

The Cat's Whiskers

(PRESS CLUB EDITION OF THE WEEKLY EXPONENT)

VOLUME XV.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1924

NUMBER 32

BOBCATS TO TANGLE IN TRIANGLE MEET

LOCAL OLYMPIC EVENT SLATED FOR BELGRADE

**Bobcat Cinder Dusters To Clash
With Teachers and Preachers
Tomorrow**

This afternoon our track contortionists will tangle with the cinder clippers from the State Normal and Intermountain Union in a snappy field circus to be held in Montana's metropolis, Belgrade, at 1:30 p. m. Thrills for all spectators are guaranteed, as keen competition threatens to expose itself. This will be the only Vaudeville in the state in which our artists will display themselves this year.

The Intermountain Union chorus has been on the show circuit already this year, and has been well received by all audiences before it has performed. At the Seattle Relay carnival it was awarded third place. Movie fans predict that the teacher twelve will also excite our jealousy.

Four places are to be awarded in each event, in order to allow recognition of a wide variety of talent. Placings will rate five, four, three, and two points toward the goal of superiority. No limit is set on the number of contestants in an event, but the total number of participants in each chorus is not to exceed twelve.

The M. S. C. clowns include notable athletic and acrobats of color.

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EDWARD J. BELL



Dry-Lander Selected to Lead the Local Windjammers in Coming Term. His Voice is as Yet Unimpaired by Three Years of Debate Work.

MOUNT ST. CHARLES WINS STATE GABFEST

INTERMOUNTAIN AND M.S.C. TIE FOR SECOND HONORS

**A. V. Correy, of Catholic School
Wins With talk on "Training
School for Citizenship"**

William Moore won second honors for M. S. C. in the State Oratorical Contest held in the gymnasium Tuesday morning. His oration on "The Way to International Peace" was exceptionally strong in both composition and delivery. Bill Moore is piling up a big debt against M. S. C. for besides his record as a debator, this is the third inter-collegiate oratorical contest in which he has represented Montana State. Only last month he defeated a Kansas State orator in the contest held in Kansas. Now he has once more done great credit to himself and his college by carrying away the silver medal.

Andrew V. Correy of Mount Saint Charles won first place with a timely and forceful oration entitled "The Training School for Citizenship." Correy is a Butte man of the class of '26, and has had a great deal of previous experience in debate and oratory. Last year he was awarded second place in the State Contest, of which Arthur Bergstrom of Montana State was winner.

Alvin Taylor of Intermountain Union, who spoke on "The Enemy Within," was awarded the bronze medal for third place. The judges gave him exactly the same rating as Moore, but the flip of a coin entitled Moore to second place and Taylor to third.

The State Oratorical Contest is conducted by the State Oratorical Association, of which Coach Barger is President. Six Montana colleges entered this year. President Atkinson officiated as chairman. Money prizes, as well as medals, were awarded the three winners. The money for second and third places was equally divided between William Moore and Alvin Taylor, as they both received the same rating. The judges for the contest were J. F. McNamee, of Helena, C. V. Brown of Livingston, and W. M. Johnston, of Billings.

The other three contestants were from Montana University, Billings Polytechnic, and the School of Mines. The orators as a whole were praiseworthy. All the speeches were well-written, and none were mediocre in delivery. All of the contestants spoke with an earnestness that was convincing. It is significant that three of the six contestants spoke on some phase of the problem of World Peace.

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Student Senate Vote Will Be Next Monday

ANDREW V. CORREY



Protrait of lullaby contest winner. He has changed slightly since Rembrandt painted this, but recognised by the high forehead.

TWO SENATORS ARE UNANIMOUS CHOICE

**Glenn Boyer Elected Exponent
Editor, and Ed Bell To
Head Forensics**

For the first time in the memory of the oldest six-year student on the Campus there is no competition for the office of Editor of the Weekly Exponent, or as it is officially titled, Commissioner of Publications. At last Tuesday's Assembly Glenn C. Boyer, who holds that office at the present time was unanimously inflicted with the job for the coming school year. At the same time the office of Commissioner of Forensics was gratuitously handed to that well known exponent of the Forensic arts, Edward J. Bell.

Editor Boyer hails from our neighboring and rival city of Missoula, where he received his preliminary training in what Dean Stone chooses to term "the journalistic game," but he has become completely civilized in the three years of his residence at Bozeman. He has worked on the Exponent since he was injected into our institution as a freshman, and in the opinion of the student body as expressed Tuesday morning is the only logical man to lead the Exponent staff in the coming year.

Debator Bell, who won fame on the team of Windjammers that defeated the best arguers of the Missoula law school hails from the dryland section around Wibaux, and shows his unconquerable optimism by pursuing the study of agromony.

MANY MEN ARE UP FOR IMPORTANT CAMPUS JOBS

**Bawden, Briscoe, Boyer, and
Cogswell In the Race for
President of Associated
Students**

Monday, May 12 will be Election Day at Montana State College according to the edict of the present Student Senate. On that day the student body will have the great opportunity of expressing its voice in the student government for the coming year.

Political season this year is marked by the profusion of candidates for the leading offices. To judge from the large number of hats that were cast into the local political ring at last Tuesday's assembly, one is forced to conclude that the entire supply of chapeaux discarded by the Seniors in donning their iron cadies was eagerly siezed by ambitious underclassmen for political purposes. Three offices drew four candidates apiece, while two offices are sought by three would-be politicians, and another has two candidates. Two offices were the objects of only one nomination. It is thought that the great amount of work required of the commissioner of publications and of forensics was the reason for the lack of popularity of these offices.

Bill Bawden, Andy Briscoe, Art Boyer and Teddy Cogswell were all

(Continued on Page Two)

GLENN C. BOYER



—Courtesy Daily Missoulian

Unanimously Elected to Guide the Destinies of the Weekly Exponent for another year. Extend your Sympathies in Person.

SLIDES ARE SHOWN AT ENGINEERING BUILDING

"Montana Mountaineers" Send Scenic Slides for Show To Slide-Rule Artists

The "Montana Mountaineers" of Missoula sent some colored slides of Montana scenery to Bozeman this week, and they were shown at the Engineering building last Monday afternoon.

Mr. Theodore Shoemaker, Forest Examiner from Missoula, represented the Mountaineers, and extended to Bozeman people the invitation of the Club to go with them on their annual outing this summer.

Last summer the "Mountaineers" made a trip into almost unexplored territory in the Mission Range north of Missoula. The photographs shown were taken on that trip. Some of them were very beautiful, and all were alluring. The country in this part of the Mission range is very rugged, and has several glaciers, as well as many lakes and countless waterfalls; most of it is heavily timbered, though on the higher peaks the various rock formations are exposed by absence of all vegetation.

