# THE WEEKLY EXPONENT

VOL. 2 | BOZEMAN, MONTANA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1911. | No. 20.


## CHAMPIONS OUTPLAY THE COLLEGIATES

### FAST BASKET TOSSERS FROM TWO RIVERS OVERCOME LEAD BY A SPLENDID SPURT DURING SECOND HALF

### BRABROOK A REAL HERO. PLAYS STAR GAME AFTER KNOCKOUT

### Score 28-24. Sheriff, Donaldson and Hartman in Excellent Form. Large Crowd Enthusiastic and Satisfied. Game Financially a Success

The college basketball team met defeat last Saturday night for the first time this season and that on their own floor. The team which accomplished the trick was no less than the famous Hamilton five from Two Rivers, Wis.

The game was intensely exciting from start to finish and at no time throughout its duration was it safe to predict the winners. At the end of the first half the score stood 14 to 11 in favor of the college but toward the end of the second session the superior weight and age of the visitors began to tell and the Hamiltons finally nosed the locals out by a score of 28 to 24.

The crowd of nearly six hundred spectators kept up a veritable roar of applause at the sight of the fastest contest of this kind that was ever seen in Bozeman. So rapid was the play that even the long experienced visitors were seen more than once to struggle among themselves for the possession of the ball. At four times during the games the rival teams were tie with each other.

Every man on both teams played his position so well that it would be unfair to all the rest to say that any had shown distinctly superior form. This was a contest in which team work on both sides was the most notable feature. The locals were hindered in this department because they were unable to get the ball at center, except in one or two instances.

Annin, the captain and forward of the aggies, tossed the first basket within ten seconds of the first toss-up at center. It was almost a phenomenal performance, being a one-handed affair made while the agile forward was apparently completely guarded. From this moment on the cheering was deafening and under its encouraging spell both teams played like fiends. The leader of the Aggies quickly duplicated his performance, and Hartman, his running mate was not long in raising the score to 6. The next score was made by Brabrook when this wiry individual slipped down and tossed a pretty one. The score now stood 8 to 0 before the visitors were able to connect. Not to be denied, however, Aldous, captain of the Hamiltons, found the ring for two baskets after a superb exhibition of passing by his teammates. The college maintained their lead, however, through the clever work of Hartman who made another basket at this juncture. Score 10 to 4. Fox, for the visitors added two points to his team's tally, but Annin partly evened matters up by scoring one on a free throw. Then Aldous made good a free toss and the score was 11 to 7. Speed, one of the visitors' guards, proved that his name was certainly not a misnomer by a lightning performance that ended in the tossing of a pretty basket. Fox tied the score by adding two more but Annin and Hartman contrived to give the College a lead of three points, the latter by tossing another field-goal and the former by adding one point on a free throw. Thus the first half ended with the score of 14 to 11 in favor of the home team.

During this session Brabrook won the admiration of every one in the hall by his plucky playing after being carried from the floor after hurting his head in a hard fall. For some minutes he was literally staggering about the floor but pluckily refused to retire and ended the half, having shut his man out of a score.

The second half saw some changes in the Aggy line-up, for which the crowd could see no apparent reason. Though Donaldson had been playing a superb game at guard and time and again had averted a score by cleverly intercepting the lightning passes of the visitors, he was taken out, Brabrook was shifted to guard and Wilson was put in at center. Be this change the cause or not the fact remains that the Aggies were noticeably slower in the second half than in the first.

The second session was, for the most part a fluctuation of supremacy, the score having come to a tie at three different times. Reddington, at center for the Two Rivers quintette, managed to elude Wilson long enough to make two baskets and act as the basis for the rapid team-work which his team exhibited toward the end of the contest. Aldous exactly repeated his scoring performance of the first half, having tossed two field baskets and made good one free throw. Fox likewise duplicated himself by adding two baskets and Speed contributed four points more to Hamilton's total.

For the college, Annin added a field goal and three successful free throws. This gave him a total of six good out of a possible eleven chances in this department. Hartman got away with one basket, Wilson with one, and this ended the scoring by the College. Final score: 28 to 24.

The game, fast as it was, was fairly free from roughness. In all there were eleven fouls called by referee Hartman on the visitors and five on the locals. Though this number would appear at first conclusion to be rather large, it represents, in the main, holding offenses of a rather mild nature and a few penalties for illegal dribbling. Referee Will Hartman met with approval on all sides and was complimented by the visitors upon his absolute fairness. Hartman played on the College five in former seasons when they met other traveling teams and he is quoted as saying that this five from Two Rivers was the best team, excluding that of the University of Utah, that he has ever seen on the College floor.

Coach McIntosh was surprised at the closeness of the contest, for he had predicted that the Hamilton team would be the winners by a good margin.

The game was a decided success from a financial viewpoint. The treasurer of the atnletic association announced after the game that there was a net profit of over $150.00. This is very gratifying in view of the fact that the close of the football season saw a deficit remaining, and also since the early part of the basketball season has not proven as successful as is usual y the case.

Between the halves, Athletic Director McIntosh awarded the football sweaters to the new "A" men of the past season.

The line-up of last Saturday's game follows:

| Hamilton. | Position. | M. A. C. |
|---|---|---|
| Aldous.(Capt.) | Forward | Annin.(Capt.) |
| Fox | " | Hartman |
| Reddington | Center. | Brabrook. (Wilson.) |
| Speed. | Guard. | Sheriff. |
| Krueger. | " | Donaldson. (Brabrook.) |

Referee: Hartman. Score: 28-24.

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The basketball fans of Bozeman are probably going to be afforded the opportunity of seeing part of last year's team in action again. A request comes from Charles Alward, a former Bozeman boy, now located at Polson, for a game with the college team. On the Polson team are Pool and Sloan, the two stars of last year's aggregation and both ambitious for a game at their alma mater again. The team offers to come for half of the gate receipts and Manager Donaldson is trying to arrange a date. This game would be one of the best drawing cards of the year and will leave a little surplus money in the strong box of the athletic association.

## FOUR WEEKS COURSE OPEN

### School for Creamery Men is Started With Good Attendance.

The third and last of the short courses offered by the College during the winter months started its operations last Monday morning. This latter course of instruction deals with the dairy work and is intended to fit the young man who takes it for a position as a buttermaker or cheese maker in some creamery, or make him competent to handle a large dairy farm. The time for study extends over four weeks and will be completed about March 3. The other two courses each were a week long and were given to horsemen and poultrymen. Both were attended better than was expected, and will be carried on again next winter for the third season.

The creamery school work will be composed of a series of lectures and laboratory work. The classroom instruction will be mostly as to the best methods of handling dairy supplies, and the questions of keeping, production, and the principles involved in the manufacture of cheese and butter.

In the laboratory a little time will be devoted to the practical means of bottling and handling milk. Each of the machines, such as the aerators, separators, churns, etc., will be thoroughly inspected in order that the students can become acquainted with their mechanism. The remainder of the time will be used in learning how to make butter and cheese, and each student is expected to become familiar with all the details which influence the quality of butter, time of churning, ripening of cream ,and other features.

There will be a butter making contest some time during the course between the students. The latter part of the work will deal with the manufacture of cheese.

Prof. Roy Jones is the chief lecturer for all this work, although he will be assisted by Profs. Griffin, Clark and Taylor, who will discuss the different questions of care of the dairy herd, animal nutrition, best kinds of methods of feeding, mode of infection, symptoms, and treatment of the diseases which are often found in the dairy herd, and other topics of farm sanitation.

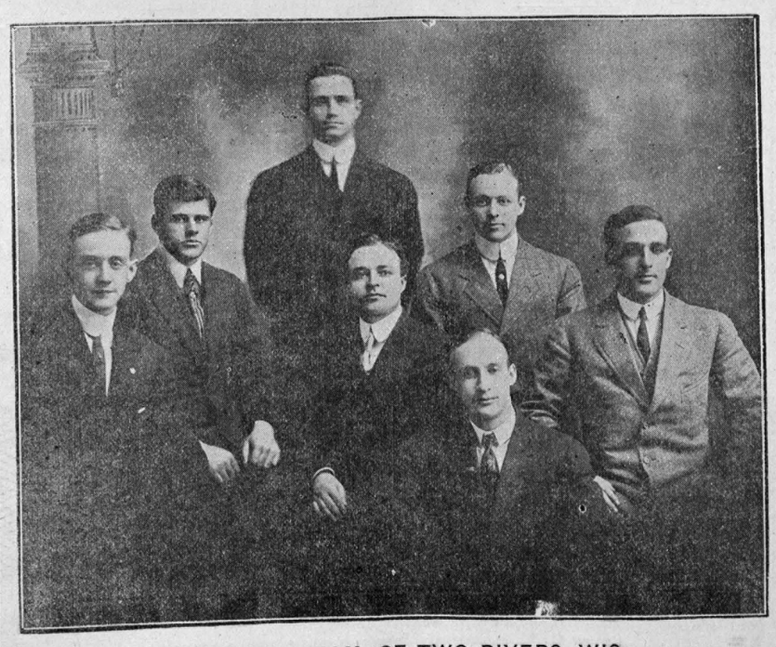
At present thirteen members have enrolled for this work and more are expected to take up the work before the week is up.

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### CHAMBERS RESIGNS; McGUIRE ELECTED.

At a meeting of the Sophomore class held last Friday morning the resignation of Ned Chambers as editor-in chief of next year's annual, was accepted. The class elected Frank McGuire to take the editorship and it is generally understood that Fred Gordon will assist him in the capacity of business manager.

Frank McGuire has been in the institution for several years as a member of the preparatory school and the class of 1913 in college and he has grown familiar with the ways of the college. The choice is considered an excellent one and members of the class stated the belief that they would be well represented by next year's publication.



HAMILTON TEAM, OF TWO RIVERS, WIS.

Left to right, upper row:—Reddington, Krueger, Carey, Aldous, (Capt.) and Speed. Bottom row:—Hamilton, (Manager,) and Fox.

## COLLEGE GIRL'S ROMANCE

### Miss Christine Cameron Married in Far-away California—Surprise to Friends.

Meagre details of a pretty romance in which a leading part was played by an ex-student of this institution have just reached this city from California. About three months ago Miss Christene Cameron, of last year's freshman class, left with her parents to spend the winter in San Diego, California. Word that she was married there on Monday of this week was received by friends several days ago.

It seems that Miss Cameron was captivated at first sight by a young man she met in the southern city, Gordon North by name. Their marriage was quickly arranged for the 27th of February but the happy young couple were unable to wait and the marriage was solemnized this week. Less than two weeks previously the bride had written her sister that she would be back to Bozeman about the 10th of February.

It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. North will take up their residence in California. The best wishes of the many Bozeman friends of the bride are extended to her, and the Exponent joins in thos· sentiments.

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### NEW COURSES AT M. A. C.

With the advent of the new semester comes the word that there will be some new courses offered. Chief of these are the courses in farm mechanics under the supervision of Prof. Bonebright, lately an addition to the faculty. Under the latter's direction there will be maintained classes in farm mechanics for students of the regular college courses and preparatory school as well.

The junior girls in domestic science have been offered a new course in advanced cooking.

