THE WEEKLY EXPONENT.

VOL. 3 | BOZEMAN, MONTANA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1911 | No. 11

RRANGEMENTS FOR CLASS DEBATE COMPLETED

oth Classes Have Good Teams. Neither Side of Question Has Great Advantage.

The freshmen and sophomores are ard at work on their debates, pre- aring for the annual inter-class clash hat takes place in December on the uestion, "Resolved, That all corpora- ons doing an interstate business ould be required to take out a fed- al charter." The question is a rong one, neither side having any parent advantage. It was the ques- on in the debate between Harvard, le and Princeton in 1907, the neg- ive winning all three debates. The pular side of the question seems be the affirmative, the freshmen oosing this side when given their oice.

John Farrell, L. Bryan Davis and ndall Davidson, with Mark Pick- el as the fourth man, are to repr- nt the '15's; Horace Davis, Willard kins and William Winter, with Sel- er Solberg as alternate, will repre- nt the '14's. Both teams are strong es, Mr. Farrell having debated in braska on the championship Lin- ln team, Bryan Davis represented e Fayette (Missouri) high school in veral contests of this nature, and vidson represented the Gallatin gh school in the extemporaneous ntest for high schools held here st spring. The sophomore team is ll known to college students and eds no introduction. Both alternates e good in this line, also Mr. Sol- rg representing this school in the esleyan debate last year and also alternate in the Utah debate. Mr. ckerel has won several contests in inois and is a strong help to the shmen.

The question is the same as will debated with the university in bruary at Missoula, the university ving accepted this question and osen the negative side of the ques- n. The tryouts for the team will held some time during the early rt of next month and a large num- have signified their intention of ering. Mr. Gilruth has charge of work of this nature and will no ubt be a great help to both in the rsity and inter-class debates.

OOSTERS BLUB GIVES COLLEGE DANCE TONIGHT

mmittee Reports That Attendance Will be Good. All Arrangements Completed. Good Time Assured.

The second Boosters' dance is eduled for tonight at 8:30 in the ll hall. Advance indications would w that will be a complete suc- s. Tickets have been distributed ng several of the students and advance sale of them is extremely couraging.

While a down town dance has been eduled for the same night and the sic usually secured by the Boosters l not be available, several of the dents have been working up good sic for the occasion. It was ru- red for awhile that the dance would postponed, but this rumor is with- foundation and the dance will e off as scheduled in the college endar for several weeks past.

Programs and refreshments will be vided, and the committee in charge, rry Dietz and Martin Kelly, prom- that several new features will be off during the evening.

Arrangements have been made with street car company so that two s will be made to the college. The t car will leave Main street at 5 and the second at 8:15.

s formerly stated, the proceeds of dance will go, first, toward buying piano for the hall. Any money ve that required for the monthly ments will be used to buy football aters, or will be used in some way the general good of the college. loyal Boosters should be there l all will be assured a good time.

—o—

The preparatory students held a y successful party at the drill hall Saturday evening, the girls of the partment tendering a reception to boys. A dance program of 12 nbers, together with many games, de up a very pleasant evening. s Ballinger acted as chaperone.

PLANS NEARING COMPLETION FOR ROAD SCHOOL TO BE ESTABLISHED NEXT JUNE AT M. S. C.

Has Been Call For Such a Course as Will Be Offered.---Recommended by Montana Good Roads Congress---Builders of Roads will be Brought Together for a Week of Discussion and Demonstration.

KNEALE AND BONEBRIGHT TO HAVE DIRECT CHARGE---SUCCESS ANTICIPATED

Large number of county surveyors and commissioners have signified intention of attending. Much new equiptment secured. Kneale makes statement. Hope to secure good roads congress for Bozeman this year; should prove extremely beneficial to state and college

That a good roads school to be held at M. S. C. next June is the latest announcement made by the college. This course is to be in charge of Prof. R. D. Kneale, head of the civil engineering department, and Prof. H. B. Bonebright, instructor in agricultural engineering. Plans for this school have been under way for the past two years and the college is now in a position to take a very active part in the movement going on throughout the state for good roads.

By the plan the county commissioners from all over the state will be brought together for one week in the spring and thus the men who do the road building will be reached directly, ideas will be exchanged and practical demonstrations will be given. A large amount of road machinery has been secured, all the equipment of the experiment station will be available and much more machinery will in all probability be secured.



PROF. R. D. KNEALE

The importance of this school to the college and to the state can hardly be overestimated as first, it will increase the efficiency of the college in teaching road building in the engineering department by bringing a large amount of new equipment to the college; and secondly it will place all the information which the college may be able to give toward the building and maintenance of good roads in the hands of the men who use it. Thus no other result than a betterment of roads throughout the state may be looked for.

The following statement was given out by Prof. Kneale.

"The Montana Good Roads Congress held in 1911 at Missoula recommended that a course in road building be established by the state. The Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts has, for several years, given such a course to its regular students in civil engineering. This course, however, is not available to a large majority of those burdened with the responsibility of building and maintaining the highways of the state. The college, therefore, in response to the recommendation of the congress, and to meet the expressed needs of the road builders of the state, has established a short course in road building. The course will be conducted by the department of civil engineering of the college, assisted by the agricultural experiment station, and will be held in June of each year. The first session will convene June 11-17, 1912.

Morning and evening lectures will be given on the science and art of building good roads, and of maintaining them. Also the design and repair of bridges and culverts will be taken up. County commissioners and surveyors will be expected to freely discuss the questions involved so that the members may benefit by the experience. During the afternoons members will be given an opportunity to watch the construction of a half mile of the best available type of highway for a given location.

Over six thousand dollars worth of road machinery has already been secured for the school and considerable more is promised. A sufficient number of county commissioners and county surveyors, and of others interested in good roads, have signified their intention of attending the school to assure its success.

It is hoped to secure the fourth meeting of the Montana Good Roads Congress for Bozeman to be held during the session of the road school.



PROF. H. B. BONEBRIGHT

STOCK JUDGERS ON WAY TO CHICAGO

Team Left Friday Accompanied by Griffin and Fisher. Now at U. of Missouri.

Early last Saturday morning the stock judging team left Bozeman on their long trip, the trip that establishes a record for collegiate progress in Montana. Word has since been received from them to the effect that they spent two days looking over the live stock on the farm of the University of Nebraska. According to their schedule, they are now visiting the University of Missouri at Columbia and will remain there until Sunday. Tomorrow they will witness the annual game between the Universities of Kansas and Missouri.

The party which left Saturday morning consisted of Prof. H. P. Griffin, manager and coach; Fred E. Gordon, Noble C. Donaldson, John C. Taylor and George W. Morgan, members of the team, accompanied by Wallace Fisher, who will visit relatives and friends in the south for a few weeks. The fifth member of the team, Chas. L. Hansen, was detained on important business, leaving Saturday afternoon and joining the team at Lincoln, Nebraska, Monday afternoon.

All word received thus far from the travelers indicates that the trip is proving both profitable and pleasant. During the time from now till a week from tomorrow the boys will be engaged in extending their knowledge of live stock and in visiting colleges and universities.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB TO FURNISH ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

The meeting of the Home Economics club last Friday was a memorial meeting for Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, who is prominently identified with the home economics movement. Miss Alda Smith, '13, read a paper on "Mrs. Richards' Relation to the Home Economics Movement," and Miss Hess talked on her life and work. The club decided to give a program in assembly after Christmas. Miss Harkins, Miss Ballinger and Miss Hess were made honorary members of the club.

VETERINARY DEPARTMENT SHOWS GOOD GROWTH

New Equipment and General Rearrangements Made. Department Second to None in West.

While everyone has been watching the growth and development of the different branches of study in this institution, comparatively few know of the excellent equipment and of the large number of specimens the college has for the study of animal anatomy. Prof. Taylor has repaired and remodeled the old Veterinary building and placed in it a large collection of specimens and some new laboratory apparatus, which makes it an ideal place for the study of veterinary science.

The large room to the rear contains all the specimens and models. There are two papier mache models of the fore and hind quarters of a horse, and one full size model of the hock joint of the same material, illustrating the different muscles, blood vessels and nerves. In a glass case are kept a large number of patheological specimens illustrating growths or diseased organs, together with a disarticulated skeleton for the study of separate bones. There are two mounted skeletons, one cow and one horse. Charts, imported from Germany, are used to show the internal organs of domestic animals..

Prof. Taylor has equipped one of the front rooms with a complete set of apparatus for preserving flesh and making microscopic mounts.

In the near future the room now used by the band will be furnished with glass topped desks for a laboratory for students.

With this equipment and Prof. Taylor at the head of the department, the college will have, without a doubt, the best school in the state for veterinary studies.

—o—

John Blessing is a visitor at the apple show being held at Spokane.

FOUR HIGH SCHOOLS ARE TIED FOR PENNANT

As the collegiate football season in Montana was brought to a sudden end, attention has naturally turned towards the high school series. The scholastic championship of the state is very much up in the air at present. It seems there are four teams which may be counted as the strong contenders for the pennant, Great Falls, Missoula, Butte and Bozeman. The games in which these teams have been engaged have been tied, and the situation now takes the form of a quadrilateral with four equal sides. None of the four has been beaten and each of the four have a tie game credited. Butte has two of these ties.

Early in the season Great Falls and Missoula mixed in Missoula for an even break. Then Bozeman tied Butte in Butte, having an advantage, but not enough to score. Then last Saturday Great Falls also held Butte to a 3-3 tie.

It seems that Montana has four high school teams that are unusually strong, and that these four are unusually closely matched. At present the situation is that Great Falls and Bozeman play in Great Falls on Thanksgiving. Butte is endeavoring to arrange a game with Missoula for the same date. Bozeman has offered Butte the date here tomorrow, as a final attempt to solve the pennant problem. At the time of going to press nothing definite has been learned as to the reception accorded this offer.

—o—

Latest information from Mrs. Eckels, in the Mayo Bros. hospital at Rochester, Minn., is that she is doing nicely and that she will probably return to her home at Forsyth soon. Mildred Eckles, who was called home on account of her mother's illness, will probably return to college after Christmas.

INTERCLASS RUN WILL OCCUR MONDAY

LARGE NUMBER OF STUDENTS HAVE BEEN IN TRAINING FOR THE EVENT—COURSE AND CONDITIONS OUTLINED BY COACH.

JUNIORS AND FRESHMEN SEEM TO HAVE STRONGEST TEAMS

Seniors and Sophomores Have But Few Men in Field—Work Was Begun at Time Football Was Dropped—Hard Practice Taken up for Event.

