

THE WEEKLY EXPONENT

VOL. 3

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1911.

No. 2

RECEPTION IS HELD

SEPARATE EVENTS ENABLE STUDENTS TO GET ACQUAINTED—LARGE ATTENDANCE.

JOINT AFFAIR NEXT FRIDAY

Boys Engage in Frolic and Mock Registration. Toasts Given and Refreshments Served.

One of the first college customs to be observed during the year occurred last evening, when over 150 students, old and new, and about 12 members of the faculty, met in the home sciences rooms of Agricultural hall at the Y. M. C. A. stag reception.

Promptly at eight the stags began to gather, and in a short time a line was waiting to be received by the committee. The first part of the program was arranged as a take-off on entering college, with the object to get the fellows acquainted. A registration committee, consisting of Jas. Bell, '12 (Prof. Ham), Geo. Roosevelt, '15, (Miss Brewer), Claude Martin, '13 (Prof. Tallman), received all applicants. Neckties were ordered off, and each person was presented with his own name on a slip of paper and a pin. Past records were not looked into.

Courses to be pursued during the evening were provided in the nature of stunts and were scheduled under upper class men, who acted as "profs." "Bing" Hodgskiss assumed the dignity of professor in explaining a banana and apple eating contest, entitled "Station Ensemble;" Joe Morgan showed how two men could best pull against each other for opposite goals, marked by dishes of ice cream; and Alfred Linfield explained how to run a race and carry a pan on the sharp edge of a knife.

Unfortunately, these courses could not last very long, for shortly after nine o'clock a number of freshman boys, acting as waiters, began to serve refreshments of cocoa, sandwiches, ice cream and wafers. President Hamilton, who seldom misses the Y. M. stags, was unable to be present, as he was called out of town at the last moment. Guy Millegan, president of the local Y. M. C. A., acted as toastmaster, and gave a short talk, explaining the relation of the association to the college. Prof. Brewer responded to the toast, "What I Saw on My Eastern Trip That Will Interest Our Boys the Most," and was followed by toasts by Horace Davis on "Our Antagonists;" Lyndall Davidson, "The Freshman," and Ned Chambers on "Our Coach."

As in former years, after the refreshments, all wandered out into the hall and assembled on the steps, where old, familiar songs were sung for a few minutes before saying good night.

THE POWER OF THE SENATE.

In order to acquaint the new students with the plan of student government embodied in the senate, and to refresh the minds of the old students on the same subject, the exponent here presents a few extracts from and condensations of the constitution under which the senate works.

The senate is to work for the following ends: 1. The establishment and continuation of customs which lend to the dignity and prestige of college life; 2. the control and direction of student activities; 3. the promotion of a high standard of honesty among the students.

It will be noticed upon reading the constitution that the power delegated to the senate is advisory, and that the enforcing body is the students. The position of senator is open only to students in regular four-year college courses. The position of president of the senate is limited to seniors. All students at the institution have a vote for president.

In other words, the constitution leaves it to the senate to work out the plan of government. No revolution is



CAPTAIN NED A. CHAMBERS
Of 1911 Football Squad

likely to originate in the senate, and any new customs, changes of policy and other matters of importance to the students are to be acted on only in an advisory light. It is expected that any action by that body will receive the cordial support of the students in general and as the time goes on the prestige of influence and power understood will build up a strong governing member, over which the body governed will have control.

The weight of tradition and the inviolability of custom are the chief weapons at the direct command of the senate. It is the highest authority among the students and is to prove a mouthpiece in matters concerning the students. It is a central point through which the students can secure action and which will represent them in transaction with the faculty and with other organizations.

ROUSING FIRST ASSEMBLY

President Hamilton Extends Welcome. Announcements From Student Enterprises Given.

Varied was the program offered at the opening assembly of the year last Friday. More than half of the faces in evidence were new ones, the older students having been slow in returning to college. President J. M. Hamilton gave a rather brief talk, welcoming the students, new and old, and offering several suggestions as to conduct and opportunity. Later the meeting was thrown open to student societies and organizations.

President Hamilton assured those who had never registered before at this institution that they were decidedly welcome here and expressed the hope that the college would prove equal to their expectations. The head of Montana's leading institution then sounded the keynote of college life, speaking of the ties, friendships and associations formed at college, which endure through life and help to enrich the lives of college people. "These," said President Hamilton, "form the essence of what is summed up in the word 'Alma Mater.'"

As advice to the newer students, the President then offered the suggestion that they each choose one or two student activities, societies or organizations, and make it a point to do something really worth while in the interests of the branches so chosen. This was urged as one of the strongest and most important elements of a college education.

In dwelling upon the religious affiliations of the institution, President Hamilton referred to the fact that it has more Methodists enrolled than are attending the Methodist college in the state; and more Presbyterians than are at the Presbyterian college. The reasons for the non-denominational position of the institution were made plain and at the same time emphasis was placed upon the fact that religious training is encouraged by the college authorities. The formal and regular opening address of President Hamilton to students and faculty will be given on September 29th.

John C. Taylor, President of the Student Senate, after the reading of the constitution under which the new student government will operate, announced two new customs launched by the Senate. The first reads that no student below the rank of sophomore shall wear a derby hat on the college campus during the college year. The second requires that the freshman class shall provide rubbers for the football squad, to report after practice each evening.

Mr. Taylor called attention to the fact that these customs are observed at many of the older and larger institutions of the United States, and he dwelt particularly upon the necessity of the football men receiving proper rubbing down after training. He closed by calling on all the loyal students, new and old, to use their best influence to secure a strict observance of these customs.

Capt. E. A. Chambers, of the 1911 football team, made a few telling remarks upon hopes and prospects of the team and Coach E. A. Dockstader responded to Captain Chambers' invitation to speak a few words. Coach Dockstader delivered his message in terse, concise style, freshened by the same pepper and fire which characterizes his coaching.

Business Manager Chas. L. Hansen, of the Weekly Exponent, introduced that enterprise to the new students, and asked that general support be accorded the advertisers who patronize the paper. Continuing, Mr. Hansen reminded the students that their duty would only be fulfilled by subscribing to the college paper. Mr. Hansen made no boasts of the quality or excellency of the paper, leaving his hearers to judge for themselves when presented with a copy in the main hall immediately after assembly.

At the close of the business manager's appeal, President Hamilton took occasion to say that the Weekly Exponent is the best college paper in the northwest.

Harry S. Peck, '11, Chas. F. Henderson, '10, R. B. Barhard, '10, W. S. Edsall, '11 and S. A. Williams, '11, are all taking the college graduate apprentice course with the Westinghouse Co., at Pittsburg. The boys have taken care to keep well informed upon developments at college and will receive the Weekly Exponent regularly.

NEW SPECIMENS SECURED

Prof. Spaulding Gathers Mammals of Bitter Root for Museum.

The zoological museum of the biology department is considerably enriched this year by the addition of a collection of the mammals of the Bitter Root valley, made by Prof. M. H. Spaulding, while at the tick camp near Florence, Montana.

The collection of about 130 specimens includes 27 species, which embrace nearly all the smaller mammals found in that valley.

In addition to common forms, as ground squirrels, pine squirrels, chipmunks, pocket gophers, and field mice, the collection contains specimens of the side-striped ground squirrel, which is usually taken for a large chipmunk, with its conspicuous black and white stripes along the sides of the back. The single specimen of flying squirrel is interesting on account of its peculiar habits and its soft silvery gray fur. The mouse series contains specimens of the white-footed field mouse, the ruddy-backed mouse, the jumping mouse, with a tail longer than its body, and a single specimen of a mouse about nine inches long, captured on the banks of a brook, flowing down through a grassy slope, near the top of one of the mountains, at an elevation of 7,500 feet.

Several specimens of the interesting Pika, or "rock rabbit," were also secured among the rock slides in different parts of the canyon visited. Several species of bats, as well as a good series of shrews, are also found in the collection.

While the majority of these specimens have been preserved in the form of study skins, the department plans to mount some of the material into groups, illustrating the habits and life histories of the different forms. On account of the present lack of museum space in the biology building, the setting up of these groups will have to be postponed.

NEW INDUSTRIAL ART COURSE OFFERED.

The equipment for the new art course which has been installed by Miss L. A. Baldwin in the east wing of the art rooms is unequalled in the west, and is fully equal to that in the art rooms in Brooklyn or in the handicraft guild at Minneapolis. Miss Baldwin states that the room is perfect for her work, that the lighting is excellent, and that the last convenience has been added with the putting in of gas from the chemistry building. With this there have been installed a foot power blow pipe and small mouth blow pipes for the use of individual students.

There are two courses offered, one in metal and one in jewelry. Copper is used in the metal work. Out of this the students will make trays, bowls, book holders paper knives, etc. The various processes used in the work are: "raising" by which sheets of copper are hammered over metal stakes into bowls or trays; "riveting", which is also a constructive process and "saw piercing", "repousse", and "etching", which are purely decorative processes.

In the jewelry course students are taught to do hard soldering, to set stones, and also to do saw piercing and repousse, which are useful in this as well as in the metal work.

They make various articles of jewelry, such as shoe buckles, chains, simple brooches, belt buckles and rings. For both of these courses, design is a pre-requisite, since each student designs his own work.

This work is given not only for its artistic value, but also for the excellent training of hand and eye.

Y. W. C. A. ENTERTAINS AT RECEPTION TO LADIES.

The Y. W. C. A. held its reception to the new faculty ladies and the new girls last night at the Presbyterian church. For the first time, the association was unable to hold its reception at one of the homes, on account of the large number of girls.

The girls spent the evening in matching pieces of postal cards and playing the horoscope, which afforded a great deal of amusement. The parlors were beautifully decorated with golden glow and sweet peas.

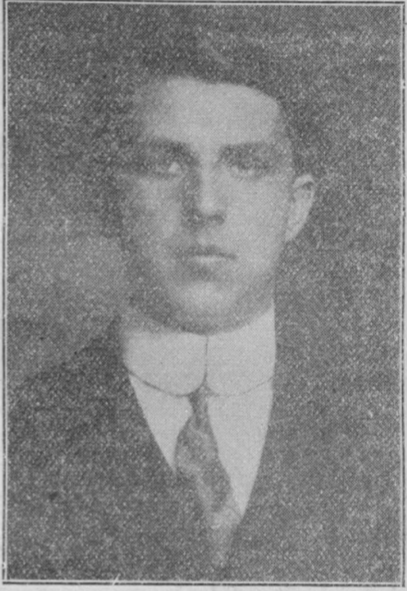
Refreshments were served about eleven o'clock, and the girls went home declaring the reception to be the best they ever attended.

