the other side at about the same time the bear reached the middle of the log. Struck with a bright idea, the man quickly turned and with a push of his foot rolled the log. There was a piercing shriek, a great splash, and the bear sank from view. Then from the place there arose a strange figure, more like a mermaid than a bear; first appeared a head with bright red tresses veiled with long strings of green water plants festooned about its brow, then the shoulders and body draped in a beautifully slim bear pelt which was bedecked with myriads of clinging snails and other "wee beasties." Our mermaid clawed several times at the veiling and removed enough of it so that we could all recognize the freckled face of Bill Hanley.

Everybody at camp had gathered around the bank to see the "greenhorn's" bear, and incidentally Bill was the reciuient of many cheering assurances and much valuable advice. Softly swearing to himself he finally pulled himself out of the mire and retired to his tent for the rest of the day. After that, all that was necessary to hush Bill when he became too talkative was to mention bear.

Black George

George was black, black as the proverbial ace of spades, except for the grey, kinky mop of hair that wreathed his shiny, ebony crown. He was a good story teller, especially when the story concerned himself. Many a long ride and cold winter evening was made pleasant by stories of his experience, told in the dialect of the old time southern darky. From these sketches I pieced out his history.

He was born on a large plantation in southern Alabama "quite a spell befo' de wah," as he expressed it. While still a lad he drifted through the Gulf States and into Mexico. Here he roamed around the country prospecting and mining a little, but his chief occupation was trying to live without working as long as possible. At that time smuggling back and forth across the Rio Grand was at its height. George saw men become rich in a single night at this trade, so he determined to try it. His very first effort was nipped in the bud and it was only under cover of darkness and by more personal effort than he had ever before exerted that he escaped in a small boat to the Texas shore. In his wandering around this state he found employment as a cowboy and camp cook. The great herds of cattle were driven northward as summer approached and George came with them. On one of these drives when George was acting as cook, Jay Gould, the railroad man, had occasion to visit the camp. The old southern beaten biscuit and some of George's famous apricot pie so pleased the magnate that he offered the camp cook a position as his private chef. From then on for several years, George's stories are of life in New York and the disadvantages of cooking in the narrow buffet of a private car.

All the time during his easy, profitable life as a private chef, the "wanderlust" was on him and the call of the west beat in his mind. He pined for the mountains; to feel the hot winds of the plains on his face as he herded the cattle; to wander through the hills with his pack horse and outfit, searching for the rich strike that never came. One spring morning the train bearing Gould's car drew into Denver and George, the chef, disappeared for ever, but "Black George," the prospector was soon found in a cabin near Cripple Creek.

The mining business not proving profitable, George again turned cow boy and drifted up on the Montana range. It was there that I met him, a wrinkled old man but still strong and active, riding range and breaking horses as easily as men half a century younger than he. Old George is a welcome visitor at any ranch in the country, both for his ability as an entertainer and as a cook. Many times have I reached home late in the evening, with the thought of preparing supper hanging over me, and have had Black George meet me at the door with his expansive grin of welcome and the words, "Howdy, suh; howdy! Yas suh, dinnah's all ready, suh! Yas suh, they's apilcot pie; yas suh."

A. E. S., '13

A Knot Hole View

A person certainly can see many amusing things if he keeps his eyes open and takes notice of the little performances going on around him.

Saturday evening, about six o'clock I think it was, when I was wending my way homeward after a hard day's labor in the various departments of our great institution, I noticed a great deal of commotion going on in the back yard of one of the residences which I had to pass. As I am naturally an inquisitive creature and ready for any excitement that might turn up, I took a peep through a knot hole, which luckily happened to be in the fence, and there I beheld the good housewife, bucket in one hand and stool in the other chasing a cow. Several times she went around the course at a great rate, the lady muttering something all the time (I couldn't just catch the trend of her monologue but I suppose it was something very interesting) and brandishing her stool and bucket at intervals, making the exact picture of an Amazon, and the cow, tail in the air, bellowing and running for all there was in her. I guess maybe the cow was afraid of the stool and the bucket. I was just about to scale the fence and aid a lady in distress when the cow came to a standstill in one of the corners of the lot. Then, with many a "so, bossie," my lady began very cautiously to creep upon the quarry.

Maybe the cow was too exhausted to make any further resistance or maybe she was planning further tactics, I couldn't figure it out just at that time. Anyway, she let her tormenter come up to her.

Now, my dear reader, I must stop my narrative for a few seconds to give a little advice in the art of milking and that is, always milk a cow on the right side.