The cold weather does not seem to daunt the spirit of the college athletes if one is to judge from the number of students that are turning out each night for the cross country running and basketball. Every other afternoon a squad of men in track suits may be seen running over the campus preparing for the inter-class cross-country race which will be held, weather permitting, on Monday, Nov. 27. The race will start in front of the main hall at 4:00 p. m. and will finish at the rear of the chemistry building. Each class will enter a team of five men, but only the first three finishing will count. The men score the same number of points as the order in which they finish, the first man one point, the second two points, etc. The team scoring the least number of points wins the race.

The course will be past the agricultural building to the main road running west, thence along this road to the cross road running south, over this to the first main left hand turn thence east, then north and turning a the dormitory finishing at the rear of the chemistry building.

Captains are to hand in their entries not later than Friday night, Nov. 24.

At the present writing it looks as though the championship lies between the freshmen and juniors as the seniors and sophomores haven't enough men out to make up a team.

The juniors show up strong with Brabrook, Blinn, Hartman and other well known runners, while the freshmen have had by far the largest number of men out and good form is shown by a large number of them.

—o—

PREPS TO HAVE STAG PARTY AFTER HOLIDAYS

The male members of the three upper classes of the preparatory department met in Miss Cantwell's room last Friday and perfected a stag organization, with the intention of holding a party after the holidays.

The following officers were elected: President, Albert Urbach; vice-president, V. Connor; treasurer, Hugh Bidwell; secretary, William Monson and the folowing committees were appointed to prepare for the event: Arrangements—Pierce, Carter, Cheadle and Nelson; initiation—Lorentz, V. Connor, Cook, Pink, White and Riordan; refreshments—G. Hacker, Urbach, Finlay, Flint and Bidwell.

If the party is a success, the members earnestly hope to make it one of the few annual gatherings of the preparatory department.

—o—

Lee B. Anderson expects to leave the latter part of next week to join the stock judgers at Chicago. Prof. R. W. Clark will also be in attendance at the big stock show there.

FORMER FACULTY MAN DOING IMPORTANT WORK

J. H. Gill, at one time professor of mechanical engineering at this college, is now director of the Columbus trades school, Columbus, Ohio. This school is one of the co-operative industrials schools, the plan for which was originated by Herman Schneider, dean of the engineering department of the University of Cincinnati. The first school in which Mr. Schneider's plans were tried out was organized in Cincinnati about six years ago. It is claimed that if the efficiency of a school is measured by the ratio of the results obtained, to the cost incurred, then the plan of co-operative industrial education is the most efficient yet devised.

Under this plan the student divides his time between school work and actual commercial shop work. He enters into a regular apprenticeship contract with a local firm, binding him to work half time for the firm as an apprentice for a period of three years. In order to make the plan practicable for the employers, the students work in pairs, one boy working in the shop a week, then in the school a week; while the other boy works in the shop and the school on alternate weeks.

Before choosing his trade, the student is given a general knowledge of the industrial field by a series of shop visits and illustrated lectures by instructors and outside men. Then, having selected his trade, he learns it under real commercial shop conditions.

One of the most important points in the successful operation of this plan is the work of the "co-ordinator," who keeps in touch with the students and their shop work, showing them the application of the theoretical work of the school to the actual practise in the shop, and to the solution of problems which they encounter in their shop work.

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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.

Nov. 24.—Boosters' dance, Drill Hall.
Nov. 30.—Thanksgiving recess.
Dec. 4.—Civic League, Dick Bergen Co.
Dec. 6—Recital, School of Music.
Dec. 8.—Civic League, Laurant.
Dec. 20.—Beginning of Christmas holidays.

COLLEGE AND GOOD ROADS.

The announcement in this issue concerning the part the college will take in the good roads movement in the future is an important one, probably the most important of the year, from the standpoint of the good roads movement, as well as from that of the college.

It means that the facilities for expert road construction available previously only to students in the regular courses at the college will this year be thrown open to county commissioners, supervisors of road building, and other road officials of Montana. These men, together with the great numbers vitally interested in better roads in the state, will be invited to gather at the college early next June, and for the entire week every effort will be made to educate and instruct them on the best means for obtaining this much desired movement.

The importance to the state of better roads cannot be overestimated. Smooth, hard roads would enlarge the radius of profitable intensive farming at every market center, would save thousands of dollars annually in transportation charges, would make country life more pleasant and inviting, attracting hundreds of additional settlers to Montana soil. The far-reaching effect of such a condition is almost beyond comprehension.

Therefore, it is especially important when the leading institution of higher education in the state takes up the fight for better roads and undertakes to aid in the cultivation of a better knowledge of how to build good roads The machinery recently received at the college, valued at $9,000, is intended primarily to aid in the road building demonstrations which will accompany the school. Thus the very latest in machinery for road building will be available.

By this move the college is placed in the lead of those working for good roads, as it rightly should be, and the good mutual influence resulting wil prove a powerful factor both for the college and for the movement.

Meanwhile it is to be hoped the road officials will take advantage of the opportunity, and that next June will see hundreds of leading Montana citizens assembled on the campus. And further, the succes of the school this year will almost necessarily make it an annual event.

DISAGREE ON DATES.

There seems to be a conflict regarding the dates for the annual inter-class debate and the presentation of "The Rivals" by the Jack-o-Lanterns. Up to the time of going to press there is no final arrangement to be announced.

The debate was set for December 15, the third Friday evening in December, and that date was generally set for the word war. Later the dramatic club fixed upon that time as the most favorable for their show and so the conflict arose.

It is understood that the sophomore team agreed to the change and that it was left to the freshman debaters. From the latter objections were heard, and Prof. Gilruth stated yesterday that the debate would be held on the 15th. It is said that the dates at the opera house would allow the show to be given Saturday, Monday or Tuesday evening following, and that those dates should meet with the approval of the actors.

Meanwhile the general student body hopes that the affair may be amicably settled and that the two events will occur at satisfactory times, before the holidays.

THINKS EXPONENT GOOD.

The following editorial from Student Life, the U. A. C. student paper. is self-explanatory:

"One thing these games with Montana have shown us, and that is that these Montana people are true sportsmen. In th account of the Bozeman game written for the Weekly Exponent—the official organ of the Agricultural college of Montana, and incidentally the very best college paper we have yet seen—there is not a word of protest; not a word of excuse; but in a snappy, dashing style that would do credit to an experienced journalist, the writer carries us through every move in the game. While giving full credit to the plucky fellows in the local team, he states that not in years had Montana had the privilege of witnessing such a rapid fire bunch as our Utah farmers. Missoula is likewise loud in her praise of the boys, in their conduct as a team and in their individual deportment as gentlemen.

"These are the things which tend to cement the colleges of the West in a closer union, and we trust that we may sometime have the privilege of seeing these teams in action on our own campus.

"It does seem a pity that we cannot SEE more of our team in action. Both this year and last they go cavorting off to Montana, while our students indulge themselves n the hilarious pastime of reading the reports of the various games in the local papers. The strange thing about it is that one of these same Montana teams passed right through Cache Junction on their way to meet the U. in Salt Lake last week. What a pity they didn't meet our boys here on the local campus. With the exception of the one game with Colorado, played early in the season, we will not have the privilege of seeing our boys in action this year."

STAFF REORGANIZED.

Owing to the assumption by the editor of other newspaper duties, the city editorship of the Bozeman Daily Chronicle, a reorganization of the Exponent staff has been made necessary. In future the responsibility for all the news feature of the paper will be in the hands of Selmer H. Solberg, with the title of associate editor. The editor will continue to assist whenever possible and will be responsible for the editorial department. Later in the year several candidates for positions on the staff will be accepted in order to prepare them for filling in the places of those who leave next spring by graduation.

A change in the staff of the Monthly Supplement was also necessary by the withdrawal from school of its managing editor, Miss Mildred Eckels. Arthur E. Seamans, '13, has been appointed to this position and the issue of the supplement which is distributed today is a product of his management.

With respect to positions on the staff, it may be said that there is always room for other workers, and appointments of those showing capacity and perseverance may be announced at any time. Without exaggeration, it may be said that the training received by faithful application to the duties connected with the Exponent will prove of more permanent advantage to the student than that obtained in any other voluntary activity. The principal requirement is that the individual will be willing to make sacrifices in order to maintain the standards of the paper. There are many statements which might be made regarding these standards,but it should be sufficient to mention that the paper has never been late in reaching the subscribers, and that with one or two minor exceptions, it has never missed an important item of news.

It is the firm belief of the writer that this record, and the quality of the paper published, reflects credit upon the institution as a whole. Its maintenance is essential, and requires the active assistance of every member of the staff and the hearty cooperation of all interested in the institution.

GOT THROUGH SAFELY

Now that the Princeton football team has played its last game of the season, followers of the gridiron can draw a breath of relief over one thing —Captain Hart has gone through another season without being killed, and it's his last year. Football has escaped a "black eye" that has been feared during the three seasons he played for the orange and black.

When he first appeared for the Princeton team there was a protest from Yale and other opponents against his participation in the strenuous contest. His sportsmanship and record were not challenged, the objection being based on the fact that he had been injured in a preparatory school game, the vertebrae being injured in such manner that his neck might be broken by a slight twist or blow. It was necesary to devise a special harness for a helmet that would throw all shock of collision on his shoulders instead of on his head. That head was a good one for the strategy of football, but it wasn't figured as a safe buffer.

Three years of play have demonstrated that his shoulders are about as sturdy as any in the country, and their owner has won standing as one of the bright luminaries of Princeton football. But still many devotees of the game doubt whether it was worth while to take such chances.

Fortunately it has turned out all right. Possibly it carries the lesson that adequate equipment for individual needs would obviate practically all chance of accident. The trouble is that most players regard paraphernalia of the kind as a handicap, and consent to wear the armor only in extreme cases. Taking his record as a precedent, it might be advisable for the rulemakers to prescribe a maximum of padded harness to eliminate the dangers still lurking in the game. —Anaconda Standard.