Under President J. M. Hamilton a course in sociology has been arranged. At present there are six girls taking advantage of this two-credit course. The class is enthusiastic over this new course and it is stated as likely that a number will enroll in it.

There is in addition to the above mentioned new courses, one in nutrition under Prof. W. M. Cobleigh. This course goes into the interesting chemical phases of the arts of cooking.

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### ANOTHER CHALLENGE

On Wednesday morning after the sophomores had silenced the freshmen so far as a controversy on the basketball floor was concerned, the victors posted the following challenge on the bulletin board:

**In view of the result of the game between the freshmen and sophomores the sophomores, victors, hereby challenge the victors of this afternoon's contest between the seniors and the Juniors. They further suggest that the game resulting from such challenge be played at the Drill Hall Next Friday afternoon, February 10.**

The above challenge paves the way for the deciding inter-class game.

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Fourteen young men and boys are known to have lost their lives playing foot-ball, in the season just closed.

## FUNDS ARE RAISED FOR TOURNAMENT

### FACULTY COMMITTEE UNTIRING IN SOLICITING SUPPORT FROM STUDENTS AND TOWNSPEOPLE. RESULTS GRATIFYING

### OVER $300 PLEDGED AND RAISED BY THE BOOSTERS' CLUB

### Ten Schools will be Represented in Athletic Contest. Several Speakers will be Sent for Extemporaneous Speaking Affair. Committees Appointed

The preliminary work completed, the final and definite part of the arrangements for the basketball tournament have been made. Yesterday the formal invitation to the high schools of the state were mailed out, bearing the signatures of President J. M. Hamilton and Athletic Director J. H. McIntosh. These invitations include not only the basketball, but also the extemporaneous speaking contest. Each high school is allowed to send six basketball men and one speaker and is expected to send along a member of their faculty.

This action means that the tournament is a certainty and everybody is eager to witness the first annual occurance of that event. A week ago there were some doubts of the financial backing which would be accorded but all this doubt has been dispelled by the liberal action of the people down town, of the students through the Boosters' club, and the faculty. More than $1100 has been subscribed, or rather pledged in return for the season tickets which sell at $1.50. Of this amount more than $300 was taken by the students.

At a meeting of the tournament committee of the faculty Wednesday, provision was made for the appointment of a number of sub-committees. Prof. W. F. Brewer was made chairman of the committee on the speaking contest and with two assistants will have full charge of that part of the affair. Director J. H. McIntosh will head the committees on games, advertising and program and will appoint such assistants from students, faculty or down town supporters as he may need. Prof. L. G. Schermerhorn will take charge of the reception of the visitors and will be responsible for providing them with plenty of opportunity for seeing the institution, becoming acquainted and having a good time generally.

To Prof. W. D. Tallman was assigned the duty of making arrangements for accomodating the visitors. It is possible that some will take their meals while in Bozeman at the home science department. The matter of executing the financial plans as they have been made was turned over to Prof. H. F. Patterson. He will see to the distribution of the tickets and collection of the money for the same.

So far as can be learned the following high schools may be expected to take part in the contests: Butte, Helena, Anaconda, Dillon, Deer Lodge, Phillipsburg, Gallatin, Livingston, Billings and Red Lodge. There are some others which have teams and are anxious to enter, but which may be excluded by action of their own school boards. Among these are Great Falls, Kalispell and Teton. It is understood that the pupils of those schools will not be permitted to come owing to the time which would be lost from their regular school work.

All the railroads of the state have agreed to grant round trip rates of a fare and a third on the certificate plan. These tickets may be purchased as much as three days before the meet and are good, on the certificate issued at the time of purchase, for three days after the meet closes.

It has been decided to adopt the interscholastic rules of Montana for governing the meet. A copy of these regulations, together with the special rules connected with the tournament and the strictly original rules governing the speaking contest, will be furnished on application.

It is expected that many of the schools which do not play basketball will send a representative to participate in the speaking contest. Invitations for the basketball part of the tournament were not issued to those schools who declared they had not had and would not have a team, though the speaking contest invitations were extended to all the accredited high schools of the state.

A handsome silver cup will be awarded to the team winning the tournament, and to the winner of the speaking contest a gold medal will be given. Other special prizes may be arranged for later.

As is indicated by the above account of plans and action taken, a great deal of work has already been done, but much remains to be done in order to perfect the arrangements and insure the unqualified success of the venture. Now that finances have been pretty well cared for and no deficit is likely in this department, the entertaining of the hundred odd guests expected becomes one of the principal questions which is to be met.

It was at one time proposed that the visitors be given room on the third floor of Hamilton hall and that they should take their meals at that place. It has developed, however, that such a plan will be impracticable and they must be entertained elsewhere. As most of them will be strangers to the city, it will be necessary that special attention be given to the different teams. It is thought that the most successful way of accomplishing this will be through the appointment of a student of the college from the same school to take charge of this detail.

It will be necessary for the teams to pay their own way to this city, receiving in return a receipt and a certificate, the receipt will entitle them to reimbursement for the full fare here and the one-third return fare. The certificate, upon presentation, will entitle the holder to the one-third rate for his return ticket.

The committee on program will take steps early next week to learn the colors and the school yells of the different participants and will begin plans at once for the preparation of the program, which will be a souvenir feature and will contain much valuable information concerning the tournament.

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### SENIORS ELIMINATED FROM RACE.

What purported to be a game but was viewed by the spectators as nothing better than an uninteresting farce, took place between the Senior and Junior classes last Wednesday afternoon. The models of dignity were as naught before their more athletic and active rivals, the juniors. To add to the troubles of the vanquished, there was some dissention within their ranks. So it looked to the onlookers when repeated chances for baskets went for naught.

The final score was 40 to 6, and it is generally conceded that it would have been much more one-sided had not the victors become weary of the slaughter.

Though not serving to interest the students to any marked degree, this would-be contest accomplished one end of some consequence. Namely, to eliminate the seniors from the inter-class basket ball race and thereby leave the way open for a decisive and interesting game between the sophomores and juniors.

This latter contest will take place this afternoon and will without doubt be one well worth seeing. Neither side has apparently any decided advantage but both are determined to die hard. The result of the present status of the inter-class championship race is sure to be a close hard struggle at the Drill Hall this afternoon.

# THE WEEKLY EXPONENT

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Bozeman, Montana.

STAFF.

Chas. H. Draper, '12....Editor-in-Chief
James T. Annin, '11..Associate Editor
E. A. Chambers, '13..Managing Editor
Chas. L. Hansen, '12..Business Mgr.
George Morgan, '12...Ass't. Bus. Mgr.
Wm. Chapman, '12..Circulation Mgr.
Rhoda Dawes, '13..Northwest Editor
Frieda M. Bull, '07..Alumni Reporter
..... Athletic Reporter
General Reporters: Myrtle Alderson '13; Selmar Solberg, '14; Irene Piedalue, '11, Horace Davis, '14.

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**The Exponent is written, edited and managed entirely by students. No financial remuneration is connected with positions on the staff. It is printed for the students, faculty and alumni and contains all the news of its field.**


## CALENDAR.

Feb. 10. Assembly.—Agricultural Club.

Feb. 10. Basket Ball.—Juniors vs. Sophomores. Drill Hall.

Feb. 10. Civic League.—Alton Packard, Cartoonist. Opera House.

Feb. 12. Lincoln's Birthday.—A Holiday.

Feb. 17. Meetings of Various Student Organizations.

Feb. 20. Basket Ball.—Triple B.'s of Billings vs. M. A. C.—Drill Hall.

Feb. 21. Arena Literary Meeting.—Extemporaneous Speaking. College Hall.

Feb. 22. Civic League.—The Dunbars—Quartette and Bell Ringers. Opera House.

Feb. 22 Washington's Birthday.—Holiday.

Feb. 24-25. "The College Cocktail" show given by the Band and Elks.

March 2, 3, and 4. The big Interscholastic basket ball tournament and speaking contest.

## PROMOTIONS AND CONFESSIONS.

Attention is called to the change in the staff arrangement which is evidenced by the list at the head of these columns. Because of the large amount of work connected with each issue of the Exponent and in order to bring a larger number into the discharge of these press duties, it was found advisable to create the position of Associate Editor.

This position is to rank next to the editorship and the special duties attached, aside from covering such assignments as shall be made by the managing editor, consist in the writing of headlines, reading of proof and planning of make-up. Editorial writing will probably be added to these duties in the near future and a part or all of the material which appears in these columns will be the result of the Associate Editor's efforts. To fill this important and responsible position there could be but one choice, a man who has for more than a year faithfully served the Exponent in different capacities, who has been always an inspiration to his fellow workers, and always reliable in the performance of not only his own duties but of those which should have been performed by others. The mantle of this new office was settled upon James T. Annin.

Mr. Annin has previously filled the position of Managing Editor and his promotion necessitated the choice of one who would be able to assume these duties immediately and who had shown by previous devotion that the important work would not be slighted. And here again there was but one possible course. Since the first issue of the paper there has been one man more serviceable on the staff than a pinch hitter is on a baseball team.

In emergencies, he could always be depended upon to perform any reasonable task assigned. His services from the very first have been extremely valuable and his training and ability peculiarly fit him for discharging the responsibilities of the Managing Editorship.

Under the present arrangement these duties are to keep in touch with the developments so closely that each issue of the paper can be planned a week or more ahead of its publication. And that is exactly what is done. The Managing Editor surveys the field, estimates the relative value of the various 'stories' which are to be covered, assigns these subjects to the member who in his opinion is in the best position to cover the assignment, is responsible for the delivery of the copy in time, and is often called upon to write stories which have been neglected by the reporter.

The work of Edwin A. Chambers during the past thirteen months has been of such value that he was elevated from the position of athletic reporter to managing editor to succeed Mr. Annin. This leaves a vacancy in the athletic department which will probably be filled in the near future. There is some very promising material alreay working out for that position and an appointment can probably be announced soon.

In making these announcements of change of staff, there has been outlined in part the work of the Exponent. But in part only, for the duties mentioned above compose only a small fraction of the sum total which must be performed in the routine of the week. Perhaps a few of the readers would be interested in hearing more about this enterprise. At any rate it would scarcely be considered inappropriate to say a few more words concerning it.

Without boasting, or casting reflections upon the efforts connected with any other branch of student industry, it may be finally and definitely stated that the Exponent requires more time, more painstaking attention, and more consistent application, than does any of the many other student enterprises on the hill. The athlete who devotes three hours each school day to his practice is rather the exception than the rule, yet this amount of time and much more is spent each day or every week in the school year, not by one student only, but by four or five.

The first step in the production of the news portion of the paper is the assignment of expected events. This is followed by interviews, inspection, and investigation. The results are written out, sent through one of various channels to the editor, corrections are here made, sometimes statements are to be verified, then the copy is delivered to the compositor. This under the arrangements, must take place not later than Wednesday noon of each week. From that time on the compositor is busy with Exponent copy. There must be enough on hand to fill the available space, for a blank sheet would not be very attractive, and at the same time space must be provided for every event in connection with the college which is legitimate news matter.

After the work of the compositor comes the proof reading, which in short is the marking of all errors which may appear. Headlines must be written, the front page planned, articles adjusted so as to make a respectable balance, and the makeup of the rest of the paper planned.