These slides illustrate only one of Montana's varied and unsurpassed recreation regions. The work of the Mountaineers of Missoula in advertising Montana as a vacation state is well worth further advancement by the formation of other and similar organizations throughout the state.

BOBCATS TO TANGLE IN TRIANGLE MEET

(Continued from Page 1)

legiate and high school fans. Bachman and Cogswell are expected to display unusual ability to capture points for their Alma Mater. Powers presents pleasing possibilities of proving his prowess in pulling points in the pole vault event. The Bunney brothers will brave keen competition in the conflict, but can be counted on to cop counters in their courageous clashes. Livers and Livers long for laudable laceration of previous records in their respective events. Hodgson will help to heap up headers to heave M. S. C. to the headlines. Limber little Loy will leap and run for lucrative lead, while Sales will scramble stubbornly to surpass supposed superiority in strenuous struggles. Bade will bound boldly beyond bounds of bewildered boasters in blithesome buoyancy. Young Yedlicka's yardage far yonder from jerks of other youngsters will yield victory yearned of yore. All in all, it will be a battle royal.

The M. S. C. artists will probably enter the events according to the following lineup:

Pole vault—Powers, H. Bunney, Joe Livers.

Two mile—Bachman, Bade.

Shot—Yedlicka, H. Bunney, Bachman, Powers.

100 yd. dash—Cogswell, Sales, H. Bunney.

120 high hurdles—Sales, H. Bunney. High Jump—C. Livers, Loy, H. Bunney.

Discus — Yedlicka, Bachman, H. Bunney.

Mile run—Bachman, Hodgson, Bade.

440 yd. dash—E. Bunney, Cogswell, J. Livers.

220 low hurdles—C. Livers, Sales. Broad jump—C. Livers, J. Livers, Loy, H. Bunney.

Javelin — H. Bunney, Yedlicka, Powers, Bachman.

880 yd. dash—E. Bunney, J. Livers, Hodgson.

220 yd. dash—Cogswell, C. Livers, Sales.

Relay—Cogswell, T. Bunney, J. Livers, H. Bunney.

If the outcome of the meet does not hinge on the relay, Coach Jones may use Thompson, Ijams, Wood, and McCoy in this event.

WILLIAM MOORE



It is unnecessary to introduce Bill. When he has been raising his voice in oraculation we always holler for "Moore! Moore!"

STUDENT SENATE VOTE WILL BE NEXT MONDAY

(Continued from page One)
named to head the Student Senate. As the title for President is high sounding, and carries great distinction, it is no great wonder that so large a number of our leading Juniors allowed their names to grace the ballots.

For Councilman-at-large, Burton Rivers, Archie Riley and Ted Morris have been mentioned as desirable timber. Commissioner of Athletics drew the fewest candidates, Adolph Hartwig and Frank Hatfield being the only men to lose their hats over this prospect.

MOTHER'S DAY AND PRACTICAL GIFT THINGS

Eiffel Silk Hose

\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75
and \$2.25

Rubber Aprons

Fifteen styles in material
and plain colors

75c, 95c, \$1.19, to \$1.75

Neckwear, Bags, Beads

Hollingsworth's

For some reason the position of Commissioner of Finance sounded attractive to Kenny McIver, Bill Ennis, Don McMillan, and Paul Carnes. Jake Forbes, Dode Cottier, Hilmore Reik, and Solveig Rivers bashfully allowed their several names to be mentioned for the high-brow job of Commissioner of Music. For the pleasure of performing the duties of Commissioner of Interests Social, Rhoda Harris, Dixie Lawton and Keturah Tibbles are engaged in mortal combat.

From the profusion of candidates that blossomed out for these senate positions, it is expected that every Monday from now to the end of school will be Election Day, for the rules say that a majority is required to give these jobs to any particular candidate.



MT. SAINT CHARLES WINS STATE GABFEST

(Continued from page One)

Andrew Corry's oration on "The Training School for Citizenship" emphasized the necessity for better citizens before there can be a better—and more peaceful—world. He said that the State is the training school for

citizenship, and its officials the faculty. The officials "run the government," but we seldom know what they are doing; besides, only 37 per cent of the electorate of Montana avail themselves of the opportunity to exercise their privilege of voting. The greatest battle of all, he said, is that waged at the polls, and how can we expect to win anything with only 37 per cent of the army fighting?

"The Way to International Peace, according to William Moore, is through the World Court.

Alvin Taylor made a very effective plea for the abolition of Child Labor in his oration entitled "The Enemy Within".

ALVIN TAYLOR



Exclusive portrait of the humane protector of children and advocator of government preservation of child life—from labor.

Midsummer Hats

Just arrived a group of very attractive little hats for all summer—both dress and sport hats

Original Creations

FISK - MONOGRAM - LARESCO

SINCE 1866
THE WILLSON COMPANY
THE STORE OF CERTIFIED VALUES

The Princess of Maytime

OR

What is the World Coming to?

A Snapshot from College Life, in Three Acts

Cast of Characters:

Prince May Sun
Miss Fussing
Miss Tennis
Miss Baseball
Miss Dramatics
Miss Hiking
Mrs. Track and her daughters,
Miss Pole Vault
Miss High Jump
Miss Quarter Mile
Miss Mile
Miss Century Dash
Miss Low Hurdles
Miss High Hurdles
Miss Shot Put
Miss Discus
Miss Javelin

ACT I

Scene I

Time: 4 P. M.
Place: Gymnasium.

Enter Mrs. Track, puffing and panting (perhaps she is out of breath). She glances anxiously around, flops down onto a bench, and begins to laugh hysterically (maybe she is excited about something). Suddenly she jumps up and runs to one window after another, looking out of each. Then she runs back to the door and looks out, and returns to the bench, seating herself with a sigh. (Maybe she has been looking in vain for someone.)

Enter two girls. No. 1 is tall and slender, with black eyes and blacker hair (what a picture!), and walks with an easy graceful stride that gives one a feeling she'll get somewhere in the world. No. 2 is shorter (but fully as pleasing to one's sense of proportions), with brown eyes and brown bobbed hair. We look back at the Cast of Characters and guess instantly that they are the Misses Pole Vault and High Jump.

Mrs. Track jumps up and runs toward them, talking excitedly in circles. (She lies in a circle and does it so often that it becomes a habit to always talk that way.)

Mrs. Track—Oh, girls did you hear the news?

Miss Pole Vault—No, what is it?

Miss High Jump—It'll bite too.

(Miss Pole Vault has the pleasanter voice: it's higher.)

Mrs. Track—Oh, I can't tell you till the rest of the girls get here. Oh, I'm so flustered! Hurry, run and get the rest of them. I just won't be accused of being partial in this matter. Hurry!

