THE WEEKLY EXPONENT

Vol. 2. BOZEMAN, MONTANA, FRIDAY. APRIL, 14, 1911 No. ~~24~~ 29

Montana State College Wins Over Utah in Debate

BAND BOYS LEAVE ON MONDAY

All in Readiness, from Programs to Buttons, For the Weeks Tour

The band men are eagerly awaiting the arrival of Sunday mid-night, when they will start on their trip of one week's duration about the state. The instrumentation which will compose the band, as heard upon this tour, will comprise twenty-one instruments and the arrangement will be as follows: Cornets, Director Louis Howard, R. B. Chisholm, Everett Hamilton, Noah Kirby, Wallace Fisher and Lawrence Wiley, altos; Ned Chambers, C. Martin and Glenn Luther; tenors, Clyde Stieb, Joe Soper and W. Atkins; baritones, Sam Pound and Will Haines; basses, Hugo Dahling, M. Campbell and Roy Wilkins; clarinet, Bill Edsall; piccolo, Artie Wade; drums, Joe Nordquist and Court Sheriff.

A private car will be on the track in the Bozeman yards by Sunday afternoon and the organization will move into it for their week's trip during the afternoon. There will be plenty of room in the car without crowding and the berths have already been assigned. Everything points to one of the most pleasant trips which any organization from the Montana State College has ever enjoyed .Without detracting in the slightest from the praise due the band men for their untiring faithfulness in preparing themselves to best serve the College at every call, it is only fair to here lay stress upon the assistance which has been so freely given by the many friends of the organization. The latter are found among the people of Bozeman, as well as the faculty and students of the College. Some weeks ago the boys arranged for a show, to be given in the Bozeman opera house, for the purpose of raising funds for the present trip, and in this move the local order of Elks co-operated. Though the show which was granted to be one of the best ever given here by local talent, was fairly well attended, there was not sufficient money raised at that time to defray the heavy expense of the tour. Especially was this true after the band, under the influence of President Hamilton of the College, decided that all their services rendered on the trip should be free to the high schools of the state.

In consequence of this it was necessary to prepare a subscription list, including the names of all the prominent business and professional men of Bozeman and to work this list for further assistance. As is always the case the Bozeman friends proved true to the emergency and quickly contributed their share. The College hill also received the attention of the finance committee of the band and at a meeting of the Boosters and Boosterines in joint session, these organizations voted their support. The money which this meeting voted to assess its members is now being collected. A further canvass of the faculty will probably add about $60. Though the margin will be quite close and the committee will be busy up to the last minute, they expect to have the total amount, which borders upon the $1,000 limit, by the time the special car pulls out. As the trip cannot help proving to be one of the best boosts for this town and the State College which has ever been accomplished by any student club, whether musical or otherwise, it is claimed it well deserves all thesupport which has been or will be given.

The rehearsals of the band during the past week have been of a character to round the program, which follows, into smooth shape, and many little rough edges have been worked off under the skillful leadership of Louis L. Howard, the popular leader of the organization. Below is the program, which will be adhered to in the main, though a much fuller repertoire is at the control of the band:

Part One

March—Victory Commandery .... Tom Jones

Selection—The Defender ....Chas. Dennee, Theo. Tobani

Overture—Prince of Tonight ....Jos. E. Howard

a. Day is Gone.....Lang

b. Catch Not My Breath (Recit.); Go Not, Happy Day.....Whelpley

Mr. Earle B. Oliver

For the Cornet—The Charmer..Boos

Mr. Louis L. Howard

Part Two

a. Valse Caprice op 7....Newland

b. March—Hongroise de Concert. .... Kowalski

Mr. Eugene C. Quaw

Selection—The Goddess of Liberty.. .... Jos. E. Howard

March—The Chromatique ....Louis L. Howard

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind..... ....Sarjeant

Mr. Earle B. Oliver

A Day at West Point (descriptive fantasy) ....Theo. Bendix

The concerts will be given as follows: Butte, April 17; Dillon, April 18; Anaconda, April 19; Great Falls, April 20; Helena, April 21; Townsend, April 22. The "Band Special" will return to Bozeman sometime during Sunday, April 23rd. There will then ensue a desperate effort upon the absentees from regular college classes toward making up the work which was necessarily left undone during the trip.

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WILL HAVE BALANCED TRACK TEAM.

The members of the track squad have decided that track work is more important than some of the smaller adjuncts of college life, outside the class room, and one and all have declared it their purpose to train faithfully for the dual meet with the School of Mines and the tri-angular meet at Missoula. Most all the afternoons in April have been squally and cold, making it hard to conditicn athletes, but the squad is working faithfully just the same and is expected to make a creditable showing in the meets that are to come. It is not predicted that the track championship will rest on the gold and blue banner but a balanced team will be turned out—a team made up mostly of new material, but one that will come back much stronger in another year. The meet with the Mines will probably be held the last Friday in April, and the tri-angular meet comes on May 10.

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HARVARD MEN GREET ROOSEVELT

Profs. E. A. Duddy and W. F. Brewer of the English department, represented the college at the meeting of all the graduates of Harvard in Montana at Helena last Wednesday. The occasion for this session was the fact that ex-President Theodore Roosevelt had been scheduled to spend the day in Montana's capital, and the Harvard club of Montana took this opportunity of hearing and meeting Mr. Roosevelt. About 20 were present at the banquet. The former president made a very pleasing address to the alumni, the only objectionable feature being the brevity, as the speaker had four other engagements to fill before midnight.

Unanimous Decision Handed to the Local Orators After a Statesmanlike Argument. Splendid Contest, Good Attendance, Wild Enthusiasm, Mark the Evening. Banquet Follows

The students of the Montana State College certainly had reason to rejoice last Friday night when their debating team defeated the champions of Utah by a unanimous decision of the judges. This was the second annual debate with the Utah Agricultural College, and the assembly room was filled with townspeople and students. The question was "Resolved, That the Federal Government should exercise direct control over the development of water power," and this college supported the affirmative. The debate was opened by Horace Davis of M. S. C. for the affirmative who defined the question and stated the points admitted by both sides. He then proceeded to argue that the Federal government should exercise such control because water is a national as well as a natural resource, because the Federal Government has had more experience along such lines and acts on more expert information. He concluded with a statement of the plan proposed by the affirmative. Walter A. Lindsay was the first speaker on the negative, speaking in support of state control as both sides had agreed that such control should not be left to private ownership. Most of the argument of the negative was based on the constitutionality of Federal control, Mr. Lindsay attempting to show that Federal control would be unjust, inefficient and impracticable. He was followed by William Winter, who endeavored to prove that the Federal government was the only authority capable of controlling interstate streams, the only authority powerful enough to control private monopolies, and that the different state laws in regard to the control of water power development at the present, are unequal to the task, and that the Federal Government is just. Merrill O. Maughan closed the argument by pointing out that state control is more efficient and that state control is to the best interests of the public.

In the rebuttal speeches the order was reversed the negative coming first. They used their time principally in summarizing the points made. The M. S. C boys were particularly good in rebuttal disproving many of the points made by their opponents, especially the question of constitutionality.

The Utah debaters were accompanied on the platform by their alternate, A. L .Nelson. Their debating manager Vern C. Wooley, and Prof. George B. Hendricks of the department of economies in the Utah Agricultural College were the remaining members of the party. The judges for the debate were President Charles H. Bowman of the School of Mines in Butte, J. H. Durston editor of the Anaconda Standard, and Prof. J. H. Underwood of the department of economics at the University of Montana. The evening's program began with a piano solo by Gene Quaw.

After the debate the visitors from Utah, the M. S. C. debating team with their coach, Prof. E. A. Duddy, the judges, President Hamilton, Prof. Brewer, Marvin Spain, James Bell, Frank McGuire, George Morgan, Fred Gordon and I. L. Davis were given a banquet in the domestic science dining room.

CLASSES OF '13 AND '14 TO MEET AGAIN.

Perhaps the biggest social event of the College for the year will be the big dance, given by the freshmen and sophomores, at the Elks hall next Wednesday night. The two classes have decided that this means is the best way of settling any differences which they might have, and although this is somewhat out of the ordinary for two classes to get together in this manner, authentic reports have it that the affair will still be featured by keen competition, and will assume the form of an endurance contest, equal to the best athletic or oratorical meet ever devised. Dancing starts promptly at eight o'clock and the time for the finish of the festivities has not yet been decided upon. There will be a liberal supply of refreshments for the lower classmen. The committees from the classes who have been working industriously for the past few days in making the plans for this big joy party are as follows: Sophomores, Lee B. Anderson, Miss Alda Smith and Luke Hill; freshmen, Miss Vie Valleau, Miss Ruth Stanton and Horace Davis.

HODGSKISS CHOSEN TO MANAGE TRACK TEAM.

At the meeting of the Athletic association last Friday, Edward Hodgskiss was elected manager of the track team this spring by the committee. Ralph Brabrook was the choice of the students in the annual election last spring, but, due to too much outside work, he had to resign. Mr. Hodgskiss has been one of the most interested candidates on the whole squad this year, and can be trusted to carry out the duties connected with his office in a very satisfactory manner.

Another piece of business to be transacted was the authorizing of a dual track meet with the School of Mines, this meet to take place here the last Friday in April. The question as to the number of points necessary to win an emblem was brought up and will be further discussed at the first meeting of the students of the association. The present idea in the constitution is that one first or two seconds entitles the winner to his letter whether a dual or triangular meet, and it is to be left to the students to decide whether this method of awarding is unjust..

PROMINENT ALUMNUS VISITING HERE

David R. DeMuth '10 surprised his many friends on the hill and in the city by his arrival in the city Tuesday evening for a two week vacation. Mr. DeMuth is employed on the Hepgen dam construction on the upper Madison near the Park line. This is one of the biggest engineering undertakings of the many in the West at present and the fact that Mr. De Muth holds a responsible position on the work speaks well for his ability and training.

Mr. DeMuth tells an interesting story of going hunting for elk near the site of the construction work and instead of using a gun to secure the game, the unsuspecting animals were seized by the horns, front feet or any other convenient leverage and thrown afterward being bound and hauled to camp on skiis, there to be utilized as work animals rather than food.

After graduating last spring Mr. DeMuth was employed for some months by the N. P. whose employ he left to accept the Hepgen dam offer. He is well pleased with his work and expects to remain there this summer. His training in civil engineering during his college career is proving very valuable and he is quoted as saying it is the best line he could have undertaken.