The advertising portion of the work consists in the collection of advertising copy, this too not later than Wednesday afternoon, the reading of adv. proofs, the arrangement of the finished products on the different pages in accordance with previous policy and with promises as to position. The bills for the advertising are collected monthly and this work in itself requires more time than is ordinarily supposed.

With the circulation of the paper many of the readers are at least partly familiar. This is only a very small portion of the whole amount of work in connection with the paper, yet it requires considerable attention. The three hundred odd copies which are mailed out each week must be wrapped and addressed. (The latter process has recently been much simplified by the purchase of an addressing machine.) The copies must be distributed to those who call for them and mailed to those subscribers who do not thus get their paper. The subscription list must be kept up to date, negligent subscribers swung into line, changes in address noted and entered on the books, and a thousand other details attended to.

This summary of the work on the Exponent pretends to be anything but complete. It probably is as far from being complete as it is from being interesting. Many of the important and time-consuming duties have only been alluded to, others have not been mentioned. The work of the Northwest editor, consisting in scanning carefully about eighty papers on the exchange list, clipping, condensing, and abstracting their articles, is not exactly a light task. The writing of editorials is of course an easy and at the same time much appreciated task. The general reader may think it is easy to maintain a hopeful view of affairs when everything is going wrong, that it is easy to advise and recommend continued activity in progressiveness when everything appears to be floating down stream, and when prospects look most uninviting.

It is a fact though that ninety percent of the readers have not the slightest conception of the amount of actual work and perseverance concerned in maintaining the paper. If this brief and fragmentary review of that feature of the publication helps in the slightest to clear up, in the minds of part of the readers, this aspect of the matter, the time and space consumed by this article will be considered well spent.

## TALK OF NEW SCHEDULE.

In the last issue of the Exponent there was a short notice with regard to the change of the regular rehearsals of the M. A. C. band from the present headquarters to a room at the college. The plan to be followed is still to be settled upon but it is a certainty that the rehearsals will in the future take place in the morning instead of after supper. It is understood that the place of meeting will be the grain laboratory, a large bright room in the Agricultural Hall.

When interviewed with regard to the faculty arrangement with the band, President Hamilton announced that should the students show a favorable disposition toward it, a plan for eight o'clock classes would be adopted in the very near future. There has been apparent a desire to find more time for student activities outside the classroom. The proposed change of schedule would probably supply more leisure in the following manner: Classes would convene each hour between the hours of 8 and 12 o'clock, the noon-hour to be that between 12 and 1 o'clock. By commencing laboratory periods this much earlier the latter part of the afternoon would be available for the use of the students according to their own discretion. President Hamilton admitted that the first hour would in this event be occupied by as light a schedule as possible.

The Exponent hereby invites the publication in its columns of student opinions bearing on the schedule subject.

Did you stop to consider that the showing in the line of tournament tickets pledged is an unquestionable indication of unswerving loyalty to this latest enterprise? There were doubts from those higher up as to the ability of the students to raise the amount pledged by the Boosters. Results were extremely reassuring. The field was not completely worked over at the last reports, yet more than the pledged $300 were raised, and that without going outside of college to the many high school students and other friends of this big event.

After the inter-class basketball series reaches its conclusion, there are two steps more to be taken in local basketball circles. The first is for the winner of the contest this afternoon to play a team of all-stars made up of the players of all the other classes. The other is for the faculty to officially schedule their long looked for game The attendance at the latter will probably break all previous records as to number and enthusiasm. Predictions as to final score are liable to be too conservative, so none will here be made.

The Boosterines, always active and energetic, have laid plans for a unique and prepossessing plan which has as its object the cultivation of an interest in this college on the part of young lady high school students in the state. The exact details of the plan are not open for publication, but carrying them out will represent another good stroke to be chalked up to the credit of the busiest and most progressive year the college has ever known.

Louis Howard is simply dee-lighted with the turnout at his first morning band practice Wednesday morning. Though called at the early hour of eight at the Agricultural Hall, all but one member of the musical organization was in his place. The organization has a faculty of doing nothing by halves. Probably that accounts for its remarkable success since its inception.

In the memory of the five or six hundred people who witnessed it, the game last Saturday evening with the Hamilton team of Two Rivers will live long. It was clean and fast, with neither side in any decided disadvantage. The attendance was also gratifying, demonstrating as it did that interest in the great indoor winter sport has not vanished from the community.

After considerable prodding and the taking by others of privileges usually reserved to the teams themselves, the inter-class basketball series was begun and this afternoon will see its completion. The result has very naturally been the arousing of interest in athletic affairs and the strengthening of class and consequently of college spirit.

It would be a pretty condition for those Polson fellows, Pool and Sloan included, to come down here and administer defeat to their successors in the college uniforms. They would be kept pretty busy nevertheless.

The Students, the Business Men, and the Faculty are united in saying the tournament must come off. They back up their demands with actions that speak even louder, too.

Speaking of titles, have you thought of any appropriate names for the various buildings and other improvements on the campus? They need something of the kind.

Pretty soon the debates over schedule and conflict will be concluded and the instructors will be actually expecting the classes to assume some regularity.

## OFFICERS FOR Y. M. CHOSEN.

The Y. M. C. A. at the regular monthly business meeting Tuesday afternoon, elected officers for the ensuing year.

Guy J. Millegan was re-elected as president of the association. The other officers elected were as follows: Frank B. Leinard, vice-president; Stanley Douglas, secretary; and Geo. Morgan, treasurer. Next week these new officers will be installed.


Valentines and Valentine Post Cards 1c to $5

Fine Stationery, Tablets and Writing Paper. New Stock just received.

Rose Drug Co.
*The Rexall Store*

$9.75

Buys your pick of any $15.00 Suit or Overcoat in stock

This includes Blue Serges, Blacks and Fancy Mixtures. All this season's patterns and styles.

The Vogue
3 GRADE SYSTEM CLOTHIERS
Chavey and Jacobs Props.
Leaders in
STYLE, QUALITY, LOW PRICES

An Early Showing of Spring Derbies
STETSON'S
W A L S H ' S

Take Care of the Dollars
And later the Dollars will take care of you. A savings account in the
Gallatin State Bank
Earns 4 per cent. interest, compounded twice a year.
Capital and Surplus, - - $100,000.

WE DELIVER BAGGAGE TO ANY PART OF THE CITY.
PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED
HEADQUARTERS—Rose Drug Co.
WOOSLEY & FREEMAN

Remember that you can always get the choicest flowers of any kind at
LANGOHR'S GREEN HOUSE
315 S. Tracy Both Phones

For Professional Barbering, go to
THE TUXEDO BARBER SHOP
C. A. McIntyre, *Prop.* Michigan Building

The Pioneer Insurance Office
of the Pioneer Fire Companies
Lots and blocks of lots, also properties for sale, on the iustallment plan
J. M. LINDLEY
Room Five, Bozeman Hotel Annex



Why not stop at the
Vienna Bakery
when out in a storm, and get a cup of hot chocolate.
We serve Ice Cream and Sodas all winter.
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# THE WEEKLY EXPONENT

Monthly Supplement

Vol. 2 BOZEMAN, MONTANA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1911. No. 20.


## The Old Log House

From the very first time I met him, I had been strangely drawn to Frank Laurence. Just what caused him to attract me, I do not know; perhaps it was a certain air of mystery with which I persisted in surrounding him, though Frank himself always laughingly disclaimed any distinction in that direction. Indeed his history as he told it, was quite matter of fact. Born in England, about twenty years ago, he had lived in a small town until his parents died two or three years before, when he had come to Canada for a fresh start. Once I asked him if he had any relatives in this country, but he only laughed and said:

"Oh! I suppose I have some cousins around somewhere. Perhaps I' run across them some time."

It was in the fall of that year that the adventure happened of which I write. Although I had known Frank but a few months, I eagerly accepted the invitation he sent me, to join him in a two weeks' hunting trip in Northern Ontario; and a week later found us on our way to the headwaters of the Maganetewan, a region known far and near, as the "Sportsman's Paradise."

Of the first week nothing need be said, but a day or two later as we were sitting around the camp fire after supper, Frank, who had been out alone that day suddenly remarked:

"Ran across an old log house about three miles off this afternoon. Know anything about it Tom?" turning to the guide, and old trapper who knew the country.

The old man did not answer for some moments. "I was hopin' we'd get out o' here before you tumbled onto that," he said finally. "What you saw was Father Michael's hut."

"Father Michael's hut!" exclaimed Frank. "Who on earth's he?" and I echoed the inquiry.

"What!" cried the old trapper incredulously, "you mean to tell me you never heard of Father Michael?"

"Never a word," we answered; "who was he anyway?"

"Who was he?" repeated the old man; "ah lads, a good many has asked that, but there aint nobody knows. There was some as said he warn't no priest at all, but I reckon they was only guessin.' Anyway he built that hut, and lived there four or five years, and then disappeared. Some said he had left the country, and some as how he had been killed by the Indians, but nobody knowed. But ——" and here the old man's voice sank almost to a whisper—"ever since then the Indians has believed that his spirit hants the old house. You wouldn't get one of them within a mile of it after night if he knowed it. I don't believe"—he went on after a pause, "I'd care to spend a night there myself."

"What kind of a looking fellow was he?" asked Frank, who had been deeply interested." Did you ever see him?"

"Never saw him myself," answered the guide; "seem' as 'twas before my time; but my father said he was a tall thin feller with black hair and a bulldog face."

Frank's mouth opened as if to say something, but he changed his mind, and after a moment asked carelessly:

"What kind of a scar did you say on his face?"

"I didn't know I said anythin' about a scar," was the reply, "but now you mention it I believe my father did say somethin' about that—a long red one it was, down one cheek. What made you ask?"

"Oh! nothing," said Frank rather confusedly, "I was thinking of something else;" but I noticed he scarcely spoke the rest of the evening.

When I came in the next afternoon, I found a note from Frank saying he had gone to follow up a trail he had seen the day before, and not to be worried if he did not return that night. In spite of this assurance, I suspected where he had gone, and, I confess, passed a sleepless night, waiting anxiously for his return.

It was nearly noon next day when he arrived, and I could see that he was strangely excited.

"Sit down," he said in answer to my eager questions "and I'll tell you about it." And then he told me the story—one of the strangest I think I ever heard. Of the events of that night I can give no explanation. I set down the facts exactly as Frank told them, leaving to wiser heads the task of unravelling the puzzle.

"As you suspected," he began, "I visited the old hut, but as I wanted to be alone, I left the note you found. The house was built into the side of a hill, the lower part of the shanty roof being level with the bank behind. Inside things looked gloomy enough. The only light, save what filtered through the roof, came from a small opening about a foot square in one end The only substantial thing in the room was a stone fireplace, built in one corner, next the bank. Here I speedily built a fire, and barring the rude but heavy door, I wrapped myself in my blanket, and prepared to watch for "His majesty the Ghost."

Several times I found myself nodding, but I fought off the drowsiness and waited patiently. I suppose I must have dozed finally, for the next thing I remember I was sitting bolt upright, every faculty on the alert. What had wakened me? The fire had died down, and all was quiet save for a slight rustling of the trees outside.