Girls seem to be convinced that something important is coming, and make their departure in much haste. Miss Pole Vault is a keen girl. I'll bet she is going to be the heroine.

ACT II

Time: 4:30 P. M.
Place: Same as in Scene I.

Mrs. Track is pacing up and down the floor. (Quite a feat in itself, as the floor is on the level.)

Enter Miss Pole Vault and Miss High Jump, followed by a whole bevy of other girls talking excitedly and all at once. With the aid of the Cast of Characters (what would we do without it?), we proceed to size them up and name them over. Miss Javelin is the most alluring because she resembles an arrow more than the others do. Miss Discus is quite nifty-looking, but talks too much, of course. Miss Mile (so named because she can stretch a story a mile without breaking it) looks too much like the particular brand of flapper we don't like the most. Miss Century Dash is a peach. She probably received her name from the fact that a fellow would dash a hundred yards to get a good look at her before she went around a corner.

Miss Shot Put is short and fat and lazy looking. None of the others are worthy of special mention.

Mrs. Track jump up and rushes toward them, talking excitedly.

Mrs. Track—Oh, girls, I'm so excited! I'm terribly flustered!

(We hold these truths to be self-evident.)

Miss Javelin—Oh, what is it? What's happened?

Miss Mile—Tell us quick!

Miss Shot Put—Make it snappy.

Mrs. Track—Prince Sun is going to choose his bride tomorrow!

This announcement has a startling effect on the girls. Poor Miss Low Hurdles faints. Miss High Jump sinks to the floor. Miss Discus closes her mouth. Miss Pole Vault, of course, handles herself like a heroine. Miss Mile, the flapper, bats one eyelash twice, then remains calm. Miss Quarter Mile stares vacantly at the ceiling.

But you can't keep a girl quiet very long. In less than eleven seconds they find their tongues again. (They hadn't really lost them, of course. That's only a hackneyed expression.)

Miss Discus—His bride!

Miss High Jump—Tomorrow!

Miss Quarter Mile—The Prince!

Miss Mile—Tomorrow!

Miss Low Hurdles—His May Queen!

Miss High Hurdles—Tomorrow!

Miss Shot Put—Omigosh!

Mrs. Track—Yes, yes! Tomorrow morning at six o'clock. Oh, it's just got to be one of you girls! I just couldn't stand it if he chose that highbrow, Miss Dramatics!

Miss Mile—Nor that flapper, Miss Tennis!

Miss Javelin—Nor Miss Baseball!

Miss Pole Vault—Nor Miss Hiking. She'll be my strongest rival. She's almost as pretty as I am. (Modestly.) Oh, if she'd only get lost up Bridger and not be here in time tomorrow!

Mrs. Track—Shame on you, Skinny!

(Drat the woman! She's upset the dope. Who ever heard of a heroine named Skinny! We'll have to pick out someone else. Wish Miss Hiking would show up. She must be a keen girl herself. Here's hoping so, anyway.)

Miss Mile—Well, I'm going to start getting ready!

Miss High Jump—Same here!

Miss Low Hurdles—Me too!

Miss High Hurdles—Ditto!

Miss Shot Put—You said it, kid!

Exit all but Mrs. Track and Miss Pole Vault.

Mrs. Track—Oh, Skinny, I do hope it will be you. Just thing, Prince May Sun's bride! Oh, it would be glorious!

Miss Pole Vault looks out of the window for a long minute, then turns and faces Mrs. Track, a strange new light in her dark eyes. She speaks in a mysterious tone.

Miss Pole Vault—Don't worry, mumsy, I haven't been watching Mile and Miss Tennis all spring for nothing. Watch me get him!

(Darn it, is she going to turn flapper too? What is the world coming to? But probably even the good dye sometime.)

Mrs. Tracy—Oh, I hope so much you do!

Exit, arm in arm. (Another of those physiological feats.)

ACT II

Time: 5:45 A. M.
Place: Green north of Ham Hall.

Not a person is in sight. The green isn't either, for it's white. Two feet of snow lies on the ground, and more is falling all around.

A beautiful maiden enters. We know at once that it's Miss Hiking. (That's what you call intuition.) She comes over and tells us that the ceremony has been postponed until the next Act, as the Prince will be unable to get here this morning. She is sorry if we are disappointed; so was she. She smiles sweetly. Gosh! Now we know she's the heroine! (Miss Pole Vault isn't in it at all.) She says good-bye, and leaves. Just before passing out of sight she turns and waves. We ditto.

ACT III

Time: 5:45 A. M.—Next Morning.
Place: Green north of Ham Hall.

The green isn't this time either, because it's a beautiful May morning. Finches fly from tree to tree, and sing out in their ecstasy. Lots of trees are in

sight, but they've begun leaving.

Miss Hiking enters. What a picture! She's the most beautiful girl we've ever seen. Our heart throbs threateningly. She comes toward us, smiling. We tell her we sincerely hope she'll be chosen as the Prince's bride. But in our heart we really don't! Yet, after all, we're not in the Play so that wouldn't help us any. Gosh, what a situation!

Enter Miss Tennis, Miss Dramatics, and Miss Baseball. We don't have to refer to the Cast of Characters this time, because Miss Hiking tells us who they are. She says that Miss Tennis is a pretty nice girl sometimes but will flirt with most anybody that comes along. Miss Baseball, she tells us, is not as charming as Miss Tennis, but is a nice girl and not at all devoted to flapperism. She doesn't even have bobbed hair. Miss Dramatics is a highbrow. She doesn't even speak to an ordinary person. We get up courage enough to tell Miss Hiking that we're certainly glad she does. She laughs merrily. We imagine that we see a faint flush on her beautiful face. Oh, Prince Sun, please be good to us! If only we could get into the Play!

Miss Hiking—Good morning, girls.

Miss Tennis—Good morning.

Miss Baseball—Good morning, Lelia.

(Lelia! We think it's the prettiest name we've ever heard.)

Miss Hiking—Are all of the Track girls coming down?

As if in answer to her question, Mrs. Track and her daughters enter. What a sight! If color could make the girl, they would be a wonderful group of maidens. Miss Pole Vault doesn't look as flapperish as the rest of them, of course. She'd be a pretty nice girl if Lelia wasn't so much finer.

Miss Hiking—Good morning, girls.

Miss Pole Vault—Good morning.

Miss High Jump—Hello.

Miss Low Hurdles—Mornin'.

Miss Shot Put—Howdy!

The others don't speak. They are evidently jealous of Lelia. Miss Pole Vault is too, but she tries not to show it.

Miss Discus—The Prince will soon be here, don't you think, girls? I feel so sorry for you all, to think how you can't be the Prince's bride. But it's the chance of my lifetime, don't you see? Did you all come out to see him come and get me? How thoughtful of you! Say, girls, do you know what I'm going to do when I get to be queen? I'm going to—

Miss High Jump—No you're not!