After the good woman had succeeded in quieting the cow down, she proceeded to milk the animal from the left side. I was about to tell her that this wasn't the correct way to milk and might probably prove disastrous, but thinking this might happen to be an exceptional cow and was in the habbit of being stripped this way, I kept my counsel. After I had stood and watched for several minutes and saw that the lady was getting along real nicely and nothing further would happen, I turned to go away. But alas! I had hardly taken two steps before I heard a terrific thump and rushing back to my knot hole I reached there just in time to see my lady friend, whom I had come to know rather well by this time, go rolling along the ground after her milk pail, and as she was dreadfully fleshy she did this stunt perfectly. All of this time the cow was standing in the opposite corner of the lot. This time I was determined to be of aid to one of the weaker sex; but the Fates again thwarted me. I had hardly reached the top of the fence before a man, who was her husband, entered the gate and came to the aid of his lady love, who was still lying flat upon the ground and letting forth a few weak groans.

—C. E. B., '14

Stand Up And Cheer

Stand up and cheer !
Cheer loud and long for dear Montana.
For to-day we raise
The Gold and Blue to wave victorious.
Our sturdy band now is fighting,
And we're sure to win the fray;
We've got the vim,
We're here to win,
For this is dear Montana's day !
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
(Repeat.)

Hit the Line

Hit the line, Montana
The Aggies win to-day,
We will show [the sons of Utah,]
[them at Missoula]
That the Gold and Blue holds sway.
Rush them down the backfield,
Victory or die
You can hear the rooters cheering,
As the backs go tearing by.
(Repeat.)

Exchanges

Teacher—"Who supported Atlas?"

Pupil—"The book don't say, but I expect his wife did."—Ex.

Junior—"Did you ever take castor oil, freshie?"

Freshie—"No sir, in what room is it given?"—Ex.

She—"I have thought the matter over and will take you on one condition."

He (joyously)—"Well, that is encouraging. I entered Yale on six."

Bill Shakespeare's Ball Team

I will root.—Richard II.

Now you strike like the blind man—Much Ado About Nothing.

Out, I say,—Macbeth.

I will be short.—Hamlet.

Thou canst not hit it! hit it! hit it!—Love's Labor Lost.

He knows the game.—Henry VI.

O, hateful error.—Julius Caesar.

A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit.—Hamlet.

He will steal, sir.—All's Well That Ends Well.

They cannot sit with ease on the old bench.—Romeo and Juliet.

Let the world slide.—Taming of the Shrew.

What an arm he has.—Cariolanus.

—Ex.

"That old hen is eating tacks."

"Yes, she is probably going to eat a carpet."

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"

"Because," said the Swede, "it rises out of dey yeast, und sets behind dey vest."—Ex.

"There isn't much difference between me and Eve," said the little girl who was forced to wear her sister's skirts.

"How is that?" asked her chum.

"Why Eve had to wear leaves and I have to wear leavings."—Ex.

First Boy—"Gee, your father a shoemaker, and your brother wears those old shoes."

Second Boy—"Huh, your father a dentist, and your baby's only got one

Let well enough alone and there will be no progress.

Weekly Willamette Collegian is certainly a genuine college paper. News from beginning to end.

Ada—"Are you fond of tea, Humphrey?"

Jones—"Yes, but I like the next letter better."

First Senior Boy.—"Got change for a dollar?"

Second Senior Boy.—"You must take me for a United States treasury. Here's change for twenty cents."—Ex.

"What an odd paper-weight you have!"

"Yes, it's my wife's first buscuit."

—Ex.

Abandoned
(A Love Story)

He said I was beautiful and I know he was right.

My skin was as soft as satin, and white as ivory. My slender figure elegant.

Our first meeting was in a shop and he made no attempt to disguise his admiration.

He praised me to the skies and called me "very dear."

From that day for many months we were inseparable. I occupied all his thoughts. Again and again he gazed with indescribable affection at my wonderful complexion, my graceful figure and pressed me to his lips. His embrace was tenderness itself.

He always enjoyed my society even when nothing else afforded him pleasure he would turn to me—and not in vain—for comfort and relief.

When all his friends proved faithless I alone remained faithful.

Oh, why was it not fated to be ever thus? Alas! One day in a public thoroughfare I had a heavy fall, and though it was through his fault, I was never the same to him as before.

This cruel adventure fairly broke me down. True he endeavored afterwards to make amends for his harsh treatment. He treated me with the greatest consideration but the light of former days had gone out.

He no doubt tried to love me as before but in vain; his feelings had undergone a complete change; and now I am nothing but a miserable wreck of my former self. Here I lie in my sorrow— a forsaken, broken—meerschaum pipe.