Suddenly I noticed that the room was growing light. Surely it could not not be morning. I looked at my watch—one A. M. Then I smiled at my faintheartedness; the moon of course. But the moon, as I remembered a moment later had gone down hours before. What could it be? Steadily the light grew brighter until I could distinguish objects across the room. Then I noticed, behind the fireplace, a rectangular opening about three feet high.

Suddenly as I listened, I heard the sound of footsteps. One—two—three—four—I counted, on up to ten, but strain my eyes as I would, I could see nothing. A slight sound at the door caused me to glance that way, and when I looked again toward the fireplace, I could hardly restrain a cry of astonishment—for there, standing with clasped hands before the fire, I saw, as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life, the figure of a Catholic priest."

Frank paused, and though it was not a warm day, great drops of sweat stood out on his forehead. Breathlessly I waited for him to continue.

"Up till this time," he resumed presently, "I had believed the legend to be but a foolish superstition, but now all my doubts vanished. It was the monk beyond question. His back was partly toward me but there could be no mistaking the cowl and gown. As Tom said yesterday, he was tall and thin, but his black hair was turning gray. I could even catch a glimpse of the ugly scar that disfigured one side of his face.

As I watched him, fascinated, he turned, and to my horror, slowly walked, or rather glided towards me. Nearer and nearer he came, until I could feel the chill damp air with which he seemed to be surrounded I tried to cry out, but my throat was parched. I closed my eyes as I felt rather than saw him lean towards me; then a cold clammy hand pressed my forehead, and I knew no more.

The next thing I remember it was dawn, and with it my courage returned. I made a careful examination of the interior, but everything appeared solid. Then I seized my hatchet and started with the fireplace. A few blows convinced me that a hollow was behind, and in a couple of minutes I laid bare the opening. Hastily lighting a torch I started to explore. At right angles to the rear wall, a number of steps led downward, then a short passage terminated in a fair sized cave. It was of course completely dark, and I did not stop to examine it closely, but I found —" and here Frank paused— "I found a human skeleton."

"The old priest!" I exclaimed.

"I suppose so," he returned. "Anyway there was a silver cross hanging around his neck. But what interested me rather more," he went on, 'was this:" and he drew from his pocket a small leather bag and threw it down just as the old trapper came in.

Old Tom's eyes were bulging as he picked it up. "Dust!" he gasped. "Where'd you find it?"

"In a cave" replied Frank. "Come along and I'll show you."

We needed no urging, and in less than an hour we were at the old house. The cave was not large and as we afterwards found, had an outlet cleverly concealed among the trees further up the hillside. Just now however, we were busy with the cave itself. The skeleton was there beyond a doubt—a ghastly grinning thing that makes me shudder even yet. But there was absolutely nothing else. The bag of gold, that had lain beside the bony hand, seemed to be the only thing of value in the cave.

Meanwhile Frank was examining the silver cross.

"I think," he said, and I noticed his voice trembled a little, "if you fellows don't mind, I'll keep this for a souvenir."

I looked at it as he held it in his hand. It was about three inches long, and was engraved with a rather curious device, beneath which was the Latin inscription—"Aut vincere, aut mori."

"What does that mean?" I asked Frank, who was gazing at it as if fascinated.

"It means "To conquer or to die," he answered in a low tone. I was about to ask him what the device signified, when he thrust the thing into his pocket and said: "Well, there doesn't seem to be anything else to see, so I'm for home," and leaving us to follow he hurried away.

This incident ended our trip,and a few days later we were in Toronto. In bidding me goodbye, Frank handed me a sealed envelope saying.

"I have to go back to England in a day or so. If you don't hear from me in three months, open this and follow directions," and before I could question him, he was gone. In less than the stipulated time, however, the letter came. It was dated at Blankshire, England, and was as follows:

Dear Friend,—

You have doubtless wondered somewhat at some of my actions last fall, but the time has now come when I can explain in full. To begin: My father was the youngest son of an English baronet. His oldest brother, who would have taken the title, had to fly the country owing to a duel fought with a neighbor. When nothing was heard of him for many years, it was supposed that he was dead, and by a combination of circumstances, which I need not relate, my father came into the title about ten years ago.

A few years later a young man came from America claiming to be the rightful heir, and bringing papers to prove that he was the son of my long lost uncle. To cut the story short, he proved his claim, and my parents dying soon after, I went to Canada for a fresh start. Imagine my astonishment that night in camp, when old Tom's description of the priest tallied exactly with that of my uncle, even to the scar received in the duel. It was to solve this puzzle I spent the night at the old house ,and you know the result—with one exception. The bag of gold was not the only thing I found; there was also a small metal box of papers, which for certain reasons I wished kept a secret. With their aid, I had little difficulty in exposing the imposter, and am now in possession of—I am almost afraid to think—how many thousands per year. the cave was not all the treasure. How my uncle came by it I do not know, but among the other papers, was one showing where it (the treasure) was buried. That paper you have in your possession. Take it with my best wishes, and may it be a blessing to you and yours,

Your friend,

LAURENCE FRANKLYN (BART.)

For some moments I stared at the letter in stupid amazement. Frank a baronet! Then I read once more the last paragraph. "That paper you have." Trembling with excitement, I searched out the leather case where I had put the packet among other papers. As I held it in my hand, trying to realize what the wealth would mean to me, something stirred inside the case, and I dropped it in sudden alarm. As I did so a mouse jumped from a hole in the corner, and scuttled across the room. With a sudden sense of apprehension, I picked up the case and opened it. Then as I realized the truth, I could hardly restrain a cry of bitter disappointment. During the past two months, the mouse had been quietly busy, and all that remained of my fortune, was a handful of tiny scraps of paper that no power on earth could ever put together. I looked for the mouse, but he too had disappeared.

A. E. L.

## A German Maid

She came to work for us the first week of the New Year, and she was the most cheerful and industrious maid that year or any of its successors brought us. It was such a comfort to us children, when we came home from school and rushed ravenously into the kitchen, to be greeted with a "Ya, Katie vill gif you a cookie or mebbe two or dree if you vill be a goot boy and girl." And with that promise on our lips we would contentedly munch cookies as Katie told us stories of boys and girls in her country.

She always told funny ones, and even when she told about her trip across the ocean, the most amusing incidents put her grief at leaving her old home into the background. I remember that I said to mother one day, "I don't believe that Katie even gets homesick; she's always happy."

But that very afternoon, as she was busy frying doughnuts and humming a German folk-song, my little brother, Tom, came in with a new mouth organ and began to play the only piece in his repertoire, "Home Sweet Home." He played it through without a mistake, and then, as he looked up for Katie's approving smile, he exclaimed, "Oh, Katie; what's the matter? Did you burn your finger" for the tears, which we had never seen there before, were streaming down the girl's plump, red cheeks.

"Nichts, liebchen, nichts," sobbed Katie, as she set the kettle of boiling fat on the back of the stove and hurried to her room. We children stood in awe-struck silence outside of the door, and listened as the sobs grew fainter and finally stopped, and still no Katie appeared.

"I never dreamed she knew 'Home Sweet Home,'" said Tom, in a whisper. "Do you suppose they sing it in Germany?"

It was not until mother came home that anyone dared even rap on Katie's door; but when we told mother what had happened, she motioned us away and quietly entered the girl's room. Half an hour later we were surprised to see mother herself setting the supper table, and when we asked her why Katie didn't do it, she told us what the girl had told her.

A year before, Katie had been living at home on a pleasant and thrifty little farm, with her father, mother, and four brothers. Hans, a young farmer, who had been their neighbor for several years, had long been in love with her and had planned to marry her the next summer. But that spring the crops in that part of the country failed, and Han's and Katie's brothers left with the great swarm of emigrants for America.

The lonely little girl was kept busy helping her father earn enough for their support and cheering her mother; so she spent the early autumn busily, and almost happily, for Katie was most optimistic.

Perhaps if she had not been so bright and cheerful, a strange Berlin gentleman, who was very rich, would not have become infatuated with her and offered her father a large sum of money for his consent to their marriage. After that it was the old story of money appealing to the peasant more than his daughter's happiness, and Katie had come to America in the hope that she might find her lover and brothers.

She still wrote to her mother, and it was the image of that shattered home contrasted with the formerly contented and happy fireside that had appeared to her and had so overcome her when she heard the "Home Sweet Home."

We children were deeply impressed with the story and expected to see a sad and forlorn Katie next morning; but she was as bright and smiling as ever and only mother realized what a heavy heart that smile concealed.

R. S., '14.

## Wanted---A Soprano

"Talk about punk practices! That one this afternoon was the worst ever." And Farrar dropped dejectedly into a chair and threw her gloves upon the table with a disgusted slap.

"Oh cheer up, Pudge. All that ails the practices is the lack of a soprano."

"And you call that a little thing, Edna Martin. I suppose that month from today when the curtain rises to reveal the chorus of Whitman girls, the audience will not miss the lack of simply a leading soprano. I, for one, feel like giving up the whole shootin' match."

"Take off your hat and coat dear and at least be comfortable; we've got an hour before dinner to talk it over.' replied her roommate who, having removed her wraps drew a rocking chair nearer the fire and waited for Farrar to carry out her suggestion.

"Talk it over! Lots of good that will do. We've done nothing but talk it over since that Margaret Leslie turned us down."

"I wonder why she did it, mused Edna wonderingly. "She admits she can sing, to a certain extent at least, and yet she won't even try."

"Of course she won't try. Has she tried anything since she came here early this Spring? She thinks she's better than the rest of us just because her father's rich. Why, Eddie, you know she's been a perfect stick, from the first day she came."

"Yes, she has acted distant, Pudge, but maybe its because she feels strange or it's hard for her to make friends."

"You can't tell me that a girl as pretty as she couldn't make friends with anyone she wanted to. Why some of the frat. boys were crazy about her until she refused all their bids. Oh dear, will I ever forget the day Jack asked her to go to the Minstrel the boys gave?" And Farrar laughed at the recollection. "Don't you remember how she answered so coldly and stiffly, "Thank you, Mr. Esgar, but I really can't go." I can see Jack's squelched look yet."

"That was quite a blow to his conceit all right."

"Yes, an unnecessary blow in my opinion. But you haven't told me your wonderful plan to discover or invent a soprano."

"Well, I meant to tell you before that my cousin, who lives just fifty miles out on the Inter-urban might take it."

"Oh, Eddie, you jewel! Why didn't you tell me before I wasted all my breath lamenting upon the stubbornness of that horrid eastern girl?"

"Well," answered Edna, smilingly, I wasn't sure the plan would meet with your approval; but if you like it we can go tell the girls now." And almost before the words were out of her mouth, she found herself dragged into the hall by her enthusiastic roommate.

* * * * *

The day of the annual Easter festival had passed amid confusion and flurry; and, as the audience awaited the rising of the curtain, many of them felt as excited as the girls behind the scenes. The only one who did not have even an expectant look was a girl, dressed in a beautiful tailored black suit and hat, who sat half way back from the stage in a seat next to the aisle.