NEW EQUIPMENT FOR CIVILS.

During the summer the civil engineering department has materially increased its equipment by the addition of a new Keuffel & Esser theodolite of the latest design. The instrument cost four hundred and fifty dollars without attachments and is by far the most accurate machine in the state. The lens has a magnifying power of thirty-four and is so powerful that with the moons of Jupiter and rings of Saturn are plainly visible. It is now on exhibition at the State fair at Helena and forms one of the most interesting sights of the college exhibit.

A new dumpy level manufactured by Dietzgen has also been purchased and together with the theodolite brings the total value of the instruments and equipment in the civil engineering department alone to about eight thousand dollars.

The department contemplates buying more equipment in the near future, as it has money which is available at this time. A new current meter is to be purchased at once and used by the students in hydraulics and irrigation.



COACH E. A. DOCKSTADER
New Athletic Director at College

HOME SCIENCE TO BE DEMONSTRATED IN NEW PLAN.

Announcement has been made that regular monthly demonstrations will be made of home science principles, methods and results by the girls studying that science during the year. It is planned to give these demonstrations at intervals of one month. The general public will be invited.

In about two weeks the first of the series will be given, this to be in charge of and conducted by the girls in the senior class in that course. Miss L. A. Harkins, head of the department, and Miss A. M. Hess, instructor, will take only a supervisory part in the affairs. The first demonstration will be a breakfast, the purpose to be the preparation and serving of a breakfast which involves economy of time and material, efficiency of labor and balance of the resulting meal.

EIGHTY-NINE ALREADY IN CLASS OF 1915

LARGEST FRESHMAN CLASS IN HISTORY OF COLLEGE CONTINUES TO GROW. MANY ARRIVED PAST WEEK AND OTHERS COMING.

SCIENCES AND ENGINEERING COURSES LEAD IN NUMBER

New Members for Other Classes Also Appear. Splendid and Enthusiastic Material for Student Activities Will Put Old Students on the Shelf.

With registration drawing to a close the college is able to fully appreciate the value of the consistent boosting that it has done during the past year. The freshman class now numbers eighty-nine members, over double the number registered as freshmen last year. Besides this liberal and valuable additions have been made to the 14 class and there are many students taking preparatory and other work. The total new registration will run well over 150, by far the largest new attendance ever taken at M. S. C. Each portion of the state is well represented and there are many new students from other states and a number come from other colleges.

Each department of the college receives a fair share of the new members on their respective rolls. The registration of freshmen in the various courses is as follows: Agriculture, 18; home science, 18;

'15S PICK COLORS

FRESHMEN HOLD BEGINNING MEETING, SELECT COLORS AND OFFICERS.

BORDER TEMPORARY PRES'T.

Plans Made for 1915 Part in Class Struggle This Fall. Motto Needed.

Maroon and gray is the latest addition to the color scheme on the campus. These colors were chosen by the Freshmen at their first meeting last Monday.

At the same time Ernest Border of Bozeman, Glenn Willson, of Bozeman, Martin Kelley of Anaconda and Hilmar Dahl, of Belt, were elected respectively, president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer and sergeant-at-arms, to serve temporarily until the first of November, when a permanent organization will be effected.

The meeting began with the nomination for president of Ernest Border of Bozeman, Noah Kirby of Wyoming and Floyd Crittenden of Bozeman, Glenn Willson of Bozeman and Rowland Haegele of Helena were nominated for secretary-treasurer. The nominations for sergeant-at-arms brought forth only one name, Hilmar Dahl of Belt, who was accordingly elected by acclamation.

When chairman John Farrell announced the result of the election, there was a burst of applause amid which the newly elected president took his seat.

Mr. Border made a neat speech, thanking the class for the honor and displayed the first class trophy, a '14 flag captured that morning by Noah Kirby. A few of the class were for destroying it then and there, but it was decided to give the sophomores a chance to fight for it some night this week,—probably to-night.

The fight for suitable colors was a hard one, the pharmacy colors winning out over brown and gold, only to be dropped for maroon and gray. These colors will be remembered by older students as those of the '10 class.

After the president appointed committees to select suitable motto and flower for the class, the meeting adjourned to meet next Monday at 3:30, this day and hour to be the regular time of meeting until a permanent organization is effected.

Much enthusiasm and spirit was shown at the meeting, promising well for the attitude of the class in competition with other classes and in support of the school.

pose to be the preparation and serving of a breakfast which involves economy of time and material, efficiency of labor and balance of the resulting meal.

ENGINEERING TO BE FEATURED AT FAIR

EXHIBIT REPRESENTING THAT DIVISION OF THE COLLEGE BEING INSTALLED THIS WEEK.

HELENA WILL BE MEGGA FOR STUDENTS AND FACULTY

Professors Thaler, Dearborn and Snow in Charge of Arrangements. Representative Equipment and Literature Makes Up Display.

That the Montana State College will be well represented at the State Fair next week is indicated by the number and character of the exhibits which will be installed by Professors J. A. Thaler, C. S. Dearborn and F. C. Snow, who left for Helena yesterday for that purpose.

A change from the usual method of representing the college was made when it was decided that only one division each year would be represented instead of the whole school as heretofore.

The previous exhibits were largely from the agricultural department, but this year the engineering side of the college alone will be represented. This method has a decided advantage over the old in that it allows a better representation of the different departments and in so doing carries with it a better idea of the work which can be accomplished by the different

branches of the college. Then, too, the expense involved in the transportation of the exhibits is lessened considerably.

The college booth throughout the fair will be in charge of some member of the engineering faculty, who will be relieved from time to time by other members of the same faculty.

Copies of the Exponent, the best college weekly in the northwest, together with catalogues, pamphlets and other matter advertising the college will be distributed to those who visit the display.

A feature of the electrical department will be a three phase, one kilowatt transformer, designed and constructed by Clinton T. Booker, a student from Helena who graduated here last spring. Another important piece of machinery which will be placed on exhibit by the electrical

(Continued on page four)

(Continued on page four)

The Weekly Exponent

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Bozeman, Montana

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The Weekly Exponent is strictly a student enterprise. Its chief purpose is to present to its readers each week an accurate and complete record of the developments in college affairs during that period and it is intended that its influence shall be exerted for the upbuilding of M. S. C. The paper is the result of voluntary effort put forth by the students who compose the staff.

CALENDAR.

Sept. 29—Tug of war between freshmen and sophomores at frog pond, 1 p. m.
Sept. 29—General reception to students, 8 p. m., Drill hall.
Oct. 14—First football game of season, Mines vs. M. S. C. at Butte.
Oct. 19—President Taft speaks at Bozeman, 3 p. m.
Oct. 28—Football, Utah A. C. vs. M. S. C., at Bozeman.
Nov. 4—Football, U. of M. vs. M. S. C., at Missoula.
Nov. 18—Football, Mines vs. M. S. C., at Bozeman.
Nov. 30—Thanksgiving recess.
Nov. 30—Football, M. S. C. vs. U. of M., at Bozeman.

ABOUT INTEREST IN ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES.

Assembly today is to be given over to a general rally and jolly-up. The specific object is the concentration of interest and attention upon the efforts of the football squad and coaches. One matter which is sure to be touched upon is that of the non-athletic students, the boys, girls and faculty as well taking proper interest in football affairs.

Football training has now reached a stage where it becomes interesting to even a lay member and proper support of the team demands a big attendance at the practices. Every individual at the college is willing to sacrifice almost anything to see a winning team. Why not everybody do all possible to realize that end?

Everybody knows that encouragement will do much to get the greatest possibilities out of a student. The moral support and interest of the college, properly displayed, will do as much as any other one factor toward putting the best possible team on the gridiron this fall.

No evening should go by without at least a hundred enthusiastic spectators on the sidelines. About forty fellow-students are working every afternoon, giving their time, energy and effort toward building up the eleven. The coach is putting forth every effort, and with gratifying results. The presence of an interested and cheering crowd on the field will impart to these men a strength much greater than their own and will have a concrete effect upon the scores which will determine the result of the season.

Competitive sport of all kinds becomes a dead weight, a dreary monotony, a drudge, without the enlivening interest of those not taking an active part. What gave Yale the strength to "come back" last fall? The united support of the determined student body, led and reinforced by the same spirit on the part of alumni members and ex-students. Illustrations of the power of moral support, physically demonstrated, are numerous.

This factor may prove the deciding element in the contests this fall. Are you going to miss the opportunity of contributing to success? Let everybody make it his individual duty to attend practices as often as possible, let everybody make an effort to induce others to do the same. You will find it hard to watch practice this fall without catching the spirit of fire and determination, of interest and enthusiasm which characterizes the squad and the coaching.

Let the system of organized cheering, the spirit of organized support

be exemplified by this, the largest college student body in Montana. The beginnings of last year, so favorable in themselves, need the development and growth which are warranted by the improved conditions and prospects this year.

So much for the aspect of better results in the football contests. Do not overlook the fact that those who participate in the united effort scheme are themselves broadened, strengthened, developed through manifesting the proper interest and spirit. Unity of action, oneness of desire and effort will react upon those who stand on the sidelines and they will profit by the development.

Looked at from either a selfish or a generous standpoint, attendance at the practices each afternoon will prove the foundation for a healthier, more intense and more powerful spirit of loyalty to the institution and to each other. Your own personal interests, the interests of the college, alike demand your attendance and moral support on the football grounds each evening.

Can you, as a student body, afford to disregard your own interests? The answer will be contained in the developments of the coming week.

PROSPECTS EVER BRIGHTER.

Two weeks of the college year are about closed and the onward march of events has been materially quickened. The adoption of the fine system, compelling late registering students to pay a penalty for their tardiness, has operated to bring the students in sooner in many cases than would otherwise have been true. Still their are many, especially of the older students, who have not yet appeared. Perhaps two weeks will be gone before the last of these join the student body.

But enough are on the ground now to exceed the attendance of all former years, and the State College still maintains its lead in collegiate attendance, and probably will have a total enrollment about equal to that of all the other state institutions combined. Numbers are not the only virtue of the enrollment this year. On every hand it is remarked that higher scholarship, higher citizenship, more enthusiasm, better loyalty, brighter appearance than ever before characterize the general tone of the students, old and new.

Development, progress, improvement in these lines is to be expected each year, but it is very promising when it becomes apparent so early in the term. With the encouragement of so much new material for the various student activities to draw from, is there any reason to doubt that this year will be a record breaker? Football, basketball, track, debating, oratory, and base ball, all these find strong representatives among the new as well as among the old students. College activities, which are not strictly competitive, such as the Weekly Exponent, the department societies, the Christian organizations, and all the other branches of student endeavor likewise profit by the improved tone of the institution.