The list of exchanges received by the Exponent now numbers about fifty. They come from all over the United States but the majority of them come from the northwest. These exchanges help the colleges to keep in touch with each other. The Exponent expects to criticize the bad points and praise the good points in the papers received from other colleges and it expects the same treatment from them.

The editorial staff of the Industrial Collegian is to be complimented on their splendid college paper. As a suggestion, though, why not change the cut on the front page.

The Kansas State Normal "Bulletin" has a style all its own which is very taking. The paper is well balanced and none of the departments seem to be lagging. Ditto Lombard Review.

Self hatred is that which a man possesses when he starts to tell the only girl that long heart entombed message and he remembers that he ate onions for supper.—Ex.

Skookum

Skookum was a roly poly Spaniel pup. Mrs. Holman fell in love with him the first time he stuck his curly, black head through the fence as she passed by his home. The second time she came by she interviewed the owner and, after a long argument, triumphantly carried "His Majesty" into her own neat house.

Now Skookum had a complete set of good manners, but, like everyone else, only displayed these on very rare occasions and then not long at a time. Therefore, as soon as Mrs. Holman had tucked him into a cozy little basket and had turned her back to attend to various household matters, Skookum decided to explore. Because the kitchen was the place for him to stay he found the den particularly inviting. He walked, or rather, waddled in very cautiously at first. Things were wholly new and awe inspiring but he was not the dog to lack courage for long. Here he sniffed a footstool and there he pulled down a newspaper or magazine.

However, his final triumph came when he discovered the sewing basket. Of course he dumped it over. One couldn't expect a pup to play conveniently with a sewing basket that was right side up. What fun it was to chase the spools! How aggravating to have the threads get in the way! But these were all mere trifles compared to the fun of pulling the spool up stairs. In some way he had gotten into the hall with a roll of tape. The end was fastened around some piece of furniture in the other room. This, however, only increased the sport. With growls of mischief and whines and barks of pleasure, he begun laboriously to climb the stairs, pulling hard at the tape and shaking his head furiously as it unrolled

His ascent was slow but steady and goodness knows how far he should have gone, had he not come to the end of the tape just as he reached the landing. He pulled hard; he jerked; he barked; all to no avail. He could make the string come no further. Suddenly the other end of the tape gave way and with a series of terrified yelps, Master Skookum tumbled backwards and down onto the stairs that led from the landing to the kitchen. Poor doggie had a journey well punctuated with howls and bumps; a journey that ended with a grand exclamation point as he landed right in the pan of yeast Mrs. Holman had set to raise on a chair near the stairway door. That good lady immediately rushed to the rescue of her yeast but, finding this past help, pulled a frightened and thoroughly subdued puppy-dog from the mixture and proceeded to give him a much needed scrubbing.

Since that day poor Skookum has been assigned to a kennel, and though he is the proud and happy possessor of a collar and chain, he doesn't seem to enjoy life as he once did.

A Novice's Deer Hunt

About a week after the Bearmouth train hold-up of six years ago, father and myself visited one of the ranchers near that place for the purpose of deer hunting. The weather was delightful, cool and crisp, and altho' it was late in October there was but little snow, and that only on the northern exposures. We spent the first three days up in the surrounding hills and were having the time of our lives. We were, however, very poor hunters as we spent most of the time resting at places where a good view could be obtained, talking over the prospect of finding a train robber, or committing that unpardonable sin of a deer hunter, shooting at game.

The evening of the third day father was called home on business. This caused bitter disappointment as it had begun to snow. The next morning there was a tracking snow of about one and a half inches, so the rancher and I saddled the horses and started out in earnest. We rode about three miles from the ranch, tied the horses and climbed a low hill to look for tracks. Near the top the hill was not very steep and here a bunch of deer had evidently spent the night. There was a maze of tracks, and as it was impossible to tell the direction in which they had all gone, my partner and I separated. Following some tracks to the right I went ovtr a ridge, and there, about a hundred feet away, were a buck and two does. My rifle was a borrowed Savage and the safety caused a moment's delay. It was time enough and they were bounding diagonally down the hill when I got in the first shot, a miss by twenty feet. Just before going over a small ridge three hundred yards away they turned and looked back. The buck and one doe were standing fairly close together. I shot at the buck; the doe sprang straight into the air and all disappeared.

Oh, the savageness that came over me at the sight of the blood at the spot where the doe had been hit. There was exquisite pleasure in the sight of that red stain. A wonderful piece of meat had been hit. There would be glory and also that indefinable something called sport in bringing it to hand.