Mrs. Martin, who sat beside her, recognized from Edna's description that this was the cold Margaret Leslie; and she watched her intently as the girl languidly scanned the program. When she saw Margaret catch her breath quickly at sight of the last number, she whispered knowingly to her neighbor: "That girl's jealous now because she didn't take a part. It really may take some of the conceit out of her." Just then the curtain rose and they forgot the girl in black as they gazed upon the group of pretty girls in tableau on the stage.

The performers had been well trained and the program proceeded without a hindrance up to the last number. As the pause before the cantata became more prolonged, a rumor stirred through the audience that the train on which the soprano was to arrive had not come. After five or ten minutes of unexplained waiting, Mrs. Martin arose and importantly hurried back of the scenes. To the amazement of her neighbors Margaret Leslie quietly followed her, and this added another item to the queries about the pause in the program.

Presently Mrs. Martin rushed back to her seat and reached it just as the curtain rose, reveling the chorus of girls, and Margaret standing in their midst, the coal black of her dress making a sharp contrast with the dainty white background. As she began the prelude there was a murmur of surprise which gradually changed to wonder and then admiration. Through all the cantata she rendered her solos with faultless interpretation; and when she began the last aria, her pale face became whiter than before and it seemed as if the clear notes were being sung to an audience far beyond this. They sat motionless as she sang her last trill and modulated into the final chord. Then, scarcely waiting to applaud they rushed to offer congratulations.

These she received in an unusually cold way that seemed to hold the people at a distance, and it was Mrs. Martin who broke the formality by exclaiming warmly, "My dear girl I didn't know you had it in you. I wish your own mother could have heard you," she added grasping Margaret's hand.

The girl bit her lips and seemed to shake herself in an effort of self control and finally burst into tears, crying as if spending all her pent up energy. When she recovered herself everyone had left but Mrs. Martin, Edna and Pudge, and to these she told how two years before she had sung the same cantata in Philadelphia and just at the close had received a telegram notifying her of her mother's death. "So you see I can't bear Easter time, or singing, or anything else suggestive of that awful time," she added as if by explanation.

R. S. '14.

—o—

### TOM'S JOB.

"Hello, Bob; came over to see if you couldn't give my nephew, Tom, a job."

"What! That shorty looking dude I saw down town with your son, Bill. Nit; I've no jobs for dudes around here."

"Don't be too hard on the boy, Bob. He's just home from college. He—"

"Huh! College!" interrupted Bob, or, as most people called him, Mr. Robert Huston, the hard-headed, practical business man of Halifax—a self-made man, he liked to call himself. 'I've no use for college sports, much less dudes."

"Now, Bob," replied the other, undaunted, "don't be too hard on him. All young fellows these days are a little more gay looking than we used to be. It's natural and shows life."

"Yes; a pretty pass things are coming to. Most of these paper-collared sports couldn't do a day's work if they tried."

"O, I don't know. Tom has a cup up home he's proud of. Won it at a field meet. They say he was the best all around athlete at college."

"Worse and more of it. Why didn't the young fool get his muscle doing something useful—pitching hay, for instance—instead of getting it throwing a shot or some such fool stunt."

"Well, I see there's no use trying to argue with you, but give him a trial. He won't want much pay till you see what he is worth. Give him some hard job and then when you find out what he is, a man, or dude, you can give him something better, or fire him."

"Why don't he come and ask for his own job?"

"He is coming; he'll be around in the morning. I just thought I'd come over and say a good word for him on the side. I knew what kind of an answer he'd be likely to get if he came as a stranger."

"Well, he's lucky he has an uncle like you. I'll give him a trial."

"Thanks, Bob; I knew you'd do the best you could. You and I didn't have much of a good time when we we're kids, I'll admit; but that's so much to our loss and their gain. Think you'll get over some of those old notions of yours after Tom's been with you a month."

"Maybe so. I'll risk it this once, and if he don't make good,it's all off with the next college dude around here."

W. S., 12.

# The Weekly Exponent
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### CHARLEY SPOTTED HORSE.

Charley was my friend. I had won his regard with gifts of scented soap, ribbons, and most of all a small pocket mirror that he wore suspended by a string around his neck. In return he would bring me little Indian ornaments, gaily painted pouches and beaded moccasins. He was descended from a long line of mighty chiefs of the Northern Cheyenne tribes and his heritage from them was first of all a haughty pride and a dignified carriage, worthy of the son of princes that he was. Straight and gracefully slender he towered over six feet from his moccasin heels to the crown of his great white plainsman's hat. A battered eagle feather stuck up through the band at the back of his sombrero made him appear still taller. His black hair twisted in two short braids with bright bits of ribbon, hung down in front of his shoulders. The blood of his royal ancestors showed in his lean, aristocratic face. Emotionless gray eyes gazed at one from beneath high arching brows. The high bronze cheek bones and great nose were tribe characteristics, while the large, thin lipped mouth and broad chin showed him to be eloquent in council and a commander among his people. His clothes were those of the plainsman, except for a few touches of his native dress, as the beaded moccasins, the earrings and a necklace of elk's teeth. Silent he was and stolid; never saying much but the customary "How, how," of greeting and a grunt or two which might mean anything.

I never saw his dignity overcome but once and then only for an instant. A young cow-puncher in a spirit of mischief invited Charley in for a dish of ice cream, something he had never tasted before. Following his host's example, the Indian took a heaping spoonful of the frozen stuff in his mouth and started to chew it. In an instant the spoon clattered to the floor, and with wildly staring eyes and his hands clapped to his mouth Charley rose hastily to his feet. With a surprised grunt and an exclamation of disgust, he siezed his hat and strode from the store. Never again could he be coaxed in there. He would always shake his head and say, "Bad medicine there; heap cold;" and pass on.

A. E. S. '13.

### A VISIT FROM MY ROOM MATE.

It was with some misgivings that I told mother I had asked my room mate at school the previous year to stop off and visit me as she passed through Bozeman in August, for I had always thought mother wouldn't understand Midge. Mother couldn't sympathize with parents who spoiled their children, and much less with the children themselves, especially if they didn't mend their ways as they grew older. However, I knew that she would be lovely to Midge for my sake, and I secretly hoped she would learn to love her as I did.

That August morning as Midge stepped off the train, I couldn't see how any one could help loving her; for she certainly looked adorable in a black and white "middy" suit and black sailor hat, beneath whose broad brim an enormous black taffeta bow bobbed up and down, as she nodded good-bye to first one and then another of the acquaintances she had made on the train.

Although mother tried to hurry her, that proceeding took so much time that we missed the car, and as the few hacks had left crowded with passengers, we were obliged to wait until they could come back to the depot. When mother said, "If you girls had only hurried a little," Midge smiled up at her and exclaimed, "Oh, but, Mrs. Kemp, I don't mind this in the least; just think of the time I have now to get acquainted with you alone before I meet any one else. I'm really glad we didn't rush right home; aren't you, Grace?"

I said "Yes," rather unenthusiastically as I thought of how mother would have to hurry to have dinner on time for the boys; but I stilled my conscience with the thought that I'd help her hustle. But, when we reached the house, Midge gave motner an affectionate pat on the arm and said, "Now, don't worry a bit about having dinner real soon, for Grace and I want to have a big, long talk right away and want lots of time, you know. I'm just dying to see your room, Gracie.' With that she almost led me upstairs, and her chatter soon took my mind away from everything but just the fascinating girl to whom I was listening.

I was proud of the impression Midge made on father and my brothers. She was gracious and unaffecter, and a very clever conversationalist—as long as the talk was about herself. But I noticed that father's charmed expression began to grow bored and he looked disgusted when she exclaimed, "Dear me, Mrs. Kemp, I don't see how you can stand it without a maid Dosen't it tire ou to think of different things to eat each meal?"

Mother remarked later to me that she would indeed be tired if we had all been like Midge, for she had delicately refused everything but the salad and dessert, explaining rather irrelevantly that she had "thought she was hungry, but guessed she wasn't."

After dinner Midge asked my oldest brother to come and sing while she played. He was too polite to tell her he was due at the store, but after a moment's hesitation did her bidding and not against his will either although he knew he would have to forget his next half holiday on account of this pleasure.

And so all the ten days she was with us, Midge half fascinated everyone and took the half reluctant homage; and we gradually begun to wonder why we do not leave our accustomed tasks if Midge suggested it. Luckily she couldn't beguile mother, who uncomplainingly did her work and mine too, and at times, some chores the boys had neglected. But as Midge went away she said to me, "Isn't your mother odd? She didn't seem to want to have any fun, and never sang with us as you said she used to sing. But don't let that worry you, Gracie, I've had just a lovely time anyway and I'm going to stop off on my way home.

R. S. '14.

### TEDDY.

Teddy was an orphan. When Mrs. Weston adopted him, he was not yet two years old and seemed to be just as contented in the pretty white romper suits as he had been in the brown gingham pinafores of "The Home." The broad halls and spacious playroom won his approval quite as much as the crowded nursery at "The Home" had done, and altogether he was very well satisfied with his new residence. As he grew older he retained this characteristic. If the day was rainy, he was in as good spirits as if it were bright and sunny. And why not? Couldn't he catch worms for the fishing trips in which he indulged on pleasant days? Cold, snowy days held as much attraction for him as balmy summer ones, for he could always make the day seem much colder to some poor fellow-being by applying a plaster of snow to that unfortunate's face or neck Undoubtedly, Teddy was a very optimistic young fellow.

He was bright and learned quickly, consequently, he had plenty of time to invent articles for pulling the girls' hair, tripping the boys and annoying the teacher at every turn. But he met the anger of his victims with such a show of humble penitence that they couldn't possibly stay angry with him; indeed, he was the most popular fellow in school. Mr. Weston was very proud of him; considered him a model child, and Mrs. Weston thought him the most wonderful child living. And through it all Ted remained unspoiled—truth to tell, he didn't have time to think of himself, so busy was he with more important matters—and today he is a tall, stalwart youth of sixteen with a frank, open face, mischievous eyes and a bright smile for every one he meets.

M. E. ,'14.

### MOUNT SINBAD.

How majestic Old Sinbad looked on this particular morning! The mountain seemed to rise like a sentinel from among the other peaks of the ridge and to pierce the sky with its snowy summit. Like the rough-featured grandfather whose hair has been silvered while he withstood Life's blizzards, this peak had been topped with white, and its slopes had become rough and irregular through years of storms.

About two-thirds of the way up, the western and southern slopes were heavily timbered, but everywhere else the mountain showed the effects of its constant battle with the elements. Here and there a huge rock jutted out, or a large boulder rested uncertainly on some narrow ledge, or perhaps a weather-beaten brow. To the left, a deep ravine wound itself from near the summit, only to be lost in the dense forest at the base. Small clouds scurried hither and thither above his head—sometimes forming a halo and at others floating away in rings or puffs. Even the sun seemed to revere his dignity, sending choice beams to light his caves and ravines. Undoubtedly, Old Sinbad was monarch of all he surveyed.

M. E., '14.

# Making A Reputation

Steve Morgan was under sheriff of Dean county and very anxious to run for sheriff in the coming election. During his short term as under sheriff nothing had come up in which he could distinguish himself as an officer, and this he was anxious to do, as he would have a hard man to run against, who was very popoular with the people, and was known as a fearless fighter and a crack shot. Steve was a young fellow and had not been brought before the public much, so he was very anxious to make a reputation for himself which would give him a better chance in the election.