With the brightest prospects in its bright history, the State College is now launched upon a year the record of which will eclipse all precedent.

FROM THE ATHLETES.

That the student athletic activities at this college have the support and interest of the majority of the faculty has been indicated several times during the past week. Not a day has gone by that has not found one or more members of the faculty at the football practice field with words of approval for players and coaches alike. In addition to this friendly show one incident of the week deserves particular mention. During the first few days of practice the tired and muscle sore men of the squad were forced to lie on unfinished, uncovered board tables during the familiarly painful operation of "rubbing down." Prof. L. G. Schermerhorn, who has proven a friend to athletes here on several occasions since his connection with the institution, noticed the need for sycloth covers for the rubbing tables, and immediately set about to fill this need. As a result, during the last few nights the football men have had rub-downs of the splinterless variety.

The members of the squad have been heard repeatedly voicing their appreciation of such friendly advances on the part of the faculty and it is certain that this friendliness will have such weight toward keeping up the right spirit in the men during the gruelling weeks of practice which lie ahead.

Several promising candidates for positions on the Exponent staff have reported to the editor this week and there is room for more to undertake their work and opportunity will be given any who apply. Ned Chambers has resigned his position as managing editor and that position must soon be filled.

ALUMNI AND EX-STUDENTS

Dorothy Gatton, ex-'13, is teaching this year about two miles from Lombard.

Helen Breneman, ex-'11, is teaching the Story school just north of town.

Florence Gatton, ex-'12, has accepted a position in Schlechten's Studio for the winter.

Harmon Wilson, ex-'12, was over from Livingston for a brief visit with friends and relatives last Sunday.

Charles Fisher, '08 and Donald Butler, '09, both graduates of the electrical department, are now employed by the Washington Water Power Co., at Spokane.

Harold Flager, '07, and Archie Brown, '10, have been promoted in their work for the Seattle Electric Co. Both young men are graduates in electrical engineering.

Paul Entorf, a student in agriculture last year, has not yet returned to resume his duties as sophomore. Rumor has it that Mr. Entorf will not be in college this year.

Sarah Chaffee, '06, who has spent the past year in Rathdrum, Idaho, arrived in Bozeman yesterday and will spend several weeks here visiting relatives and friends.

Florence Pool, of last year's freshman class, will not be in college this year, but expects to register next fall again and will likely continue the course to its completion.

Flora Hartman, music '07, after spending last year in Everett, Wash., returned to Bozeman September 14, and will spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hartman.

Enda Vreeland, '09, after spending two weeks in Bozeman visiting relatives and friends, returned to Spokane today, where she will resume her duties as manager of the Y. W. C. A. cafeteria.

Rita Shellenberger, ex-'12, came down from the Yellowstone Park last week and will remain in Bozeman until Jan. 1, when she will return to Menominee, Wis., to finish a home science course at Stout Institute.

Joseph Nordquist, who practically completed the preparatory work last spring, is now employed in the N. P. signal service, with headquarters at Big Timber. Mr. Nordquist made a brief visit to Bozeman and the State college this week.

Harold Baker, '07, another graduate in electrical, this summer was appropriately recognized by the company in whose employ he has been for some years. He is now superintendent of the Butte sub-station of the Missouri River Power Co. Mr. Baker has a sister, Florence Baker, who is a member of this year's senior class, and retains an active interest in the institution. Mr. Baker was one of the football heroes of six and seven years ago.

Elmer J. Williams, ex-'11, is now in Chicago in the interests of the A. Schlechten studio, of which company he is a member. Mr. Williams is arranging for the sale, at several eastern points, of a collection of original park views, obtained by Mr. Schlechten this summer. The pictures are of a quality and size never before obtainable and are expected to realize a tremendous sale. Many portions of the Yellowstone Park never before photographed are shown in the collection.

Grace Clark, '11, after spending the summer in Bozeman, left the last of August for Shenandoah, Iowa. Miss Clark has been accepted by the board of missions of the Methodist church and has received an appointment to Old Umthall, Rhodesia, Africa, at which place she will have charge of the industrial work in a girls' school. After spending a month in Iowa, Miss Clark will attend the missionary convention in St. Louis, which meets early in October, and then go on to New York, from which place she will sail for Africa about Nov. 1.

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Rose Drug Company The Rexall Store

Paul Stanton, ex-'10, is in Helena this week assisting in the preparation of Gallatin county's exhibit at the State fair. Mr. Stanton is now employed as decorator at the Golden Rule store in this city.

Cassius L. Kirk, ex-'13, leaves this week for Ames, Iowa, where he will enter the Iowa State college. Mr. Kirk had expected to continue his work here but encountered difficulty which interfered with his plans. His many friends on the hill regret to see him leave the institution and hope he meets with every success.

Wright Gray, ex-'10, returned last week from the eastern portion of the state, near Wibaux, where he has been in the employ of the Northern Pacific this summer as a classifier of the lands held by that company. Mr. Gray has assumed charge of the Gray ranch north of this city and will operate that property in the near future.

Roy B. Williams, '11, was in the city for a brief visit last week, leaving almost immediately for Hebgen Dam, near Yellowstone, where he has accepted a position. Mr. Williams was one of the Civil Engineers who received a diploma last spring. During his senior year he was president of the Athletic Association and held other positions of honor and responsibility.

Willard V. King, '11, who completed his work in biology last June, will leave to-morrow morning for Dallas, Texas, and from there will go to South Carolina for the winter. Mr. King has been in the employ of the bureau of entomology this summer, as well as for several summers past, and is still in that work. His line of investigation has been on the tick problem. Mr. King has been visiting friends in this city this week.

Louis K. Pool, '10, is located at Polson. Mr. Pool was in partnership there with his classmate, Glen Sloan, till the latter accepted a government appointment in Idaho, and is now sole proprietor of a good business. He holds the position of city engineer of the rapidly growing city of Polson and is deputy county surveyor of Flathead county. A large private business adds to the attractiveness of the location. Mr. Pool is one of M. S. C.'s most enthusiastic alumni.

O. S. Peters, '09, who has been employed for more than a year at the Bureau of Standards at Washington, has recently been promoted and enjoys the privilege of a larger salary. Mr. Peters is now preparing a thesis which he will submit to the department here for an advanced degree next June. The subject chosen by Mr. Peters is "The Effect of the Electric Current on Concrete and Cement." Mr. Peters was editor of the Exponent, when the publication was a monthly, and is well remembered by the older students here. His success brings gratification to his many friends on the hill and in Bozeman.

Patronize those who advertise in the Exponent.

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THE WEEKLY EXPONENT

Monthly Supplement

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1911.

No. 2.

A PLAN THAT WORKED BUT FAILED

Mr. Grasskopf lowered his paper and glared across the library table at his daughter's bent head.

"Vot iss all dis nonsense I near about your going to marry a good nodding hotel clerk?" he blustered, in his heavy German accent.

Linda raised a flushed face from her work and turned a pair of flashing eyes on Mr. Grasskopf. "It isn't nonsense, father; and he isn't good for nothing. He's just splendid," she replied warmly.

"Splendit, iss ne," growled Mr. Grasskopf, jerking at his stubby white goatee. "Who iss der scamo? Did ever I see der rascal? Hotel clerk! Bah."

The old man jumped to his feet and tramped about the room in high dudgeon, pausing at the door just long enough to thunder, "Understant, Linda, I won't haf any hotel clerks in dis family!" The door banged and he was gone.

The girl paled at his words and burst into tears. She knew her father's stubborn will and the helplessness of ever changing it. When Fuller called an hour later, it was a very doleful maiden that met him. A few words on her part placed the situation before him. Harry listened attentively and when she was through he replied in a voice that seemed strangely cheerful to her: "Hun, your father seems to be rather down on hotel clerks, doesn't he?"

"Yes; but he wouldn't be down on you if he'd only let me explain and tell him who you are and what—" "Say!" cried the boy, jumping on his feet and interrupting her. "Don't you tell him who I am. I've got a scheme that will bring him round all right. I'm going now and start it. Good night. Don't worry; things will come out all right."

He was gone before Linda could stop him. From the window she saw him swing recklessly upon a car that at that moment passed the corner. A few minutes later he stepped off at the doors of the Deutscher Club. Entering the billiard room he pounced upon a very slender young man who was leaning far over a table in the act of making a difficult shot.

"Hi, Stubby; what yu' tryin' to do; crawl into the pocket after the ball? Well, rub the chalk off your nose and come into the smoking room. I need some of your wisdom."

"Stubby" Richardson, so called by his classmates because of his extreme height, unfolded his lank form and gazed down at his assailant.

"Harrison," he remonstrated mildly, "it would give me great pleasure to spank you with this cue, and the next time you interfere when I am about to win a 'rubber,' I will yield to temptation. This being only about the forty-seventh time, I will let you go and accept your invitation to a cigar."

So saying, he placed his cue in the rack and, slipping on his coat, followed Fuller. They seated themselves in a corner of the large smoking room. Stubby, after twining one leg over the other and blowing a few luxurious clouds into the air, was the first to speak.

"Well, what's the rip now? Have your chaps gone on the warpath again? If so, I positively refuse to go and quell 'em again. Lord! I can feel where that big Gaston almost hit me on the head with his skillet last time. You ought to keep a four-horse power lock on your wine cellar door."

Harry laughed. "No; it's nothing like that this time. It's a whole lot worse. It can't be overcome with a flying tackle the way you did old Gaston. This is something that requires good brain power."

"You flatter me," replied Stubby absently.

"It's this way," continued the other. "My prospective father-in-law refuses to have me for a son. Not because I'm me, but because I'm a hotel clerk. See the point?"

Stubby smoked in silence for a moment before he replied.

"Evidently you didn't make your identity very clear. Did you impress upon him that your father was the illustrious colonel of 'the Ninth,' and that you were the star quarterback at Carrol, '09?"

"No, old man; he doesn't even know my name. Has never seen me that he knows of. He's hostile against

that hotel clerk fellow."

For the first time Richardson seemed to take an interest in the conversation. "Young man," said he, seems to me the best thing you can do is to get acquainted with the old geezer and make a good impression. Who is he, anyway?"

"He is Adolphus Grosskopf. Owns that big store at the corner of Grand avenue and Taird. His daughter is—"

"What!" shouted Stubby, burning himself with his cigar in his excitement, "you don't mean old Dolphus, 'The Flying Dutchman,' dad calls him? Ye swords and little daggers! How the deuce did you ever get in there gimme another cigar; mines lost!"