Any fool could see that the doe was hard hit. There was but one thing to do; to sit tight until she should lie down and stiffen from the wound. However, the air was crisp and the lure of that red trail was too much. I gave a shout and started on the dead run. At the foot of the hill the three separated, one going up the canyon, another down, and the wounded one straight ahead up a small canyon on the side of a high hill. I climbed this on a half run and at the top found the spot where the deer had lain down and watched me come up the hill.

The day was now becoming warm and the snow was melting rapidly. In a few hours it would be gone from the southern exposures. There was still time to hang back and wait for the inevitable stiffening but the lust of the chase was strong.

Half way down the opposite side the trail turned and went along side of the hill through the timber. About a mile from the turning place larger tracks joined in, presumably those of the buck she had been with. Both doubled and circled, making a hard trail to follow, especially as part of the ground was bare of snow. I followed the buck's tracks far away and circled back on discovering the mistake. The doe had bounded off in the opposite direction and had lain down again after going half a mile. The trail then led down into a canyon and diagonally up over another large hill. The flow of blood continued, the steps were becoming shorter and places in the melting snow showed how close we were. On the other side of the hill the snow was practically gone and I made a large circle keeping to the snow. No result. I doubled back and this time found the trail crossing my tracks in an open place where I couldn't have failed to notice them before.

Gradually the aspect of the chase had been changing. The thrill at the sight of blood had passed; it now caused only pity. I was weak and steaming from exertion and could almost feel the pain of the wounded animal ahead. Then there was the thought of the buck's devotion. He had come in again and done his best to muddle up the tracks.

Further on the doe made some weak and futile effort to cover up her trail. The sight of some entrail's here was like a stab of pain. The snow on the southern sides had gone. I was all in but still had the one impulse to go forward as fast as possible. No prayers could recall that miserable shot. The beautiful creature in front was in pain. It was in my power to end it and I strove to the limit of endurance to make amends, to catch up and cut the agony short.

I came up over a ridge and saw her pass over the mountain. There was time for a shot but not for a person shaking from a steep climb. The snow was all gone and although I tramped around searching until dark it did not do any good.

With leg muscles cramping so as to be nearly useless, I finally reached the house and went back with the relief party of two, which had gotten that far.

That night a blizzard came on. The wind sounded like a thousand demons, nature's demons calling for revenge. I was physically wretched and sick at heart but all through the night answered them back with the inward cry, "I'd take back that shot if I could."

J. W. '13

MODERN MARY

Mary had a Hobble Skirt
Tied tightly in a bow,
And everywhere that Mary went
She simply could'nt go

You can go anywhere with HARRIS-TAILORED-CLOTHES.

H. R. HARRIS.

College Notes

Miss Francis Read accompanied the football team as far as Helena, where she will eat Thanksgiving dinner with her folks.

—o—

W. J. Bradshaw, of Electric, was a visitor at the school last Friday. He was visiting his son, Riley, a second year short course man at the college.

—o—

Charles Frazer, '13, will spend Thanksgiving vacation with his parents at Columbus. He left for the Yellowstone last Wednesday afternoon and will return Sunday.

—o—

Frank and Charles Wight and Spencer Crosby returned from White Sulphur Springs the first of the week. They had been attending a big railroad celebration in their home town.

—o—

Prof. O. B. Whipple who has been in the northern part of the state for the last few days in the interest of the farmers institute work returned Monday in time to take up his college duties.

—o—

Harvey Cox, a graduate of the pharmacy department last year was a visitor at the Hill last Friday morning. At present Mr. Cox is in the employ of the Gallatin Drug company of this city.

—o—

Ralph Brabrook and Frank McGuire, both sophomores at the College departed for the ranch home of the latter last Wednesday where they will spend a few days in quest of big game in the mountains near Shannon.

—o—

Prof. R. W. Fisher, former head of the horticultural department at the school, who has been in town for several days, departed for his home in the Bitter Root last Monday. He stayed over Saturday to witness the Columbia-College football game.

—o—

Prof. L. G. Schermerhorn, assistant horticulturist at the institution, returned last Sunday from Spokane where he attended the apple show. His stories of the displays of fruit which he saw there will keep anyone interested for several hours.

—o—

The big new street car has been in working order all week and it is certainly a pleasure to be able to ride around the sharp curves without bowing to everybody in the car. For the cold winter months this new accomodation will be greatly appreciated by all those students who have to walk any great distance to college.

STOP!
LOOK!
LISTEN!

We buy direct from the manufacturer. For that reason alone we can sell you a pipe for less money than anyone else in town.
Calabash Pipes $2.00 to $12.50.

Meet Me at GLEASON'S

November Bargains.

Special Sale of Women's, and Misses' Suits, Coats and Dresses at Unusually Attractive Prices.