COLLEGE SONG COMPOSED BY GRADUATE

Discussion of college songs recalls the fact that one of the best ever composed for this college was that by Gene Quaw, '11, which was written as the senior class song. Believing it will be of interest to the readers of the Exponent, it is republished here:

Senior Class Song.
(Words and music by Eugene Quaw, '11)

I

All hail to our Alma Mater, true,
All hail to M. S. C.;
We have pledged you our love and honor, too—
We have pledged you our loyalty.
Gladly your praises now we sing,
Gladly we sound your name;
Glory to you your sons will bring,
Adding to your fame.
Let glasses clink,
And, come, let's drink
A health to M. S. C. (Chorus)

II

Our college days will soon be through,
Our days of hope and truth;
The world of care awaits us now—
The borderland of youth.
But, mid the tears of future years,
Will shine one memory;
That of the best ,our student days—
Days at M. S. C.
Let glasses clink,
And, come, let's drink
A toast to M. S. C. (Chorus)

Chorus

Here's to our dear old M. S. C.,
Here's to her sons, where'r they be;
Here's to the love we hold for thee
As we cheer, Rah! Rah! Rah!
Here's to our colors of Gold and Blue;
Here's to their wearers, so staunch and true—
Alma Mater—best of all!
Here's to you!

It is the intention of Mr. Quaw to have this song, music and words, published in the near future. Meanwhile, it would sound well in assembly and on occasions of student gatherings.

—o—

Miller (almost in tears)—Mamma, I ain't got no marbles.

Miller's Mamma (reproachfully)—Ain't got no—Willie, you should always say what you mean.

Miller—Thougnt you knew what I meant. Give me a nickel to buy marbles with.

The student councils at the Minnesota state university have begun an active campaign for the adoption of the "honor system" at examinations, under which al' professors leave the room where examination papers are being written.

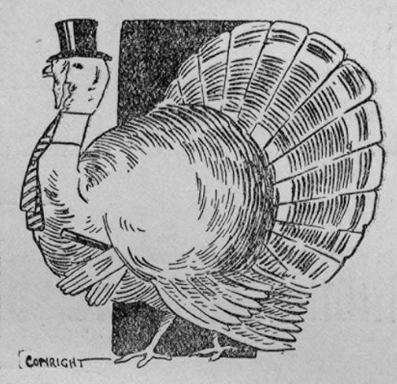
—o—

Outdoor basketball under new rules is to be substituted for football in the public schools of a number of Indiana cities. Four of the large cities of the state have prohibited the gridiron game.

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THE WEEKLY EXPONENT.

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The Substitute

The day was perfect. Out of doors the October sun smiled kindly down upon the throngs of happy people that filled the streets leading to the ball grounds. Already the bleachers assigned to the students of the rival colleges were packed to the topmost row. In the center of the western side of the white marked arena were seated the St. Johns supporters. This wall of constantly waving crimson and white pennants ever and anon broke into thunderous peals of cheering at the command of a midget dressed in a flaming red sweater and possessed of a megaphone and a voice like a foghorn. Directly opposite sat Penwell, answering cheer for cheer, and song for song, while defiantly flashing their black and orange banners in the afternoon sun. The rival bands crashed forth in patriotic strains and everyone was happy.

Over in the gymnasium the St. Johns team, muffled in blankets and great crimson sweaters, was seated in a circle on the floor listening to the last words of instructions from the head coach. "Now, men," said he, "you've just got to win this game. There's no reason under the sun why you can't. You all know your signals like A, B, C's; you're all in the pink of condition and you've all had experience enough to put every one of you on the 'All American.' The only trouble with you fellows is you get 'stage fright.' You're O. K. in practice, but when you get out in the limelight, you're as bashful as a bunch of babies, and you juggle the ball like it was red hot.

"McGill," continued the coach, pointing at the wiry little quarterback, "if you fumble a punt, you lose the game; see? Kennedy, if you don't break up what comes your side of center, you don't play the second half! You, McDonald, play as you've never played before, but watch out for yourself. Jones is the only sub we have for left half; so, for the love of Mike, don't get hurt. That's all!"

The squad scrambled to its feet, clattered out of the gymnasium and trotted out in single file through the gate on to the field, little red-haired Jones last. A wild burst of cheering from the red and white stands greeted them as they appeared, and the St. Johns band struck up "Hail, St. Johns" until the noise was deafening. Penwell was already on the field. Bruin, their dreaded fullback, was practicing kicking; long, high punts that wound their way gracefully for yards and yards down the field; or swiftly whirling drop kicks which spun high over the distant crossbar. At every exhibition of his skill, Penwell broks out in nine "rahs" with three "Bruins" at the end. He was plainly their idol.

After a short, snappy signal practice, St. Johns retired to the side lines. A whistle blew and the rival captains met in the middle of the field where stood an official. A coin flashed and all bent low where it had fallen. The stands were still, but when Captain Thomas of St. Johns, rose and pointed toward the north goal, a shout went up from the red and white side. St. Johns had won the toss. That was a good omen. The wearers of the crimson scattered over the north end of the field and Penwell lined up where Bruin was carefully placing the ball. "St. Johns ready! Penwell ready! Play ball!" and the whistle shrilled. A dull thud and the ball twisted its way far down the field toward little McGill, and the game was on.

For a moment the little quarterback kept his feet, dodging one, two, three tacklers before he was brought down. Shouting his signals, he gained his feet, and the two teams plunged together. Once more the attack was made, and then Kennedy punted to the middle of the field. Three downs for Penwell and a kick. Back and forth across the field the players surged; it was plainly a kicker's duel and Bruin easily had the best of it. Again and again his long high spirals soared toward th crimson goal and the orange and black ends came tearing down beneath them to fling themselves upon the St. Johns quarter before he had taken a dozen steps. McGill was doing wonderfully; not one fumble in all those catches. He was the hero of the crimson rooters. But this playing was brought to an end when the tangled bodies had unwound themselves from the pile after one of those long kicks, an orange and black end was curled around the coveted ball. What a cheer went up from the Penwell bleachers, and what a groan from St. Johns! Quickly the teams formed and Bruin dropped back for a kick. He smiled confidently as he stretched out his hands. "Only 25 yards! Shucks! Nothing to it; he'd done it lots of times." The ball was passed. Kennedy, breaking through, hurled himself on the kicker but too late. The ball cleared the bar with plenty of room to spare. As it landed, the whistles shrilled and the first half was over. Four to nothing in favor of Penwell. Oh, how the black and orange banners waved and how their band played, but was drowned by the thousands of voices cheering "Bruin! Bruin! Bruin!"

In the gymnasium the crimson players lay gasping while colored trainers rubbed, bandaged and sponged like mad. The coach raved, implored, praised and swore in succession, but no one gave heed to his outbursts. At present they did not care if they were "boneheads" or "little tin soldiers." All they wanted was rest. Little Jones, busily sponging the dust out of McDonald's eyes, whisper d encouragement, though his voice was husky and his own eyes were blurred. "It's all right, Don, old man; you're playing the game of your life, but be careful as you can. That big, black-headed guy of an end is trying to 'do' you, after the way you bumped him. I've been watching him. He's dirty. Don't let him get you first. We need you, you know."

McDonald grinned. "Why, Jonesy, if he should get me, you would get a chance to play. How'd yu' like that, huh? Never mind, little sorrel-top; you'll get your inning some day."

The timekeeper's whistle put an end to the conversation, but the halfback's words still echoed through the substitute's mind as he crouched on the side lines watching the battle before him. "A chance to play."Oh, if he only could. He knew he could do as well as some of them out there. What was the use, anyway; three seasons on the "scrubs" and never in a 'varsity game once. What good had the bumps and aches he had borne so cheerfully done him. After three seasons he was still "only Jones." It was certainly discouraging. He knew the game from A to Z; knew every signal and watched eagerly how every play fared. If he could only win his emblem and a big crimson sweater to wear it on. Maybe Doris would sew the letter on for him. Doris—perhaps she would think a little more of him if he made the team and did something worth while. And maybe she wouldn't always laugh at him and call him "Carrots." Well, never mind; the great McDonald had said he would play some time maybe and—hello! what's the matter." He roused from his reverie to the fact that they were calling to him from the field. Why? It was McDonald that Kennedy and McGill were supporting to the side lines! "Jones! Jones!" they were calling.

With a bound he was away, pulling his battered old head guard over his flaming crest. He reported to the officials and sprang to his place in the backfield. McGill looked around, rubbing his hands and barked out the signals, "44-29-17-6," and big Porter, the fullback, hurled himself through the opening made by Kennedy.

"Second down; seven to go," croaked the official, and again McGill rattled, "Right shift! 22-56-45-12," and Forbes, right halfback, circled the end, Jones and Porter cleverly boxing in the would-be tackler. It was glorious, this playing a part in a well oiled machine. At last he was in a real game, a 'varsity game. And Doris was sitting way up there, second row from the top—"Third down; two to go." This time the quarterback asked how much longer they were to play. "One more minute!" shouted the timekeeper.

"Formation B—double 6-42-hie!" McGill, catching the ball, ran back and far out to the side and hurled it straight to where Jones was standing, far out to the left. The play tricked the Penwell players, who thronged to the right, leaving only their right end and quarterback between Jones and the goal. The orange striped end dov- and missed. Now there was only the quarterback far down the field.

The crimson halfback ran as he

(Continued on Next Page)

A NIGHT IN CATTLE LAND.

The evening stillness had settled over the ranch. The men had finished supper and gathered around the table in the bunk house engaged in an interesting game of poker. The betting had been heavy and but two of the players had stayed with the game, each playing his hand to the limit. As the winner gathered in the chips, I rose and went to the door for a little fresh air, for the room was filled with the smoke of pipe and cigarette, and the excitement had been high.

As I opened the door, the softened toned of an accordeon come from the directin of the wagon shed, where one of the Swiss hands was giving audible expression to his musical nature. The yellow disk of the full moon was rising above the dark outline of the hill above the ranch, shedding its golden light over the cluster of barns and corrals. I stood there for perhaps thirty seconds, enjoying the beauty of the scene, when, from the shadows beyond the corrals, came with startling nearness, the long drawn wail of a coyote, as he howled at the rising moon, moved, undoubtedly, by the stirring strains of the accordeon. As if at a given signal, first one and then another of the prowlers gave voice to his sorrows, until it seemed as if the wandering souls of the prehistoric races were holding high carnival out there in the darkness. I stepped down from the doorway the better to hear the thrilling chorus, and my foot collided with an empty oil can which lay unnoticed beneath the bench at the side. The weird music ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The moon rose higher and the accordeon player retired to his bunk, but the stealthy inhabitants of the shadows sang no more.

C. V. R., '13.

GEOFFRY CHAUCER.

Out of the past, Geoffry Chaucer's poetry stands out in bold relief as splendid specimens of art of the glorious fourteenth century. Words can not express what our English language of today owes to Chaucer, truly called the "Father of English Poetry." For who else but Chaucer, a man of such pre-eminently great genius, could have taken one of the many dialects of his time and exalted it to the high position it now occupies.