D. R. DeMUTH, '10.

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MONTANAN TO BE OUT MAY 15

Nearly all the copy for the 1912 Montanan is in the hands of the printers, the part that remains being held back only to include proofs from the last installment sent to the engravers abut two weeks ago. These proofs are expected to-day or to-morrow and will be placed in their proper places and forwarded to the publishers at Great Falls.

The business manager announces that he will distribute the books about May 15, unless some unforeseen delays intervene, adding that there will be a few extra copies printed and those who desire these may have their wants supplied by applying immediately. In apperance the annual this year is probably the most pretentious yet published in the State and in mechanical details it will be first class.

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The track meet that was scheduled to take place with the high school next Saturday has been indefinitely postponed on account of the inclement weather.

FOR STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Boosters and Boosterines Vote to Frame Constitution.. Plan Meets Favor.

The joint meeting of the Boosters and Bosterines last Friday was the occassion for presenting to the two societies the matter of student government for M. S. C. The plan as outlined in lasts weeks Exponent was presented with a few minor alterations, among these being the abolition of the Cabinet as such and throwing its membership into the senate with equal powers with the Senators.

Many details remain to be worked out and the constitution will have to be drawn and revised very carefully. A committee of seven was appointed to take charge of this phase of the preparations. President Higbie, of the Boosters Club, who has been instrumental in bringing the matter forward at this time, was made chairman of the constitutional committee with the following members: Grace Clark, Edna Hagerman, Roy Williams, Charles Hansen, Noble Donaldson, and Charles Draper.

This committee has already held several meetings and in the course of a short time will have the matter in hand well enough to bring before the students for further suggestions. The outline as presented last Friday appeared to arouse considerable interest, though there was some difference as to a few of the points involved. The entire plan may be rejected and another substituted by the committee, but the matter is properly before the students, at any rate.

Among the other business taken up at the meeting was a motion for a special assessment of 25 cents upon the Boosters to help finance the Band trip. A second meeting will probably be held next week to hear the preliminary report of the constitutional committee.

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COOLEY ADDRESSES AGRICULTURAL CLUB

The regular fortnightly meeting of the Agricultural club was held on last Monday. At this time Mr. Ray Bancroft, secretary of the book society, suggested that a man be selected to fill his place as soon as possible as he intends to leave here in a short time. In accordance with his suggestion a committee was appointed to look into this matter and report at the next meeting. After the business was attended to Prof. F. S. Cooley of the Farmer's Institute addressed the members of the club.

Mr. Cooley spoke very entertainingly of the work of the better farming special. The splendid success of this undertaking was due, he said, to the hearty co-operation of every one concerned and though the expense of the trip was considerable, the benefits of such a tour are manifold. He concluded his remarks with a discussion of the agricultural conditions in the different sections of the state and of the place to be filled by the young man who has had special training along these lines.



MONTANA STATE COLLEGE REGIMENTAL BAND,
Which Tours the State This Week.

THE WEEKLY EXPONENT

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EIGHT O'CLOCK SCHEDULE.

Discussion of the recent decision of the faculty to change to an eight o'clock schedule next fall has been free and plentiful during the week. There seems to be little unanimity either in favor of, or opposed to, the new plan. It is a complicated proposition and judgment is not likely to be accurate till based upon the actual working out of the system. At this time it is clear that there are certain disadvantages which may arise from the change, it being also certain that many advantages may result from it.

The application of the policy and the disposition of the faculty to utilize the extra time allowed will determine the final success, at least from the standpoint of a student. Among the dangers which might here be mentioned would be the tendency to add work to the different courses, making the required amount of work even greater than at present. Though the catalogue announces that 130 credits are sufficient for securing a degree, many of the departments lay down so much work which must be completeed before the degree is granted that it amounts to more than 150 in many if not most instances. By making the school day one hour longer it is possible that there will be a temptation on the part of some to add that much work to their course. Such an action would of course spell suicide. It is understood that there has been a specific agreement which will prevent such action.

Another difficulty which may interfere with the final success of the plan is that there may arise a tendency to lengthen the laboratory work. The plan as outlined is to make the recitation period from 1 to 2 very light. That means that many of the students would begin their laboratory work at 1 and finish at 3 or 3:30. If, however, the instructor saw fit he could add enough work to make it necessary for more time, which would naturally be taken during the remainder of the afternoon, to be applied to the work.

The point which the writer has in mind is that 4:30 is absolutely too late for an athlete to be released for his training and practice. Any student who had a 1 o'clock class with a laboratory period following would be practically precluded from taking part in athletics. Again if the work was made so heavy that more time was required on it ,the students would be compelled to withdraw from athletics.

There is no intention here to intimate that such course is contemplated, it may never even develop as suggested, but it is maintained that there is likely to be an unconscious and involuntary tendency on the part of the faculty to thus enlarge; and upon the part of some students to reckon 4:30 as the closing time.

So far as can be learned the real purpose of making the change was to afford another recitation hour and enable the arrangement of the schedule to accomodate the wants of the ever growing number of students. So long as that purpose is borne in mind and no new requirments added and no application of the time made which will unnecessarily interfere with other lines of student endeavor, just so long is success for the plan possible.

In all the disscusion which has marked the week there is the note of fear for the continuation of athletics. At present the closing time for most setudents is 3:30 and the latest is 4. If the new arrangement when applied tends to make the regular closing time 4:30 it will sound the death knell of football, and seriously interfere with training for other athletic sports.

It is to be hoped that the opening of work a half hour earlier will make it possible to close at a correspondingly earlier time. Care in putting the small and irregular classes at 1 o'clock will help to make this possible, while a reckless addition of work to the already overloaded courses will be a last straw.

CONCERNING STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Attention is again directed to the plan for a general student government as outlined at the joint meeting of the Boosters and Boosterines at their meeting last Friday and as presented in the columns of the Exponent published the same day. The principal features of the plan are included in the student governing bodies of many of the institutions of higher education in the United States and it seems that universal experience has been that the organization performs good work wherever it is backed up by a fairly general and active interest upon the part of the students.

The purpose in general is to provide a legislative body selected from the whole student body, and another branch, also of students, who shall act as mediators in disputed cases, shall holdcourt and pass upon matters which come under rules, laws or constitution already established. The difference between that system and the one at present maintained is that the students, not the faculty, will regulate student affairs, and the students will bear all the responsibility.

The new plan is not designed to crowd out any present organization, and will not interfere with any such organizations, so long as their action does not conflict with established law or precedent to the detriment of the college. The amount of power delegated to the new body will depend upon the ability for carrying responsibility and executing its policy which it shows. If the theories, which appear well grounded, work out as it seems likely they should, the proposed organization would soon be able to assume a great many of the responsibilities which now perplex the faculty, or which are carried individually by the students to the disadvantage of all.

Another great factor in favor of student government is the training which it would afford for future activity. Being modelled almost exactly upon our national governmental theory, it would provide an experience in political affairs which could be nothing less than invaluable in after life. It is hoped that sufficient interest will be aroused, and that it will be displayed, to make the success of the plan possible.

A PEERLESS CONTEST, A SPLENDID VICTORY.

For the first time in the history of the college, a victory was won from an institution in another state last Friday night. The occasion was the second annual debate with the Utah Agricultural college and the result was a unanimous decision for the representatives of the gold and blue. To characterize the debate as hard fought and of consuming interest is putting it only mildly. That it was well earned over a team which deserves respect for its ability is a fact which makes it doubly appreciated.

The work of the home team was simply remarkable and it was their superb command of the intracacies of the problem which brought the decision of the judges. Their work on the platform was evidence enough of hours and hours of hard, grinding study, coupled with unusual ability in selecting material and also gave evidence of a power behind which helped to make a success possible, the coaching. It is no small undertaking to prepare for such a contest, though in the words of President Hamilton, "the speakers will always feel well repaid for their time by the experience and knowledge they have gained."

From the standpoint of the audience, there has never been a more interesting contest held in Bozeman than was this debate. The subject was handled by both sides in a statesmanlike manner and was one which is of vital interest to the citizens of this Republic. Those who attended, and there was a liberal attendance, went away with the feeling that they had witnessed a contest which was equal in interest and excitement to any athletic game, and was more instructive and valuable than any such game.

The college is to be congraulated upon having in its student body such capable men as Horace Davis and William Winter, and those young men are to be congratulated for possessing an ability which will carry them high in the political world, should they enter that field.

TRACK BESET WITH DIFFICULTY.

It seems that a special fate is determined to obstruct the perfection of a first-class track team here this spring. Last week it was complained that many of the leading candidates for the team were taking no interest in the work and that there was every evidence that the best material would not be available. Immediately those who were accused of indifference responded and renewed their effforts toward making use of the natural abilities.

Then, in order to discourage the men, or to give them still more difficulties with which to contend, or for some reason or other, the weather man has seen fit to offer a series of cold, raw, nasty, disagreeable days, with high, cold winds and blustering, squally, unsettled and stormy weather.

But, after all, these obstacles serve to give added incentive to the efforts of the track men and more credit for good work will revert to them than if their conditions had been ideal. It makes the work more worth while to have instilled such a dash of natural disadvantages. It is a great honor to win a race or weight throwing contest under any fair circumstances, but it is a much greater honor to win when everything has been against the competitor.

And so with renewed courage, determination and ambition the men are taking hold of the work of preparing for the great struggles which are booked for the very near future. According to the law of life, these men will be better fitted to compete with circumstances hereafter because of their energetic attack of adverse conditions, and of unfriendly influences. It is the man who rises above all these and conquers anyway that will place his feet high on the proverbial ladder of success.

Unqualified success, emphasized by a unanimous debating victory over the Utah Aggies, has marked the literary and speaking ativities of the college this year. The victory last Friday night should prove an added incentive to putting forth the very best efforts to pull down the honors in the other contests of the kind wich remain. There is the debate with Wesleyan of Helena next week and following that will come the local and then state inter-collegiate contests. Success can be assured in both of these only by putting forth the very best efforts and best material the college affords. Interest upon the part of the general student body will help a great deal toward reaching the goal.

One more week has passed and nothing further has been heard from the baseball tournament, the tennis tornament, nor the labor day arrangements. Seven busy weeks of school remain and any work which is going to be done along any of these lines mentioned should be done immediately.

One of the athletic students at this institution was heard to remark after the debate last Friday that he would rather be able to debate like our men did than to be the best football player in the west.

Next week occurs the annual band tour. Too bad they were not in Helena at the time that Teddy visited the city. T. R. does not know what he has missed.

Utah put up a brave struggle but was outclassed by the sturdy debaters who fought under the standard of gold and blue.