Gowns and Dresses. Values from $25.00 to $60.00, now sell for $17.50 to $42.50.

Womens and Misses Tailored Suits at less than half price.

Coats and Wraps. Value from $15 to $30. Now sell for $7.98 to $20.

Tailored and Lingerie Waists. Values from $1.50 to $2.00, now 98c
" " " " Values from $2.00 to $3.50, now $1.89

The Suit Shop
Bozemans Exclusive Store for Women
120-122 West Main St.

MILES CITY LEWISTON LIVINGSTON BOZEMAN

Selmer Solberg, one of the freshmen Exponent reporters, left Wednesday evening for Big Timber, there to spend the short vacation granted for eating turkey.

—o—

Hollis Powell and Luke Hill, both members of the sophomore class, are at present at their homes in Livingston where they are spending the Thanksgiving recess.

—o—

Will J. Kremer was over from Livingston Sunday. Mr. Kremer has just recently accepted a position at that place. He expects to be able to visit Bozeman friends quite frequently during the winter.

—o—

The Gallatin high school squad journeyed to Billings and on the morning of Thanksgiving annexed the scalp of the Billings high by a score of 23 to 0. This is the last game for them this season and gives them title to the championship of eastern Montana.

—o—

The large denizens of the woods are surely suffering these days as the forests are full of hunters. Among the college people who are enjoying the sport are Professors R. D. Kneale, M. H. Spaulding, D. B. Swingle, and H. E. Morris, who are after deer or elk in the mountains south of Bozeman.

—o—

The fire which broke out in the Vreeland millinery store last Monday night resulted rather disastrously for some of the college people who make their home at the Oxford. The smoke permeated the entire building and rendered sleep almost impossible. Miss Regina Barnes, Miss Viola Fisher, Wm. Chapman and Joe Soper were among those who left their rooms in a considerable hurry. The millinery store is almost a total loss and is the property of Mrs. F. W. Vreeland, whose three daughters, Misses Edna, Ruth and Marjorie, have been students on the hill.

Lucy Pool is spending the vacation at her home in Townsend.

—o—

David Higbie went over to Missoula to witness the Thanksgiving game.

—o—

John C. Wharton enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner yesterday at the family home in Butte.

—o—

Chas. Fraser of the sophomore class is spending his Thanksgiving vacation with his parents at Columbus.

—o—

Miss Nora Millegan of Cascade, near Great Falls, is in the city spending Thanksgiving with her brothers, Guy and Homer.

—o—

Ray Bancroft gave a short address upon the history and significance of "Thanksgiving" at the regular Y. M. C. A. meeting Tuesday.

—o—

Howard Seamans is in Bozeman from Lewistown to spend Thanksgiving with his brother Arthur Seamans, who is a sophomore in M.A.C.

—o—

R. B. Williams, Stanley Douglas, W. B. Vestal and Lawrence Wylie, left last Tuesday on a hunting expedition up the West Gallatin where they will remain until Sunday.

—o—

L. F. Geiseker was married in Lincoln, Neb., November 24th. Mrs. Giesiker is a graduate of the University of Nebraska. They will return about the first of December and take up their residence in the house previously occupied by Mr. L. M. Bond on Ninth Avenue.

—o—

D. A. Scoates, who held the position of agricultural engineer at this college and who left in September to take a like position in Mississippi, was married to Miss Eleanor Lamb, of De Kalb, Ill., on Thanksgiving day. Mrs. Scoates is a 1910 graduate in domestic science of the Iowa Agricultural College of Ames, Iowa.

Appollo Busch is sojourning at the Hunter Hot Springs this week.

—o—

John Distad went to Missoula Wednesday and was in attendance at the game.

—o—

Miss Grace Clark was called home Tuesday because of the serious illness of her father.

—o—

Ray Jones, of the freshman class, spent the week-end with his folks in Livingston.

—o—

Miss L. A. Balwin is recovering rapidly, but has not been able to be at college the past week.

—o—

Miss Maud Hawley has recovered from her recent illness, but will not attend college any longer.

—o—

Mrs. Whitfield W. Spain, of Deer Lodge, is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Louis Accola.

—o—

Chas. L. Hansen and George Morgan, business manager and assistant of the Exponent, will leave in the morning for a short relaxation in search of big game.

—o—

There was no assembly meeting last week, the hour being given over to hall classes, insurgent meetings and other diversions. That this would be the case was not known in time to arrange many meetings.

—o—

By the time the paper goes to press the football team of the college is pretty well scattered. Tremper, manager, is in the mountains near Helena hunting. Capt. Sheriff is visiting his people at Canyon Ferry, Hugo Dahling, Alonzo Truitt and Cassius Kirk are visiting at Missoula.