About the middle of October it was rumored that a noted outlaw, Bill Gay, who had for many years eluded the law, was in that part of the country. There was a large reward offered for this man, dead or alive, and several sheriffs had attempted his capture without success. This was the first time in two years that he had been heard of in that part of the country.

Luckily the sheriff had gone out of the state after a man, and Steve had the office in his own hands when the report came in that the outlaw was in the community. Right then Steve made up his mind to get him, and did some hard thinking to find a plan by which he could make the capture. He knew that the stage was to carry a large sum of money on a certain day, the pay roll of the Silver Queen Mining Co., and the idea struck him that the outlaw might try to hold up the stage on that day. The more he thought about it, the more convinced he became that that was the outlaw's intention. Being thoroughly familiar with the country, Steve also made a good guess at the most probable place on the road for the holdup to occur.

This outlaw always played a lone hand and Steve resolved to play a lone hand himself, for if his surmises were right, he felt confident that he could get his man. He was going to try his plan at any rate, although many a good sheriff with a posse to help him had failed in the attempt to capture the cunning desperado Steve was a good shot and not afraid of anything, so he had plenty of confidence in himseif. His plan was to shadow the stage through the roughest section of country and take the outlaw by surprise if he attempted a holdup. Of course his conclusions might be wrong, but he could not get it out of his head that it was the outlaw's purpose to get that pay roll. At the worst there was nothing to to lose by such a trial and he might gain a good deal if his scheme worked out.

It was late in the afternoon on the twentieth of October and the stage from Goldberg to Ruby City bumped and rattled along the road at a lively rate, much to the discomfort of the two passengers on the inside, an old gentleman and a young school teacher. The sky was overcast with gathering clouds and already a few flakes of snow were falling. The stage was just entering a rough section of country and the driver, old Joe Riley, had in his money belt the pay roll of the Silver Queen Mining Co. a sum amounting to several thousand dollars. He was therefore anxious to get through the rough section before dark if possible. He was already late on account of a broken bridge early in the afternoon, so he cracked his whip pretty freely over his four wiry horses. There was one place, known as Horseshoe Bend, which he particularly dreaded. It was an admirable place for a holdup, and Riley knew that it had got out that he was to carry the pay roll on that trip. So it was with no small misgivings that he hurried his horses along in the hopes of getting through in safety.

As soon as the stage entered the mountainous country, Steve Morgan, who had been waiting impatiently for several hours for the delayed stage, mounted his horse and rode after it, keeping just far enough behind so that he would be in hearing and still not be seen. This was easy for him to do because of the now fast falling snow and early dusk.

They had got almost through the timbered country and nothing had happened, but just as the stage rounded the point at Horseshoe Bend, the leaders snorted and shied to the side of the road, as a masked man stepped from behind a tree and commanded Riley to stop. Riley was an old-timer in the country and knew the consequences of not obeying this command, so the stage came to a sudden halt. The two passengers were relieved of their pocketbooks, and the outlaw then turned his attention to the driver. 'Throw down that money belt." This Riley reluctantly unbuckled and threw down with a curse.

While this was going on, Steve Morgan, who was just behind the point when the stage was stopped, leaped from his horse and with drawn gun cautiously sneaked to the rear of the stage while the outlaw was busying himself with the driver.

The money belt hit the ground with a thud. and the outlaw stooped to pick it up with his gun still covering the stage occupants, and unconscious of the presence of any one else, he was startled when the calm voice of Steve Morgan behind him commanded him to throw up his hands. Taken completely off his guard, there was no chance to make a false move. He was trapped, and his hands went up instantly. He knew by the sound of the calm, even voice behind him that it meant death to hesitate. With his free left hand Steve drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and ordered Riley to get down and put them on while he kept the man covered.

When the outlaw was securely bound with handcuffs and foot shackles, Steve put him on the stage and the procession moved on to Ruby City, Steve riding close behind the stage, lead the outlaw's horse, which he found tied to a tree close to the road.

In this way they clattered up the main street of Ruby City three hours later, the Silver Queen pay roll safe and Bill Gay, the stage robber, at last in the hands of the law. For five years he had terrorized the country, and baffled sheriffs and their posses, and now Steve Morgan had captured him single handed.

Steve was the man they wanted for sheriff of Dean county, and he was elected a few weeks later.

F. A. W., '13.

# Junior Echoes

What student should appeal to all bachelors and old maids?—Cook.

S is for Shovel, a mighty good fellow.

All the world loves a lover.—Edna Hagerman.

Millegan or Mulligan—which, when and where?

Don't ask me to take any girls anywhere—I am married now.—Noble Donaldson.

My dear ——, My fair ——, Taylor loves you next to Heaven.

What makes you think of a hard defeat?—Pound(ed).

Wanted:—To know how to find a girl?—Lannin.

From Shakespeare.—A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.—F Daley.

With best wishes for Peggy Edwards the girl who does things.

McCraw:—He stands for what he is, and sits down when he isn't.

H stands for Hodgskiss, by his manner you'd know him.

What student keeps up a general uproar?—More-gun.

Oh! the joy of an editor's life.—Draper.

Will Ed. sell his toys
to gaid other joys,
That on the morrow
He might gain his Laura?
My kingdom for the right girl.—Hugo.

Nobody loves me, guess I'll go eat worms.—W. Wilson.

A fisher of joys,
A fisher of truths,
But best of all,
A Fisher of Ruths.
Captain Sackett did not lack it
When it come to making eyes,
And when the boys did not like it
Naturally would say by-bys.

I want a house, a lot, and an automobile. That's all.—Florence Baker.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and hand to ———puzzle. —C. Sheriff.

Wanted.—A remedy for blushing. —R. Hinman.

# .....An Indian Fight.....

In the early days when the country was yet a wild open plain, a young speculator named Henry Browning brought his girlish wife and small child to his mountain home in the northern part of the state. He owned a small sheep ranch and in the nearby hills he was speculating, with some success, for gold. It was a dangerous place to make a home, for Indians, cruel and blood-thirsty, roamed the prairies in great bands; it was a lonesome place for his young wife, for the nearest neighbor was some thirty miles away.

Brave, and fearless, and perfectly happy with her loving husband and baby boy, this young woman kept herself busy with her household duties and various other things about the ranch. Many days she was alone, her husband going to his mine in the morning and not returning until evening. It was during one of these days that her bravery was displayed.

She was always in readiness in case of an Indian attack, and was always on the lookout. One afternoon she was standing in her cabin door scanning the surrounding country through her telescope, when her attention was attracted by a moving band of Indians. She studied their position for about fifteen minutes, learned that they were gradually drawing nearer. She could also tell by their actions, their war dress and the weapons they carried that they were not of a friendly nature. She lowered her glass, thought a few minutes of a metohd of action, and then quickly went to work. She extinguished the fire in the stove, wrapped a warm shawl about her baby, and tucked him under her arm. She then securely bolted the windows and door and went with all possible speed to the barn. She saddled two horses, and the dumb brutes, suspecting some danger, whinnied eagerly as she turned out the cows and horses which were shut up in the barns. She mounted her horse and, with the other following close behind, and with her baby held securely in her arms, she started at a high gallop to her husband's mine. It was reached in about an hour, and after she had explained their situation, her husband mounted the other horse and they rode to a near-by mine where about twenty men were working. One of the men rode with the young wife to a neighbor's, while the rest, well-armed, accompanied her husband to their home. When they reached there, the house and barn were in flames and the Indians were not in sight. The men started on their trail, and about six o'clock they were found camped on the prairie. An immediate attack was made, and before the battle was decided, Browning was shot and fell dead. The battle finally ended with the white men as victors. There they buried Browning, and now a small railroad station marks the spot and bears his name.

P. H., '14.

### AN INTERIOR.

The den was little Miss Crandon's pride. As she said, it was the "homiest room in the whole house." It was large with only a medium-high ceiling. It's walls were covered with dark red burlap; its woodwork was finished in black walnut; on the floor lay a thick, dark red rug, designed with Oriental patterns of rich green. At the farther side of the room was a large turret-window which overlooked the park. A low, wide window seat extended around this "cubby hole" and a heavy bear skin was stretched invitingly on the floor. That the owners had at one time been college students was evident from the pennants that were arranged portier-like at the entrance and from the pillows which lapped on and against the window seat.

To the right of the window a tier of long shelves, filled with books on every imaginable subject, reached from the floor to the ceiling. Beside this stood a cabinet containing a fair-sized collection of geological specimens. At the left of the window was the "junk heap"—as Mr. Crandon was wont to call it. This contained everything from a large and well-filled pipe rack to the numerous guns which lay across the antlers of a noble elk's head or were stacked, just below, on the floor. A couple of rackets rested on a rack, fairly inviting one to take part in a game of tennis, while the mits and bats seemed restless for a fracas on the diamond. A folding camera was slung over the back of a low wicker rocker near the "heap" and a number of sporting magazines and articles from a sewing basket were strewn on the long, mission-wood library table which stood near the center of the room. Here and there were small mission-wood rockers with perhaps a bob cat or coyote skin thrown over the back.

But most "comfy" of all were the two big leather chairs which generally stood near the fireplace as it was!

It was very large and, when the weather permitted, was always filled with burning logs that sent forth a brilliant glow. The mantel above the fire place was of mission-wood and a very dignified piece of mission-wood too, for did it not hold the very clock Mrs. Crandon's grandmother had received as a wedding gift? Evidently the clock was well aware of its own importance for it gazed disgustedly at the portiers which had just recently come from the handlooms of Sweden.

Indeed, the room was homey! As soon as one entered it he felt like picking up a magazine, lighting his pipe and setting himself in the leather armchair or like stretching out on the couch, at the other side of the fireplace, for an afternoon's nap.

M. E. '14.

# A Story

(Showing the True Importance of Class Factions.)

Bobby had the dumps. Why shouldn't he? It was the thirteenth day of February and he wanted to send Dolly a valentine—that pretty one with red hearts on it down town in the post-office store. He knew she'd like to have it, and he wanted most awfully to send it. But he mustn't! Oh, my, no! Tom had just the same as said he mustn't, and Tom knew.

You see, Tom was Bobby's big brother and he had kept company with Dolly's big sister almost ever since Bobby could remember. But he had not been to Dolly's house lately and when the little boy ventured to ask him if he were going to send violets to Dolly's sister for a valentine, Tom had sputtered out, "Well, I guess not."

Why?" Bobby had asked innocently.

"Because, she doesn't know anything."

"Why don't she know anything?" the small brother had persisted.

"Well if it will do you any good to know, our class busted up in school and she —— well, she can believe as she pleases. I'm on the right side and if she wants to spoil the rest of our last year in high school, let her do it."

"Oh," Bobby had meekly replied, "So you aren't going to send her any valentine. Wont she miss it?"

Then to his amazement his big big brother had exclaimed, "Shut up, kid. Little boys shouldn't ask so many questions.