Miss Discus—Why not, I'd like to know?

Miss High Jump—Because I'm going to be the bride.

Miss Discus (scornfully)—You!

Miss Javelin—You certainly are not! The Prince has been watching me for days. Why, every time I—

Miss Shot Put—Hot stuff! Say, you two hunks of cheese, cut that gab and listen to me! Why, I've been basking in the sunshine of his smile—

Miss Low Hurdles—That was smiled for me! Poor, deluded girl! Why, I—

Miss High Hurdles—I'm the most popular of any of us, girls. Don't you remember last week when—

Miss Mile—You girls make me sick! Just ask—

Mrs. Track—Girls! Girls! Stop that wrangling at ONCE! Where are your manners? A person would think you were a bunch of barbarians. I've a good notion to send you all—

She suddenly ceases talking and stares toward Ham Hall. The rest do likewise. We also. For here comes a new maiden, well made-up. She is short and blonde and graceful, with dreamy eyes and a careless smile. She is wearing a shingle bob and a pair of bare arms and a bright green blouse and white shirt and green stockings and sandals. Surely she can't be in the Play! Hurridly we look back at the Cast of Characters. Oh yes! It is Miss Fussing!

Miss Fussing—Hello, girls. I got here just in time, didn't I? I see my Prince is just coming to get me. See yonder!

She points toward the eastward. Everyone looks in that direction. Far away, just above the mountains north of Rocky Canyon, the sunshine of the Prince's smile appears. As it comes closer, the Prince himself can be seen. Soon he is upon the scene. And what a Prince Charming! No wonder the flutter of feminine hearts sets his banners streaming! But listen! He's going to speak.

Prince May Sun—Maytime is a sadtime and a gladtime at M. S. C. When gentle breezes blow, and my smile descends upon you in all its beauty

and its enchanting power, it is gladtime. And when I frown and send clouds across the sky in threatening masses, and frighten the breezes till they scurry away faster and faster still, passing the campus here as strong winds that bring with them snow and coldness, it is sadtime. Your hearts are light and your eyes are merry when gladtime greets you, but when sadtime comes your smiles are clouded and you walk again with weary step. But there is one of you here that smiles through it all. To her, every sadtime is a gladtime, and gladtime very ecstasy. She does not grumble when I frown, as do the rest of you, but obeys my bidding and does not stroll outside. But within, her sunshine takes the place of mine. Where my smile appears to gladden human hearts, she adds her smile and makes gladness doubly joyful. And where my smile does not appear, hers brightens the hearts and gives them hopes of mine again appearing. She can be my greatest helpmate in Maytime, and shall be my bride, that together we may cheer the winter—weary Hill and all its human souls. Oh, my Princess of Maytime Activities, my Princess of Human Hearts and Princess of my heart, Beautiful Bride of the Morning—come to me!

He stretches out his arms toward the group, and lo! little Miss Fussing, with a radiant smile on her now beautiful face, comes swiftly forward. The Prince clasps her in his arms and kisses her, the light of his smile a glory on her hair. Slowly he rises into the morning sky, bearing the maiden with him. And the green of her dress to beautiful iridescent colors that gleam in ever-changing tints and shades as the Sun rises.

Miss Pole Vault (sobbing)—Th-th-that girl!

Miss Mile—Miss Fussing! Of all Things!

Miss High Hurdle—That rattlehead! She hasn't any more brains than a snake!

Miss Javelin—What is the world coming to!

Miss Baseball—All she cares about is a good time!

Miss Century Dash—She never hardly speaks to anybody! She's a—

Miss Tennis—FLAPPER!

Mrs. Track Oh, what is the world coming to!

And we ditto.

Miss Hiking has been standing by us all the time.

Now she turns and smiles gaily.

Miss Hiking—Well, I'm going out onto the hills and enjoy some of the sunshine the Prince and his bride promise us.

She appears more beautiful than ever. A soft light plays in her blue eyes. Her hair (have we told you it isn't bobbed?) catches and reflects flickering shafts of sunlight that filter through the trees beside us. Oh, if we could only get into the Play! Suddenly we have an inspiration. "Oh, Miss Hiking, please, please, can't we come into the play and come with you?"

Miss Hiking looks off across the sunlit hills for a moment. Then she turns back and speaks, her voice soft and a new light in her merry eyes.

Miss Hiking—Why, surely, if you want to!

With wildly-beating heart we step into the Play, and by Lelia's side start slowly toward the distant hills. But say, we'll have to name ourself. We'll be Lelia's Prince!

Lelia's Prince—Oh, now I know—

But he is interrupted by a shrill cry from behind, and turning, sees the crowd of girls all standing with arms, outstretched, pointing toward him. They yell out in unison.

Thirteen Girls—WHAT IS THE WORLD COMING TO?

Lelia's Prince blushes, and answers nothing. Turning back to his Princess, he continues on his way by her side.

Mother's Day Cards

Phillips Book Store

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

M. S. C. COMMANDMENTS

- I. Thou shalt not praise any other college above me.
- II. Thou shalt not bring into my classroom any false ideals, nor any revelations from thy air castles above, or the carnal things below, or the gossip which lies beneath my dignity. For I thy college am a school of refinement, bringing into disfavor those who degrade me, and giving gladness and dates to those who love me and keep my commandments.
- III. Thou shalt not take thy instruction in earnest, for thy classmates will fail to respect thee lest thou speak of thy studies in jest.
- IV. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it pleasant. Six days shalt thou study and do all thy work; but on the seventh day is the day for the admiration of thy sweetheart, and in it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy brother, nor thy sister, nor thy classmate, nor thy companion, nor even thy rival suitor who causeth thy heartaches. Six days have I provided for thy torture in my classrooms, but the seventh day have I set apart for the furtherance of thy love, and in it thou shalt not do any work, but shalt rest against the cushions of thy Ford or the Ford of thy lover.
- V. Honor thy indolence and thy inattention, that thy days may be long on the campus which I provideth for thee.
- VI. Thou shalt not deliver killing glances.
- VII. Thou shalt not be unfaithful to any of thy seven sweethearts.
- VIII. Thou shalt not steal away from thy classroom before thy instructor arriveth.
- IX. Thou shalt not tell false tales in any of thy quizzes.
- X. Thou shalt not covet thy classmate's popularity. Thou shalt not covet thy classmate's ability, nor his eyes, nor his voice, nor his bug. Thou shalt not covet thy classmate's blouse, nor her hair, nor her smiles, nor her dates, nor anything that is thy classmate's.