Harry watched his friend puffing furiously before he ventured to ask, "well Stubby, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do!" replied Stubby uncoiling from the depths of his arm chair, "I'm going to introduce you to old Bismark; he's up in the reading room now looking over the market reports; Come on!"

Fuller was dragged protestingly up the stairs by the irresistible Stubby and shoved into the quiet reading room. He followed his friend, gliding among the many tables with their green shaded lights, to the farthest corner of the room. They approached an elderly, white-haired man whom Harry instantly recognized as Adolphus Grosskopf. The old man was surrounded by a litter of the day's papers and so deeply absorbed in his reading that he did not notice the young men's approach until addressed by Stubby. He looked up quickly and, recognizing Stubby, got quickly to his feet.

"Well, vell," he cried, cordially extending his hand, "if it isn't Mr. Richardson. Goot evening, gentlemen; goot evening. Let me get you some chairs vunce!"

"Mr. Grosskopf," said Stubby, "let me introduce my friend, Harry Fuller, an old college chum. You knew the Colonel, his father, I believe."

The old gentleman wrung Fuller's hand warmly as he replied, "Bless me! bless me! I should say so! Der old Colonel and I were der greatest friends, and it is with much happiness I meet his son. Indeed, yes. Sit down, gentlemen; sit down."

He removed his spectacles and polished them carefully with a large linen handkerchief while he regarded Harry keenly from beneath bushy brows. Replacing his glasses, he re-

(Continued on Page 4)

A Month's Vacation

The last day of school dragged slowly to its close. For the last time we descended the familiar stairs to the cloak room, got our caps and lunch boxes and with joyous shouts rushed from the building. Free for three whole months! How good it seemed. No lessons to prepare for tomorrow; no examinations to look forward to with awe and dread; nothing to do but enjoy ourselves. In my case, the enjoyment took the form of a canoe trip through the lake region of Northern Wisconsin. For months four of us had planned this trip; picked out a route, collected an outfit and repaired the two canoes that were to carry us and our necessities.

Finally the day for the start arrived. The canoes, packed with cooking utensils, rolls of blankets and the rest of our paraphernalia, were laced up in sheets of canvas and loaded on the train.

After two hours' ride, we reached the point from which we were to start with the canoes, a small town on the banks of the Pine river. Two of the party attended to securing a drayman to transport the canoes from the railroad station to the river, a distance of about eight blocks. The other two went to the combination general store, postoffice and real estate dealers to buy enough "grub" to last us a day or two.

Going down the river we found the other two fellows at work taking the canvas covers from the canoes and searching for any holes made in the boats during the journey.

By this time it was getting on toward evening and supper time. Someone suggested that we go up town for one more square meal before we started. Suiting our actions to the word, we headed for the "White House Hotel," a square, weather-beaten structure, whose warped and cracked clapboards had at one time in the dim past been painted white. Here we were seated at a table with a number of "lumber jacks," the general store keeper-postmaster-real estate agent, and one or two other town dignitaries, who cast covert glances of ill-concealed curiosity our way. The food was hardly what one would expect to be served at the White House, but it was filling, and we were empty. We had learned at the hotel that there was a small island about three miles down the river where we could camp, so we decided to move as soon as possible.

The sun had just set as we shoved off, and the after-glow was beautiful, giving everything a golden tinge

(Continued on Page 4)

Alfred Tennyson

The Victorian age, extending from 1837 to the present day, may truly be said to comprise more eminent writers than any other span of years. This is a composite age, each writer reflecting some particular feature of the century. Thus, Robert Browning stands for the spirit of scientific curiosity; Byron, for the spirit of revolt against tyranny; Shelley, for the dream of universal brotherhood; Keats, for the passionate love of pure beauty, and Rudyard Kipling expresses the last phase of the century, militant imperialism. But Tennyson is the most representative poet of the age. It is indeed doubtful if any other author has so clearly and broadly reflected the history of this century's aspirations and conflicts; its dreams and disappointments; its scientific discoveries and its ever deepening and broadening human sympathy.

Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809. He received a good education, but upon the death of his father in 1831, he was forced to leave Cambridge without his degree. Tennyson was of an optimistic nature and not only kept the friends of his early life, but made new friendships. He early showed a poetical nature, and when he was only a child, his father said of him, "If Alfred dies, one of the greatest poets will have gone." In 1850, Wordsworth, the poet-laureate, died, and Tennyson was appointed to be his successor. In the same year he married Emily Sellwood. From this time on the poet's life was one of peace and contentment. In 1884 he became a peer and, although in his seventy-fifth year, he was still very active, and so continued until his death October 6, 1892.

Tennyson's literary style is beset with mannerisms displeasing to some. He delighted in alliteration and compound words. He was often severely criticised, but proved himself superior to his critics in artistic judgment and taste, so they were silenced. His own motto concerning literary work was, "An artist should make his workmanship as good as he can and make his work as perfect as possible. A small vessel built on fine lines is likely to float further down the stream of time than a big raft." Tennyson's writings are easy to read and possess an indescribable charm. He has found a great and varied audience and his poetry has not only reflected but powerfully influenced the movements of his age.

Tennyson tried all the kinds of poetry—lyric, epic and dramatic.

(Continued on Page 4)

DISCUSSION OF A. C. BENSON'S "AT LARGE"

"At Large" is a miscellaneous collection of essays by Arthur Christopher Benson. These essays deal with subjects that nearly every one has thought of; they evince a delightful and wholesome attitude toward life. Mr. Benson's sentiments and opinions in regard to life are interesting and it is well worth our time to ponder over the thoughts which he presents, whether we wholly agree with him or not.

In this little book such subjects as "Contentment," "Friendship," "Equality," "Joy," "Optimism" and "The Love of God" are treated in a manner which is at once simple and sincere, while at the same time a breadth and depth of thought is shown which makes us realize that Mr. Benson has reflected upon his subjects long and well, and that he is faithfully seeking to find the truth. The watchword of the whole series of essays is expressed in a sentence in the introductory essay, which says, "We are put into the world * * * to be rather than to do."

This text is well followed out in the "Essay on Contentment," in which a sort of Horatian contentment is portrayed. Mr. Benson evidently believes pretty thoroughly in the golden mean. It is quite plain that some literary critics had used some "ugly adjectives" in describing one of Mr. Benson's other books. However the criticism seem not to have had a very discouraging effect upon Mr. Benson. He says, "The critics who disapprove of my book seem to me to think that all men are cast in the same mould, and that the principles which hold good for some necessarily hold good for all." In other words, Mr. Benson had written as well as we could what he thought and not what someone else thought; he was being and not doing. His critics had censured him because he had ventured some opinions about religion which showed a lack of knowledge of theology but Mr. Benson's replies were, in substance, that he wasn't trying to propound theology but Christianity.

An interesting point of view is taken in the essay on "Contentment" concerning the "Doctrine of success;" it is a point of view, however, that few men of today will accept; but, nevertheless, it is one which will make anybody stop, in his wild race for success, and consider. We have this on the subject: "The gospel that I detest is the gospel of success—the teaching that everyone ought to be discontented with his setting; that a man ought to get to the front, clear a space round him, eat, drink, make love, cry, strive, and fight. It is all at the expense of feeble people. It is the lowest kind of democratic sentiment which says, 'Everybody is as good as everybody else, but I am a little better.' Many men, of course, would agree with such a sentiment as this. The greatest amount of joy are the best things to be striven for here and the 'People who live quiet, active, gentle, kindly, faithful lives, turning for recreation to poetry, nature, literature and art instead of the excitement and amusement of social life,' are the ones who more nearly attain happiness.

Again, Mr. Benson turns his doctrine of contentment to athleticism. He says that "Ambitious young men think that athletics are a short cut to fame." Great athletes are more famous than politicians, doctors, teachers, or preachers. An athlete seeks a fame "Which depends on a personal performance rather than upon a man's usefulness to the human race." Is not this about true? Take our college men—the most popular of them are the ones who are the best athletes. It can be reduced to a mathematical rule: Your fame in your college will be in direct proportion to the number of touchdowns you make against a rival team. The exceptions to this rule are few and far between. If you want to be a "big frog in the puddle," get on the team; it doesn't make a deal of difference whether you "funk" or not—you'll get fame, if you get on the team, and "eat 'em up." Thus, Mr. Benson's being and not doing extends throughout his "Essay on Contentment."

This same central thought runs through the "Essay on Friendship,"