Statistics on last year's graduating class at Wellesley college, just made public, show that of a class of some 300 young women, 245 are already married, or about to be.

Columbia, following the example of Chicago University, has established a students' bank. The bank is connected with the purser's office and pays no interest.

"Spend more time on the English language and less on French and German" is the advice of President Schurman to the engineering students of Cornell University.

The alumni of Harvard have 82 clubs, including the Associated Harvard clubs, the New England Federation of Harvard clubs, a Harvard club in Berlin and one in Italy.

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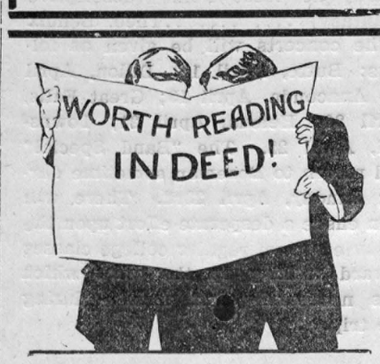
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THE WEEKLY EXPONENT

MONTHLY SUPPLEMENT

Vol. 2. BOZEMAN, MONTANA, FRIDAY, APRIL, 14, 1911 No. 24

Love in a Vaudeville

A Romance of a Ten-Cent Show

With the hope of restoring her failing courage, Sylvia Alden paused before the billboard that adorned the window of the Gem Family theatre. On it was written the program for the week. As usual, moving pictures and an illustrated song constituted the first part of the performance, while the latter half was taken up with vaudeville acts. This particular week only two vaudeville artistes were advertised. Blanche Bishop, the Texas girl, featuring "Hot Tamales," and Jack McDowel, "Greatest Ventriloquist West of the Mississippi, with His Mirth-Provoking Marionettes." Two photographs of the actors were shown; Blanche Bishop, petite and pretty in a ballet costume, tamale basket in hand; McDowel in a dress suit, clean cut and strong of feature, his face singularly frank and boyish for one of his profession.

Sylvia gazed a moment longer at the two pictures, then entered the theater door with reluctant steps.

She found the manager in the small box office pondering over a list of circuit vaudeville acts, from which he was selecting the performers for the coming week.

He listened to her faltering words with a cold stare. "You'll find the piano player inside there," he remarked, as she finished. "He'll try your voice—what he says goes."

A puff of smoke from the cigar which he held tightly between his teeth almost concealed the manager from view, and in a positive panic lest those cold eyes be turned on her again, Sylvia quickly opened the door he had indicated and entered.

Her eyes, fresh from the glare of an afternoon sun, discerned nothing at first in the dim light of the theater. Groping her way among rows of empty chairs to the front of the room, she found the piano player seated in the tiny orchestra pit tilted back in his chair at a perilous angle, his feet elevated to the railing. He too was smoking, leisurely puffing great clouds of smoke into the air. His eyes were closed and his enjoyment was evident.

For a full moment she stood looking at the corpulent figure. "Are you the piano player?" she finally asked in a faint voice.

He opened his eyes and gazed lazily at her. "Yeuh," he answered. "What can I do for you?"

His fat face radiated good nature and she took courage. "The man out there—"

"The manager," he prompted.

"Yes; the manager said for you to try my voice."

"Oh," he questioned. "Are you the singer that answered the adv. we put in the Miner?"

At her answer he closed his eyes again. "I'll go over your song as soon as Bishop and McDowel have run over their stuff—they'll be here in a minute or two. Sit down."

Not a sound disturbed the silence for a moment except the heavy breathing of the fat man. At length he opened his eyes. "Wanta see your song?"

"I guess I'd better," she answered.

"Third piece from the top," he said, moving a fat hand towards the piano.

She glanced over the grimy professional copy of the song; it was of the usual stereotyped character—lovers parted by death in the second verse, but to her it seemed very pretty and sad.

Suddenly the theater door opened and the two vaudeville artistes came groping their way down the aisle. Blanche Bishop paused a moment at the piano as she drew off her gloves. "Gosh, its dark in here," she cried.

Sylvia looked after the trim figure of the actress mounting the small stairway that led to the stage. "Why, she's not young at all," she observed in surprise.

"They all look that way off the stage," remarked the pianist as he lowered his feet and carefully placed his half-smoked cigar on the railing.

"Ready," came a voice from the stage, and as he dashed into the introduction and prelude of the song. Blanche Bishop, the Texas girl, approached the footlights and in tones large, harsh and masculine held forth the invitation to the empty chairs to have a hot tamale.

"Fast buck—stop time, till off and then seque right into the next song," she commanded, when the specialty was finished. The encore, for so it was intended, was more sentimental—a coon serenade. When the chorus was reached the artiste stretched out her arms to the listener below. "All for you," she sang, "Yes, honey; all for you.'

Sylvia instinctively recoiled, her face burning;and the woman disappeared in the wings of the dismantled stage with a good natured laugh at her discomfiture.

The pianist, aroused from his lethargy, slapped his knee and roared, "Bawled you out, didn't she," he said. "Good stuff," he observed approvingly to the singer, who was descending from the stage. "Sing that to the manager tonight, won't you?"

"Sure," she answered, brightening at his commendation. "What's his name?"

"Jess,' he responded. "Gee, won't the crowd give him the laugh. Don't you pike," he called after her. But she had gone and did not hear him. He chuckled again as he caught up his cigar and gave a few hasty puffs at it .

"All right. Give us some good lively stuff and follow the act," came a voice from the top of the stage. Sylvia glanced up. Over what appeared to be a board fence leaned McDowel. He was moving about with remarkable dexterity, his hands touching tiny wires which dotted the board.

The pianist struck into a lively two-step and as her gaze fell upon the stage she started with surprise and delight. There before her was a miniature orchestra—fiddlers drawing tiny bows across violins with energy, drummers clashing away on cymbals and pounding with praiseworthy zeal on little drums, and the leader, clad in conventional black, gesticulatinng wildly, baton in hand.

With the keen pleasure of a child she followed Happy Hooligan through his multitudinous adventures, witnessed the ascent of the gallant Alphonse and Gaston in an air ship, and laughed at their untimely descent from the same, wondered at the marvelous dexterity of a juggler, applauded the antics of Maude the Mule, shuddered at the whitened bones of the grinning skeletons which went dancing gaily away by themselves and felt a sensational thrill when the devil, worsted in an encounter with a blandly smiling Chinaman, went shooting upward out of sight. As the performance progressed she marveled more and more at the ease with which the ventriloquist controlled his voice, gliding from deepest bass to highest treble as he made his puppets speak and move at his will.

The last act pleased her most. from the right wing of the stage there stepped lightly a dapper colored gentleman, silk hat and cane in hand. In accents tender he sang a love song to a maiden whom he hailed as Desdemone. When the chorus was reached, a colored lady with skirts held daintily up in both dark hands advanced to meet him from the other side of the stage. "My pretty Desdemone, I want you for my own," sang her admirer, opening his mouth very wide with each word.

The second verse was rendered by the lady in a high soprano voice. "Pretty work," remarked the pianist, when the tiny couple had danced lightly off the stage.

Sylvia leaned forward, her eyes shining. "Do you think he'd care if I saw them?" she whispered.

"Sure not," he replied, indulgently. "Go on up if you want to. I'll finish this cigar while you're gone."

She found the performers leaning against the wall, smiling and wooden, and fell on her knees before them. McDowel, coming from the little hole dignified by the name of property room, found her there. "Like 'em?" he questioned. "They're the cutest things I ever saw," she answered, simply, rising from her knees and looking frankly at him. "Glad you think so," he responded from the depths of the packing case he had just set down. "I like 'em pretty well—I call 'em my children. They're

(Continued on page two)

The Civil Engineer

(The following poem by W. J. Kremer, '10, was read as a part of the program given in the assembly by the Civil Engineering society.)

In the early dawn of history when
  mankind did appear,
Things were indeed quite different,
  for there was no engineer.
The aggies owned the country and had
  an easy time,
For there were no ladders of ambition
  for the patriarchs to climb.
The plantlets in the garden unfolded
  to the sun,
With fruits and plants and dainty
  things, the world was overrun.
Old Adam would, from day to day,
  leaning on his hoe,
Gaze upon his orchards and watch his
  apples grow;
Or if in need of some new clothes to
  dress him for the ball,
He would simply pluck some foliage
  or wait until the leaves did fall.
There were no scientific books, teaching conservation of the soil,
Everything grew quite plentiful, without a bit of toil;
And so they lived in pleasure under
  heaven's sky sublime,
Enjoying many blessings in this
  bright and happy clime.

So the world might yet be going, had
  there not come a fateful day
When everything was changed and
  the old things passed away.
The blue skies turned to darkness and
  over all was gloom,
The earth was hushed and silent as
  the silence of a tomb.
Then the rain began to pour and Noah
  built his brig;
But he found he couldn't do the job
  without calculus and trig,
So he started in to figure the bending
  moments in the beams,
The weight of wood and iron and
  many othter things.
He kept a night school of engineering, working on his boat by day,
Until the stately ark was launched
  and proudly sailed away;
She was the finest brig on any sea
  afloat,
Which has given Noah the honor of
  being an engineer of note.
And ever since the time of Noah the
  world has loved to hear
Of all the wonders contracted by the
  Civil Engineer.

Not very prepossessing in his boots
  and overalls,
He's found in every clime wherever
  duty calls,
Sinking piles into the quicksand on
  which to build a pier,
To hold the many thousands when the
  mighty ships draw near;
Building jetties in the ocean to keep
  the land intact,
Supplying things to Nature which the
  dear old mother lacked.
He has builded all the railroads that
  encircle this old earth,
The tunnels in the Andes, the mighty
  bridge at Firth,
Upon the arid prairies this genius
  then has chose
To bring the needed water which
  makes them blossom as the rose.
By looking thro his transit and working probs in math,
He keeps the world a-moving and in
  its proper path.
Now when again you see an engineer
  dragging consolation from a pipe,
Don't forget that he's the one that has
  set everything aright;
And that while you are dreaming by
  a cheerful fireside,
He is bunking on the prairies with a
  tarp about his hide;
Working on from day to day with a
  purpose good and true,
Leaving monuments of fame when his
  toils on earth are thru.

Let us hope that when the curtain
  rises on that happier day,
When the mists and clouds of centuries will at last have cleared
  away;
When we gather in that city which
  we all do hold so dear,
We'll be welcomed at the gateway
  by a civil engineer.

—o—

"My birthday is April Fool's day," said Jack; but I don't care. That don't make me a fool, any more than being born on the Fourth of July would make me a firecracker."—Ex.