In Chaucer's poetry for the first time the reader is brought face to face with not characters or memories of the past, but living and breathing men, each personality portrayed by a distinctness and a thousand different shades of expression ond action. In the world famed "Canterbury Tales" the author not only creates his character but combines it with its fellows and adjusts each tale or jest to the temper of the person who utters it and combines all into poetic unity. The different views of life with all its variety and largeness is also shown in the "Canterbury Tales." This great man received his knowledge not so much from books, but from life itself, which he understood. He sympathized with its sentiment and its tenderness, its slaughter and its tears. It is this greatness of heart, this tolerance of spirit which enabled him to portray life for us as none but Shakespears has ever portrayed it, and to do this with a pathos and a kindly humor that even Shakespeare has not surpassed. It is not strange such a voice as this should have awakened no echo in the poets that were to follow; but die with Chaucer like a ray of passing sunshine lost in the sombre gloom of the following age?

I. E., '15.

It Was So Sudden

Mrs. Marsden was an "ideal" mother; one of those very dutiful kind who drive away all the young and attractive men who have "no prospects" and insist on presenting the beautiful and thoroughly American daughter with some bald-headed and toothless old millionaire—eligible millionaires are always bald-headed and toothless—or a title encumbered with a heavily mortgaged estate and a musty, dusty old man—old enough to be her great grandfather, with no trouble at all. . .

Edith Marsden was small and dark, very attractive, brimming over with good spirits and independence—just as every girl should be—and up to this time she had succeeded in escaping each matrimonial alliance her mother had planned. True, she had been banished to her room after every dismissal and made to feel herself an altogether ungrateful and undutiful child; but through it all she had kept up her courage and had carried out her ardent, though secret, correspondence with Ed Warner, a rising young business man, whose only claim to riches was through his father. When Edith had mentioned this future wealth to her mother, Mrs. Marsden, with the wisdom of years, had pointed out that his father was a hale and hearty gentleman of sixty, who was liable to live for twenty years or more, while their bank was scarcely enough to live on for two years. Then, too, the Warners were "self-made" people and could never hope to attain to the prominent social position they—she and her daughter—could attain if Edith would only follow her mother's wishes. So Edith, with the wisdom of youth, had said no more and had watched her mother complacently set young Warner down on the vetoed list and plan a journey of conquest through Europe.

Little did Mrs. Marsden guess the flowers, that filled their stateroom when they sailed two weeks later. were the gifts of this same Ed Warner. As she nibbled his chocolates and read the books he had provided, she gently chided Edith for not considering more seriously the attentions of Mr. Rich, or Mr. Much-Money, or Mr. Government Bonds.. Did not these little gifts prove the high esteem in which she was held by these? And Edith thoughtfully refrained from shattering her mother's dreams. Instead she went on deck and read, for the twentieth time, a long steamer letter she had discovered in one of the boxes of chocolates.

The European trip was simply a case of history repeating itself. Mrs Marsden raved and coaxed, scolded and threatened, but Edith remained obdurate and refused to even consider the wonderful bargains in mortgages and titles.

In despair, her mother prepared to return home, secretly inviting the most antique specimen on the market, Duke of Something-or-other, to pay them a visit a couple of months later. Surely, her frivolous daughter could not resist the apparent devotion that brought a duke—a real, live duke—across the ocean to woo her. .

What was Edith's surprise, then, several weks later, to see the duke alight fro man auto taxi in front of her home and approach her, just as she was preparing for a spin in her Hup.

"Awfully glad to see you, y' know," exclaimed his lordship, removing his hat and bowing low over her hand.

"Thank you. Mother's in the library and will be awfully glad to see you." Edith smiled and stooped to crank her car.

"Oh y' know. I hope your mother is in good health, but—ahem—I didn't come to see her, y' know."

"Oh! I'm very sorry, but I have some important business that must be attended to today. Mother will be delighted to see you, though," and the naughty Edith started her car, flew down the short driveway and turned into the street.

That evening Mrs. Marsden remonstrated with her daughter and again pointed out the advantages to be gained from an alliance with the nobility. To her surprise, Edith meekly agreed and, kissing her mother good night, promised faithfully and voluntarily to accept the duke on the morrow, should he propose.

The next afternoon when the duke arrived Edith was again cranking her Hup.

"Oh, Duke; you're just in time. Do get in and take a joy ride with me."

Mrs. Marsden, looking out through the curtains of her boudoir, beamed approvingly on her daughter.

The duke, taking this sudden thawing to be a good omen, climbed in with as much haste as one might expect rom one who has to carry on his shoulders the dignity of the House of —— and the burden of seventy years.

"Isn't this a grand afternoon? Think I shall take you out 'Weary Willie Drive.' It's very narrow, but the roads are pretty fair," and Edith chattered on, allowing the man no word until they were well out into the country. Then she suddenly became

Continued on Next Page)

A Day In Her Life

"This is a great state of affairs," snapped a young man as he banged his suit case down in the dusty road and pulled out a neatly folded handkerchief, with which he proceeded to mop his dust-begrimed face.

"Tyleville! It's a pity this rubefied town couldn't sport a wheelbarrow or something a fellow could get around in. I wonder what Maybel would say if she could see me in this fix. Hang it!' and he gave the unoffending suit case a kick.

"Well," he sighed—and it seemed as though he were expelling every ounce of breath from his body—"I expect I'd better be on the move if I want to find old Squashhead's 'Home for Students.'"

The young fellow was Jack Lynn, just on the first week of his college vacation He had planned on spending the summer on a farm a few miles from Tyleville, and there he was in the little town; but, contrary to his expectations, he found no vehicle at the station which he could hire to take him to his destination.

It was about dark and it seemed to Jack as though he had been walking or hours along the tree-lined road over which he had been dir cted. Just as his strength and patience were about exhausted, he saw a small boy playing out in the road.

"Hello, kid; can you tell me where in—. Oh! I beg your pardon." This last remark was called forth by the presence of a fair, slender girl, who was wearily leaning over the great gate which opened on the main road. Her white arms and hands were upholding a face, very sweet, but wearing an expression more sad than usually marks the face of one so young.

"Where do you wish to go?" she inquired gently.

"I was trying to find 'The Summer Home for Students.'"

"Then you have reached the end of your journey," she laughed.

"Ah! this is the joint—place, I mean," he corrected hurriedly, as the girl glanced at him.

"Yes; this is our 'Home.' You have come to live with us?" The last remark was scarcely a question. "Come with me and I'll show you the room reserved for you. You are Mr. Lynn, aren't you?" she asked, giving him a friendly smile.

"Yes; Lynn—Jack Lynn," he replied, never removing his eyes from her face.

* * * *

"By Jove! Isn't this some dope," sighed Jack, as he crawled into the soft, cool bed. "Seems like home, all right. That girl has some face, but somehow it makes a fellow feel blue. Her name's Doris—pretty name. She had dimples when she smiled. Wish Maybel—" Jack's sentence faded into a drowsy murmur—and all was still.

Next morning Jack was awakened early by the many sounds familiar to the farm. For several minutes he lay with his eyes closed trying to realize the full extent of his confort.

"I see where I put on my roughing duds and beat it up the river. Looks as though fishing might be good in this neck of the woods—no; I guess I won't, either. Better not look like a mutt the first day. I'll put on my serge. Look pretty nifty in that. Wonder how Miss Doris will like it."

After spending the greater part of two hours in getting "trimmed," as he expressed it, Jack went down stairs and strolled out on the piazza. No one was to be seen, so he wandered around the corner of the house. There under a tree by the kitchen door sat Doris shelling peas.

"Good morning. Great out, isn't it,' 'he remarked.

"Yes; all of our mornings are grand. They are really the best part of the day," she replied quietly.

"I heard they had good fishing here," he continued. "Ever fish."

"Yes."

Jack was idly wandering around with his hands thrust into his pockets. After a few minutes he started whistling sottly to himself, and stood gazing dreamily toward the east. where he knew the great city he had so recently left was just beginning a new day of noise and commotion. Doris sat with her hands idly folded in her lap. Her large eyes were fastened upon him, but they held no sad expression; on the contrary, they expressed a shy happiness and an awakened interest. Jack turned abruptly and said:

"What do you say to going fishing; taking a lunch and making a day of it. It's early yet. Let's start now. Will you?"

"I'd love to," she said simply.

"Good! I'll be ready in two jerks. Don't fuss much about a lunch," and he disappeared around the corner of the house.

It was a perfect day and all through the pleasant morning they followed the stady banks of the stream. He talked all the way, telling her of college life and the fellows. She wandered happily along at his side listening, only asking questions now and then, when he showed signs of lapsing into silence. She liked to watch him; he was so big and good to look at—and so unconscious of it all.

When the sun was high in the heavens they selecte d a shady spot and ate their lunch. They rested until the shadows grew much longer. Then, picking up their poles, they walked slowly back to the farm.

After tea, as they sat on the fast darkening piazza, he asked Doris to tell him some things of her life. She told him, how she had taken care of her invalid mother ever since she had been a tiny girl; how she was forced to abandon her education, to take care of their home; how each day dragged and seemed to have no end. She told it all bravely until she came to the recent death of her mother; then, ind ed, her eyes filled with tears.

"Poor little girl," Jack murmured softly.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but here's a telegram." It was a messenger boy who spoke. Jack hurriedly opened it and, after reading, said, "You bet." The telegram read:

"We are planning a yachting party. I want you to meet me at Haverhill tomorrow.—Maybel."

Jack let the telegram fall and was half way across the piazza, when he turned.

"Excuse me. I have to pack. I'm going on tonight's train. Er—er—business, you know," and he was gone.

Doris glanced at the telegram on the floor and read, "Meet me in Haverhill tomorrow.—Maybel."

Her large eyes looked a little sadder and her face a trifle paler. She arose wearily and went to her room. Throwing herself across the bed, she buried her face in the pillows. Another day in her life was ended.

I. E., '15.

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FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE COLLEGE.

I arrived at Hamilton Hall on Sunday night, a week after college had opened, and went directly to bed..

The following morning I was awakened by the ringing of a bell at the hour of six-fifteen. I dressed as hurriedly as possible but even then, while going down the stairs, I was putting on my collar; my tie was tied at the breakfast table. All during the meal a bell, which was at the dean's table, was rung; twice for service, and three times for the attention of the girls.