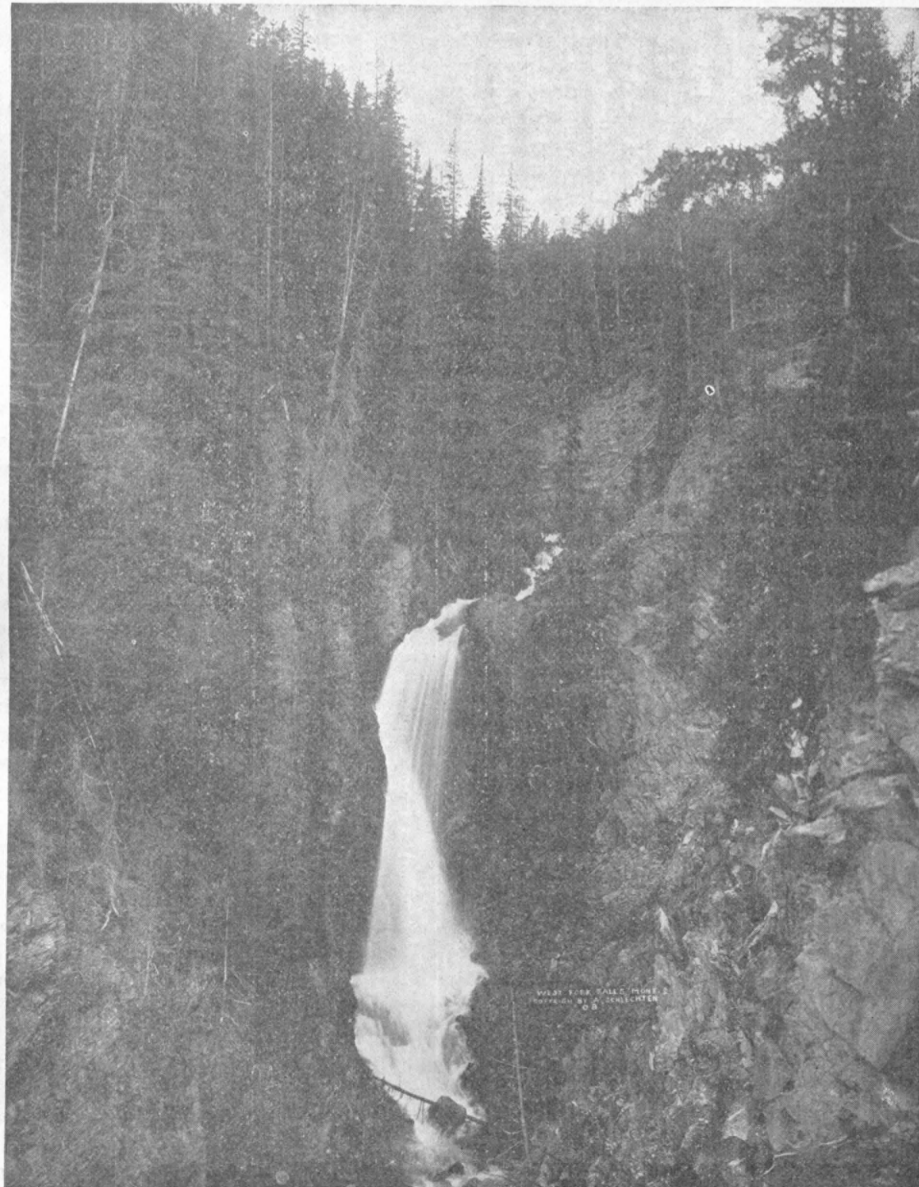
for his text in this essay is the French proverb, "To make one's self beloved is, after all, the best way to be useful." Surely usefulness, to anyone's mind, ought to be considered before ornamentation. "We want to be impressive, rich, beautiful, influential, admired, envied; and then, as we move forward, the visions fade," says Mr. Benson, in his simple manner. Isn't he right to believe that one whose philosophy of life rests on such flimsy foundations is doomed to disappointment? He who has his friend to love, his book to read, his little work to do—he who has these things which "must be deserved and not captured," is the man who will be happiest. Mr. Benson says, "If a friend has noble qualities, we admire them because they are his; if he has bad and noxious faults, how readily we condone and overlook them." I quote this passage not only because I think it a beautiful thought, but because I believe the exact converse of the proposition is true in our own college life. Mr. Benson is a college man, and ought to know the conditions in his own England. In American colleges, even between friends, faults are brought to sight and laughed at as bitterly and sarcastically as possible, and good qualities are "condoned and overlooked." One would naturally suppose that the telling of faults should be left to our enemies, not to our friends, and that it should be the duty of our friends to encourage and believe in us, and to love us for what we are and not for what we might be. Mr. Benson says, "One goes astray, no doubt, like the sheep that is lost; but it is not the duty of another sheep to butt one back into the right place, unless, indeed, one appeals for advice."

This same idea of being instead of doing is extended in the "Essay on Equality." Mr. Benson says that this cry for social equality is due to the system of private property. In the main it is the poorer classes that want equality, but the very moment they are able to place themselves in the middle class, they no longer favor social equality. Most socialists at the bottom wish "To purchase freedom from daily work by acquiring property, and do not desire the responsibility, but the influence of administrative office." It is nothing more or less than the doctrine that "Everybody is as good as everybody else, but I am a little better." Still, Mr. Benson admits that he is a believer in Socialism, but the only way out of the entanglement is to "Go forwards, trying to avoid anything that is consciously harsh or pompous or selfish or base," and that then the "great ideas will take care of themselves." Equality will follow as a natural sequence, thinks Mr. Benson. Political and social reformers are ahead of their time. They are attempting to amend and correct where the amendments and corrections would follow naturally, if these same reformers would sit down and follow Mr. Benson's rule of being rather than doing. Now it's a very fine thing for a few men to sit down and take such views of life and progress as these, but certainly this would be a dull old world if everybody held and practiced such principles.

There is something of fatalism in Mr. Benson's "Essays on Optimism and Joy." He says that life is a thing of joys and pains; we must enjoy our delights and bear our pains, for "Somewhere, far hence—who knows?—we shall make a better start." Surely, it takes a good deal of courage to say that people ought to be joyful and optimistic whatever comes, and it takes still more courage to practice such a principle. Still, we cannot help believing with Mr. Benson.

The "Essay on the Love of God" has some good ideas and suggestions. The most of us were told, when we were little, of the love of God; but the thing that was most greatly impressed upon our minds was the terribleness of that monster who might dart around a corner at any instant and carry away the erring little one. Just such teaching as this has driven many young men and women to that terrible thing called skepticism. Benson says, "I would teach a child in defiance of reason,"

(Continued on Page 4)



WEST FORK FALLS
A Scene in the Mountains Near the College

The Weekly Exponent

Monthly Supplement

Direct Successor to Monthly Exponent

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ALFRED TENNYSON.

(Continued from Page 3)

Lyric poetry is subjective to the artistic expression of sentiment and emotion. The action of the lyric is rapid and the verse itself musical. Many of Tennyson's lyric measures are wholly his own; others have been worked over until virtually new. His lyrical poems are many, but few will deny that the five melodies—"Blow, Bugle, Blow," "Sweet and Low," "The Splendor Falls on Castle Walls," "Home They Bring Her Warriors Dead," and "Ask Me No More"—constitute the finest group of songs produced in our century. The lyric deals with the present, the grand epic with the past. Some of Tennyson's idyls are epics, such as "The Revenge," "The Defence of Lucknow," "Enoch Arden" and "Dora" represent another kind of epic. Tennyson's nearest approach to a graded epic is his "Idylls of a King" and "The Princess." His dramatic poetry partakes of the nature of both epic and lyric. His characters live and act before us and speak in our presence. Tennyson was sixty-five when his first play was published. "Queen Mary," "Harold" and "Becket" form what he called his "Historical trilogy." "Harold" reproduces the great conflict between the Danes, Saxons and Normans. "Becket" deals with the struggle between the crown and the church, and "Queen Mary" represents the rise of individual freedom. The value of his dramatic work as compared with his other poetry has been questioned.

Alfred Tennyson had not only a singularly receptive and responsive mind, open to all impressions from nature and from human life, and an imaginative sympathy, which makes itself at home in an extraordinary range of characters, but he also has the wonderful mastery of technique and poetic art that enables him to reflect "in a fitting form of beauty, the subject which his genius has taken to itself." For more than fifty years Tennyson wrote songs for the English people, and his poetry expresses a sensitiveness to the movements of his own age, at once so delicate and so broad, that to no other poet has it been given to write for so long a period of time, with a temperament so responsive and an art so versatile, and thus to translate into poetry so many of the thoughts and feelings of the century in which he lived. It is just this broad scope, this universal variety, that makes Tennyson's works representative. We cannot grasp the full character of his works unless we read his lyrical poems, ballads, idylls, war songs, love songs, dramas, idylls of chivalry, fairy tales, character studies, odes, religious meditations and classical imitations.

For eighty-three years this great and universally sympathetic writer was given to bless and teach us. The last poem he wrote was "Crossing the Bar," which was suggested to him one October day as he heard the "moaning of the bar." And it was his desire that this be placed at the end of the edition of his poems. Soon he died, and a life that had been one long strain of music, now mournful, now joyous, passed away in melody and singing as he "Crossed the bar." Oh, Tennyson; although you are no longer with us in person, your influence is still potent and your literary masterpieces stand forth in undimmed splendor like stars of the first magnitude in the literary firmament.

I. E., '15.

A MONTH'S VACATION.

(Continued from Page 3)

which slowly turned to pink. The water reflected the gorgeously colored clouds so perfectly one could imagine himself drifting through the sky instead of on the river. After a quarter of an hour the glow faded to dusk and the black shadows of the pines fringing the shore cast a gloom over the quiet stream. About this time we became conscious of a faint, high-keyed humming all about us, and swarms of mosquitoes made their appearance. Instantly pipes were lighted, and clouds of smoke hung around us. All went well until a voice drifted to us from the other canoe, "It's o use smoking, fellows; here's two of the brutes trying to bite my pipe."

For half an hour we were kept busy slapping mosquitoes, and many were the suggestions offered for the manufacture of boiler plate clothing for canoeists. A joyful sound went

up as we rounded a bend in the river and saw our island looming darkly before us. When we had landed, we started a "smudge" of leaves and grass to drive off the mosquitoes. The canoes were then hauled up and unpacked. Blankets and canvases were unrolled upon the ground and the rest of the stuff stowed beneath the inverted boats. The last thing I remember that night before the low whispering of the pines lulled me to sleep, was the great, yellow moon peering down through the branches, making a fairyland of woods and stream. When we awoke, the sun was already up and driving the river mists before it. After a chilly plunge in the river, breakfast was prepared and eaten, the greater part of our two days' provisions being consumed. The canoes were again packed and the journey down stream resumed. About nine o'clock we entered a broad lake, which we afterward learned was Moose Lake. There was a little breeze here, so we set up our small sails and let the wind do the work for us. One of the boys threw out a trolling line and in the course of the morning caught several good sized fish, which added greatly to our noon-day meal. We spent the greater part of the day exploring the shores and looking for signs of human habitation. At night we camped out on a long point of rocks so as to be rid of mosquitoes. The next day we left the lake by the outlet for the rest of our journey. The days flew by and almost before we realized it our trip was at an end. We arrived home "hard as nails" and burned to the color of Indians.

Owing to our considerably battered appearance and month's growth of beard, our families almost failed to recognize us; but, proving our identity, we were welcomed back and the fatted calf killed in our honor.

A. E. S., '13.

DISCUSSION OF A. C. BENSON'S "AT LARGE."

(Continued from Page 3)

that God is the one Power that loves and understands him through thick and thin; that He punishes with anguish and sorrow; that He exults in forgiveness and mercy; that He rejoices in innocent happiness; that things mean, and vice, and impure, and cruel, are things that He does not love to punish, but sad and soiling stains that He beholds with shame and tears." Such a doctrine as that would save many a young man and woman a deal of trouble.

In this paper I have endeavored to set forth Benson's idea of being rather than doing, which is the dominant note throughout "At Large." While such a doctrine is, possibly, contrary to the beliefs of many of us, it is well worth our consideration. I have only discussed the essays which were the most interesting to me; the others have the same general tone, and are filled with the same gentle, kindly sympathy and contentment. Some of the passages impressed me so deeply that I did not care to discuss them in this paper. The ideas expressed in the essays make a reader think whether he agrees with Mr. Benson or not; if a series of essays accomplish this great end, then the mission of their author is complete.

K. J., '12.

TWILIGHT'S APPROACH.