—o—

The football team, through these columns, wishes to extend a vote of thanks to Misses Irene Piedalue, Frances Read and Edna Hagerman. These girls were the only members of the student body who had the interest of the institution at heart to such an extent that they could afford a few minutes each evening of last week to see the team in play before the great game which decided the championship.

—o—

Among the old students from the Bitter Root who witnessed the game were Elmer Sleeman, ex-'13, manager of last fall's basketball team, and Will LeFevre, ex-'10, now engaged on a fruit farm near Hamilton. Fred Taylor, who graduated from the three year short course last fall, was down from the experiment station of the horticultural department near Stevensville. Walter Buford, ex-'12, accompanied the team from Helena to see the last championship game.

—o—

Union services, for which all the Protestants and Catholic churches of the city will adjourn their regular services, will be held at the Bozeman opera house Sunday evening. The speakers will be Judge E. K. Cheadle, of Lewistown, on "Social conditions in Bozeman," and Pres. J. M. Hamilton on "What the college in doing for Bozeman." The interesting personality of the speakers, coupled with the timeliness of their subjects, is expected to attract a record attendance.

—o—

The students at the 'varsity certainly have a knack for doing nothing by halves. The night before and after the game, about fifty of the 67 boys in the institution, climbed up the steep slippery side of Mt. Sentinal and in the snow placed red calcium fuses in the shape of a block M 90 feet square. This figure illuminated the whole mountain for fifteen or twenty minutes, and was one of the prettiest sights ever witnessed by the college boys. At the game most of the students wore a peculiar sort of headgear. The new regalia consists of a Turkish fez type, the turban being copper colored felt, with a large golden M on its front and a silver tassel dangling from it.



Dainty, refined shoes—shoes for women who appreciate grace and beauty in their footwear

Nicholson's
Shoe Store

1 1 0
on Both Phones
Gallatin Drug Co.
Corner Store

Next week I will move into the building now occupied by the Bungalow; and will carry a complete line of Men's Togs. My stock is especially selected for Colege Boys trade, and a share of your patronage is respectfuly solicited.
Shop of
Ray Holloway
Shop of
"Bill" the Nifty Tailor

Worth of
Pickard China

In refined elegant homes everywhere can be found choice pieces of Pickard China, highly prized for that distinguishing feature of beauty and art. Pickard China has long since proven its artistic worth and is sought by those who appreciate the beautiful and ornamental.

H. A. PEASE & CO.
Jewelers and Optomerists

20%
Discount Sale

Friday and Saturday Only
20% discount on any article in stock except Corsets and Furs.

WALKER'S
Specialty Store

THE ANTISEPTIC BARBER SHOP
For good barbers, bootblacks, hot air peddlers, etc, call and see what we have got.
T. M. NEVES — — — — — — — — — PROP.

COAL THAT KEEPS YOU WARM
320 West Main. KENYON-NOBLE Lumber Co.

BRAMMER'S BARBER SHOP
Our barbers are the best. To please our customers is our working motto.
28 W. Main Street LEE BRAMMER, Prop.

OUR
Keen Kutter Tools
and pocket knives are what we always show to the fellow that says "I want good stuff", so if you want a little of the same ask for them at
OWENHOUSE Hardware Co.

D. H. Budd
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HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING TEAM CHOSEN.

The first public debate in Bozeman this year was held at the high school assembly room Tuesday evening. The purpose was to choose from the eight aspirants, a team of three, with one alternate, to represent the high school in the interscholastic series of contests. Four girls represented the negative and four boys the affirmative of the question: Resolved, That the commission form of government should be adopted by American cities, the same as is to be debated by the sophomores and freshmen at assembly hall on December 16.

The judges on the merits of the debate were Chas. S. Hartman, W. S. Davidson and Wm. Winter. The affirmative won this branch of the contest, but lost out with the judges who selected the team, three girls being named for the team and one boy as alternate. This latter set of judges was composed of Geo. Y. Patten, A. J.Walrath and Prof. J. H. More.

Those chosen to represent Gallatin were the Misses Alice Ulmer, Helen Spain and Eleanor Wylie, with Lyndall Davidson as alternate. The first interscholastic debate occurs with Livingston on December 17. The winner of that contest will meet Butte ' decide the championship of the southern district.