AT YOUR DOORSTEP

The college library—a prosaic place, you say? Ah, then you have never sat in a far corner and watched the crowds come and go. You can see much if you will but take the pleasure, for here, sooner or later, they all come—the popular, the studious, the lonely, the idle. They come strolling, they come dancing, they come dragging—but they come.

The library is replete with human activity, human interest, human thought—in a word, with human nature. Here the butterfly powders her nose and combs her hair. Here the frivolous flirt, and the more serious rake love. Here begin or are intensified the life-long struggles of those who will win success and those who are doomed to failure. Here the living, loving, pulsing life of all humanity is intensified and concentrated into one little room. Human nature at its best, human nature at its worst—here you can see it all passing before you in rapid ever-changing colors, the brown and the drab softening and enhancing the brighter and more glaring tints.

Are you seeking to understand human nature? Are you trying to acquire a sympathy with its meanness and its grandeur? Are you trying to become responsive to the human hearts that surround you? If you are one of those who believe that the crying problem of the day can be solved only by a greater, broader understanding of that complex quality, human nature, go to the college library. You will find it to be a living and unsurpassable training school of humanity.

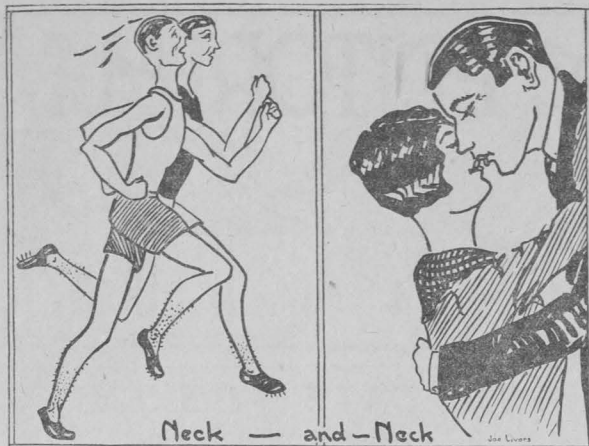
OUR GRACE

That noble cow, all black and white,
Our Royal Holstein Grace,
She steps upon the bovine throne—
The proudest of her race.

A feast of celebration called
Upon her coronation,
A million grateful subjects come
To dine in great elation.

And when the royal tail is switched
Rings out a queenly bawl—
A million voices raise applause,
Throughout the banquet hall!

Around the rapt admirers crowd—
A million awed and gaping mouths!
Grace blinks,
But thinks—
Proud confidence!—
How she could fill them all!



THE CRUELTY OF MAN

The crowd of spectators gathered around the sentenced victim. Fiendish gleams of anticipated pleasure shone upon their countenances as they watched the terror of their prey, a beautiful young girl in a simple gown, with her long golden locks loosed about her shoulders. The executioner went about the preliminaries with maddening slowness.

With a cry, the girl rose from her chair, trying to escape, but strong arms forced her back. She remained thus, her hands pressed over her eyes, as though to shut out the terrible scene.

As the executioner advanced toward her, testing the edges of his instrument, the girl gave one last imploring look at the onlookers, but finding no help or sympathy there, she succumbed to her fate.

"Snip, snip," went the scissors; off fell the golden locks; and the girl arose from her seat a modern flapper.

THE INEVITABLE

The clock on the mantel ticked on, taunting, laughing, teasing. The very flowers on the carpet seemed smiling, secretly and pittingly. The chair in which the young man sat creaked derisively as it rocked to and fro. The inanimate objects about the room seemed whispering and gossiping, and the young man shifted uncomfortably for the seventieth time as the clock ticked another tick and the flower smiled another smile.

Oh, the irony of fate! What was keeping her? What was she doing? He'd never ask her to step out again. It wasn't fair, it wasn't fair. He bit his lip to keep back the fiery expletive on the tip of his tongue, for being a Freshman he unknowingly considered that "taboo" at Hamilton Hall.

The twilight deepened and more devils lingered in the shadow. His whole being ached. The office girl came to turn on the light and eyed him questioningly. He grinned in his misery. At last he knew. She had not been called! And with that thought came a dozen others—she had forgotten the date, and had gone with someone else—solemnly declaring to himself that he would never ask her for another date, he arose to go. And then—

Like a soft, sweet-scented petal before a Spring breeze she wafted into the room, blissfully ignorant of his misery. Sauntering toward him, she smiled sweetly. It was like June wind and sunshine forcing clouds to the side. He—oh, what's the use. She came, she saw, she conquered!—yet would he have had it otherwise, pray tell?



EXTRA!

"SPUD"

SELLS IT.

LIFE.

NO PAPER TUESDAY

Due to the Great mental shock suffered by the publishers of The Cat's Whiskers, there will be no Exponent on Tuesday, May 13.

On Saturday, May 17, the Aggies will circulate the special Aggies' Edition on the hill, which will take the place of the regular issue for the following Tuesday, so that owing to the great profusion of special editions the next regular issue will be Tuesday, May 27.

This will also be the last issue of the year, as the next week the members of the staff will be too busy composing final exams to run down any news for the perusal of the student body.



THE CAT'S WHISKERS

Press Club Edition of
THE WEEKLY EXPONENT

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JUST A WORD

This Cat's Whiskers edition of the Exponent, folks, is the first offering of the Press Club in the form of a humor publication. We feel—and we hope you will agree with us—that although the Cat's Whiskers this time is not so elaborate nor so extensive as might be desired, it is a start toward the goal of excellence that we shall strive to reach in future issues.

When the matter of publishing a magazine of this sort was presented to the Press Club it was brought out that there were two courses open: to publish the first edition next fall when it would be possible to obtain the advertising necessary to finance a magazine, or to put a more meager conservative issue this spring. The Club members decided it would be better to make a start this spring so that for next year's staff there would be a tangible working basis—something to be improved upon, as it were. This Cat's Whiskers edition of the Exponent is the result.

If there is anything commendable in this first issue of the Cat's Whiskers, or if there is anything commendable in the ideas presented, due credit should be given to the editor, who has worked faithfully and hard at the difficult task assigned him, to his staff assistants, and to the contributors.

Finally, if it seems that the Cat's Whiskers now are somewhat short and undeveloped, don't worry. He is young. Wait till he grows some more.

(Signed) Dick Ross, President

Now that obliterating nepharious aphorisms is all the rage, we suggest that it would be well to attack one which has beguiled many a fine lad and led him to his doom—the words of the poet Prior: "Love is all delight and sweetness."

THE SHEEP HERDING INDUSTRY AT M. S. C.

I have heard tell that raising sheep
In this our home,
The valley of the Gallatin,
Was not an occupation
Of the highest rating.