The sun is just gliding behind the mountains, leaving the fleecy clouds tinged with gold. A soft radiance still lingers and touches caressingly the pale, wan face of a little child, who lies in a small, brown hut among the trees. Her face is turned toward the sunset, and at present the large, blue eyes have a dreamy expression. Lines of suffering are imprinted about the mouth and the eyes, in spite of the sweet expression, look tired and weary. The western sky is now a deep crimson, making the river look like a stream of blood; long shadows slowly fall and evening stealthily creeps up, touching with her velvet fingers the petals of the flowers and hushing the quivering throats of the birds into the silence of sleep. The river is no longer red, and looking at the sky, I see that it too is gray and gradually deepening into a dark blue. The bright little stars one by one shyly peep forth until the whole sky is twinkling with their tiny lights. Far away over the tree tops the moon is serenely sailing and one straying ray glides over the face of the child. The tired eyelids now conceal the blue eyes and the long, brown lashes rest upon the pale cheeks. Her small, transparent hands are meekly folded over her bosom and a calm peace seems hovering around her. While I meditate upon this scene of rest, someone gently draws the curtain in front of the window and, with a feeling of unaccountable peace, I slowly turn away.

I. E., '15.

Knox College has entered upon its 75th year with the largest freshman class in the history of the institution.

AN "ALMOST" GIRL

Up the long corridor of the dormitory came the sound of a sweet voice singing a bright little college air. The words floated in through the open doorway of Alice Wyman's room to the ears of Alice herself, but they failed to produce a pleasant effect for Alice frowned and a dark look overshadowed her pretty face. The song ceased abruptly and the owner of the voice, a tall beautiful girl, passed the door, nodding a greeting as she did so, but Alice refused to smile a reply.

"Why should I try to be nice to Beatrice Howard when I dislike her so?" she questioned herself. "Why did she ever come to Weston anyway? I'm sick and tired of hearing her praises sung from morning till night. One would think she were the eighth wonder! Before she came the girls always consulted me when anything special was to be done or a history notebook was to be gotten up, but now—well, I overheard Katherine Wallace say: 'Alice is very bright and lovable and sweet, almost as much so as Bee.' Of course she didn't know I heard, but it hurts; O, how it hurts! Almost! That's what I hear on every hand. Beatrice, Beatrice, Beatrice, all day long, and I'm so weary of it."

Alice sprang to her feet and stood before the long French mirror. Reflected in its surface she saw a small slender girl, dainty and petite of figure, whose great grey eyes shone out from beneath brown curls with a hard dry glitter.

"Why, O, why," thought Alice bitterly, "did God make Beatrice so tall and dark and handsome, and me only an insignificant, girlish-looking little creature. Pretty! So they tell me; but Beatrice is grand! A regular queen! And brilliant! It isn't fair! It isn't fair! There isn't a thing in which I can beat Beatrice! Not a thing! She's so brainy and popular and everything! I don't care if my English is atrocious, either," glaring at herself in the mirror. "I didn't know she was even interested in French, and so I tried for that gold medal in French composition. 'Excellent; almost best; wins silver medal,' was all I got for my pains. Beatrice won the gold medal, of course. Almost, almost, almost; it rings in my ears every hour of the day. Sometimes I believe that I hate Beatrice Howard!" and Alice flung herself into a chair, burying her hot, little face in her arms.

The air, everything around was green—not a pretty, bright green but a dark, ugly green. Alice was giving way to a fit of jealousy such as her gentle nature had never before experienced.

For the first two years of her college life she had been the idol of her class—a shining light the pet of the faculty, the pride of the school; but now, in her Junior year, Beatrice Howard had come to share honors. Beatrice—brilliant, attractive Beatrice, with whom everybody had promptly fallen in love—all except Alice, and she had, from the first, treated Beatrice with extreme coolness.

Beatrice, noble girl that she was, had made advances; but, seeing Alice's displeasure, had gradually ceased, and now kept aloof. The rest of the class was compelled to make the best of existing conditions. Alice did not become openly hostile; but, as her chum and roommate, Winnifred Hartley, remarked, she "put a tiny iceberg in her mouth whenever she spoke to Beatrice." Alice imagined that Beatrice was taking away her friends, when it was only her own conduct which made the difference. No one had ever dared talk over the matter with her. Whenever Winnie attempted it she promptly introduced a new subject. And so Alice had become more and more bitter towards the girl whom she imagined was spoiling her friendships; and now, tonight, just after the mid-winter vacation, it seemed as if she could bear it no longer. That gold medal affair had been the last straw. Before she had bravely tried to overcome her jealousy and partially succeeded, but now she gave up. Her head was still buried in her arms, and the world still had a dark, ugly green appearance when Winnie came in from some frolic Alice's feelings had prevented her attending. She flung a pile of books into a chair.

"We finished all our lab work in chem this afternoon, Allie." And, settling herself into a comfortable chair, she continued, "I'm awfully glad it's done. Beatrice helped us, and say! she's just splendid! Helped us with our History notebooks, too. She and her father reviewed all Medieval History last summer—her father is a great student of History, you know, and she—Why, what's the matter, Allie!" she exclaimed, breaking off abruptly, as Alice lifted a white, tear-stained face. "You look so awful fierce, and scary like." "Don't you ever mention Beatrice Howard to me again! I'm sick and tired of hearing that name! I've had

it for breakfast, lunch and dinner for the last six months! It seems to be a regular hymn of this school! And now you've taken it up! Don't ever say 'Beatrice' to me again!" and Alice burst into tears.

Winnie knew just what was the matter, and being a true friend and a wise girl at the same time, she also knew that it was better for Alice to have her cry out. It would do her good, and perhaps she might consent to talk it all over afterwards. So she waited until the great sobs ceased, and then she said in a soothing voice: "I know just how you feel, dear," placing her cool hand on the little brown head. "You see, when I was in high school, my position for the first year was very much as yours has been these last two. Then there came a girl so bright that she almost took my breath away and I was compelled to see her take my place. I listened to the comfort of my friends, but I would much have preferred they had kept silent—it seemed like they were flinging my defeat in my face. At first I was wildly jealous and then, one day, I awoke to the fact that I was spoiling my own good times and making myself and my friends miserable and it seemed all so petty and small when I really thought it over I just forgot all about it, and Lily became my dearest friend. I found that her friendship was worth infinitely more to me than supremacy over her would have ever been. I do not deny that the desire to excel her often came to me, but the old bitterness of feeling was entirely gone. She was so noble, so intellectual, so superior to me in almost everything, but after I came to college I found that there was one thing I could do better than she—I could make lovely pictures, landscapes, and it is now my ambition to become a great artist. Lily will make one of the most brilliant instructors of the present day when she has finally finished her education. She is going to the Northwestern and I am very proud of her. But I count our friendship as priceless, a something which no amount of success can ever banish. Allie, dear, can't you try to be friends with Bee? She is a girl worth cultivating, and I am sure she would love to have you for a friend. She always speaks so well of you, and I know she feels hurt because of your unkindness towards her." Winnie's sweet face was pleading as she took Alice's little hand into her own warm palm.

"But I'm not a wonderful artist like you, and there isn't anything Beatrice can't do better than I; and, O, Winnie, you don't know how badly I wanted that Composition medal, and you can't imagine how terribly it hurts me to hear everyone praising her all the time, and the girls all go to her now and it seems like she is taking my friends away from me. The girls used to come to my room of evenings and we'd have the nicest times, but there hasn't been a girl in here for ever so long, and I'm so lonesome for them."

Alice's eyes were quite dry now, and she continued calmly: "Sometimes Winnie, I think I hate Beatrice Howard. I know you think this is awful, dear, but these days, somehow, I'm not myself. I'm another girl, and perhaps after while I'll come back to myself and be able to like Beatrice, and so as you wish. You are such a dear, good girl, and it's so easy for you to do the right thing. But for your sake I'll try to be better to Beatrice."

"There, now, Allie, you are letting your imagination make you very unhappy. The girls are coming this very night, and you'll make some of that delicious fudge of yours. Put in enough sugar to drown all thoughts of French medals and et ceteras, I'm going for the chocolate and you get the alcohol lamp ready." Winnie supplemented her kind words with a big bear hug, then ran out of the room, leaving Alice to compose herself before the other girls came.

When she returned, Katherine, Grace and Margaret were with her, and for a time Alice was perfectly happy; was again the jolly, happy girl of former years. The next morning, however, the old envy and unrest returned. Alice tried bravely to keep her promise to Winnie, and for a month or two the breach seemed to be entirely healed. Then, when the snow had melted from the campus and everything had put on vernal attire, something happened. A picnic to the "Big Pines," about ten miles from College Hall, was planned. Of course, Beatrice and Alice were invited to attend. The latter was very enthusiastic until she was given a place on the seat beside Beatrice. Then the old coolness returned. Her attitude immediately placed a damper on the spirits of the crowd and, despite the beauty of the morning, the journey was somewhat of a disappointment for them all. During the forenoon, Alice moped around. After lunch she set off by herself. In reality, the others

were heartbroken. Still, she could not help feeling just a little provoked.

But the cause of all the trouble, absorbed in her own bitter reflections, wandered farther and farther into the forest, utterly forgetful of her companions and the discomfort she had caused them. When she finally became conscious of her surroundings, the sun was well down towards the horizon and the calm quiet of the great woods filled her timid soul with awe and fear. Everywhere about tall slender trees rose up in the sky; trees whose round trunks were like the columns of a great cathedral; and indeed they were, columns in the cathedral of God's great open where man, beast, bird and insect may gather at will to worship. She discovered a little grey pine squirrel gazing at her from the top of an immense pine, his eyes bright, beady, inquisitive, gravely considering this strange creature come into his haunts. But Alice felt no interest in the beauty around her. She was hungry and tired, and when she turned to retrace her steps, she was dismayed to find that the labyrinth of pines offered no trail; she did not know in which direction the camp lay. Fear put all jealousy to flight, and, fortunately, she did take the course which led to camp. That distance was long, and Alice's stops for rest were frequent.

Meanwhile back in that camp which Alice was trying to reach, there was much uneasiness. Going-home time was fast approaching and no Alice. Winnie was beginning to be genuinely concerned and insisted upon their going in search of her chum. One of the boys muttered something about: "That's what we get for taking along a jealous little grump. Serve her right if she did have to stay out all night," but Winnie silenced him with a look.

To Alice it seemed as if the world must be covered with pines—small pines, large pines medium sized pines. Her skirts were torn on the fallen trees which lay everywhere on the ground; she was weary from clambering over brush heaps; her hands and face were scratched from numerous falls. Worn out, she sat down on a fallen tree trunk.

"I won't go another step, because I just can't. I suppose the girls are worried to death about me. I've been a mean little prig and I'm not getting any more than I deserve. I guess that old camp is miles and miles away, and they'll never find me in the world, and there may be bears, and mountain lions. Oh!" as a sound of crackling twigs broke the stillness, "What's that?"