"Dear me," cried mamma. "What is the baby crying for?" "He's mad at me, mamma," said Tommy. "I was trying to make him smile with the glove stretcher."—Ex.

"When Kirk Met Kirk"

The elephant hung from the college
  roof,
All painted in orange and black;
And the sophomore numerals there
  gave proof
That the freshmen must make the attack.
The sophomores were soon overpowered,
And the elephant crushed to the
  ground;
Its clatter awoke our brave Howard,
And he thought he'd just mosey
  around.
A battle royal was raging
When Howard arrived on the scene;
And Cassius was out there engaging
In the ranks of the class of '13.
Now Cassius is not very careful
In choosing his victims, you know;
So he leaped on his own classmate
  cheerful,
And bore Howard deep in the snow.
He rubbed him and scrubbed him severely,
Till the fellows gathered around;
And his disappiontment felt keenly
When his great mistake he had found.
All that perfect good scrubbing
That some freshman ought to have
  had,
To be wasted thus on a sophomore,
Made both of the Kirks feel bad.

—o—

Jolts for Sophomores

Ruth A has decided she wants to associate with nobility, so has decided it shall be an Earl.

What student makes us think of a picnic?—Olive(s).

I want the sophs to pay me their class dues, so please, dear Santa, send them around.—McGuire.

Favorite songs of some of the sophomores:

Vestal—Any little girl that's a nice little girl is the right little girl for me.

Seamans—Hang out the front door key.

Schumacher—Blondy, waltz with me.

Wharton—In ths beautiful garden of dreams (Ferns).

Wylie—I am trying to win a happy home.

Willie—I am going to win a medal this year or bust, only I am not going to bust. And he didn't.

Another lean philosopher—Douglas.

Resolved—That I'll take a girl home place, some time, maybe.—Blessing.

S is for Soper,
  Always ready and rough;
Though lacking in study,
  He puts up a bluff.

The right sort of a lover to be far away.—Truman.

Resolved—That I won't be bashful any more—Martin.

B is for Blinn;
  He just got next.
And 'twould be a sin
  To play any tricks.
    "But, oh my."

Civilized man can't live without a cook.—Chambers.

She's there when it comes to elocution, and knows every battle of the revolution.—Myrtle Alderson.

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.—G. Hollier.

B is for Brabrook,
  Who comes from Chicago;
He landed in '09,
  And is a dandy good fellow.

To Clara Lewis:
Long may you live,
  And live at your ease;
Happy be the man
  That lets you do as you please.

Wanted—To know whether Leinard will find a girl to suit him.

Don't call me a plane,
  For I feel very sane;
I will always try to fill the bill
  As long as my name is Luke Hill.

Margaret Bole is her name,
  A maid some classy;
In physics she has fame,
  For the boys try to be en masse.

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Ach, Mein!

A Tale of Two Mischievous Boys

"Pop, yuh fastun up m' stockuns?"

Dr. Riesland laid aside the medical journal he had been perusing and looked blankly at his small son. Death had robbed the home of the mother a couple of years before, and the doctor was trying to be both father and mother to the two six-year-old boys, Oswald and Harold, better known as Nip and Tuck. Being a very eminent and consequently very busy surgeon, he had left all the "fussy care" of the children to his wife, imagining, as men are apt to do, that these "fussy cares" were the smallest part of parental duties. Up till the day before, his sister had been with him ever since his wife's death, and had taken complete charge of all household affairs. But now the poor man was left to rely on his own resources. Consequently he gazed blankly and rather hopelessly at Nip.

"Please," said Nip, misinterpreting the look. Now, the doctor knew just why, when and where each one of his numerous scalpels should be used, but when it came to buttons and hooks and patent fastenings, he was utterly at sea.

"Ain' yuh goin' a do ut?" inquired the youngster.

"My son," the doctor felt it was his move, "I've just been thinking what big boys you and Oswald are getting to be."

"Uh huh. We's mos' big nuff t' have two ponies all t' arselfs 'n some guns wot shoot real live things 'n--"

"Don't you think, then, you're big enough to fasten your own stockings."

"Un uh, 'cause they's ev'lastinly comin' down, 'n—'n—please fasten up m' stockuns."

The doctor consented, and had just sent Nip to resurrect a necktie when his other son poked his head in the doorway.

"Well, Tuck, old man, what can I do for you?"

"This d'gon' but—"

"Oswald, my son, you mustn't use such expressions. Now, what is it?"

"This 'ere button wat's on m' waist busted off."

"That's too bad. We'll have to look after it. How's it put on?"

Tuck stared at his father in amazement, then explained scornfully and condescendingly:

"Sew't woth a needle 'n thread—thoo these 'ere holes—"

"That will do, Tuck. You bring—"

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling a-ling. The doctor rushed to the phone.

"Hello. Yes; this is Doctor Riesland. What! You say worse than before? Got to be operated on inside of an hour? Tell Miss Grayson to get Operating Room No. 5 in readiness and have Dr. Mann and Miss Wilmer to help. Will be down in half an hour. Boys, boys, you'll have to hurry down to Hilder for your breakfast and have your clothes fixed. Papa's got to go up to the hospital and operate on a poor lady that's all sick."

"Wat's she got?" inquired Nip.

The doctor gasped. How hard it was to realize the twins were older than three years.

"Why-a-appendicitis."

"Uh huh. Say, pop; busted a shoestring."

"Boys, you'll have to go to Hilder now. Papa must go to the hospital." A penny for the doctor's thoughts regarding the "fussy cares" at that moment.

That afternoon the doctor was sitting in his office thinking over the problems which had so recently come before him for solution. He knew it would be utterly impossible for him to rear his young sons in the straight and narrow path and still attend to his work as he should. Yet, what was he to do?

"Lots I know about dressing youngsters and sewing on buttons! Hang it all, I've got to get somebody to help me out in this."

He walked resolutely to the phone.

"Central? Dale 8420."

"Hello; is this Mrs. Dunning?"

"Yes; who is speaking, please?" came thro' the receiver.

"This is Riesland. Mrs. Dunning, I want your advice. You know, my sister went home yesterday afternoon and we have only Hilder, the cook, here. I haven't got time to look after the boys properly, and I don't know how if I did. I don't want to—,,

"Why don't you employ a housekeeper. Now, I know of a woman. She's a German. Has been in the United States about four years. She was housekeeper for the Marlings. You remember them, don't you? They're going to travel, and I'm sure you could get her. She is Frau Schweimar, and her address is 951 S. Ellington avenue.

A few minutes later a much relieved Dr. Riesland stepped into his carriage and drove to 951 S. Ellington. Frau Schweimar herself answered his ring.

"Pardon me, but is this Frau Schweimar?"

"Yah, Yah; it wass me."

"I'm Dr. Riesland. I hear you are looking for a new position. Now, I want to get some one to oversee the household affairs and take care of my motherless little boys." The doctor explained the duties, and in the end the Frau Schweimar agreed to assume the household duties about nine o'clock the following morning. The boys received the news with feelings of mingled relief, pleasure, annoyance and consternation. It would be nice to have someone button and mend their clothes. But now annoying it would be to have some one who would be wanting to wash their faces all the time! That night, as they were getting ready for bed, the little chaps plotted long and deeply against the unsuspecting frau

Frau Schweimar arrived promptly at nine o'clock the following morning, and the doctor introduced her to two very demure little boys.

"Ach, der poor leetle poys! Unt they have no mutter, yet. Ach mein!" and the good woman kissed each angelic face.

"Would you like to go through the house now?" asked the doctor.

"Yah; I vill tru' der house gehen." So the two little boys were left sitting sedately on the settee while the doctor and the frau looked thro' the rooms. In the meantime the frau's luggage had arrived. Nip and Tuck finally tired of the inactivity and strolled out to watch the unloading and incidentally to find something with which to amuse themselves.

"She ain' any dithernt f'm other womans, 'nif we do gotta call 'er fraw," remarked Tuck, disgustedly.

"Gee! She's mos' 's big 's that th'r water tank ov' yonder." Nip regarded the dimensions of the tank with evident disapproval.

"Don' she kiss funny?"

"Uh huh; all slobb'ry."

The boys were silent for a few minutes watching the men carry a huge trunk into the house. SuddenlyNip ejaculated:

"Golleeeeee Moses! Look w'ere there!"

"W'ere?"

"Ov' there 'n the dray. Don' yuh see't? Over hind them two trunks."

"Huh! Le's go 'vestergate."

No sooner said than the two boys ran to the gate and climbed into the thin daschund peeked around one of the numerous boxes. Then, taking for granted the visitors were friendly, he stretchingly drew himself out from behind his box and advanced to greet them.

"Huh! That dog got pulled," remarked Nip, as he watched the peculiar animal curiously.

"Looks kin 'a sick, don' 'e?" Tuck regarded the creature closely.

"Bet 'e gotta be op'rated on."

"Uh huh. 'N I'll betyuh he's got w'at Pop said that there lady had."

"He sure gotta be op'rated on 'f 'e got that."

"'N it gotta be done quick."

"Le's take him to the play room."

Nip grabbed the poor brute by the hind legs and Tuck took charge of his head, and, without giving poor Dascher a chance to whine, they lugged him up the back stairs and into the nursery. The youngsters had gone thro' the operating rooms with their father, and had a vague idea that operating consisted of laying the victim on the table and sticking a knife into him. They stretched the docile Dascher on the nursery table and sat down to make plans.

"Ain' got no knives," said Tuck.

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LOVE IN A VAUDEVILLE.

(Continued from page one)

pretty good kids. 'Happy,' though, the other day got his wires twisted and couldn't go on; could you, old fellow," he remarked to that smiling individual as he packed him in the box.

"How can you make them move around and talk so?" she asked. "That's easy,," he began. "You—" A call from the pianist interrupted him. "I'll show you some time," he said. "Goin' to be with us long?" "I'm not sure," she answered. "I'll know as soon as the pianist trys my voice."

The fat man smiled apologetically. "My cigar was out" he said. "I didn't have matches with me, so I thought we'd better start."

She sang her song with an emotion that filled her own eyes with tears, but in a vioce so tiny and bird-like that both her listeners passed their verdict without hesitation. " Never reach beyond the first row of seats," thought the man at the piano. McDowel paused a moment in his packing. "Too bad," he said.

The girl turned when the song was done and looked at the pianist. The tears were still in her eyes. "Its an awfully sad song," she said. "I think anybody ought to sing a song like that well, don't you?" "Sure," he answered, cursing himself for his cowardice. "You'd better take the music home and learn the words," he added.

When she was gone the two men faced each other.