But I should like to tell
The much deluded man

Who put that into the geography
How much deluded he is.
Then I should like to bring him here,
And I should like to show him
The grand green sheep pasture
Of our own campus Hill;
I should like to show him till
He would be willing
To confess his delusion
With seemly confusion.

Then that man would go and tell
His neighbors all—"Well, well!
They've got a fine flock of sheep up there!"
"Do tell!"

"I will."
'Students' they call them—
A new breed;
But a breed bred true;
For, like any flock of sheep,
They all look just alike,
They all act each like the other, and
They all think alike exactly (though thinking
Does not seem to be a dominant characteristic
Of the breed);
And they all run at the same time in the same
direction—

Like other sheep, quite evidently
Not having the slightest premonition
Of why or where they're bolting
With such precipitation,
And they'll turn and run the other way
On the slightest provocation.

"And the 'student' sheep who dares to go aside—
Declare that he's a sheep,
With a private reasoning brain his very own—
He, the Black Sheep, is ignored and left to die
Just as are the weak
That fall aside in weakness
From the passive, deadening rule of the vast,
indifferent flock.

"Oh, yes, they've sheep in Gallatin valley!
On Campus pasture Hill they've
Sheep all right,
Fine sheep!
Just sheep."

So would he thus enthuse
And meantime I would muse:
"Oh, for even one Black Sheep
To make a silhouette of startling darkness
Against the horizon!"

THE NEED OF THE HOUR

By united effort and the expenditure of fortunes, society and science have been able to curb the destruction wrought by tuberculosis, by small-pox, by yellow fever. Much has been done to minimize the disease perils of man, but the great annually recurring plague, the disease that saps our vitality and reduces us to poetry, the malady prevalent among the youth of the land—Ephemeral or Spring Fever—rages unchecked.

Spring Fever has been subject to very little scientific research. No antitoxin for the malady has been produced, and the germ is still to be isolated. The few authorities on Ephemeral Fever are still undecided as to whether Cupid's amoids cocci or Lazilis rebelis cocci is the bacterium responsible for the disease. The symptoms are quite generally known and recognized, but little understood even by those most familiar with the disease. The most common symptoms are aversion to all kinds of work, addiction to strolling, and a calf-like expression. Although no one of these alone is unique to Spring Fever, evidenced together they invariably indicate a serious case.

Humanity has suffered from this disease for centuries, yet we are as far from a cure as ever. Is not there a Langley or a Goethals who will take up the work? Is not there somewhere a man of wealth who will endow an institution for the study of Ephemeral Fever? Here is the chance for a Man of the Hour to render the world an immeasurable service.

It appears to be the opinion of thoughtful persons on the Hill that the most pressing legislative need before the A. S. M. S. C. at the present time is for drastic changes of our Campus statutes regarding marriage and divorce. Perhaps the best suggestion would be that the usual chronological order of these two processes be reversed.

How It Happens

Dick was one of these serious-looking people you see striding across the campus with an armful of books, all by himself. He had a few chums among the boys at the house where he stayed, but he had never been seen with a girl. He said he didn't have time for girls. He said his scholarship profited by the fact that he didn't spend half his time entertaining one of these short-haired co-eds. The truth of the matter was, that since he had not started stepping when the other boys did, he didn't know how to begin. He didn't know anything about girls.

He did know how to shoot craps, though. To borrow two phrases, "herding the galloping dominoes was the only thing he didn't do nothing else but." Every combination of spots had a name all its own. There was "Big Dick from Boston," "Little Joe," and "Phoebe from down south." Phoebe had feminine ways. Dick sometimes wondered if women were anything like that Phoebe. You see although Big Dick's dice were perfectly honest dice, he knew how to roll them to get the best results. The only number he hadn't learned to roll was five, and he used to call imploringly but in vain for "Phoebe from down south." In spite of "Phoebe's" lack of dependability, Dick often wished he knew some girls. It was lonesome sometimes at the house, when he'd finished his math and his French, and there was nobody home to talk to because all the rest of the fellows had gone to a dance or a movie. They had a lot of fun dressing for these dances, too. One night some of the boys were going to a formal and after they had dressed in their hired suits, they had to have their pictures taken. That was so much fun that everyone else had to have his picture taken, too, even without a dress suit. That was one thing Dick had gotten in on, but after the pictures was taken, there wasn't anyone to show it to. He sent one home, and threw the rest in his trunk. He decided to get a memory book and put all his pictures in it. But an album looked so much better when it had a few pictures of pretty girls in it. Dick never admitted thoughts like those to his best friend. He scarcely admitted them to himself. He didn't feel that way very often anyway.

Then one night it happened, Dick doesn't know how it came about, but it seems his room-mate, Bob, had a date for Friday night with Helen, who was his best girl, and Helen had a girl visiting her from her home-town that she wanted to take along so she had asked Bob to get a date for her. Her name was Phoebe, and Bob wished that Dick would take her. He could entertain her somehow for one evening, and Bob wished he would, because this was a special affair, and of course it was asking a lot of Dick, but, well he'd appreciate it, anyway.

Maybe it was the fact that her name was Phoebe that influenced Dick. It was sort of second nature to him to say Phoebe. It may have been that he didn't know what he was saying, or perhaps his subconscious mind triumphed.

Anyway, he consented to go.

The affair was to be a moonlight hike, given by one of the campus clubs. They were going to the camp-ground out from town and have lunch. Dick thought it was a foolish kind of affair, and was quite positive that he would stumble and fall over something in the darkness, and have to be picked up by Phoebe.

Dick was just a tiny bit nervous as he dressed for the hike Friday night. He wondered if he'd have to talk to the woman, and what should he say? As he and Bob walked over after the girls, though, Bob thought Dick was taking his first date with disgusting calmness. He, Bob, could have told him a lot of things to talk about if he hadn't been so cocksure.

Helen and Phoebe were almost ready when the boys arrived, and they soon appeared in riding breeches and sweaters. Dick was properly introduced, though he was rather shy, but Helen and Bob started off together, and there was nothing for him to do but follow suit. Luckily for him, Phoebe was one of these inexperienced, fluffly little affairs that rattle along like one of Mr. Ford's automobiles. (I call her inexperienced, because a girl of ordinary experience would have waited for Dick to talk about himself, and that would have made him more uncomfortable.) Phoebe chattered as much as if her name had been Lizzie or Henrietta. She thought this was the prettiest town—wasn't he crazy about that darling little bungalow across the street, with the bushes all around it—she was, and wasn't it fun to go to the college, so many dances and everything, and maybe she was coming over next year, and if she did she'd room with Helen, wasn't Helen sweet?—Maybe Phoebe was nervous. Anyway, Dick had time to collect his wits, and put in a word once in a while. He looked at her as she walked beside him. He could just look over the top of her head, and her bobbed hair somehow reminded him of his little sister. She was easy enough to look at, and her voice was rather pleasant.