BOUFFONS BECOME BUSY

At a meeting of the Bouffons dancing club at the College last Monday morning all arrangements for the big dance which is scheduled for tonight in the Elks' hall were made. The affair will be one of the best of the season. The committee has been busy all morning decorating the hall in black and white crepe paper, while artistic designs on walls and ceiling will assist in making the place appear attractive. The floor has been improved and all those who enjoy a good dance will have an opportunity to get into the game tonight. This means a great amount of work and great expense to the members of the club and they greatly appreciate the attendance of those to whom invitations have been extended. This is the last big dance for this organization until after the holidays.

George Blinn was over to his home in Butte to spend Thanksgiving.

Winter Underwear

It is nearly time time for even the most athletic young man to discard his short sleeve and knee length underwear for that more suited to the rigors of winter.

We especially feature numbers in two piece and union suits of wool and silk, wool and cotton that are not too heavy.

They are knitted on spring needle machines making them very elastic.

Smoothly finishedseams, well sewed buttons and carefully made buttonholes add materially to the comfort of the user.

The prices are from—

$1.00 to $6.00 A SUIT.

The WILLSON CO.

Prof. A. H. Currier spent his vacation with Mr. and Mrs. John Maxey at Trail creek.

Wallace Fisher leaves today for Belgrade, where he will spend the remainder of the week.

Fred Gordon returned Wednesday morning from Forsyth, where he went to attend to his farming interests.

Chas. Soper, Wright Gray and Gilbert Hansen are expected back today from a two weeks hunting trip in the West Gallatin basin.

Francis Bennett, of Livingston, a former student in the art department of the college, visited friends in Bozeman the first part of the week.

President Chas. W. Tenney, of the Wesleyan university, will fill the pulpit at the Methodist church Sunday at both the morning and evening service.

An experienced lady stenographer and bookkeeper would like a position in Bozeman. The best of references will be furnished. Apply at the Republican-Courier for further information.

One of last week s most enjoyable social events was the card party given by Mrs. W. J. Fransham and her son's wife, Mrs. Chas. Fransnam. Vida Work had the high score for the afternoon and Nathalie Sacket received the cut prize.

INSURGENTS CONTINUE TO PLOT

While the regular members of the senior class are inclined to regard the insurgent faction as a joke, they will have cause in the near future to think otherwise. The latest event is a big banquet at the club rooms tomorrow night in celebration of the football game at Missoula yesterday. This Thanksgiving dinner is to be one of the most elaborate festivities ever planned by a student organization. Clinton Booker, seargent at arms of the new organization has had the affair in charge and wishes to announce to all members that nothing has been omitted to make the affair a big success. About ten outsiders have been invited to attend this, the first social function of the insurgents.

A committee has been appointed which at present is engaged in getting the measurements of the caps and gowns necessary for their first regular appearance. From what can be learned, the new garments are to be imported direct from the "Chanticler" in Paris, and will be about the most unique ever worn as representative of senior dignity. The members will appear in their new uniforms the first assembly after the Christmas holidays.

At a recent meeting of the "tough gang" the constitution was adopted for the club, the preamble of which reads as follows:

"We, the Outlaws of the Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, in order that we may establish harmony among ourselves and our classmates, provide more adequately for satisfying the desires of the inner man, to promote the interest of religion and art, insure to ourselves equality with our superior classmates and secure the blessings of isolation from the dignity of our angelic brethern, do ordain and establish this constitution for the insurgent club."

Inter-Collegiate Notes

The New Mexico College of Agriculture is to have a new gymnasium.

All student officers elected at the Kansas University were non frat men.

The Aggies of Minnesota have organized their first football team this fall.

Sixty-three per cent of the students of the Universit- of Idaho are church members.

Cornell has just won the cross country meet from Pennsylvania by a score of 46 to 17.

A prize of one hundred dollars has been given the writer of a new football song at Michigan.

The University of Colorado recently beat the University of Utah in football by a score of 11 to 0.

The Utah Aggies played football with the champion college team of Idaho and won, the score being 44 to 0.

When a college has too many men who are resting in cozy corners, college spirit has to feed on bread and water.

At Illinois the athletes who have won the 'Varsity letter two years in succession are awarded a blanket with the "I" on it.

The University of Utah defeated the Utah Aggies by a score of 21 to 12 a short time ago and repeated the trick yesterday 6 to 0.

The girls of Whitman College gave a dancing party to the freshmen girls. The party was strictly a co-ed affair and was a huge success.

Engineering students at the Minnesota University are constructing an elevated railroad three miles long to be used for practice work.

The students of the University of Kentucky call their football team the "Wild Cats." They interpret it as meaning fight for victory.

Christopher Boyce, the phenominal youth who entered Harvard at the age of fourteen, recently died in an insane asylum from over study.

Football games generally provoke something of a wave of whoop and Iowa's protest over the Missouri manner marks a new era in football.