At eight I went over to the main hall and was met at the door by the ringing of a bell. Five minutes later there were more bells. Each hour was a repetition of the first, and I went back to the dormitory with a ringing in my ears. I was just settling myself in a n easy chair when the lunch bell rang. Luncheon was a duplicate of breakfast, insofar as the bells were concerned, and all afternoon the class bells kept up the merry din. Back to the hall again and, after dinner was over, I thought surely that I would have a moment of rest.. I was doomed to disappointment, as the telephone did not stop for two consecutive moments, and in despair I went to bed, only to dream that I was a large bell which some one was trying to ring. They were not succesful, however, and I was awakened the following morning by the ringing of a bell at the hour of six-fifteen.

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Still Raining.

He stood at the dorm at midnight,
When all but he had fled;
"I wonder who the deuce it was
Swiped my umbrell," he said.

The Spectator

In perusing the pages of the Spectator, we find many manners and customs described that are either not in vogue today or have passed from the minds of men altogether. The social structure in the days of Addison and Steele was somewhat different from what it is today. And it is not to be doubted that Addison and Steele in their joint periodical contributed in no small degree to the ideals and some of the social usages and standards of their time. In these elegant periodical essays the writers described the clubs, coffee houses, manners of dress and the conversation of the people who lived in and about London at the time. It is the object of this paper to point out some of the interesting and curious conditions existing in the social life in the days of the Spectator.

Among the divisions of the social life in the time of Addison and Steele as described in the Spectator were the numerous clubs, referred to again and again in the essays. Clubs were then, as today, places where men could go after working hours and pass away their leisure time. They did this by gambling, drinking and talking. The gambling and drinking were often carried to execsses that are unheard and unthought of today. Even the best educated and most refined people of the day indulged in these excecces, and rarely ever thought of them as immoral. The politics of the day was an all-absorbing subect of conversation, and frequently resulted in bitterness and hostility. Political quarrels were often "settled" by duels. Steele wrote one essay concerning the futility of duelling.

But the most curious thing about these clubs was their many different methods of qualification for membership, as is shown by Addison's burlesque on the same. No one could become a member of the "Fat Man's Club" if he was able to pass through a certain entrance to the club rooms. If a person stuck in passing through this test door, then a large folding door was thrown open for his admittance. And, of course, a man who was able to enter by the test door was rejected. There was in opposition to this club a "Lean Man's Club." No one could join the "Club of Kings" unless his Christian name was the name of an English king, such as William, John or Charles. The "Club of Duellists" is mentioned several times in the Spectator. Every member of this club had fought his man, and one of the presidents of this club is said to have killed six opponents in single combat. All who belonged to the "Ugly Club" had to have a certain ugly cast of countenance termed not especiallly handsome; and there was also a "B autiful Club." The "Amorous Club" consisted of men who had been rejected in their love, and it is said that they were a forlorn lot. And last, but perhaps the most curious, was the "Everlasting Club." The affairs of this club were so arranged that not one of the twenty-four hours of the day saw the club rooms vacant; there was always company for any chance member who might drop in. Much of this, of course, contains Addison's sly humor and may be burlesque, but at any rate it shows that club life was a very important social factor. In the coffee houses of the day people could get light lunches and converse. They were not exclusive as the clubs were, and this seems to have been the most essential difference between the clubs and coffee houses.

The opera had quite a dominant part in the social structure of the day. Evidently the actors and singers were not scrupulously careful about their customs, or Addison censures some actors for appearing in inappropriate attire; beggars sometimes dressed in glittering costume, and came on the stage in this style. One play is criticised because some sparrows were put on the stage at the end of Act One to sing in a delightful grove; the sparrows got loose and made their exits and entrances at very inopportune times. In the play of "Whittington and His Cat," some live mice were turned on the stage for Dick's cat to kill, but Dick's cat did not kill nearly all of the mice, and consequently the theater was infested with mice. In another play, a tailor attired as the lion of Hydaspes entered on two legs.

Manners of dress were far different in Addison's day from what they are now. Some of the most striking differences are as follows: The men often wore long swords, which were used in case of a duel. The women wore long, sweeping trains. A common bit of feminine toilet was a bushy head-dress. A gentleman often wore a periwig made of long, flowing hair and powdered. It is said that the women wore petticoats with amazing large hoops to keep men at a distance. Addison and Steele ridicule these vanities of dress time after time in their essays.

The people had many superstitions. A shooting star, a screeching owl at midnight, the voice of a cricket, a rusty nail or a crooked pin, or the howl of a watch-dog when one had the toothache were all invariable signs of some terrible calamity.

Where conversations are recorded, they are elegant and refined. Slang words and phrases seem to have been unknown, if Addison and Steele accurately recorded actual conversations. If these estimable masters of English did not record actual conversations, it is not to be doubted but that the high standard they set had a marked influence on the people; for the Spectator papers were widely read in and about England's capital. The women of the day are especially elegant save some of their manners of dress.

Taken as a whole, we concerve of a rather interesting state of society in the days of the Spectator. After looking over the ten volumes with the daily essays by Addison and Steele, we receive an altogether pleasing idea of the social status of the time. We see the portly English gentleman with his powdered periwig, knee breeches, long sword and low buckled shoes, as he goes to his home after his business hours. We see him, his children and his wife, with her high, bushy head-dress and wide hooped petticoats, as they sit at the dinner table engaged in elegant and pleasing conversations, which ought, in part, at least,to be the envy of us moderns in our hurry and bustie. And now we see the English gentleman in his club or in a coffee house. Perhaps we catch a glimpse of a man intoxicated or gambling at his club, or even fighting a duel on account of a trivial quarrel. Of course, we moderns would never consent to call back the days of Addison and Steele if we could, for we live in a better age; but still an hour spent in turning over the yellow pages of the Spectator is surely an hour profitably spent.

K. J., '12.

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INCIDENT IN A LOGGING CAMP

I was working in the woods one winter at a logging camp about three miles from LoLo, Mont., and not being a bona fide lumberjack I was sent out with the swampers. Swamping consists of cutting off all the limbs from the fallen trees and leaving the logs in shape for the saw mill.

We were working near the foot of a long, steep hill, at the base of which was a sharp curve. It was midwinter and the logs were being hauled by sleigh to the log decks at the spur. The hill was the most dangerous one in the neighborhood and drivers were cautioned to see before descending that their load was well bound with chains, or else it might be lost on the curve below. Although no one seemed to worry, I always held my breath when I saw a load come down the hill on the dead run, until they made the turn safely. On the steepest parts of the road men commonly called "road monkeys" were stationed to throw sand or earth on the road to in a measure retard the speed of the descending sleighs.

One morning as we were working I heard a sudden cry from one of the "road monkeys" and, looking in his direction, I saw running madly down the hill a four-horse team with a huge load of logs right on their heels. The sleigh was plainly beyond control and the driver, realizing that their only hope lay in keeping ahead of the load, was using his whip continuously in an effort to urge the frightened team into more speed. Now and then as the sleigh struck sanded portions of the road, slowing up ever so little, it sent streams of sparks fro mthe runners. Nearer and nearer the load approached the dreaded curve and, powerless to stop the impending disaster, we stood as if rooted to the ground. The curve was now just ahead and we could see the driver drop his whip and crouch upon the top log, ready to jump if need be, to save himself. They hit the curve. With a snap the top binding chain broke and five or six logs went over the side and down the hill end over end until they reached the bottom. The driver—where was he—was the question uppermost in our hearts. He had jumped the instant the chain broke and, beyond a few bruises and sore joints, was unharmed. Picking himself out of the snow he limped on down the road, where he found his team all unharmed and the other half of the load in charge of a "road monkey," who had caught them at the log deck below.

B. S., '12.

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Better Stay Up.

Call me early, Mother, dear; I've got an eight o'clock class.

AND IT WAS SO SUDDEN.

(Concluded from Previous Page)

painfully silent. This would have frightened any ordinary man speechless, let alone a fortune-hunting duke who was just beginning to be appreciated.

"Ahem."

Silence.

"Ahem. This is a jolly little car you have."

Edith smiled at him, then turned her face away.

"Just for two."

Edith pricked up her ears, figuratively speaking.

"Do y' know, Miss Marsden, I think it would be ripping if we could always go on like this."

"Very; if the machine ran out of oil," thought the girl, still silent and apparently pensive.

"Ahem."

Silence again.

"Ahem. Would you con—"

"Oh, Duke! Pardon me, but this is the grandest stretch for speending. Hold on tight."

And the duke hung on for dear life while the little car raced over bumps and holows alike. When Edith, watching the duke out of the corner of her eye, considered his thoughts had become sufficiently confused, she slowed the Hup down somewhat and called gaily:

"Wasn't that exhilarating?"

His Highness straightened his cap and—the girl noted with amusement—his hair, drew a deep breath and, after a few moments, began again.

"Ahem."

Silence.

"Ahem—m—m. Edith,"—"Doing better," commented the girl to herself—"doesn't the English country appeal to you much more?"

"It is beautiful," she murmured, at the same time gauging the distance to the next telephone pole.

"Would you—ahem—not be willing to some day be mistress of Rosewood Place and—"the rest of the sentence was lost in a gasp as the car suddenly swerved and just missed the telephone pole.

"My dear, are you sure you have sufficient control over your machine?"

"Why, of course. We just hit a rock back there."

"You'd better take it a little slower," and when the car was crawling along again, he continued:

"As I was saying—"

Again the car swerved, dashed through a ditch, and, on two wheels, turned just in time to prevent a collision with a fence, but not in time, however, to prevent the duke's hair and cap from whirling on over. The duke grabbed for them, nearly lost his balance, then hung on again while Edith, blissfully unconscious of the tragedy, finally persuaded the car to run on four wheels again and in the road.

"You were saying?"—her tone was expectant, but she kept her face turned from him.

"I was just remarking, my dear Miss Marsden, that it was getting a little cool and your mother will probably be expecting us."

"A splendid suggestion." She turned the car. We'd better hurry, or you might get a bad cold," and she started the car toward home at a twenty per hour rate.

At her home she dropped the duke, then, on plea of important business, left him with her mother and enjoyed a pleasant spin out "Weary Willie" with young Warner.

When she returned she found her mother alone and angry and weeping by turns.

"Why, wwhat's the matter, Mother mine," she inquired, innocently.

"Matter!" snapped Mrs. Marsden. "The Duke's going to New York tomorrow and home on the first steamer. That's what's the matter! You refused him and you promised—" sniffles.