After they had joined the other hikers and had started up the rocky trail, Dick noticed that Bob had taken Helen's arm to help her over the rougher places. He ventured to do likewise, and found that Phoebe's firm flesh was pleasantly warm through the sleeve of her sweater. He hazarded a few voluntary remarks, not really so very clever, but which Phoebe received with such delight that he was much encouraged. Phoebe said,

"Don't you like moonlight nights?"

"Oh, they're all right, but I like dark ones better."

Dick had gotten that particular line out of a story, but Phoebe hadn't read the story, and she thought he was a "pretty funny young man," as she put it. Their conversation all the way up the trail was just about as

sensible as that, and Dick began to enjoy himself. He almost hated to leave her when they reached the camp-site and he had to help build the fire. When the fire was blazing brightly, and there was nothing to do but wait for it to burn down to coals so they could roast the weenies and marshmallows (ever hear of a moonlight hike without weenies and marshmallows toasted?) Dick went back to Phoebe and sat down beside her on the moss, far enough back from the fire so that they were almost hidden, as everyone else was doing except the chaperones, who no doubt wanted to. One of the boys started to sing, and half-a-dozen other voices joined him. Phoebe and Dick sat silent while they sang popular songs and old-time ballads like "Pollywolly doodle all the day," and "Oh, Mister Moon." They sang "Rolling down the Rio" and then the leader, whose best girl had gone out with another man, so that he had to bring her particular enemy, started on "Juanita." He sounded so sorrowful that Dick felt sorrowful and lonely too, and put his arm around Phoebe for company. She drew away a little, but he only held her tighter, and she really didn't seem to mind. Dick was most amazed at himself, and when the singers swung into the latest comic song, he removed his arm and asked Bob for a match. Phoebe didn't mind if he smoked, so to create a diversion and change the subject of thought, he smoked a cigarette. Phoebe was quiet, then she looked at him and said,

"I like the way you don't say anything when there isn't anything to say."

Dick was flattered, of course. He smiled down at her in the firelight, and saw her eyes were dark and mysterious, altogether enchanting in the flickering light from the fire. Her small mouth was alluringly curved, and it suddenly occurred to him that it would be soft and sweet to touch. He wanted to kiss her then and there!

He didn't of course, but a few weeks later he did. It was such a wonderful experience he thought it was too good to be true, so he did it again to find out. And again.

And that's the way Shiels are made.

—J. M.



We've surely
Made a
Place
For ourselves
Among
The other
Foolish
Things in the
Cat's Whiskers.

Freshmaiden—They tell me you can't buy hairpins in Bozeman. Why's that?

Junior Bobette—There isn't any antique shop here.

Prof. Cooley—What are the worst insects we have?

Overworked Student—Co-edical parasites.

"There are only two seasons in Bozeman," said the M. S. C. co-ed to her home-town beau. "Rushing season and Winter."

Freshman at Book Store—Give me two packages of reinforced holes.

Dedication

To Poets Edgar Allen Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Percy Bysshe Shelly, whose kindness in furnishing poems for misuse and abuse made this page impossible, the first half thereof is sympathetically dedicated.

THE BELLS

By EDGAR ALLEN'S POET

Hear the early rising bells—
Favored bells!

What a world of secrecy their melody fortells!

"Pile out, all you sleepyheads,
Do not linger in your beds"
Sleep dispels!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night,
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle

With a genuine delight

At the sight

Of the waiving lingerie

They are privileged to see,

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of jazzy rhyme

To the tinninnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

Here the mellow dinner bells—

Blessed bells!

What a world of merriment their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out in delight!

From the merry-chinking glasses,

All in tune,

What a pleasing liquid passes

To the favored one that listens, while he gloats

On the moon—!

Oh, within the roomy cells

What a stream of euphony voluminously wells,

How it swells!

How it dwells

'Neath the belt! and how it tells

Of the rapture it impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the cussed hour bells—

Brazen bells!

What a world of saddened hearts their jangling compels!

Through the sunny afternoon

How they ring out all too soon—

Gay the air:

"Tempted, leave the candy store,

Do not linger any more,

Come to class!

Leave your lass,

To another let her pass—

What a tune!

Oh, the bells, bells, bells,

What a tale their jangle tells

Of despair!

Even though you know the lass

As a treacherous morass

To beware!

It is covered o'er with grass

And again right after class

You are there!—

Flappers' style,

Flapper's wife

Lads with hearts as clear as glass

Can beguile!

And the danger comes and goes,

Ever wans and ever grows,

With the rhyming and the chiming as the hours came and pass.

Yet the ear, it fully knows,

By the twanging

And the clanging

How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the ear distinctly tells

In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells
By the sinking or the swelling in the ringing of the bells,
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the gentle calling bells—

Silver bells!

What a world of happiness their melody foretells!

In the silence of the night

How they thrill me with delight

As I ring!

As the door is opened wide

And I softly step inside,

Heart awhirl!

Joyous is the word of greeting

That I bring,

For she treats me every meeting

Like a king!

Slender maid with lively air,

Merry eyes and pretty hair

All acurl,

Graceful arms so white and bare,

Graceful ankles—shapely pair—

'Tis no wonder that I stare—

What a girl!

There's a frankness in her smile

That is rare,

For she cares not to beguile,

And she has no hidden wile

To beware.

But she has a girlish pride

That she does not try to hide

Classic Barber Shop

BASEMENT COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK

The finest shop in America. Fine hair cutting is our business. We do ladies' hair cutting, curling, massaging and shampooing.

PHONE 459-W

New Spring Oxfords

Have you seen the new Radio last in Sunset Calf?
It's something different—better see it.

Shirts with Stiff Collars to Match

We are showing the new Wilson Bro. Shirts with starched collars to match.

THE MEN'S STORE

McCRACKEN BROS.

BOZEMAN

DILLON

In my wish to be beside her everywhere,
And my truthful admiration
Of her charms and of her station—
 When I dare!
And my praise and glad elation
In her choice of each creation
 She may wear.
Happy days our friendship knows,
Lovers bliss that ever grows—
 With the ringing of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
With the ringing and the singing as the evenings come and go.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out with delight
 When I call.
How they echo to and fro
 Through the hall.
Mingled with the golden notes
How her merry laughter floats—
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture it impels
To the singing and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

“THE MEN”

By OLIVER WENDELL HOME
Has there any young fellow got mixed with the men?
If there has, kick him out of our patriarch's den.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Calendar's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're ninety tonight!

We're ninety! We're ninety! Who says we are young?
He's yellow—a sissy—he ought to be hung!
“Gay banter at ninety?” Yes! Childish with age;
Laughter's becoming to grandad and sage!