A new system of self government with a constitution and a student tribunal is about to be established at the New Mexico Agricultura' College.

Ralph Wilson, aged 19 years, of Wabash College, Indiana, died a few days ago on account of injuries received in a recent football game.

The Chinese students of the University of Pennsylvania recently gave a play written and acted by themselves. The play was entitled, "When East and West Meets."

Nickle-in-the-slot telephones have been installed in the women's dormitory of the University of Minnesota, because the co-eds use the five free machines too much.

Staff members of the college paper of the University of Utah and those students who participate in any dramatic productions given by the student body are awarded the official gold monogram.

Columbia University at New York claims to have the only spherical sun dial in the world. It is a ball seven feet in diameter, which casts its shadow on a flat granite plank marked with the hours.

The faculty of the University of Wisconsin has passed a law restricting fraternities and sororities from initiating freshmen and prohibiting freshmen who may be pledged, the privilege of living in, or eating at the society houses during their first year. This rule will go into effect in 1912.

Instructors and professors at Yale are to be rewarded by a material increase in their salary warrants. The pay of assistant professors has been raised from $1,800 to $2,000. In the case of professors normal grades of $4,000, $4,500 and $5000 have been adopted.

Special Values

MENS SWEATER COATS,
YOUNG MENS SUITS AND OVERCOATS AND DRESS SHIRTS
HENRYS
Good Goods. Low Prices.

"We want a holiday," shouted more than three hundred students at Denver University, who reinforced their demands by clanging cow-bells, drums and tin cans, stormed recitation rooms and declared a strike when their demands were refused.

Intercollegiate 1

At Wooster the college paper is sent to every student and member of the faculty and notice must be sent if it is not wanted. Every student is considered a subscriber until notice to the contrary is received.

The Kaiser passed around a subscription paper and raised $2,500,000 for the University of Berlin. The Kaiser is in reality the greatest peace lord in Europe. He hasn't had a disturbance since he began to kaise. And now he is peaceably passing the hat.

SPECIAL HOURS FOR MEETINGS

(Continued from page 1)

ed out of danger. Dahling made no gain; Wolpert did likewise and Dahling booted the oval 30 yards.

A forward pass to Little added 16 yards and Dornblazer bucked the line for 8; Winstanley no gain nd Little punted 35 yards. Dahling kicks 35 yards to Winstanley. Dornblazer no gain and time for quarter with ball in University's possession on own 50 yard line.

Dornblazer 2, Winstanley makes first downs. Deschamps 1 yard, Winstanley no gain, Little receives a forward pass for 25 yards. College braces on their own five yard line and ball goes to them. Dahling kicked out from under goal posts.

Two attempts to toss the ball lost 18 yards, then college was penalized 5 yards for holding. Winstanley attempts to place kick but college offside, and a second trial went wide of the posts.

College put ball in play on 25 yard line. Wolpert 2, Chambers 2, then 'Varsity was penalized 15 yards for tripping. A forward pass was fumbled, Dahling gained 5 then punted 35 yards. Dornblazer and Deschamps could not gain and Little kicked 25 to Wolpert. Dahling got a long punt of 45 yards to Winstanley.

A punt of 40 yards, Little to Chambers, was returned 10. Dahling 2, Wolpert no gain and Dahling's place kick from 45 yard line fell short. A forward pass to Little netted 10, Ryan hit the line for 12, then Taylor grabbed a forward pass.

Dahling then got the best kick of the day, the ball taking a spiral course over the head of the safety man for a distance of 70 yards. Winstanley was downed on his own 15 yard line. Day got 3, Dornblazer 8, and Little hoisted the ball 30 yards. An attempt to pass went bad and time was called with the ball in 'Varsity control on their own 40 yard line.

The teams lined up as follows:

Montana	Position	M. A. C.
Little	left end	Taylor—Wade
Maclay—Klebe	left tackle	Sheriff
Bennett, Klebe, Fredell	left guard	Kirk
Conner	Center	Hodgskiss
Simpkins, F. Theime	right guard	Sheridan
Ryan	left half	Truitt
Deschamps	right half	Dahling
Dornblazer	full back	Tremper, Esp

Referee, Dr. Warren. Umpire, McIntosh. Field judge, Dinsmore. Head linesman, Magee.

SAFETY WINS LAST HAME GAME

(Continued from page 1)

Kirk	right guard	Thomas
Truitt	right tackle	Kane
Wade—Annin	right end	Cohen
Chambers	quarterback	Tremblay
Wolpert	left half	Murphy
Tremper	right half	Herrington
Esp	fullback	Grady, capt.

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