Alice's poor little heart almost stood still with terror, and she buried her face in her hands, resolving not to look at the horrible beast. It must be a bear or lion, or maybe a tiger! The sound came nearer and nearer! It was close by now! Right in front of her! She could stand it no longer! She sprang to her feet! Right into the arms of—not a grizzly bear, but right into the very arms of Beatrice Howard. The relief was so great Alice could only sob. Beatrice's arms closed around the little form and they felt so good.

After a time, she and Beatrice walked back towards the camp to meet the others. It was a much shorter distance than Alice had supposed. No one will ever know what Alice and Beatrice talked about during that walk, but henceforth they became most sincere friends and today Alice entertains the famous author, Beatrice Howard, in her own elegant little home. There was something she could do better than Beatrice.

M. McJ., '15.

A PLAN THAT WORKED BUT FAILED

(Continued from Page 3)

sumed. "Yes; he was a fine man, your father; a very fine man. Goot business. I notice now you look much like him in der face. You are not so fat, no. He was very healthy, yes?"

The three conversed for some time until Richardson, pleading an engagement, left the other two alone. Throughout the evening Harry felt that he was being observed with more than ordinary interest by the old man, and he wondered at it. As soon as Stubby had left the room, a new attitude came over the old German. He hitched his chair closer and, leaning forward, addressed the young fellow confidentially:

"Mister Fuller, you will think it strange; yes, very odd, what I shall say to you. But your father was my dear friend, and so I take der liberty with his son who iss so much like him. I would also a great favor of you."

Harry started to speak, but the old man waved him to silence, and proceeded: "I haf a daughter; my little Linda. She iss everything to me. Now, she wants to marry a goot-for-nothing scamp. He iss nothing but a clerk in a hotel. Bah! I get mad all through when I think me of it,

My! My! it iss awful, awful!" Mr. Grosskopf removed his glasses and polished them vigorously.

"This is der favor I would of you ask, mine friend," he continued, "I would like you to come often to my house and meet my daughter. Der old Colonel and I were such friends as brothers, and I would like our children to be also good friends. I hope you do not misunderstand me, my boy. I would like me for Linda to know what iss a real young man once. Maybe then she forgets her about hotel clerks. Bah! I am sick of it!"

The young man gazed at the other in surprise for a minute. Then the humor of the situation struck him and, but for the old German's earnestness, he would have laughed aloud.

"It would give me great pleasure to call upon your daughter," he replied, "but I doubt if I can give her the impression you desire. However, I will do my best to help you."

"You are more like your dear father than at first I thought. Always was he ready to help when der was trouble, and always was he a gentleman. Der honor of his friends was as dear to him as his own. I am very glad you will come. Tomorrow night iss a small dinner party at my house, yes, and it gives me much pleasure if you will be there. Iss it so?"

"I should be happy to come. Thank you very much, Mr. Grosskopf," answered Fuller.

"It iss I who am most glad," said the old merchant as he arose and extended his hand. "Now I must go. Goot night, my boy; goot night." As the old man hurried from the room, Harry dodged into a telephone booth, called up the Grosskopf residence and told Linda of her father's proposal and his invitation to dinner the following night. Between them they planned the campaign for the downfall of the luckless hotel clerk.

The following evening Mr. Harrison Fuller was formally introduced to Miss Linda Grosskopf and had the honor of taking her into dinner. Many invitations followed in the next few months, and the old man congratulated himself on the success of his plan. Many times his friends found him chuckling to himself at apparently nothing. One evening, meeting Fuller at the club, Mr. Grosskopf drew him aside to a secluded corner of the smoking room and, when they were seated, he began:

"My boy, it gives me much pleasure to see you and Linda such good friends, already. It was as if should be—your father and I were very close friends. 'Linda,' I asked her, 'does that clerk fellow come to der house and she says, 'Only does Mr. Fuller come.' I am very glad it iss so."

The old man smoked dreamily a few minutes before he again spoke "Linda iss a funny girl. One time she says to me that hotel clerks 'vas just splendid.' Now she says, 'Mr. Fuller iss just splendid.' I don't know why she iss not more sorry for that hotel fellow. She acts not at all heart-broken." The old man shook his head in a perplexed way at the fickleness of the feminine heart.

A few evenings later there was a gentle knock at the library door of the Grosskopf residence and, upon opening it, the old merchant was confronted by the two young people, hand in hand, and looking foolishly happy.

"Goot evening; goot evening," he said, but Harry interrupted him quickly:

"You see, Mr. Grosskopf, Linda and I are engaged, and we thought we'd like to tell you first—"

"Gootness gracious," blustered the old German, searching wildly for his handkerchief and dropping his spectacles, "gootness gracious. Vell! vell! Come in; come in and tell me about it, yes?"

"Ach, Liebchen," continued he, merrily, "don't you feel sorry for that hotel fellow now?"

"Yes; I do feel sorry for him," she answered, "but he doesn't seem very sad."

"No! I'm the happiest man alive!" cried Harry.

Mr. Grosskopf looked from one to another for a moment, and then the situation dawned upon him, and he said gravely, "You don't mean to tell me you are the young scamp I engaged you to succeed? Iss it? Ach! it is very mixed, yes?"

"Yes, sir; I'm both of 'em," replied Harry, "and I hope you will not retain your dislike for hotel clerks. You see, father owned the Fullerton House and left it to me in his will. I have been acting as day clerk for the past few months in order to come in touch with all the details of the business. Yes; I'm the hotel clerk, all right."

The old German pulled his beard viciously for a moment, then chuckled, "Vell, you children got der best of der old man this time. Anyhow, my plan was a goot one and worked out right, yes?"

"It certainly did," cried Fuller, as the two men shook hands, "but the hotel clerk is still going to marry your."

A. E. S., '14.

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College Notes

Mrs. Oleson, of Butte, spent Sunday with her daughter, Ella.

William Papke has just returned for the second year in civil engineering.

Bess Roberson is back at school from Sixteen. She is staying at Hamilton Hall this year.

Margaret Young, of Three Forks, and Inez Everett, of Big Timber, spent the week end at their respective homes.

Gretchen Fiske, ex-'11, spent Saturday and Sunday at Hamilton Hall as the guest of Margaret Edwards and Ella Harmon.

Ethel Johnson of Conrad, reached Bozeman Saturday. She was delayed on her way by illness.

Claude Martin spent the summer at his home near Stockett, and arrived on the hill for the junior year of civil engineering this week.

Alden Webster is once again registered at college. Mr. Webster is a sophomore in electrical engineering. He has joined the football squad.

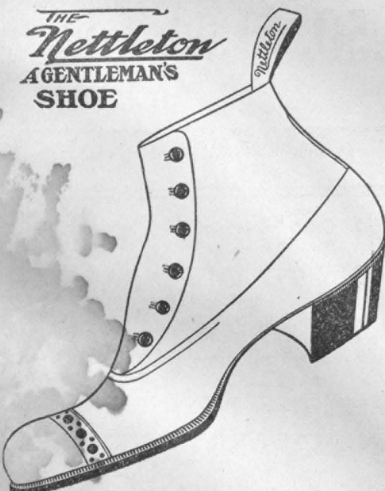
Fred E. Gordon, president of the class of 1913, returned last Friday from Chinook, where he acted as judge of grains, grasses and livestock at the county fair.

Willia Sultzer, of Butte, reached Bozeman Saturday and registered as a freshman in the history-literature course. She was accompanied by her mother, who returned home Sunday afternoon.

Wm. B. Vestal, manager of the football team for this season, returned from a summer spent with the reclamation service, near Harlem, the first of the week. Mr. Vestal has registered for the sophomore year in civil engineering.

The first meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock. The president, Margaret Edwards, led the meeting, welcoming the new girls and telling the plans of the association for the coming year. There were about thirty girls present.

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B. B. B. PIPES AT GLEASON'S

The Right Kind at the Right Price

Matilda Frye, of Elmo, Montana, is the latest arrival at Hamilton Hall.

Leon Davis registered last Saturday in the already large pharmacy class.

Henry H. Valentine of Helena, is registered on the hill in the mechanical engineering course.

Earl A. Lannin, '12, returned Sunday from Missoula where he has been employed during the summer.

Dixie Ingersoll, honor graduate of Miles City, registered this week at M. S. C. for the home science course.

Harry Gummr, whose home is in Frazee, Minn., is now registered as a freshman in agriculture on the hill.

Joseph Soper returned from a summer spent in the park to resume his studies in the agronomy department.

Walter Grimes has been in the employ of the Bell Telephone company this summer, but has resigned to become a sophomore.

Willard Atkins is registered in the history-literature course as a member of the class of '13. Mr. Atkins' home is in Chicago.

Roy Spain, '13, joined the ranks of his class Sunday. Mr. Spain has been employed by the Northern Pacific as land examiner this summer.

Lyle Tintinger of the freshman class is at his home in Big Timber this week, playing with the Big Timber band at the Sweet Grass county fair.

Helen Roberts, an honor graduate of the Havre high school, in the latest arrival at M. S. C. Miss Roberts will take the course in history and literature.

Wallace Fisher, a senior electrical, spent the summer with relatives in Seattle. Mr. Fisher has just returned to his home in Bozeman and has taken up his work for the year.

Brook Hartman, junior in civil engineering, resigned his position with the Camp Creek railroad and returned to college this week. Mr. Hartman is one of the welcome additions to the football squad.

John L. McCraw returned Saturday from the Centennial valley, in Beaverhead county, where he has been employed as water commissioner this summer. Mr. McCraw has taken up his work as senior in civil engineering.

Lewis Hill, one of the leaders of the class of 1913, has resumed his studies in the department of mechanical engineering. Mr. Hill acted as water commissioner in the Shields river valley this summer. He is a member of the senate here and his absence has been felt.

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CLASS RIVALRY RUNS OVER

Freshmen and Sophomores Exchange Courtesies by Moonlight. Soph. President Captured.

Class rivalry, which had been barely suppressed during the opening days of the college year, broke out last Friday night, when the sophomores captured "Adam," "Eve," and the "Missing Link," all hitherto unknown members of the freshman class, who had evidently concealed their identity during registration. This important discovery may be attributed to David V. Higbie, Selmer H. Solberg, Homer Millegan, and other leading members of the class of 1914, who have been working on this problem since the first of the semester. At eight o'clock, or thereabout, the solution was reached, when Melford, one of the leading freshmen, came down stairs attired for the dance, and was welcomed by a group of sophomores, who assured him that they had a more cordial welcome for him than the fair sex at Elks hall. Thanks to the kindness of a Bozeman hackman, who had promised to do as he was told and ask no questions, Melford and Tintinger, who had also been trapped, were driven to a certain well known sophomore resort; and there, with Anderson as the third member of the party, the three illustrious gentlemen were dressed as became their rank.