Just look at poor Jim there—he's flat on his back
(Of grit we must say that he showed us no lack!)
And Tom has a knee he'll be nursing for days,
While Larry came in with his mind in a haze..

Rheumatiz claims every man in the den,
And partial paralysis plagues eight or ten;
Harold sports crutches wherever he goes,
And Louie has bandaged his instep and toes.

We're aching and sore and we're tired and lame,
And yet after all we ourselves are to blame,
As long as we live, just for pleasure and fun
We'll never again try the Cross Country Run!

TO A FRESHMAN

By PERCY'S BEST SHELL
Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Grind thou never wert;
That in school or near it
See'st an open book,
Inscribed with the symbols of those
 who are wise.

Higher still and higher,
Toward Senior heights thou creep'st,
Like a plodding snail;
The broad stairs thou climbest,
And wondering still doth roam, and roaming
 ever wondereth.

In the cheerless presence
Of the stern exam,
Through which no silver lining
Thou can'st see or know—
Like a grim, unknown force whose power
 is just made known.

The pale grey dawn,
Creeps from coming light.
Like a dream of fancy
At the rising of the sun—
Comes a brother's voice—“You'll be
 late for class!”

—Aurora.

SPRING PLEASURES



Spring brings happiness and joys
for old and young, for girls and boys.
Glad we greet the birds and flowers,



breezes soft and sunny hours. Hikers
stroll with carefree laugh, gathering
woodticks on the calf. Trees are newly
clothed with leaves, brightly colored,
one preceives. Tennis fans call
“thirty all!” “soldiers” heed the Cap-



tain's call to cussed sudorific drill,
while lovers laugh up on the hill.
Canes and derbies come and go—and
parasols, a pretty show! Caps and
gowns on Friday morn are worn by
Seniors neatly shorn and bobbed and
dressed in purple socks and Sunday
best and sandals blue—Thank God I'm
not a Senior too!



They'
Talk a lot
About
Dumb belles
But I've never
Found
One yet.

“This is what I call Free Love” said the Sheik as the Theatre manager
handed him two season passes.

WARNING to bookworms: There's a danger in knowing your oil too well.
You might Fall.

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for your inspection.

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Many Other Patterns in Gold,
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LESLIE E. GAGE

Jeweler and Optician
Broken Lenses Replaced the
Same Day

Thou Too, Brutes!

Absence makes the heart grow fonder—
This is what they say.
That is why we love the profs
When they stay away.

There are meters Iambic,
And meters trachaic,
And meters in musical tones,
But the meter that's sweeter,
Completer and neater,
Is to meet her in the moonlight alone.
—Pitt Panther.

Heard at the "Prince of Tonight," during bathing girl act: "This variety is the spice of life!"

A student is like a broncho—he has to be broke before he'll settle down to work.

GALLATIN GROCERY COMPANY

G	G
5	5

55—PHONE—55

G	G
5	5

How Is a Man Judged?

The late J. P. Morgan answered the question once and for 'all when he said:

"I never look a man up; I look him over!"

Stop and think what those words mean. Simply that one of the greatest business men the world has ever known attached tremendous importance to a man's personal appearance.

If you could stand before J. P. Morgan today, what do you think would be his verdict?

Correct dress has helped many men toward their goals. Correct dress has put men into bigger positions. It has made leaders out of trailers. It has helped to turn failure into success.

Nowadays no man can afford to neglect his personal appearance. He owes it to himself to be well dressed.

DRESS WELL AND SUCCEED!

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KAYSER FULFASHION SILK HOSE

Kayser Pure dyed silk hose with mercerized top, in peach, chaire, sunset and peau the new summer colors
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Business Optomism

Buying Merchandise from a
JEW

and expecting to sell at a profit to a
SCOTCHMAN

HAUSEMAN and McCALL
QUALITY AND SERVICE

RECOGNITION

One night when I
Was reading a fascinating
Ghost story, I
Had just gotten to
The most thrilling part
When I felt a light touch on my cheek;
My hair stood
On end and I was
Too frightened to
Turn my head then—
I heard a soft mew
Well if that wasn't
The Cat's Whiskers
I'd like to know what was.

—Orange Owl.

"The sleepy fox catches no poultry" exclaimed the white-clad Shiek as he approached the Ham Hall tennis court at 5:30 A. M.

THE WAY SHE USED ME

She used to let me see her home,
She used to make dates o'er the phone,
She used to let me hold her hand,
She used to treat me something grand,
She used to let me steal a kiss,
She used to fill my heart with bliss,
She used to like me. It was I
She used to bait the other guy.

—Gargoyle.



NEW SPRING SHOWINGS

Drop around some breezy day and see our line.—1001 S. Campus

THE CIRCUS IN YOUR HOME

Six-Year-Old—"Ma, ma, take me to the circus, ma, willya?"

Irate Parent—"I should say not! You've got plenty of circus around here. Your pa's a cross old bear, and your sister is painted and dressed up like a cross between a zebra and a cannibal. Then there's your brother, the clown, and little sister who plays with worms and thinks she's a snake-charmer. Between the bunch of you, I'm beginning to resemble the wild lady. By rights you should pay me for letting you stay around here.

—Sun Dodger.

JUVENILA

"I hope that's a nice book for you to read, darling," said a conscientious mother to her engrossed schoolgirl daughter.

"Oh, yes, Mummy," said Miss Thirteen. "It's a lovely book, but I don't think you would like it. It's so sad at the end."

"How is it sad, darling?"

"Well, she dies, and he has to go back to his wife."—Tit-Bits (London).

AND WHAT AN EFFECT!

Prof.—Does the moon affect the tide?

Stude.—No, merely the untide.—Columns.

Don't try to win a girl in a hurry. That takes too much time.

—Black and Blue Jay.

LIFE'S LESSONS

The professor who comes ten minutes late is very scarce. In fact, he is in a class by himself.

Paul—I had a date with a professional mind reader once.

Pauline—How did she enjoy her vacation? —Purple Parrot.

My girl is so dumb she thinks a rock-bound coast is an ocean liner.

A young lady who does not rate dates may obtain a very similar and much pleasanter effect by securing a large seashell and holding it to her ear all evening.

—Siren.

"No hay rosas sin espinas" quoth the fair co-ed when she pricked her thumb on a newly-acquired frat pin.

"She's a keen one!" exclaimed the O. B. pledge as he grabbed a handy bath towel and wiped the blood from his cheek.

YOUR MOTHER

Remember Her on Mother's Day

MAY 11TH

Send her a box of Flowers from

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Phone 95

Store 19 East Main St.
We Telegraph Flowers Anywhere Any Time

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GIRLS' HAIR BOBBING
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Is Your Suit
PRESSED
For the Next Dance?

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AND DELIVER IT
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