"No, Mother; I did not refuse him. On my honor; he didn't propose."

"Then you discouraged him. You—you—" Mrs. Marsden began to weep.

"No, Mother. Truly, I didn't. He spent the time talking about my car and English scenery and estates. He didn't even lead me to think he'd propose, ever," this last plaintively.

"Mrs. Marsden sat down into the nearest chair and gasped.

"The—the—the old hypocrite," she exploded at last.

"And, Mamma, Ed's coming up tonight, and you'll be real nice to him, won't you?" and Edith ran upstairs to dress for the evening, while her mother raved over the inconsistency of the English nobility.

—o—

Notice.

Five dollars fine for anyone caught trying to unbolt the Chemistry building. We have paid our laboatory fees, so are responsible for our glassware.

Signed:
Gen. Chemistry Class,
Qualitative Class,
Quantitative Class,
Physics Class
Pharmacy Class.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

(Concluded from Previous Page)

had never run before, the ball held tightly in the crook of his left arm. How many white lines there were to cross, he thought, before he reached the goal; what an awful noise those running feet behind him made and how big that quarterback was growing! Another white mark passed! My! it was hard running today; he was choking; now the Penwell quarter was crouching for the spring! What a dirty face he had! "Don't hurdle," the coach had said. "Hit him whirling!" Psnaw! he was tackled, anyway; he was falling down, down, down—no he wasn't, either. He had just stumbled badly. That whirling stunt was pretty good, after all; his man had slipped off! There were only a few more white marks now, but how far apart they were and how close behind someone was running! One more time! Could he reach it or was he just stepping up and down in one place! How weak his knees were and how—Bang! Gee! see the lights! It's all over!

When he came to someone was drenching him with "oatmeal water;" he could feel the flakes sticking to his face.. Porter was leaning over him, his grimy face split from ear to ear in a joyous grin.

"Fine work Reddy, old man. A touchdown – the skin of your teeth Old Bruin got you, but it was too late. Leggo the ball; we want to kick goal before the whistle blows. Leggo, you little Jonesy, you; don t you know its all over. Wake up and hear the birds sing."

Yes: it was all over. Kennedy kicked goal and time was called. St. Johns had won six to four, and the heroes were carried on the shoulders of the yelling mob. At the banquet that night, celebrating the last and best game of the season, the emblems were given out. An extra one was made and presented with the toast, "For long and faithful service, to the Substitute."

A. E. S., '13.

—o—

"SPEAK OF THE DEVIL."

We were camped on Belt Creek—my mother, sister and two friends. The mountains rose abruptly from both sides of the creek not very high but rather heavily timbered, affording shelter for various kinds of game.

On the evening of which I write, the sun dropped behind the mountains early and darkness fell abruptly, as it always does in the mountains. While the dishes were being washed, we hauled up driftwood for a camp fire, and the remainder of the evening was passed pleasantly in telling stories around the blazing logs. The sky was cloudless, and a full moon shed its brilliant light upon the somber pines and ghostly stumps. The stillness was oppressive and, as the fire burned low, we found ourselves talking in whispers. When the last flame had flickered and died, we dashed a few bucketfulls of water on the coals and turned in.

But we found it difficult ao fall asleep, as the tent was not proof against the moonbeams, so we lay there telling stories, each one a little spookier than the preceding. Finally the subject drifted to mountain lions. I was the only one who had heard one scream, and I proceeded to enlarge upon the incident, which had happened so long before that I had almost forgotten the details. I had reached the climax and we were all feeling deliciously shivery when the stillness of the night was rent by a terrifying scream, as if some one was being slowly murdered. To say that we were startled is putting it mildly. Three scared hunters grabbed their rifles and prepared to die fighting. My first thought was of mother and sister, and I fervently hoped that they had not heard it.. As nothing further happened, we gradually calmed our ruffled nerves and fell asleep. My last thought was of the old saw, "Speak of the Devil, and he will appear."

C. V. R., '13.

—o—

A Loud Noise in the Library.

Librarian—Is that you, Mr. S.?

S.—Yes, ma'am

Librarian—You may leave the library.

S.—What for I didn't do anything.

Librarian—Don't argue . You said you did.

S.—I beg your pardon. You asked if this was me and I said yes.

(Giggles by the real offender.)

—o—

Wise Freshman—We're going to have a blizzard, I guess.

Harmless Prep—Why do you think so?

Wise Freshman—I just saw Bill Winter and Prof. Snow having an excited conversation.

—o—

Evolution of a College Yell.

Yah! Yah! Yah!
Ma! Ma! Ma!
La! La! La!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

"Honest Injun"

It is against the law for an Indian to sell a horse or any other of his "agricultural possessions" on his reservation without the consent and supervision of the reservation agent. In spite of this restriction, many Indians do sell their belongings, and especially horses, to ranchmen living outside of the reservation. This is done secretly and without the knowledge of the agent.

Many ranchmen in the eastern part of the state have taken advantage of this lack of discipline among the red men and have exchanged a few dollars and a good deal of "firewater" for the Indians' best ponies, which they have driven off and sold at a profit of from one hundred to two hundred per cent. If a man is caught leaving the reservation with a horse acquired under such circumstances, he is promptly relieved of his purchase by the agent and the money remains in the Indian's possession. Often the ranchman is put under arrest and fined or serves a term in prison. This, however, depends upon the strictness of the agent.

There used to be an old Crow Indian by the name of Peter Lefthand who was not only a practical joker but also a business man of no mean ability. He sold horses, but it was always the same ones over and over again, as often as he could get a new buyer, which was about once or twice a year.

One June morning a certain Joe Nelson, standing in the door of the "Yellowstone Hous Bar" noticed an old Indian riding along the dusty street on a splendid big gray pony. Joe stepped to the edge of the walk and called to the chief, who was all decked out in gay blanket and feathers.

"Hi, there, old Pin Feathers," shouted Joe, "where'd yuh git that bum cayuse?"

The old brave pulled on his rope bridle and stopped the horse, gazed at the impudent paleface a moment and nodded his head.

"How," he mumbled, "How, how."

"I say," repeated Joe, "where in all this sage brush and prairie dogs did yuh get next to that buzzard headed sack o' bones?"

"No catch," growled Peter, pulling his blanket over his shoulder and preparing to resume his journey.

"What'll yuh take for the lump o' coyote bait, anyhow?" questioned Joe, coming nearer.

Peter shook his head. "Me no sell,' said he gruffly.

"Give yuh five dollars," whispered Joe, holding up five fingers.

"No sell," answered the Indian.

"Seven dollars and heap firewater," offered Joe.

"No sell; walk home," muttered Peter, digging his mocassined heels into the pony's flanks. The horse pranced and circled before the eager purchaser who searched in vain for some blemish in body or action.

"Here, ole man," whispered Joe, walking over to where the other had stopped, "I'll give yuh nine dollars an' a jug o' "firewater" at the reservation for the cayuse."

The Indian looked quickly around and then bent down and whispered, "Come, Four-tree spring, one sun. Bring heap firewater."

Nelson nodded and watched the gayclad, galloping figure as it disappeared in a cloud of dust down the street. He looked up and down the narrow, crooked street and, seeing no one to talk to, entered the barroom of the Yellowstone House.

The next afternoon a careful observer might have distinguished a horse's ears peeping through the leaves of a willow thicket which borders the tiny stream flowing away from "Four-trees spring." At the edge of the thicket Joe Nelson reclined, surrounded by the tall slough grass. Beside him was a small wicker covered jug.

After an hour of waiting the young cowboy heard a horse approaching at a slow walk. The animal in the thicket nickered softly, and a horseman came into view from behind the bushy hedge.

He stopped and, after a moment's careful scrutiny, dismounted and came, leading his horse, straight to where Nelson lay.

"Hello, ole man," whispered Joe, rising to his feet, "Got my pony all right?"

"How," said Peter Lefthand, "Plenty firewater?"

"You bet; let's swap."

The exchange was made and Joe led his horse out of the thicket and mounted, taking the rope of the new pony in his hand.

"So long, chief," he whispered, and started slowly down the trail.

He had ridden for perhaps fifteen minutes and was nearly to the reservation line when he turned up out of a narrow draw and came face to face with the frowning, red-whiskered agent and behind him Peter Lefthand.

"Halt, there!" roared the agent, spurring toward Joe. "Where'd yuh git that horse? That's Lefthand's horse; ain't it, Pete?"

The Indian nodded. "He mine," he answered gravely.

"Why, I give the darned redskin nine dollars fer him," exclaimed Joe in a surprised voice.

"Don't make no difference," thundered the agent. "Yuh know the law and if yuh don't, yuh'll learn all-fired quick. Jes' give me that rope and you can go. But next time you won't git off so easy."

Joe slowly advanced with the lead rope held out at arm's length. As the agent took it, that gentleman spoke, "Yuh think yore pretty cute beatin' these ignorant Injuns out o' their stuff, but yuh won't feel so fine behind the bars next time. Now, fly away out o' here and don't yuh ever show yore face acrost this line ag'in. Here, Pete; take yore horse an' be more careful of him or you'll lose him shore some day."

A. E. S., '13.

—o—

FOOTBALL.

Football is an effort on the part of 44 shinguards to occupy the same place at the same time. It is classed as a game, but looks more like a clinic. It is called football because the ball is about a foot long.

It takes 22 men to play football and somewhere near twice that number to keep them in repair. An automobile is durability itself beside a football player. In our large colleges, the football garage is constantly filled during the fall with football players who have had to go into the back shop for a thorough overhauling. The chief objects used in the game beside the football players are a referee's whistle, two goal posts, a red cross wagon, a barrel of splints, a loud, virulent yell, a carload of flags and a few thousand rooters with brass-lined throats. A rooter is a baseball fan with a cold weather carburetor. He can stand for hours in the sonw and yell without disturbing anyone outside of his own congressional district.

The football is used in the game to locate the disturbance. Wherever the ball is, there is no more peace than there is in a love feast with an insurgent in it. The object of the game is to take the ball down the field to the goal, over, under, and through the opposition without the aid of axes, saws, carving knives, battering rams or dynamite. Those who have seen a good football team in action will realize how little these things are needed, anyway.

Football is not a peaceable game because of the great objection of the team which hasn't the ball to its progress down the field. A football player is the greatest standpatter in the world. If things can't go his way he doesn't want them to go at all. Some football players are so unscrupulous as to fall down before the advancing runner and twist his ankle by getting it tangled up in their ribs. Frequently, also, the man with the ball will snag himself severely on a broken bone while going through an opponent or will dent his head on an adversary's teeth, or will slip on a slippery face and twist his knee until he yells with pain. Because of these facts football is not considered a parlor game and is making little headway in the female seminaries.