"Who is she?" asked McDowel. "I never saw her before," the piano player answered. "Some girl saw Jess's adv. in the Miner and wants the job. She won't get it, that's a cinch." "Well, I don't know," the ventriloquist said. "Her voice sounded sweet if she'd only sing out. Perhaps she'll do all right tonight," he added, hopefully. "Perhaps," responded the other, doubtfully. "If she could only sing as well as she looks, she'd be a glass crash. But this weak singing won't go with an audience—they want you to sing out. Put some ginger into the stuff like Bishop does. At the mention of the actress' name his fat face wreathed itself in smiles. "You know the gag we're going to get off on the manager tonight," he asked, clapping McDowel on the shoulder. ' Yes." "She'll be a scream from start to finish, if she only don't pike," he said, as they parted at the street door.

It was early in the afternoon; the air was redolent with the earthy odors of early spring. "Guess I'll see this little burg," thought the ventriloquist, turning toward the bluff that overhung the small town.

The climb was a hard one and he reached the top out of breath. "Hello," he cried in surprise. There before him on a big rock with her chin in her hands sat the girl who but a short time before had been in his thoughts.

"Hello," she answered frankly. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "Whe-oo-oo," he gasped, that's a pull and a half, ain't it?" She laughed. "I don't mind climbing; I'm used to it."

"Care if I sit down on that rock?" he said. "I must be getting old—or fat," he added. They both laughed at the preposterous idea. "That must be the mine," he said, looking down at a huge smoke stack and blackened roofs of a group of buildings. "It is," she answered. "I like to see it; its like home to me."

"Live in a mining town?" He picked up a stone and tossed it idly down the hill. "Not a town," she corrected, "just a coal mine and a saloon or two and a store. They haven't any moving pictures there."

He looked at the fresh young face. "Don't know as they miss much," he said thoughtfully.

"I think they're just fine," she returned. "And just think what I get —$15 a week just for working nights. It beats clerking."

"Clerk, do you?" he questioned. "Yes,' she answered, "and my folks paid me fifteen a month and I worked from seven in the morning till nine at night, Sundays and all.

"That was pretty tough," he said sympathetically. "What did they say," he continued, "when you came away?"

"They didn't care," she answered. "You see, they're not my own folks. The coming away wasn't hard—that's one comfort in being alone in the world." She laughed a trifle bitterly; but in a moment her happy disposition asserted itself. "So you see," she said gaily, turning toward him, "I feel like Rockefeller now. Just thing —I've got a whole week's room and board paid in advance, and ten dollars to go on till I get my first week's salary. Oh, I know I'm going to like it awfully well here."

He looked pityingly at her. "You won't get tired of stayin' here all the time," he asked.

"Why,no; why should I," she returned in surprise. "Do you?"

He looked away uneasily. "I don't stay here all the time. I'm just billed for a week.

Oh,' she said regretfully. "So you will have to take those cute little dolls away? They're the sweetest little things I ever saw."

"Mercy," she cried. "Its going to rain and here I am with my best suit and hat and no umbrella."

"We'll have to run,' he said, holding out his hand to her.

They ran swiftly down the steep path. By the time they reached the hotel the rain was coming fast.

In the small office they paused breathless, with water dripping from their garments.

"Hope the hat ain't spoiled," he said,eying it regretfully.

She had taken it off and was shaking the rain drops from it.

"I don't think its much hurt," she reassured him.

"Well, so long. I'll see you this evening, Miss—Miss—"

"My name's Sylvia Alden," she answered.

"And mine," he said, as he turned to go, "is Jack McDowel."

In her room she hung her new suit on a chair to dry. "Gracious," she thought, "We talked all that while and hadn't been introduced."

The first performance that night attracted but a small crowd. Seven o'clock was too early an hour for any except children and loafers.

A moving picture of humorous character came first on the program—an escaping convict in his mad rush for liberty, overturned a great number of citizens—citizens with bicycles, trays of dishes, pails of dirty water, sacks of flour,cameras and baby carriages.

The crowd commented freely on the scenes. "Go her, Rube," shouted one hilarious individual, as a blind man peddling a tray of statuettes was overturned by the desperate criminal; and a chorus of shrill children's voices rose as the excitement increased.

Behind the scenes the girl stood, her face white with anxiety. She came next, and though she gazed directly at the moving pictures which showed as plainly on the back of the canvas as on the front, she saw not one detail of them. McDowel came in at the rear entrance and saw her standing there.

"How's the hat?" he said cheerfully, coming up to where she stood.

She looked at him. His kindly face somewhat reassured her.

"its all right," she whispered. "I steamed the feather and its all right."

As she spoke the last picture was whisked off the canvas.

"I come next," she said, hoarsely.

"Good luck to you," he called out as she descended the stairs.

Blanche Bishop sat in a kitchen chair in a red, much-bespangled ballet costume with a dirty kimona drawn around her shoulders, reading The Billboard.

"Poor kid," she said to him, "she's about all in."

On the canvas was thrown the brilliant illuminated cover design of the song, and the piano player began the introduction. The girl stood at his side in the dim light, her head erect, her eyes glowing, and sang the song in her small, sweet voice.

The audience intent for a moment upon the brilliant foliage, the gorgeous heavens and the lovers, paid little attention to the singer, but as she sang the last lines of the chorus they commented freely.

"Sing out; let's hear the words," they called, and one among them remarked loudly, "This here's a song without words, fellers." As she finished, a small boy, emboldened by the example of the men, rose and shouted "Rotten."

"The brutes," McDowel muttered, clenching his hands. In his anxiety he pressed his eye to a hole in the canvas and had watched and listened to the entire performance.

The girl left the piano, white and trembling, her eyes filled with angry tears. She met McDowel at the head of the small stairway. "Why didn't you tell me," she cried, accusingly, "that I couldn't sing?"

"You can sing," he answered. "You sing good, " he ended, lamely.

"I don't," she contradicted. "You heard them—you heard the—the words they said at the last." Her lip trembled, she struggled bravely for control of herself.

Blanche Bishop, going on at the moment, hot tamale basket in hand, patted her shoulder. "Don't you mind, kid," she said kindly.

Sympathy at such a crisis was distrous. McDowel drew Sylvia's hands from her face and held them in his strong, friendly grasp. "Now, look here," he said hurriedly, "I got to go on in a few minutes; you do as I say. Remember, you're earning your own living now," he added. "You can't afford to lose this job. You promise to do just as I tell you, will you?"

She looked up at his kind face. "I promise,' she said.

Quickly he unfolded his scheme to her as Elanche, the Texas girl, was responding to a terrific encore. A deafening roar of applause drowned out his last words; the hot tamale artiste returned flushed and triumphant.

Her return was the signal for him to mount his post.

With aheavy heart Sylvia watched the tiny band perform, heard the spirited dialogue of Gaston and Alphonse in their air ship, and saw Mrs. Katzenjammer administer merited punishment to her ungodly offspring.

Once the ventriloquist looked over at her and smiled. In that moment the tiny acrobat clutched wildly at his trapeze and, missing it, fell with a wooden thud on the stage floor.

"Hurt yourself?" cried out a gruff voice from the audience.

The manager's wife had come behind the scenes and was talking with Blanche Bishop,her whispers loud and voluble coming clearly across the stage.

"I just thought I'd die—and Jess didn't know where to look. I just laughed like a fool, for I never seen him get bawled out so before."

At their conversation Sylvia remembered the "put up job" of the afternoon. That afternoon! It seemed years ago.

"That song always is a perfect scream," whispered Blanche, complacently. "My whole act goes big, for I'm used t' playin' big time."

The last actors came on the stage and cakewalked as gaily as before, but the girl watched them with sombre eyes, her elbows on her knees, her head between her hands.

Encore after encore greeted the ventriloquist's act. "He is fine," Sylvia said again and again. "They're all fine but me."

When the curtain had gone down, McDowel came back to her, mopping his glistening forehead. "Gee! its hot up there," he said.

In the short time before her song came on again, he gave her a few minute directions. "Don't you mind the audience," he said. "They're all new —won't be a one of those left, for they had to go when the first program was done."

With knees shaking under her, she went down once more into the orcehstra pit. The pianist smiled up at her. "Don't be afraid of 'em," he whispered. "Give it to 'em from the shoulder the way Bishop does."

The song this time reached the extreme corners of the theater—every note clear and distinct, the voice high, strong and well trained.

The cold eye of the manager softened perceptibly. "She'll do," he said briefly to his wife.

The last illustration was a triumph of color effects. Under a purple sky dotted with lemon colored moon and stars, sat the bereaved lover upon a bank of greenest grass with flowers of myriad hues at his back. His head was resting on his hand in an attitude endorsed by elocution authorities as indicating hopeless grief. The close of the song was greeted with genuine applause.

"You done fine that time," whispered the pianist.

McDowel laughed as she met him on the stage. j"Got 'em flim-flammed," he cried. "Not a soul caught on. I watched 'em through a hole in the canvas. Even the piano player thought it was you singing."

"I don't know what I can ever do to pay you," she said gratefully.

"Cut that part," he interrupted. "Its nothing to do—good practice." He left her hurriedly, anxiously avoiding her expressions of gratitude.

The performance lasted late that night and it was eleven before the last crowd turned out into the street.

The manager, his wife, the pianist and the Hot Tamale Girl were talking over the evening's performance. They "joshed" Jess about his "bawling out."

Unnoticed, Sylvia made her way to the street door and opened it.

The night was very dark. The rain, which had ceased for some hours, had begun again in a steady drizzle. No rubbers—no umbrella. She shrank back for a moment. A step was heard behind her. "I've been looking for you to take you home." It was McDowel's voice.

Under his umbrella she walked along for the first time in her life experiencing the comfort of being looked after.

He would not permit her to dwell on the events of the evening, but told her funny stories of his puppet children and kept her laughing with his nonsense.

But she did not listen with undivided attention to what he said. Over and over again in her mind she was revolving ways and means of repaying him. At the door she spoke. "I can't let you sing for me," she said, "unless you let me give you what I earn."

His face grew stern with anger. "Good night," he said shortly and turned away.

Alone in her room, she abandoned herself to the gloomiest reflections. "I can't take the money," she thougnt, "when I don't sing. And I can't stay unless he sings for me, and I don't dare speak to him about it again." Then the startling fact presented itself to her mind—"He leaves in a week and I've only ten dollars in the world." At that last thought she found the problem too complex for her weary brain and took refuge in tears, from which sleep soon mercifully relieved her.