So that was the cause of all the trouble. If Tom was not going to send Dolly's sister a valentine, Bobby reasoned, he must not send Dolly one; for was she not sister to a traitor, and should such a small thing as a valentine stand in the way of patriotism to one's party, or rather one's brother's party?

Yet there was that valentine with red hearts on it and it stood very vividly before Bobby's eyes as he sat by the front window and watched to see if Dolly would go past. He hadn't seen her for a whole day and of course he couldn't go to her house if an enemy was lodged there. Presently, Dolly did go by, not looking a bit like an enemy, or a traitor's sister, but just the same Dolly in a new red coat and hat. Bobby always had liked red.

For an instant he had half a mind to go get his cap, and run down town to buy that valentine before dark. Then he thought of Tom and how he would feel to know his only brother had joined forces with the enemy. Suddenly, however, the bright idea popped into Bobby's little brain that if he did go to Dolly's and Dolly's sister's side there would be three of them against one of Tom and maybe they could win him over. Of course, Tom had said his was the right side; but Bobby thought and thought and finally believed it would be better for all of them to be on one side, even if it were horribly wrong, than to be thus so cruelly divided.

When Bobby's mind was once made up to do a thing he did it with all the power in his little six-year-old body; and so he jumped up and ran to his room to get his pennies for his valentine. Here he stopped and thought again. If they didn't win Tom over until tomorrow he couldn't possibly send Dolly's sister her violets and then maybe it would spoil the plan after valentine's day was over.

In desperation Bobby broke his bank,—an accomplishment he had early acquired.—and found twenty-five pennies in it. These would probably buy lots of violets and then Tom would have his peace offering ready for him in the enemy's camp.

If any one could have seen Bobby running, and jumping curbs to get to the post-office before the valentine should be sold, they would have been reminded of the eagerness of a fire-horse when he has heard the alarm. However, the little fellow trudged home more steadily, carrying two mysterious looking packages, which he smuggled into his room just as the cook called supper.

The next morning he had hard work explaining affairs to Dolly who was so engrossed in the red hearts she didn't care about warfare, and Bobby's plan of reconciliation. But she promised to deliver the valentine if Bobby would promise to get Tom over there sometime that day.

Poor Bobby was cheated out of this pleasure, however, for that afternoon when the grouchy highschool senior received a phone message thanking him coldly for the artificial violets he sent, he banged up the receiver and grabbed his hat, muttering, "I'll settle this or know why not."

Bobby never knew whether he had entirely won Tom over until he and Dolly incidentally saw him give the traitor a big bunch of real violets the next day.

R. S. '14.

# Sale Closes Feb. 15

Don't fail to take advantage of this sale. I am giving away an extra pair of trousers with every suit ordered. Remember the date. Am anxious to serve you

## H. R. HARRIS.

BOZEMAN'S RELIABLE TAILOR

N. B. I have a first-class, practical tailor with me all the time.


## College Notes

Miss Ethel VanCamp, of Two Dot, who was a freshman in last year's enrollment, is visiting friends at the college this week.

—o—

Matt. W. Alderson, of Marysville, Montana, visited the college last Friday. He is in Bozeman visiting his daughter Myrtle Alderson, '13.

—o—

Miss Harriet Thorpe, ex-11, was a visitor on the hill last Wednesday evening where she attended the basketball exhibition between her old class and the juniors.

—o—

The senior girls in domestic science along with their sewing this semester will do some weaving on the new loom. Two of the girls started on a rug last Tuesday afternoon.

—o—

The Women's club h ld a meeting in the city library last Monday afternoon. Mrs. U. B. Herrick read a very interesting paper on "Physical Training for Women."

—o—

The senior class held a short meeting Monday noon. Many important matters were gone over and before adjourning the class decided to have a straw-ride last night.

—o—

Vera Anderson, '13, left Tuesday morning for California. She expects to stay there until next fall, and her absence from college will be a loss to the college as a whole, and especially to her class.

—o—

The new stove which was purchased for the boys' dressing room in the drill hall is a great improvement over the old one, and the question of a cold room in which to don the athletic uniforms is no longer serious.

—o—

Troubles are coming in bunches for Marvin Spain, of the senior class. One Sunday some time ago the young man was unfortunate enough to sprain his knee while tobogganing. He was just able to get to the school and register, when he was taken sick with tonsilitis and is unable to attend to his school work again.

—o—

The Boosterines held a meeting last Friday morning at 10:30 to discuss several matters of importance. This was one of the best and most enthusiastic meetings ever held. Before the meeting adjourned Prof. McIntosh came in and spoke of the coming basketball tournament and what the college students were expected to do to make it a success.


## We Point Out the Merits




of our shoes to every customer, although they are soon apparent after being tried on. The natty appearance of them pleases the eye, but the sound judgment and common sense tell you of the goodness of the leather, linings and workmanship.

The latest styles that give comfort as well as grace to the feet.

**NICHOLSON'S SHOE STORE**

WE FIT THE FEET.



## Samoset Chocolates

are Quality Chocolates. Always fresh at

**Gleason,s**



# Last Call

For Saturday—one day only—we will offer for cash choice of any suit, coat or dress in the store—values up to $45.00, at

**$9.95**

Exclusive silk, net, and marquesette Waists ONE HALF price SATURDAY, FEB. 4.

## The Suit Shop


By the end of this week or the first part of next it will probably be known definitely how the bill for engineering building stands. At present the work of apportioning the general funds is being done after which money for special purposes will be apportioned. So far the bill has been very favorably received.

—o—

Tuesday noon the retiring officers of the Y. W. C. A. gave reports of what had been done in the different departments during the last year. Many of these reports were very encouraging, and some contained recommendations for the new chairman. Margaret Edwards, the new president, had charge of the meeting.

—o—

Last night the seniors in order to drown their sorrows went on a straw ride and succeeded on the way in forgetting their terrible defeat in basketball. One or two of their members were not present but in spite of it they succeeded in having a good time. They started out from the home of Miss Metheney and rode all over the country until about eleven o'c ock when they returned to the starting place where Miss Metheney served the hungry bunch with all kinds of goods to eat.

—o—

Friends of W. J. Elliott, until a year ago head of the dairy department and principal of the school of agriculture here, will be glad to learn that he has been promoted to the position of superintendent of agriculture of the Canadian Pacific railway. He will have charge of all matters dealing with the agricultural developmnet of the irrigation block, demonstration and supply farms of that railroad. He is directly under C. W. Peterson, superintendent of irrigation. His headquarters will be Strathmore but the exercise of his new duties will necessitate considerable travelling.

—o—

Columbia University is preparing a a scheme for giving academic credit for student activities outside of the class room, such as work on the college newspaper and magazines, debating and membership in literary societies.

## Alumni and Ex-Students

Nettie Reynolds, who was a preparatory student here last year, is a junior in the San Pedro, California high school this year.

Tim Edwards, '09, has accepted a position as draughtsman with the Northern Pacific Railway Company, and will be located in Livingston. Mrs. Edwards is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Conard.

—o—

Harold Higgins, ex-'09, who is employed as assistant traveling salesman by the International Harvester Co., with headquarters in Helena, spent several days last week in Bozeman visiting at his home. Mr. Higgins returned to Helena Monday.

Dorothy Green, a member of the class of 1912 of the Preparatory department last semester was compelled to leave school several weeks ago on account of illness and go to California. We are glad to know that her health is much improved and that she is attending high school in Long Beach.

C. C. Fuller, who was a student in this institution in the early days of its history, and has for several years been in charge of missionary work in Rhodesia, a province in southeastern Africa, has been in the United States on a furlough the past year, and expected to return to Africa last month. A report has reached us, however, that Mr. Fuller's physicians have decided that he is in no condition to return to Africa and on account of impaired health he will be obliged to remain in this country for several months and perhaps years. Last spring Mr. Fuller visited relatives and friends in Bozeman for a few days and while here gave several interesting lectures on his work.

A curfew order has been passed by the student council of Wellsley requiring all undergraduates to be within the college premises by 7:30 in winter and 8:00 in summer.


## Valentines

The new ideas in Valentines. Letters, Cards, Novelties, etc. Come and look them over.

Gallatin Drug Company


## PREPS IN ANNUAL CELEBRATION.

The Preps held their annual party Friday evening. The first number on the program of merriment was a strawride to Salesville and back. A tour of the city was then made and the slumbers of the citizens was broken by the lusty yells of the joy riders.

They at last arrived at the home of Mrs. E. G. Higgins where the main feature of the evening was to be enjoyed. Much pains had been taken with the decorations which were effected by means of flowers, prep. colors and class pennants.

The time was taken up with games and other various forms of amusement. Bill Finley was master of ceremonies and discharged the duties of that position in a commendable manner. A sumptuous four-course dinner was served, in which the girls displayed their high domestic ability.

As the early hours of morning approached, the chaperones, Prof. Duddy and Miss Higgins, decided that it was time to say good night. At departing, everyone present pronounced it the most enjoyable evening of the year.

—o—

## WM. H. TURNER IN "FATHER AND THE "BOYS."

On Saturday, Feb. 18, the Bozeman Opera House will have as its attraction Wm. H. Turner in "Father and the Boys," a bright and breezy comedy of men and affairs of today written in George Ade's inimitable style and constructed with his deft hand as a playwright. When Mr. Turner was seen in "David Harum' it was said he was at his best. This statement he has not been able to overcome until he took upon himself the stellar character in "Father and the Boys." This leading role shows him as a country bred and highly prosperous New York merchant, the man who has grown old in the harness, who has fallen into a routine, who has dropped "behind the procession." He is abreast of the times, even a little bit ahead of the times in his business , but in all else he clings to old habits, old ideas and old styles. His two sons, as a consequence, have grown away from him. He is aware of the fact and regrets it, but no remedy, as simple as the remedy is, suggests itself until, happily, he determines to overtake the boys and march shoulder to shoulder with them. From that moment his rejuvenation is complete, his conservatism is thrown aside. Not only does he overtake the procession, but he leads it, and the fun is fast and furious throughout the balance of the play.

Mr. Ade wrote this play and in doing so in the role of "father" fitted Mr. Turner with a part well suited to him. He is such a thorough artist that his work is a constant delight. He makes every line effective and gets all the humor possible out of each scene and situation. Both as the sober-minded business man and later as the gay "rounder", he is always admirable, each shade of the character being most skillfully handled and he is assisted by a company of more than usual merit. Especially good is the work of Miss Edith Yeager who plays the slangy girl from Nevada.

—o—

## KODAK PICTURES WANTED

In order to secure a wider range of choice it is our desire to get prints of any pictures of college interest connected with this year's activities. If those who possess kodaks or have taken pictures will be kind enough to submit, immediately, prints of their work they will confer a great favor on the undersigned.

THE MONTANAN STAFF.


**Just say, "I am a College Boy"**

and it will give you

**$2 reduction**

on any suit in my shop. I like to make suits for College Boys because they appreciate classy clothes. Come in and let me explain how you can get me to make you

**A $25.00 suit for $21.00**

"Bill" THE NIFTY TAILOR

Let me press your suit



# Coal

Coal from the Maxey mine on Trail creek is not excelled by any coal handled in Bozeman. Lump for the furnace and egg size for the range. All well screened. Quantity, quality and price right.