Football is an earnest game and requires various talents. A football player should weigh 180 pounds and should have copper-fastened teeth, reinforced concrete shins, a lithe, linker backbone and angle iron knees. He should always have a duplicate nose if possible. The player should be so hard that he can dent a locomotive and yet so flexible that he can emerge from beneath 21 men, reach his arm 27 feet and plant the ball between the goal posts. He should also be able to grab a 13-inch shell around the waist and hold it until help arrives. If possible, a football player should refrain from marriage.

Football is played mostly by collegians because by the time a man is out of college he has sense enough not to play it. An old football player can be told by the quiet way in which he doesn't dodge street cars, autos, hoodlums and lightning. If they hit him it is their own fault and he doesn't hold himself responsible for the consequences.—Ex.

—o—

Boyabus kissabus
Sweet girlorum;Girlabus like abus,
Wanto somorum.
Pababus spieabus
Sweet kissorum;
Kickabus boyabus
Outo de dorum.

Am Too Busy

To write an ad, but you know what I'd say if I had time to write one

H. R. HARRIS

The Suit Man

Have your Suit pressed now

College Notes

Groups, any size, and high grade portraits at the Witham Studio.

—o—

Wallace Fisher secured leave of absence to accompany the stock judging team on its tour of the east.

—o—

Miss Helen Shiell, '13, and Miss Olive Clark, '13, took dinner with Alda Smith Sunday.

—o—

Witham's Studio open every Sunday from 9:30 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 4 p. m.

—o—

Mrs. Hiram Johnson of Kalispell, visited her daughter, Helen, at Hamilton hall Friday and Saturday.

—o—

Ernest Border spent Tuesday in Townsend in the interests of his subscription agency. Mr. Border was an interested spectator at the teachers' institute there. .

—o—

John Farrell was called to his home in Joliet last Monday by the news of fire in his father's store. The loss was not serious. He was back at his work here Thursday.

—o—

Arthur E. Seamans has been appointed to fill the position of managing editor of the Monthly Exponent, vice Miss Mildred Eckels, who withdrew from school recently.

—o—

Rev. E. C. Bartlett, pastor of the M. E. church, North, will address the Y. M. C. A. at the next meeting, which will be held Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the social rooms of the Presbyterian church. All men are invited to attend.



MY!

Hear the News?

They have put on a big Prize Contest with prizes running from $200 down—98 cash prizes in all—besides they are giving hosiery for all good answers that can be used—at

Nicholson's Shoe Store

This startling and attractive contest has been arranged through the courtesy of the Chicago Kenosha Hosiery Company, whose famous Black Cat Stockings we sell.

Come and get all the instructions at our store. Anyone can compete. It requires only the ability to find and paste together an ad already written and scattered, and give your opinion why it is a good ad.

Come and get a Contest Entrance Ticket free. Black Cat is made for Grandma, Grandpa, Ma, Pa, Sister, Brother the kiddos and the baby.

Come in and Get Started Now

The contest ends Dec. 10, and the prizes will be distributed in time for Xmas.

Nicholson's Shoe Store

CLUFF SELLS

McDONALDS CANDY

to us and we sell it to you. You will find it right.

GLEASON'S

Make an appointment today for Christmas photos at Witham's Studio.

—o—

For magazine clubbing rates, see Ernest Border.

—o—

Miss Florence Ballinger dined at Hamilton hall Saturday evening.

—o—

President Hamilton was one of the speakers at the Broadwater county teachers' institute last Tuesday.

—o—

Wednesday evening Margaret Edwards, Myrtle Alderson, Alda Smith, Vie Valleau and Ella Harmon surprised Willa Sultzer with a birthday spread.

—o—

Henry Burfiend of the pharmacy department, is at Dillon to attend his sister's wedding. Mr. Burfiend will not return to college till after the Thanksgiving recess.

—o—

Prof. F. S. Cooley left Wednesday evening for Spokane, where he will represent Montana at the meeting of the National Country Life congress, which opened yesterday.

—o—

During the absence of the business manager and as istant, Chas. Hansen and George Morgan on the stock judging team, their duties on the Exponent are being attended to by Lee B. Anderson, Ernest Border and Joseph Morgan.

—o—

While preparing a list of the names of the men to whom football emblems are to be awarded this year, that of V. S. Connors, who played fullback on the college eleven, was inadvertently omitted. Mr. Connors played a strong game throughout the season and played two full games, so he is fully entitled to his sweater and letter, and he will receive them at the same time as they are awarded to the rest of the team, which will be in the near future.

—o—

Alumni and Ex-Students

Ellie J. Moore, '01, has left Bozeman for Walla Walla, Idaho.

—o—

Paul Mitchell, Ph. C., '09, is now proprietor of a drug store at Belfry.

Ira Philipps, whose home is near Lewistown, was a Bozeman visitor last week.

We learn from private sources that Howard Flager, '06, has recently gone into business in Seattle.

Ray Bancroft, '11, is in Spokane attending the annual apple show which is being held there this week.

Born, to Prof. and Mrs. J. A. Thaler, on Nov. 21, at the Thaler residence on South Third avenue, a son.

Mrs. Eugene Hoffman left last Sunday, with her three children, for Washington, D. C., where she will join her husband, who has been employed there the last few months.

E. J. Moore, '01, solicitor for the Northwestern Life Insurance company, was a visitor at college last week.

Clinton T. Booker, '11, arrived in Bozeman last evening for a brief visit to the college and the city. Mr. Booker is still located at Anaconda.

W. Whitfield Spain, '09, visited in Bozeman this week from his home near Gallop, where he is manager of a large ranch.

James Drinville has resigned his position with the Fuller Drug Co. of Havre and is now located in Kalispell.

C. H. Disbrow of Polson, formerly a pharmacy student here, intends to register again in pharmacy the second semester.

Miss Dora Beerstecher of Belgrade, and a former student of the college, visited in Bozeman and on the campus this week.

Hollis Powell of Livingston, who was a last year's sophomore, left last week, in company with his mother, for California, where they will spend the winter.

Word has been received that Sam Kittams, a student here five years ago, was recently married and is now located near Belt. Further details are not available.

Otis Newcomb, an ex-student, is residence wiring man for the Madison River Power company on its new power line through the Ruby valley, Madison county.

Will Kammerer of Bozeman, visited with his brother, Harry, at Ruby last week. Harry Kammerer was formerly a student in the short course here. He is now employed in the big machine shops where the giant dredges are repaired.

Frank J. Froebe, '11, is now located with a large eastern seed firm as business agent in securing seed acreage and handling the products over a large part of the northwestern territory.

Announcements were received this week by several college people of the marriage of Miss Belle Francisco to Charles B. Spohr, which took place on Nov- 15. Mr. and Mrs. Spohr will make their home in White Sulphur Springs. Mrs. Spohr was a student at M. S. C. several years ago and has many college friends, who extend congratulations.

—o—

Y. W. C. A. SECRETARIES TO SPEAK IN BOZEMAN

Georgia Cullom led the meeting of the Y. W. C. A. last Monday and gave a very interesting talk on a phase or two of home mission work.

At cabinet meeting, the study of the Y. W. C. A. organization was begun. Miss Nan Morgan gave an account of the beginning of the organization.

Next Tuesday evening Miss Gage, the executive secretary of the Northwest, and Miss Elizabeth Wilson, executive for the secretarial department of the national board of Young Women's Christian associations, will be in Bozeman. They will speak in the Presbyterian church under the auspices of the local association to all Bozeman girls or young ladies. Miss Wilson will speak on "The Responsibility of Young Women for Leadership," and Miss Gage on "The Young Women of the Northwest."

Thanksgiving Letters, Cards etc.

—Get Them at—

Gallatin Drug Co.

The Drug Store on the Corner

PURE FOOD LABORATORY SOON READY FOR WORK

Law Conforms to and Supplements National Food Law—Work Gives College a Boost.

Montana's new pure food law which goes into effect Jan. 1, 1912, provides that all analyses of foods and drugs required to enforce the law shall be made at M. S. C. In order to be prepared for testing foods on a large scale a modern up to date laboratory has been equipped in the chemistry building under the direction of Prof. Cobleigh, chemist to the State Board of Health, Prof. C. E. Mollett, director of drug analysis, Prof D. B. Swingle, bacteriologist, and D. L. Weatherhead, food and drug analyst.

Dr. Thomas D. Tuttle of Helena, as secretary of the Montana State Board of Health will supervise the collection of samples through city and county officers throughout the state, and the college laboratory staff will test the samples and submit reports to the State Board

The law is modeled after the National Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906, and conforms to all standards and rules and regulations adopted by the U. S. government. The federal act regulates nothing but the adulteration of foods and drugs used in interstate commerce and the state law was passed to protect the public from adulterated compounds mixed within the state.

The selecting of the college laboratory and the college instructing staff to make food analyses is evidence that the Montana legislature appreciates the standards maintained in chemistry at the M. S. C. and it should be a boost for the institution.

—o—

A certain proficiency in swimming is one of the requirements for graduation at Indiana.

—o—

NOTICE TO ELECTRICAL AND CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Arrangements have been made at Schlechten's Studio for group pictures of the two societies Sunday, Nov. 26, at 11 a. m. It is essential that everybody be present, as the pictures are for the 1913 Montanan.

—o—

FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE CLASSES.

Individual photographs for the 1913 Montanan must be taken before December 1. The photographs are half cabinet in size and will be taken at Schlechten's Studio. The photographer will make special rates to students.

FRANK M'GUIRE,
Editor Montanan.

—o—

NOTICE SOCIETIES.

The 1913 Montanan desires group pictures of every society and organization in college immediately. The board has made special arrangements with the Schlechten Studio for taking these pictures. December 1 is the latest date at which they will be acceptable.

I Surely Like to

Make suits for College Boys simply because they appreciate good looking, snappy clothes. I don't mean "freakish" suits, because they are **not** good looking; but clothes that have good lines and lots of style. That is the kind I've been making for lots of College Boys this fall. Let me refer you to some of them. You'll think them well dressed.

Special Prices to College Boys

Let me press your suit.

'BILL 'The Nifty TAILOR

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

the Queen of Fall Flowers is now in season. The first blooms can be had at

Langohr's Green Houses

Visitors Always Welcome

Both Phones 315 S. Tracy Ave.