The week passed quickly by and no one but the piano player and Blanche, the hot tamale girl, knew of the deception played on the manager and the public. Sylvia spent the days in fruitless inquiries for work of any sort. The small town seemed already crowded with seamstresses, clerks and maids of all work. Not for a moment, however, did she think of returning to her people.

The last day of the week came round and McDowel, entering the theater that afternoon just before the Saturday matinee, found Sylvia sitting alone on the floor of the stage.

She was whispering, apparently, to herself.

A great fear clutched her heart for a moment. Had anxiety as to the future unbalanced her mind?

"Hello," he said. "What you doin'?"

She started guiltily, a deep blush spreading over her face.

"Don't be angry," she begged. "It was purple, you know, and that doesn't look well with her red coat and hat, and there was a grease spot on the front of it—and the lace was torn—and—"

She made further incoherent attempts to justify herself.

"Why; what in h—" began McDowel, puzzled beyond expression.

Coming closer a light broke upon him.

"Well, of all horned cattle," he ejaculated. "Miss Desdemone—a new dress, pink silk and lace, and a new bonnet!"

"Do you like it?" she interrupted, eagerly. "And don't you think I did a good job on the sleeves?"

She had risen and stood very close to him as she pointed out the fine points of her work. He looked down a moment at her pretty dark head.

"Sylvia," he said, "never mind the dress just now—look at me a minute. "You know," he continued, as she looked up at him,"that I'm going away tomorrow."

Her eyes fell at that and the bright face was clouded with the look of worry she had worn for the past week.

"I know," she replied, hopelessly.

"Do you know what you're goin' to do when I'm gone?" he asked, holding her pitilessly to the subject.

"When you are gone," she blankly repeated after him, "what am I to do?"

"Yes," he said, looking down at her " and how are you going to repay me?"

With simple dignity she took a small roll of bills and handed it to him. "I never meant to take any of it," she said. "Please believe me."

He pushed the money aside, brusquely.

"I don't mean that," he cried, his eyes aglow with sudden anger. "How could you think I meant that? What I want," he continued, " is you; that's the payment I ask.My services come high," he said, laughing to conceal the emotion in his voice. "I want you to be my wife, because I've loved you ever since that first night you sang. Look at me," he cried,catching her hands and turning her round facing him.

She raised her eyes to him and in them he read his answer.

The afternoon sun shone brightly through the dirty window and fell upon them and upon the smiling Desdemone in her new silk dress lying upon the floor of the stage where McDowel had dropped her.

Raising her head from his shoulder, Sylvia's eyes fell on the doll and the packing case wherein the rest of the puppets were snugly stowed away—she smiled up at him.

"I'll try and be a mother to your children, Jack," she said.

E. C. Quaw.

---o---

A lady at a church concert rose to sing. "A Thousand Leaves are Falling," she caroled, and then her voice broke into a screech, and she had to stop, for she had pitched the song too high. "Start her at five hundred," shouted an auctioneer from the gallery.—Ex.

Fresh.—What's the dummy of an annual, anyway?

Senior (ex-editor)—The editor-in-chief.

ACH MEIN!

(Continued from page one)

We c'n use hat pins 'n play they's knives," replied Nip.

Le's."

Nip ran to get the required instruments of torture while Tuck got everything else ready. Then the young surgeons began their painful duty.The dog wriggled delightedly when the boys tried to locate a tender spot, but the delight changed to horror when he felt a sharp prick in his side. However, being a good natured dog, he merely looked beseechingly at his torturers. The young amateurs, pleased with the success of their first venture, gave a vicious stab with the pin, and were about to wrap the towel around the dog's body, when that honorable leaped from the table and registered his objections by a series of long, dismal howls, punctuated by occasional yelps of pain. The boys looked at one another. What if Frau Schweimar should hear! She'd probably——. At the tho't of tnose mammoth proportions and what she might possibly do, the amateurs grabbed their pins and took to their heels, leaving their victim to wander aimlessly about the nursery. By the time Frau Schweimar had conveyed her ponderous person from the basement to the second floor, the lads were carefully ensconced behind the wood shed. Poor, innocent Dascher was roundly scolded for attempting to explore, then was carried down to the kitchen and fed sugar.

During the next few days Frau Schweimar was very busy unpacking, so the boys were made to play in the back yard. Now, usually this was the boys' favorite playground, but because they had been told to play in the back yard,this back yard became most tiresome. On this particular afternoon the boys sat digging holes in the flower beds and wishing there was something to do.

"Poys," called Frau Schweimar, appearing in the doorway, "this afternoon moost I up town go, unt I vill not pe back till t'ree o'clock, yet. You poys play here like der nice leetle poys, und die frau vill some nice cake bringen."

"I wan' some canny," yelled Tuck.

"It fould pe goat for you to take vat you can get, alretty." And Frau turned into the house.

The boys continued to dig holes for a few minutes, then Nip got up, shook the dust from his clothes and began to walk toward the house.

"Where yuh goin'?" inquired Tuck, following his brother's example.

"'N the house," Nip replied.

"W'atcher goin' do?"

"Nawthin'. W'y.?"

"Jes' won'ered."

The nursery seemed dull and uninteresting. The living room hadn't anything to amuse the boys. Halls are altogether too uncomfortable for any one to feel comfortable in. Like two waifs the little youngsters wandered from room to room, getting crosser and more disconsolate each instant. When they chanced to find Dascher asleep in the bath tub, with one accord they dashed to the faucets and turned on the water full force. After that they seemed to feel better. Some awful load seemed to have been removed from their minds. Perhaps this little prank had done away with the nervous strain of having been good so long. At any rate, their brains had been stimulated and everything again looked rose-tinted.

"Say!" Tuck stopped short, chucked his hands in his pocket and waited for his brother to right about face.

"W'at?"

"D'yuh reckon Frau Schweimar'll take a nap t'day?"

"Course. She allys does. W'y?"

"'Cause, I tho't a somep'n."

"Gwan 'n tell w'at is."

"Well-l-l-l-l-l—d'yuh see her t'other day, w'en she sawed a bug 'n the porch.

"Uh huh. Bull-e-e-e-e-e-e!" and the two boys hugged one another in great glee.

"Got 'ny string, Tuck?" asked Nip, reaching way down into his pockets.

"Bet yuh." Tuck pulled ont yards of various colored string, and the two boys sat down in the middle of the hall to straighten out the mess.

The little rascals put in two hours of good, hard work before they were ready to test the success of their plan. They tied a fly to one end of the suspended string, then Tuck backed out into the hall with the other end and Nip stayed inside to watch the effect.

"Bull-e-e-e-e-e-e!" yelled the little chap, when the fly had been let down and drawn up again several times. "Fix 't up sost she won' see 't and c'mon 'n get some kin' a big bug."

Giggling, they tumbled down the stairs and out into the yard in quest of a bug.

"Goll-e-e-e-e-e Moses! Look-a-here!" exclaimed Nip. Tuck ran to where Nip stood and there beheld a big red beetle crawling slowly over the walk.

"Huh! Ain' that a cracker?" Picking up the luckless bug, they ran into the house and made their final preparations for Frau Schweimar's nap.

Abont half past four the boys tiptoed up stairs and peeked into the frau's bedroom. There she lay snoring happily, wholly unconscious of her delighted visitors.

"She's a dead 'n. Let 'er down, Tuck. Little more. Now, peek thro' the crack, quick."

"Goll-e-e-e-e-e-e! Looketer paw 'roun!" Giggles.

"Pull 't up quick er she'll swaller 't," came in a stage whisper from Nip. More giggling, snorts and puffs.

"Let 'er down little," whispered Nip. "She's roll'n over. O-o-o-o-o-o-o look!" Still more giggling.

"Goll-e-e-e-e-e-e Moses! She's wak'n up.'

The boys tore down the stairs and out behind the wood shed, where they indulged in their mirth to their hearts' content. In fact, they were so busy indulging in their mirth they failed to hear the approach of the irate frau, and even failed to see her remove a large bedroom slipper from her left foot. But they didn't fail to feel the slipper, nor did they cease to feel the effects for several days.

"Vat for you 'tink I mine nap take, yet. To svallow boogs unt for to haaf boogs valk on mein face? Ach Mein!! Sooch pad poys vat nefer been pefore! Nefer did I see such cruelness vat iss to a poor boog!" Giving each sniffling lad a final shake, the injured frau tramped wrathfully into the house.

"Goll-e-e-e-e Moses!" ejaculated Tuck.

"Huh!" answered Nip.

Wlin long, sorrowful faces they watched the huge proportions of the frau vanish thro' the doorway, then Tuck turned defiantly to Nip and announced:

"She lookt d'gon funny, anyhow!"

"She vot for ain't to swalla poogs yet." Nip, tho' careful not to move too strenuously or suddenly, chuckled gleefully.

"Hadda good time 'n if we did get licked," Tuck vouchsafed, after a short silence.

"Uh huh. Le's put a spider in her powder nex' time." And their mischievous minds having set to work once more, they set out in search of their prey.

M. E., '14.

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JOLTS FOR SOPHOMORES

(Continued from page one)

Resolved—To be the best looking married man in college.—Talmage.

Brook Hartman—Hurrah for the sophomore captain of next year's basketball champs.

I haven't any one to save a seat in assembly for!! (here)—Gordon.

Helen Shiell—I think I can come back to school next year, but I don't want to after that!!!

Ruth Hartman in biology lab.: "I don't care; I won't cut up a cat. I'll cut up a guinea pig first."

I used to believe in women—Dahling.

Welcome to our class again.—Temple.

Clark Bancroft: "I like the college girls; but there are others.

Crosby—A pharmacist by birth and a mighty good one, by gum.

Ray McCarthy:

Her mien is lofty, but her gaze
Too well a wandering mind betrays.

(Only a short time before vacation, Ray.)

One time Frank Wight had a heavenly smile, when he had his picture taken with four others. I don't know what time, but it was a flashlight.

Abbie Morris: "Her modest looks, a cottage might adorn." How about it, Abbie?

Lee Anderson, he was so tall;
His wife, she was so short;
And so between them both
They were the proper sort.

Buckley—I don't think the pompadour style would become me.

Griffith—What he does, he does with all his might, and gets there all the time.

Rhoda D—I'd rather cut up a cat than a dog any day, even if it was a pet cat.

Alda S—Talks little but thinks much.

---o---

America One Hundred Years Ago.

Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair.

There was not a public library in the United States.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

There was only one hat factory, and it made cocked hats.

A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his foot on the ground.

The whipping post and pillory were still standing in Boston and New York.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

When a man had enough tea he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more.—Ex.