**Both Phones. FRANK KYLE, Agent**



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Open until 1 o'clock Sundays

THE ANTISEPTIC BARBER SHOP

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Our barbers are the best. To please our customers is our working motto.

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**Chick Chick Chick Chick**

Our line of Poultry Foods is now com complete. We sell none but the highest grades. So if you want two eggs where only one was laid before ask for STERLING BRAND.

**OWENHOUSE Hardware Co.**

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BOZEMAN PANTATORIUM and SHINING PARLORS

4 suits pressed, shoes shined at any time for $2.00 per month. Reserved seats for ladies. 18 E. Main Street

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GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

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Practical Horseshoeing and all kinds of Blacksmithing and Wood Work. All work guaranteed.

**We Sell Good Rubbers**

Everybody will have use for rubbers nearly every day. Rubbers to fit any shaped shoe.

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Fancy Pastry a Specialty.

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Up - to - Date

Livery Coal & Wood

Both Phones Number 25

Gallatin Valley Railway Co.

Cars leave office 10 minutes after the hour for College, returning from College at 25 minutes to the hour.

Cars meet all day trains except 1 and 2.



# Tuxedo Billiard Parlor

Cigars, Tobacco and Cigarettes

Orders taken for Cut Flowers

Michigan Block C. C. Slutter, Prop.

# JUST IN, BOYS!

A full line of Jerseys and Track Suits. Black, grey, white and college colors. Drop in and see them.

THE HUB

Ed. and Lou. Howard Bozeman

We Have Just Received Another Shipment of the Beautiful White and Gold China. It's open stock, so you can get any size Set you should need.

SEE .THOS. H. REA & CO.

D. D. SMITH.

*Furniture, Rugs*

*Trunks and Bags*


BASKETBALL SCORE CARD.

| Opponents | Score | M. A. C. Score | Won | Lost | pr. ct. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Townsend..... | 13 | 39 | 1 | 0 | 1000 |
| Wesleyan..... | 12 | 25 | 2 | 0 | 1000 |
| Wesleyan..... | 12 | 54 | 3 | 0 | 1000 |
| Helena High..... | 21 | 54 | 4 | 0 | 1000 |
| Two Rivers ..... | 28 | 24 | 4 | 1 | 800 |
| Billings 3 B's..... | | | | | |

## SOPHOMORES WIN EXCITING CONTEST—SCORE 22 TO 11.

The first elimination contest in the inter-class basketball championship race at M. A. C. ended disastrously for the freshman class. They met defeat at the hands of their rivals, the sophomores and by a score of 22 to 11. The first half ended with the score 12 to 1 and it looked like a walk-away for the '13 quintette, but in the second session Burfiend completely bewildered his guard by his fast foot work and got away with three field baskets.

Blinn, forward for the victors, was the leader in the scoring honors, having executed in all five pretty tosses for a total of 10 points. Burfiend was a close second with 9, three of which he earned because of roughness on the part of the winning team. In the foul shooting department Brabrook officiated for the sophomores and made two attempts successful.

The contest was pretty rough throughout but this was to be expected since a number of the men were either green at the game or out of practice. The dark horse of the game was George Blinn. This forward had not been seen on the drill hall floor before this year and was not expected to show the clever form that made the decided margin of victory for his team possible.

Luke Hill had the best of the argument at the center position, and only on one or two occasions was Winters, of the freshmen, able to get the ball to his team-mates.

The score of the fresnmen was made as follows: Field goals, Burfiend, 3; Spain, 1. Free throws—Burfiend, 3.

The sophs. were represented as follows: Field goals—Hartman, 2; Blinn, 5; Hill, 2; Brabrook, 2. Free tosses, Brabrook, 2.

The lineup was:

| Freshmen | Position | Sophomores |
|---|---|---|
| Spain | forward | Hartman |
| Burfiend | forward | Blinn |
| Winter | center | Hill |
| Hodgskiss | guard | Brabrook |
| Higbie | guard | Chambers |


# Special Prices on Men's Shoes

Every lot of men's shoes and oxfords that is to be discontinued or changed in any way is now on our tables priced at $2.00, $2.50,and $3.00 and one lot of HANANS at $4.00.

Very few of these shoes have been in stock more than one season.

All of the new lasts and leathers are among them in sizes from 5 to 10, widths B to E.

These shoes sold last season from $4.50 to $6.00.

Especial values are our 1910 oxfords at $2.00 and $2.50.

The Willson Co.


## INTERSOCIETY DEBATES ARE SCHEDULED.

The intersociety debating at the college this year will be done at assembly on the last Friday in February and the first in March if arrangements can be made. The tryouts for the Utah debate are to be held next March, probably about the middle of the month, and the intersociety debates are merely a means of threshing out the questions and becoming acquainted with all the different phases before the college meets Utah. All students in regular good standing are eligible for the team and may enter the trials for the team to meet Utah whether a member of an intersociety team or not.

The first of the intersociety debates will be held between the Arena and the Agricultural club. The engineers will meet the winners of this debate at the assembly following the contest, for the intersociety championship.

## TRACK MEN GET OUT NEXT MONDAY.

**Owing to the fact that the starting blocks, which were being turned out at the shops, were not ready in time for the track indoor practice last Monday afternoon, the date of the first regular "turn-out" of track men has been set for next Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock. All track candidates are requested to be in the gymnasium at that time equipped with soft bottom shoes—or rubber sole slippers.**

## SPECIAL INGREDIENTS FOR "COLLEGE COCKTAIL"

Work on the "College Cocktail", the comedy to be given by the college regimental band, is progressing nicely and everything seems favorable for a most successful career.. Rehearsals are in order every night and most of the actors have learned and are prepared to get used to putting the pathos which is necessary for their acting. Besides the play which in itself is a scream of two hours, several specialties will be introduced. Will Chapman appears in a song and dance act, Tom Quaw has one of his humorous ditties ready to spring on the audience, his brother Gene has an imitation Salome dance which will take several minutes, and the Misses Alice Chisholm, Edna Hagerman and Mrs Carl Spieth will all appear as songsters. Each act will be opened by a chorus and the waiter girls who appear on the rise of the second curtain are sure to make a hit. Don't forget the dates, February 25 and 26.

# Inter-collegiate Notes

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has donated $40,000 to the University of Dakota.

The women of Syracuse University Syracuse, New York, will hold a track meet.

The "Westminster Review" has offered a prize for the most beautiful word in the English language.

All those failing in exams. at the University of Colorado, must wear a small blue cap, with green buttons. "What an idea."

Minnesota boasts of having a college student who is only fourteen years old.

The Michigan Law School has an enrollment of seven hundred and twenty-seven students.

The regents of the South Dakota State College have recommended a $200,000 appropriation for a new Agricultural Building.

The students in nearly all the universities and high schools in Russia have ceased work, in protest against the cruelties inflicted upon political prisoners.

A "Loan fund" has been established at the University of Washington by Samuel H. Hedges in memory of his son who would have entered as freshman this year.

Due to the action taken by the Western Conference, Michigan can no longer play Minnesota, Chicago play Cornell, Iowa play Missouri, nor Illinois play Syracuse.

The University of Missouri has instituted a novel way of advertising itself. Moving pictures of interesting college activities are to be shown throughout the state.—Ex.

Freshmen at the University of Wisconsin are not permitted to walk on the campus. They are compelled to run from building to building with their caps in their left hands.

By a recent ruling of the faculty any Indiana student declaring himself eligible for intercollegiate athletics who knows himself to be ineligible will be dropped from the university rolls.

Vassar College authorities have filed an injunction restraining a candy manufacturer in Kansas City from using the label "Always Fresh" on a brand of chocolates called "Vassar Girls."

The Normal schools are likely to be abolished in the state of Vermont and more complete Normal courses in the High Schools substituted. The Legislature and Governor are said to be in favor of the measure.

The Mechanic Arts building at Nebraska University was destroyed by fire on Nov. 12. The building was valued at two hundred thousand dollars and defective wiring is said to be the cause of the fire.

After this year no theses will be required of seniors at the University of Utah. Considerable opposition, however, was made on the part of some of the older members of the faculty, especially the mining professors.

The Spokesman Review expresses its sentiments as follows: "The women at the University of Washington have set a fine example to their sisters at other colleges. They have barred out the taxicab and the florist from use at the varsity ball.

A fund of $10,000 goes to the trustees of Columbia University on January 1. The fund is the balance left on hand after football was abolished in 1906, and was to revert to the trustees of the University at the end of five years. The income from the fund has previously been used for the promotion of athletics.

T. N. Richards, '10, Purdue's star athletic has been recognized by the American Athletic Union as the holder of two world's records. During the indoor meet with Indiana, February 19, 1910, he ran the 40-yard low hurdles in 5 seconds flat, and the 40-yard high hurdles in 5.2 seconds which clipped a fifth of a second off the former records for these events.

The Weekly Kaimin:—This is one of our very welcome exchanges when it reaches the Exponent box. What is the matter that it don't reach Bozeman every week?

The Round Up:—Your front page is well proportioned. What is the object of your last page? Mostly advertising it seems; however your "scratch pad" editor is very clever.

Just as soon as the class of 1914 of Mount Holyoke College graduates, secret societies will become a thing of the past at that college. The faculty by an almost unanimous vote has decided that such student organizations shall be abolished. The conclusion has been reached after a thorough investigation in which all parties involved have had an opportunity to freely express their views.

### Epitaphs.

Long lessons—no bed—
Brain fever—he's dead.
Senior.

Take fair one—hope fled—
Heart broken—he's dead.
Junior.

Conceited—swelled head—
Burst cranium—he's dead.
Sophomore.

Milk famine—not fed—
Starvation—he's dead.
Freshman.—Ex.

## MONEY PLEDGED TO SUPPORT BASKETBALL TOURNEY

The basketball tournament to be held here the first week in March is now assured. Three hundred dollars which the faculty asked the student body to raise as a guarantee that the tournament would be a success financially was secured within forty-eight hours after the news became generally known about the college. The Boosters' club, with President Dave Higbie in the chair, met last Friday during assembly hour and after some discussion decided to canvas the student body in six sections giving some one member of the club a particular section and allowing him to appoint whoever he wished as assistant. Selmer Solberg was given the freshman class, W. B. Vestal the sophomores, Noble Donaldson the juniors and R. B. Williams and Ben Clark the seniors. Fred Gordon was instructed to see the domestic science girls, and Frank McGuire the short course students, while Horace Davis attended the preparatory department. That the guarantee was more than net is shown by the following figures:

| | |
|---|---|
| Freshmen ..... | $ 61.50 |
| Sophomores ..... | 61.50 |
| Juniors ..... | 51.00 |
| Seniors ..... | 61.50 |
| Preparatory ..... | 49.00 |
| Domestic science and short course ..... | 42.00 |
| | $326.50 |

The S. N. L. club met Saturday afternoon with Helen Shiell. The afternoon was spent sewing and refreshments were served about half past five.

Vera Anderson, '13, and her father, C. B. Anderson, left for California Tuesday morning. Miss Anderson expects to be gone a year.

Ethel Van Camp, ex-'13, of Two Dot, was at the meeting of the S. N. L. club Saturday afternoon.


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