Neves & Hinman Barber Shop

Employ the very best barbers that money can hire. Also best bootblack living. Headquarters for students.

Plain Turkish Baths 28 W. Main

Tuxedo Billiard Parlor

Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes
AN UP-TO-DATE LINE OF PIPES

Michigan Block - - - C. C. Slutter, Prop.

Girls:

Try the Dear Boy with one of our ROCHESTER CHAFING DISH Feeds they do it right. Also electric Coffee Percolator.

Owenhouse Hardware Co.

Pre-Holiday Sale

LACES, NECKWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.
Suitable for Gift Giving

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SPECIALTY STORE

Go to M. S. C

For Knowledge

but come to the

Oxford Cafeteria

for

Real Good Things to Eat

L. A. Griffith, Prop.

Commercial National Bank

Capital Stock..... $150,00.00.
Surplus and Profits $250 000.00.

GEO. COX, Cashier.
Bozeman, Montana.

Get good things to eat

AT THE

Bungalow

Shoe Repairing

We repair shoes and we do it in a workmanlike manner. Our repair department is perfectly equipped. Bring your old shoes here and see how well we can repair them.

.THE.

Exclusive Shoe Store

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Baggage transferred to or from any part of the city.
Headquarters, Bozeman Hotel.
Res. Phones, Bell 3842, Home 62
ON TIME if CALLED on TIME.

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320 West Main St.



TURKEY DAY



On your way to that "Feed" do not forget your gloves. We have what is proper, **75¢** to **$3.00**.

THE HUB

Ed. and Lou. Howard Bozeman

See the New line of

GLASSWARE

In Our Window

THOS. H. REA & CO.

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Furniture, Rugs
Trunks and Bags

Get the New

College Seal Stationery

at H. A. Pease & Co.

"Photographs of the Better Sort"

Witham's Studio

Corner Main and Tracy

Home Phone 2074 Bozeman, Montana

GRACE CLARK SAILS FOR AFRICA TOMORROW

Last Year's Graduate to Engage in Teaching Home Science at Girls' Industrial School.

Word has reached here that Miss Grace Clark, '11, sails from New York tomorrow in the steamer Oceana, with Old Umtali, Rhodesia, South Africa, as her ultimate destination. Miss Clark is entering the missionary service at that place as an instructor in a girls' industrial school and as matron of the dormitory of the school.

After graduation last spring Miss Clark spent some time in Bozeman, leaving the latter part of August for Corning, Iowa, her old home, where she spent several months. About the first of November she went to New York to outfit for the years' service in Africa. She goes as the representative of the Epworth League of Montana, her expenses being borne by that league.

"Miss Clark will sail from New York tomorrow, going via England, Southampton and Cape Town, South Africa, around to the east coast of Africa, landing at either Durban or Beira, from which place she goes nearly to her destination by rail. She is to be located at Old Umtali, a native negro village 10 miles from the railway station Umtali, on the line from Beira on the coast, to Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia. Umtali, the railroad station, is an English town of 300 inhabitants. At the native village where Miss Clark is to be located there are on the average 10 missionaries. Here are the two schools, the one for young men, with 90 in attendance; and the one for young women, with about 60 in attendance. In the latter Miss Clark is to teach domestic science and other industrial work, and to be matron of the dormitory. Miss Clark secured all her training for this work in the domestic science department of the college.

"The climate at Umtali, where Miss Clark is going, is said to be particularly healthful. It is in the mountains, with frost three months in the year, and is about 250 miles from the sea-



MISS GRACE CLARK, '11

shore. Mining is the chief industry of the religion. The school and the mission are comparatively new, but have already won the recognition of the English provincial government, which contributes part of the funds necessary for the support of the school. Miss Clark goes to her work pledged to the mission board to spend at least five years, if her health allows, in its service. At the end of five years of service she will be sent back to the United States for one year of rest.

"Miss Clark came from Corning, Iowa, with her father's family six or seven years ago to Belgrade. After entering college she staid out a year to teach school. During her course Miss Clark was very popular among her college mates and active and influential in student organizations, es pecially the Young Women's Christian association. She was one of the two delegates sent by vote and contribution of the students to the Rochester, N. Y., student volunteer convention in January, 1910. This is an organization of several thousand students in American and foreign colleges and universities, who are planning to enter the foreign missionary field. So far as known here Miss Clark is the first Montana student to enter the foreign misionary field for active service. Her career will be watched with great interest by those who have known her in college here and by the members of the Methodist church and its young people's society, the Epworth league, throughout the state.

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Echoes Ringing Down the Grooves of Time

LITERARY SOCIETIES PROSPERED HERE ONCE.

It is a peculiar but actual fact that in the early days of the Montana State college there was much more interest and life in literary activities, and especially in debate societies, than there is today, in proportion to the number of students. In the fall of 1893 the Arena Literary society was organized with a membership that embraced both sexes, and admitted preps and business department students.

Meetings were held down town, at the academy building, which was then the administration building for the college. Traditions have it that these meetings were always well attended, that some hot debates were staged, and that a live interest in the activities was always manifested. The brimming enthusiasm of the students sometimes was not satisfied with the outlet afforded by the meeting, but they always waited till the adjournment had been taken before seeking other means of relieving themselves. It is related that one evening about 12 o'clock the executive committee, with some leading members, of the Arena, secured possession of a hand car. At that time the car line ran west on Main street to Ninth avenue. This hand car was repeatedly placed at the crest of the raise in front of the court house and allowed to glide serenely down through the main street of the city.

In passing, it might be mentioned that this fact of its gliding indicates that the street car line was not always made up of bumps and low places.

Anyway, the police force of the good city of Bozeman insisted upon collecting the hand car and a liberal part of the month's allowance from the members of the gliding party.

There are plenty of reasons why such things do not occur today. One has already been mentioned—that no hand car could glide very far on the present street car tracks. Another is that no literary meeting would attract enough men to handle a hand car. Still another, of course, is that there are no hand cars within easy reach.

But to return to the Arena. On November 23, 1896, just 15 years ago yesterday, a decree of divorce was formally granted to the ladies who had formerly belonged to the Arena. They organized on that date, what was called the Cliolian society, named after the call of the curlew. The Arena, according to some authorities, was not crippled badly by the loss of these members, though other reliable writers maintain that the death of the Arena 14 years later was due to this divorce.

With two rival debating societies, the sport of argumentation found ample scope for activity. Legends and traditions of the period from 1896 to 1901 indicate an unusual activity in literary circles. Then in 1901, or thereabouts, the Cliolian was calmly laid away and the girls progressed very nicely without any organization till in the fall of 1904. A revival of interest at that time resulted in the launching of the Hamiltonia. During that year, and several succeeding years, an annual meeting in conjunction with the Arena was held. The chief aim of these meetings was to afford a means for brilliant members to take part in the programs with little or no preparation.

Meanwhwile the interest in the Arena had been gradually decreasing, till finally it met only to elect officers twice a year. Then in the spring of 1909 a restorative was applied. Both societies being considered dead, it was hoped that a combination of their forces would perpetuate the literary organization. The Hamiltonia voluntarily relinquished its existence and once more there was a joint society, known as the Arena. Only college students were eligible to membership and many of these failed to exercise their rights.

After a life of about two years, a desultory life, to say the most, even the semi-annual meetings of the Arena were neglected, and now that organization lies smoldering.

Meantime the preparatory department had organized and successfully conducted a society of its own. Being shut out of the Arena in the fall of 1905, the preps immediately banded together and formed the Philomathian, which in its turn flourished for a year, then began slowly to deteriorate. Last year there was a spasmodic revival in its life, but probably only a last convulsive struggle, for nothing more has been heard of it.

At the present time there is no strictly literary society in the State college. Debate and oratory are under the direction of the Debate Council, and the department societies take the place, in a measure, of the old-time Arena.

Such is the history of literary societies in this institution. Whether it has been similar at other colleges can only be inferred. There has been a frequent complaint from college authorities and in college papers during the past six or seven years to the effect that the literary activity of the schools was not what could be desired.

From all accounts, written and verbal, it seems that in the past a considerable feature of college life was the work in the literary societies here. It is a matter for some reget that they are no longer maintained. Maybe the substitutes are more efficient, and maybe the particular stage of growth here now prevents a flourishing interest in that line.

When the Arena and its contemporaries were at their most prosperous height, they were practically the only organizations in school. The Arena was for many years the oldest college student society in Montana and its length of life probably still holds the record. Its success was due perhaps as much to its being the only center of activity open to the students, as to the literary spirit of the time. Perhaps in the future, no one can say when, literary societies will again be organized here and will again flourish.

SCHEDULE FOR BASKETBALL PRACTICE ARRANGED BY COACH

Each Class Has Time Allotted—Outlook for Season Encouraging—Large Number of Students Report Regularly for Workout in Gym.

Although as yet no definite schedule for basketball has been arranged, there is a large amount of material turning out for the sport, and it is thought that M. S. C. will have no difficulty of retaining her title to the state championship among the colleges of the state this winter.

Inter-class games will be held some time in the near future. It is hard to predict just who will win the class championship, but there will certainly be some close and exciting games.

A schedule has been arranged by Coach Dockstader for the various forms of athletics now carried on at the college. This schedule divides the afternoons of the week in such a way that none of the athletic teams are left out and none are given all the use of the hall.

To give each of the class teams a chance to practice, two periods of one hour each have been allotted to each class and also to the short course and preparatory departments. The girls will have two periods for basketball and two are set aside for girls gym work, which was begun last week under the direction of Mrs. Una B. Herrick. The regular team will have four periods to put in on the floor, though one of these had to be placed after supper. General track wrk and wrestling will be given two periods and the faculty members who are enthusiastic over basketball are to have three periods assigned them, though their work will not be permitted to interfere with the regular men. The schedule as now arranged covers practically every afternoon from one-thirty to six and three nights a week from seven to eight. With this program ahead every opportunity for developing strong teams in basketball is assured and much good new material should be worked into fo m. The prospects now point towards one of the best basketball seasons ever known at M. S. C., for it is thought that several big games can be secured, and interest here is keen.

NEW ARRANGEMENT PLANNED FOR HAMILTON SOCIETY

Prof. U. H. Bishop, director of the Hamilton society, announces that he hopes to have a morning or afternoon hour put on the schedule for the ladies' chorus. This will do away with evening practice and enable gilrs who do not live at the hall to belong to the chorus. Hence he would like to have all the girls who wish to join the chorus hand in their names and try out during the coming week.

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