PLENTY OF TIME

There is yet time for you to get a suit for Easter if you come in at once. Your orders will be attended to **personally** by

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BOZEMAN'S RELIABLE TAILOR

College Notes

Assembly today will be devoted to the formal ceremonies of receiving and accepting the plaster casts, frieze and other decorations donated by the students for assembly hall. President Hamilton will conduct the exercises.

—o—

Mrs. Prof. J. W. Blankenship, wife of the former head of the botany department of this institution, was visiting in Bozeman this week. Mrs. Blankenship was very well known among the students of five years ago before the professor accepted his present position with the Amalgamated Copper company.

—o—

Profs. W. F. Brewer and E. A. Duddy of the English department returned yesterday morning from Helena where they had been in attendance at the banquet of the Montana Harvard Alumni Association in honor of ex President Theodore Roosevelt. Both gentlemen report a pleasant trip and a delightful reunion at the banquet.

—o—

The junior music students will give a music recital at assembly hall next Wednesday afternoon. Some hard practice has been indulged in for this event, and it is hoped that there will be a liberal attendance. The music faculty is quoted as saying that the juniors in music this year are most promising and are becoming quite proficient in their work.

—o—

The tennis fans were given the opportunity of seeing some fine games of tennis last Tuesday, when Mr. Geihart, one time champion of two states, played exhibition games in singles and doubles. In singles he met Prof. Brewer, and education apparently proved inefficient in placing the balls where the champion was not. The Brewer Brothers, however, got their revenge in the doubles.

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I. L. Davis was in Bozeman Friday night to hear the debate with Utah. He remained to visit his son Horace Davis until Tuesday.

—o—

Clinton T. Booker, who graduates in June from the electrical engineering department, expects to visit Butte, Helena and other power centers today and to-morrow on business.

—o—

Another has been added to the many tragedies and near tragedies resulting from a gun which was not loaded. Last Sunday Carl Henderson, while handling a 38 calibre revolver which he believed to be without loads, accidentally pulled the trigger and the ball passed into the shoulder of his room-mate, Wylie Wetzel. No dangerous developments are anticipated by the physicians, though escape is declared to have been a miracle.

—o—

The college library is one of the best equipped in the Northwest, and is the best institutional library in the state. A recent set of books brought the number of bound volumes on the shelves up to 11,000, nearly a thousand of which have been placed there since last September. Most of these books are the very best literary and technical works of the world's authors, and in the entire number there is less than five per cent of government reports or bulletins.

—o—

After the debate with Utah a supper was given in honor of the visitors, in the Demestic Science rooms. About twenty were present, and after a liberal repast, President Hamilton, serving as toastmaster, called for speeches from the coaches of the two teams, and the judges of the debate. In response to a toast, Prof. Underwood, of the University of Montana, said that he was in favor of a debate between the University and the College. However, the probability of a debate this year is remote, owing to a lack of time. The contract was also renewed with Utah for a debate next year. At one o'clock the Utah team was given their last farewells and best wishes from the M. S. C., and the gathering broke up.

Earl Lannin will leave Wednesday for a few days visit with friends and relatives in Butte.

—o—

George Blinn and John Wharton, members of the sophomore class, left for Butte yesterday to spend Easter with their parents at that place. They will return Sunday evening.

—o—

W. A. Talmage, Carbon County's energetic leader in the hardware and farm machinery business, paid a hurried visit to his son, Earl C. Talmage in Bozeman Wednesday, returning to his home the same evening. Mr. Talmage was astonished by the rapid strides made by the college since he last visited it and was pleased at the progress his son, a sophomore in electrical engineering, is making.

—o—

Berlin university recently celebrated its centennial. President Hadley, Yale, was among the American educators present.

The violations of the university rules of Wisconsin university are tried by a student court composed of six seniors and nine juniors.

The University of Michigan is offering a course in "gold bricks" to guide graduates against fraudulent investments when they leave college.

The freshmen and sophomores of Southwestern are requested to engage in some kind of athletics. Each student is allowed to choose the kind in which he wishes to participate.

Ohio university has among its students a blind girl who, after her graduation from a school for the blind, worked three years in a box factory and saved enough of her earnings to defray her expenses at the university.

The trustees of Rhodes scholarships have issued a statement showing that 179 men were recipients of Rhodes honors last year. Of this number, 90 were from the United States, 78 from the British colonies and 11 from Germany.

Alumni and Ex-Students

On account of measles in the school she was teaching, Nelia Winter had a week's vacation, which she spent in Bozeman. She returned to Townsend last Saturday.

Miss Phoebe Morgan, ex '08 spoke to the Y. W. C .A. girls Tuesday noon giving them a message which should be an inspiration and practical lesson to them for the rest of their college course.

Coda Alward, music '08, who has been studying music in Indianapolis the past winter, spent last week in Bozeman visiting friends and relatives. She left on the 5th for Polson, where she will visit her mother.

Louis W. Allard, ex-'10 took dinner Saturday, April 1, with Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Woodward in Chicago. Mr. Allard is now a junior at Rush Medical College while Mr. Woodward, ex-'11, is a juior medical student at Northwestern University.

Phoebe Morgan, ex-'08, who is instructor in home science in the Billings high school, is spending her Easter vacation at her home in Bozeman. Miss Morgan addressed the Y. W. C. A. girls Tuesday noon, giving a very interesting and helpful talk.

Bessie Phillips of Straw, Mont., who was a student here two years ago, has spent the past week at the dormitory as the guest of Clara Lewis. Miss Phillips was accompanied by her cousin, Miss Garret, whose home is in Iowa. Miss Phillips and Miss Garret will leave for Iowa the first of next week, where Miss Phillips will spend several months visiting relatives.

Flora Hartman, music '07, who graduated from the conservatory of music connected with the Syracuse university last June, has a studio for vocal and instrumental music in Everett, Wash., and is doing well. During the winter Miss Hartman has been in Seattle frequently and has heard some of the best musicians in the world, among them Tetrazzinia, Bonci, the great tenor, Busoni, the famous pianist, and Joseph Hoffman, with the Seattle Symphony company.

Last Sunday afternoon while handling a gun which was not supposed to be loaded, Wylie Wetzel was accidentally shot through the shoulder, the ball entering from the back and breaking the collar bone. He was taken at once to the sanitarium, and is reported to be getting along nicely. Mr.Wetzel was a preparatory student last year, and his many college friends wish him a speedy recovery.

The executive committee of the Alumni association met in monthly session Tuesday evening at the home of Edna Bull. The work of making a card index of information concerning alumni of the institution from the time of graduation to the present time was begun. This index will be kept in Secretary Calloway's office and will contain information which will be at once valuable and accessible to any one at any time.

Bucknell undergraduates have inaugurated a series of college songs for an evening in the middle of the week just at dusk.

The first intercollegiate aviation contest will be held next spring between Harvard and Columbia universities at Belmont park.

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.

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Cars meet all day trains except 1 and 2.

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HAMILTON AND BOOKER CONFIDENT

Captain Everett A. Hamilton and Manager Clinton T. Booker of the baseball team of the class of 1911 have this week been free in their expressions of dissappointment that no other class has come into the field for the college honors and they stand in the unique position of a team without opposition. Though no practice has been indulged in it is certain that these men have a strong team, each individual member of that team feeling certain that his own work will be peerless throughout the season.

Captain Hamilton was interviewed by a special representative of the Exponent to-day and outlined some of the plans which he has made for the season. In case any games should be scheduled, he is developing Bell as a pinch hitter. Bell has had several years experience as a member of the senior team and his playing has been without an error. Hop-along Spain and One-wing Edsall will probably be reserved and go into the game only when victory is despaired of. Both have a long list of medals on their batting records and Spain has been known to throw a ball all the way from pitchers plate to home base. Hamilton will be the regular pitcher as he thinks there is no use being Captain if you cannot pick your own position. Wade will stand behind the bat, probably quite a ways behind it.

The plans for the infield are not yet sufficiently cultivated to yield anything on an interview but Manager Booker confessed that he was going to be one of the strong men in the department. Sliding is impossible with Booker in the way and he is able to cover a lot of ground at once. Tremper is expected to prove the find of the season at third, with R. B. and Sidney A. Williams as strong competitors. None of the three have yet muffed a hot one, being too discreet, and the same may be said, but not without reservation, of Jimmy Annin. Haines speed will place him at third, where most of the hits are expected to travel. He has been practicing this position for many years but will probably retire after this year.

Gene Quaw will render a piano solo at the opening and sometimes at the closing of a game, while the opening excercises will be in charge of Ben Clark, whose recognized ability at that work places him ahead of all other candidates. Bancroft, Peck, Froebe and Ellis will go out into the field, hoping that nothing will come in their direction. They expect to take a deck of cards along.

EASTER HATS

for

Young Men

and

Young Women

The Largest Assortment

The Most Attractive Models

The Willson Co.

GETTING "IN TOUCH."

A systematic and vigorous campaign is now being carried on to place before the people of the state and particularly the high school students, their teachers and parents, the advantages which the College offers for a practical education. Both faculty and student body believe that these advantages are so many and meritorious that they need only to be placed before prospective students in a clear, concise, effective manner to attract and interest young people and finally influence them to come to Bozeman for a college education. In the matter of expense there is a marked difference between a Montana institution and an Eastern college. Here $250 to $350 will provide all necessary expenses, while at any high grade institution in the East from $500 to $800 is required. The young men and women educated in Montana acquire an acquaintance with conditions and people which enables them to secure attractive and lucrative positions immediately upon graduation. This advantage is appreciated by eastern young people and a few have come to Montana to attend college. It is now almost universally recognized that the ideal college for undergraduate students has an enrollment of 400 to 500. The smaller classes, thirty to a class is considered enough, and the closer touch with teachers often determines the question of success or failure.

The best argument that the College presents to the mothers and their daughters at this time is the new woman's hall. Heretofore it has not been possible to campaign effectively for women students because it has been so difficult to get suitable rooms and board for them. The new hall is most attractively furnished, and no college east or west has a better one. The management under Mrs. Herrick, the new dean of women, is ideal and the young ladies at eastern colleges for women receive no better training. Mrs. Herrick will visit a number of highschools during April and May to get acquainted with the teachers and young women students and present the opportunities offered for instruction and home life at the College.

The organization of a press bureau should prove an effective means of giving information to the people of the state through the newspapers. Under the direction of Prof. Brewer a write-up of the most interesting events at College is made each week and copies furnished to the 150 newspapers of the state. Whenever a student does anything worth while in debate, athletics stock judging or other kind of work, an account of it is sent to his home paper. The press of the state has uniformly been liberal and obliging in its treatment of college news.