A complete outfit which had in some way strayed from Hamilton Hall was accorded Medford as "Eve," a very old antique pair of trousers was given Tintinger, along with a coat to match, while the "Missing Link," as the dress of the oriental could not be exactly ascertained, was given a burlap sack and a can of talcum powder for want of a better outfit. Thus dressed the trio, accompanied by a large following of sophomores, adjourned to Hamilton Hall, where Medford's baritone will long be remembered in the touching selection "I am Afraid to go Home in the Dark." After a few minutes spent here the crowd piled into the hack and were next heard of at the post office, where their class yell brought a response from a band of freshmen who had in the meantime heard of the indignities to their classmates and had rallied to their aid. Without delay the two opposing classes rushed each other, and much to the dismay of the upper classmen, the three captive freshmen were restored to their friends and the valiant sophs were obliged to leave the field while there was yet an opening. Not to be outdone in this matter of furnishing the Bozeman public with free amusement a rash bunch of freshmen went to the house where David V. Higbie, the president of the sophomores, was staying with his roommate, Selmer H. Solberg, and immediately hauled them from their bed. Another parade followed. After a round at the Chinese restaurant where Higbie astonished all the onlookers by eating noodles and Solberg threatened to break the freshman class by ordering "T" bone steak and onions the party adjourned until next time and class rivalry for 1911 had begun.

Notice to Amateurs.

Developing, printing and all photograph work will be done for you in the best possible way if you will give it to F. B. Leinard.

Notice.

Students who have in the past taken courses in biology are requested to call for their laboratory books and herbaria if they wish to save them. Unclaimed books will be destroyed.

I was too busy last issue

Getting settled in my new quarters to write an ad. However, I'm mighty glad to see most of the old boys back and the bunch of new ones, too; because I'm the tailor for the college boys and business livens up with me when school opens.

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FOOTBALL BOYS PRACTISING HARD

LIGHT SCRIMMAGE BEGUN, TEAM WILL LINE UP AGAINST GALLATIN HIGH SOON. COACH IS DEVELOPING THE VIM AND ENERGETIC EFFORT OF HARD FOOTBALL.

Practice on the football field, after a week of preliminary work, has reached the stage where real football begins to be demonstrated. During the past few evenings some time has been given to light scrimmage and the football fan hears the familiar and welcome sound of bodies clashing, scuffling and thumping to the ground.

Coach Dockstader has been intensifying the practice by degrees so that this stage of training has been reached so gradually that the men themselves have not noticed any abrupt departure from their regular habits of life. Since the opening practice there has been some change in the make-up of the squad. Some who reported earlier have decided that they have business elsewhere, and new men have taken their places in the line-up. This has prevented the growth of the squad of candidates to the expected four teams, but there is still a wealth of material.

New Men to Report.

There are still several new men expected to appear in suits, and next week, when the real scrappy practice begins, will probably see three full teams lined up on the grounds below the campus. Neither Captain Chambers nor Coach Dockstader will make any public statement concerning the probable line-up of the team this fall, but intimate that there is plenty of room for some surprises. Both men state that the present outlook may be entirely changed by a couple of weeks practice.

The loss of Captain Sheriff, Hugo Dahling, and the more recent loss of Cassius Kirk from the list of candidates, is sure to be felt, though it is no grounds for unfavorable predictions. At the present rate of development it seems quite likely that a team will be turned out which will be of at least the same weight as last year, and which will be faster and more pugnacious. The effort of Coach Dockstader is to instill into his men the fighting, peppery spirit which makes the football of the east a superior brand to that played here in former years.

Under the present rules a team of

Young Men's Oxfords to be closed.

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the style which promises here will have advantages over the bigger but more sluggish teams of former days. But nobody in authority is making predictions of pennant winning. The element of grim determination, which has been developing since the close of last season, is becoming more and more evident.

Ginger Quite in Evidence.

To a lay man, one who is not an expert on football the practice each evening gives evidence of a vast increase in pepper and fire, the life, quickness of action, and determination to do better at every down. Should the season see a continuation of the growth of this element, weight alone should have no effect against the M. S. C. football machine this fall.

Among the men who are working out on the squad now are Captain Chambers, Wolpert, "Bing" Hodgskiss, Donaldson, Truitt, Homer Millegan, Will Hodgskiss, Busse, Read, A. R. Conner, Haskins, Gillis, V. S. Connor, Riordan, Sutherland, Lange, Pink, Noble, Blinn, Taylor, Miller, Monson, Nelson, McCraw, Webster, Anderson and Hartman. Others who have been somewhat irregular in practice, some of whom have been unavoidably so, are Higbie, Farrell, Dahl, Walters, Pettigrew, Pickrel, Gosman, Ross, Haegele, Wilcomb, Bacon and Joe Morgan.

To Meet Gallatin High.

Light scrimmage with the Gallatin high squad will be had either tomorrow or Monday. In the meantime the tactics of light scrimmage, punting, bucking the machine, and other elements of early practice will be continued and increased. It is probable that practice with the high school eleven will be quite frequent throughout the season and should prove valuable experience for both teams.

Unfortunate for both players and fans is the fact that there is no big game here until the 28th of October. This is one of the misfortunes of having only three collegiate teams within reach. The team meets the State School of Mines at Butte on October 14. This will be the first opportunity afforded for learning the true standing of the State College team. It is likely, however, that a practice game can be arranged with a team of all-stars of past football glory from among the young business men and professional men down town. Former Coach McIntosh is organizing such a team and will have a heavy and experienced aggregation to put on the gridiron.

Manager "Billy" Vestal, of the college eleven, has had the practice field lined off and measured and bleachers are in convenient position for practicing yells and observing the worthy efforts of those who will soon be called upon to support the blue and gold. And support it they will. If the rooting section develops the same spirit of the loyal and grim determination that is characterizing the boys in uniform, the side lines should ring and echo with shouts and songs when the blue and gold fights the visitors this fall.

Considerable interest will attach to the scrimmage work of the next few weeks and on through the season; training will continue to grow rigid and the boys should be in mid-season condition by the first championship

game. Coach Dockstader has announced that those on the squad will be required to refrain from taking part in the tug-of-war, or other class rivalry.

BIG BAND BEGINS BLOWING

Practices of the Organization Reveal Many New Candidates.

Director Louis Howard, of the college band, is more than pleased with the showing made thus far by that organization. Although only three rehearsals have been held as yet fully forty fellows have made their debut in the wind jamming section and more coming in every day. Nearly every town in the state is represented in the personnel and nearly all have had previous experience before entering the college. With the loss of many of the old men this spring the outlook was extremely dark; however, the new material banishes the storm clouds and Louis wears the same old smile when he talks band. The personnel is as follows:

Clarinet: Otto Batch, Mark Pickrel, John Potter, Martin Read, Glenn Wilson.

Cornets: Wallace Fisher, Noah Kirby, Laurence Wylie, George Tintinger, Geo. Roosevelt, Geo. Reynolds.

Alto: Ned Chambers, Claude Martin, Louis Udem, Chas. Whipple.

Saxophone: Richard Haines.

Tenors: Harold Walters, A. Bruhut.

Slides: Brook Hartman, Willard Atkins.

Baritone: Will Haines.

Bass: Joe Soper, Rowland Haegele.

Although the drums and reed sections are not entirely filled the applicants are numerous enough to fill all the positions and the director does not expect any difficulties. No plans have been made as yet in regard to the spring trip, but in all probability the next one will take in the eastern part of the state. To the regret of the entire college the band will not be heard in concert until just before the Xmas vacation, when an entire assembly hour will be given over to the band.

In the meantime music for the football rallies and games will be furnished by the crack student musical organization of Montana.

ENGINEERING TO BE FEATURED AT FAIR

(Continued from first page)

is the new ozonator, a recent invention for purifying air. The ozonator was secured by the college directly after being placed on the market early last spring. Among other things will be a few of the theses of the graduates.

Prominent in the display sent by the mechanical engineering department will be a case of the products from the machine shops turned out by the students, a case of patterns made by the students in pattern-making and woodwork, a case of materials showing tests for strength, and a case of products showing the process of steel forging and tempering. An article of especially good workmanship is a newspaper stand of quarter sawed oak, stained and waxed, the work of Kent Erwin in the first year class of mechanic arts. There will also be blue prints in machine design selected from the work of the students.

Civil engineering will send one theodolite, one complete transit, one mariner's sextant, one precise level, and several original designs of engineering structure produced by students in this course.

Taken as a whole, this year's exhibit is one of the best ever sent to the fair by the college and it is believed that it will prove successful in giving visitors a true impression of the big institution.

EIGHTY-NINE ALREADY IN CLASS OF 1915

(Continued from first page)

lege organizations will very appreciably increase their membership.

Owing to the new registration rules which were put in force this year, all those students who have come in since September 12th have been required to pay a fine. September 11th and 12th, registration proceeded the whole day. The rest of the week the registration committee met between the hours of four and five, when students coming in late could register upon payment of a fine of two dollars in addition to the regular fees. After the first week registration can proceed only upon the payment of a special fee of four dollars. All fines that are collected go into the miscellaneous college fund, though at the end of six months they may be refunded if it can be shown that a tardy registration was necessary. In other respects registration proceeded much the same as it has in former years.

Though the greatest part of registration is now over, there will be a few

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coming in for a couple of weeks yet. The increased attendance this year seems to predict greatly increased activity in all college affairs for the coming year.

COLLEGE TESTS COAL FOR FUEL PURPOSES.

The department of mechanical engineering during the past summer carried on a series of co-operative tests at the college heating plant, the principal purpose of which was to ascertain the cost of making steam for heat and power for the college, and the relative fuel value of a number of the various coals competing in the Bozeman market.

The results of these tests show conclusively that by the proper use of a combination system of forced and induced draft such as the department has recently installed, a fuel of considerably lower grade than heretofore used can be burned, even in hand-fired furnaces, and that a pea-and-slack mixture will satisfactorily displace a mixed one and two nut, resulting in a saving of approximately one-third in the cost of evaporation.

The college expends annually from \$4,000 to \$5,000 for fuel. A saving of \$1,500 per year to the state as a result of these investigations would seem to be a concrete argument in favor of the establishment at the college of an engineering experiment station, even though it might be on a small scale, for the careful investigation of other and similar problems connected with the efficient utilization of the natural resources of the state.

The state could well afford to appropriate funds for such investigations if they will result in a saving of thirty-three per cent over present methods.

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