The Better Farming Special which was run across the state largely because of the friendship and generosity of the Northern Pacific Railroad officials afforded a splendid opportunity to exploit the facilities of the college. Of course agriculture came first since agricultural education was the purpose of the train. But other features of the college work received attention. A teacher and a student in home science accompanied this train and explained the work of this department. A student went along with the train with an exhibit of photographs and other illustrative material and distributed the college publications. Several hundred addresses of parents and pupils interested in a college education were collected. About 30,000 people saw the exhibits.

The event which brought the largest number of prospective students and their friends to the College was the basket ball tournament and speaking contest. Considerably more than one hundred highschool students were the guests of the College for three days. Each delegation was accompanied by a teacher. The committee was tireless in its efforts to make the meet a success. The students were on hand at all times to aid. Judging by reports from the highschools, the tournament was a complete success. Without the liberal and sympethetic support of the citizens of Bozeman, this tournament would have been utterly out of the question. This proves what can be done when the college and city work together.

Another piece of advertising which should bring good returns is an illustrated booklet showing views of buildings and students at work. A brief explanation is printed with each picture and a write-up in story form gives a connected description of the college and its work. The motto of this booklet is "Education for Efficiency" and it is an effective statement of the aim of the work of the entire institution. This little book will be an example of the best the printer's art can produce.

The band will make its usual one week's tour and visit some of the large high schools. The band is always effective and does honor to itself and the college.

While the college is getting in closer touch with the people of the state, it is also strengthening its pleasant relations with the townspeople. The interests of the city and college are mutual and it would be suicide for both not to work in the greatest harmony. The college certainly appreciates every assistance given to the work and the support given by the citizens to athletics and all other public exercises. The people of Bozeman are urged to visit the college frequently and bring along visiting friends. Our own people should be most familiar with the work and its best boosters.

J. M. HAMILTON.

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EXPERIMENT STATION DEVELOPMENT.

(Note—This paper was read as a part of the program given by the Agricultural society in assembly. It was written by Edward Hodgskiss.)

The idea which resulted in the establishment of experiment stations, as we now have them, first took form in the minds of a number of German farmers. This was upwards of a century ago and grew out of the appreciation of the fact that in any farm community there is a wide difference of opinion, as well as difference in practice, on each particular farm. Thinking men very naturally concluded that everybody was not right and that very likely nobody was right in every particular. If the systems could all be tried side by side, under identical conditions and the results made available for all of those interested, the one testing could show for all what methods were best for each particular farm activity. This work, started in a community way and the expenses met by contributions from members of the community, was the first of the experiment stations to be established.

Since this beginning, Germany and many of the other European countries have expended considerable money and effort in the development of agricultural experiment stations. One of the best known of these is the Rothamsted Station at Rothamsted, England. This was organized and has always been financed from the private fortune of Sir John B. Lawes. At the time of his death in 1898, Mr. Lawes provided for the permanent endowment of this work.

The Rothamsted farm, where the most valuable investigation work in agriculture has been carried for the past 70 years, was purchased by the Lawes ancestors in the 16th century. These sturdy men came to England because of the persecution to which they were subjected to in Flanders. They purchased the 250-acre farm at Rothamsted, and have continued to reside there since that time.

Mr. John Bennett Lawes, founder of the experiment station work, was born on the farm in 1814 and graduated from Oxford university in 1834. He immediately returned and assumed charge of the home farm. He had always been interested in chemical studies and very earnestly took up the study of commercial plant foods. As a result of his efforts, the very earliest steps were taken which led to the discovery of methods for the manufacture of commercial fertilizers. This particular work not only gave Mr. Lawes renewed zeal for his particular plan, but also furnished him a large fortune with which to finance his work.

In 1843 Mr. Lawes associated himself with a chemistry graduate by the name of J. H. Gilbert. Dr. Gilbert had had his training under the great German chemist, Liebig, and had enthusiasm for agricultural investigation. This association of Lawes and Gilbert, which began at this time, continued to the end of their lives, in 1898 and 1899.

The investigations which were so long and carefully done, started partly in connection with their commercial plant food studies and partly to prove or disprove Liebig's mineral theory of plant food which had been put forward a short time before and was accepted by investigators generally. To read of the association of Lawes and Gilbert in connection with this great work is most interesting and throws light on the origin of many of the investigations which are now being so commonly taken up by the different states of the United States. The Rothamsted station may truly be considered as the parent of the American experiment stations, if not of worthy experiment station work everywhere.

The establishment of agricultural colleges in the early sixties created a demand for systematic agricultural knowledge, as well as for men trained along agricultural lines. Workers very soon recognized that there was no organized effort to accumulate such information and make it available, either for farmers or college workers. This demand led to the establishment of American experiment stations by the Hatch Act, which was passed in 1887. The Hatch Act provides $15,000 a year to be given out of the funds procured from the sale of public lands, to each state and territory fonr the establishment of an agricultural experiment station. These stations were commonly made a part of, or at least were located at, the same place as the land grants which were established in 1862. This was not done in every place, but was the rule, and there were but two or three execptions. The duties of the stations were defined as the conducting of researches or experiments bearing directly on the agriculture of the United States, as may in each case be deemed advisable ,having in mind due regard for the varying conditions and needs of the respective states or territories. Furthermore, bulletins or reports of progress shall be published at least once every three months and shall be sent free to all who request them.

In 1906 the Adams Act was passed. This provides for more truly scientific investigation work in the experiment stations. By its provisions each state and territory shall annually receive from the national treasury a grant of money in addition to that provided for in the Hatch Act. The initial appropriation to each state, under the Adams Act, was $5,000 for the year 1906. There was to be added to this $2,000 each year for each of the five succeeding years, and this is to be annually given. For the year 1911, the full amount provided for by this Act will be given, and each state will receive $15,000 from each of the two funds, or $30,000 in total. The new act recognized that through previous legislation and the appropriations of the various state legislatures, the stations were thoroughly organized and equipped with lands and buildings, as well as funds for the distribution of publications, and the aim in this was to supplement by encouraging more truly high grade investigation work. By its provisions, the Adams Act funds were truly research funds.

At the head of the system of experiment stations stands the United States department of agriculture. This great department has a maintenance fund of nearly $16,000,000 a year and is organized into four bureaus. The object of the work of the department is to get together a body of the best scientists available and work out the underlying principles which govern in agricultural work. The effort of the department has not always been confined to work of this sort, but considerable general investigation and demonstration work has been undertaken. The department also devotes considerable of its effort to the enforcement of the federal laws, such as food and meat inspection, as well as to the stamping out of diseases that may be introduced from other countries with stock or plant importations.

The head of the department of agriculture is a member of the president's cabinet. This gives proper representation and recognition in the highest executive body in the nation, which seems to be a fitting recognition of the worth of this great productive pursuit.

At the present time upwards of twelve thousand executive and scientific men are employed by the U. S. department of agriculture. Approximately 2,400 are stationed in Washington, D. C., and over 9,000 are employed out over the country. In addition to these, 25,000 persons are employed in carying on the work of the divisions of the department. These are employed in manual labor or in clerical positions.

The federal funds provide that all of the money appropriated must be expended in work at the home station in each state. Varying local demands in the larger states make it necessary that experimental and demonstration farms be established in the different localities. These can not be maintained out of federal money, and so must be carried on by state funds appropriated for the purpose. The substations and demonstration farm idea is part of the great extension plan to carry the findings of experimenters to every farmer in the state. In the states where the work has been longest established, its general effect is being very greatly felt, with the result that there is marked improvement in the general status of agricultural practice on the farms.

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SOME WELL-KNOWN PROVERBS.

The past has gone forever; the future we cannot reach; the present alone is ours.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities crept in—forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. You shall begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense.—Emerson.

Special Easter Offerings

thoughout the store, Men's and Boy's Ready-to-wear goods.

DON'T FORGET OUR

Spot Cash Grocery Department

H E N R Y ' S

You will find me

at

The Bungalow

Bozeman Cab Co.

All calls promptly attended to.

Home Phone 204-1., Bell Phone 139 red

The Peace Smoke

When it comes to downright good smoke you want a good pipe. Our pipes are made for particular smokers and are bound to please.

Many styles, sizes and shapes.

All prices.

Bozeman Pharmacy

The Comb You Want

The comb for service is the comb you want. Not necessarily has the size or style anything to do with the matter—that is merely a matter of choice. But your comb must be good material to wear well. Our combs are all of the best quality. They come in a variety of materials—but each one is of perfect make—and made strong. All accepted styles are represented—Combs for ladies' lonw heavy hair, Combs for babies' express use, barbers style combs for gentlemen, pocket combs, and fine combs. Fair enough in cost—Highest in quality.

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Drug Store

Owl Creek Coal

Bear Creek Coal

Give Us a Try.

Gallatin Lumber Co.

Bell Phone 20. Corner Main and Third

Daugherty's Transfer

O. L. DAUGHERTY, Prop.

Baggage transfered to or from any part of the City.

Headquarters, Bozeman Hotel

Res. Phones, Bell 884-2, Home 64

ON TIME IF CALLED ON TIME

Bozeman - - - - -Montana.

Beautiful blossoms for Easter, a complete variety of colors and kinds to suit the most fastidious. Could there be any prettier Easter offering than a box of beautiful cut flowers? Could you get them in greater variety or arranged in better taste than from the

TRACY FLORAL COMPANY

Newspapers, Magazines, Cigars and Tobaccos

Headquarters for School Supplies.

POST OFFICE NEWS STAND

The Best Printing in Town

....at the....

The Bozeman Printing Co.

Ye Novelty Shop

Next to Gem Theater

A NEW PLACE

See the Big Line of Pennants

WE SOLICIT A SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE

DONOHO'ES MILK DEPOT

Courier Annex — — Both 'Phones

Ice Cream, Milk and Cream delivered to any part of city.

Nelson Bros. Cab Line

The oldest and most reliable in the city.

Both Phones

Cotrell & Leonard

Albany, N. Y.

Makers of

CAPS and GOWNS

Class contracts a specialty.



A man should live with his superiors as he does with his fire; not too near, lest he burn; not too far off, lest he freezes.—D.

Don't worry about the man in the moon. Study the man in your own overcoat.

When boasting of moving in the circles, do not forget that is just what a circus clown does.—Exchange.

People who think before they speak are nevertheless apt to be as tiresome as the other kind.

It is better to prefer honorable defeat to a mean victory, to lowering the level of one's aim that we may more certainly enjoy the complacency of success.—John Ruskin.