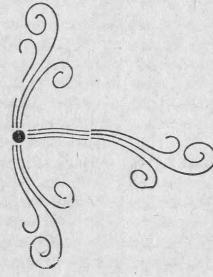


Dr. J. M. Hoffman

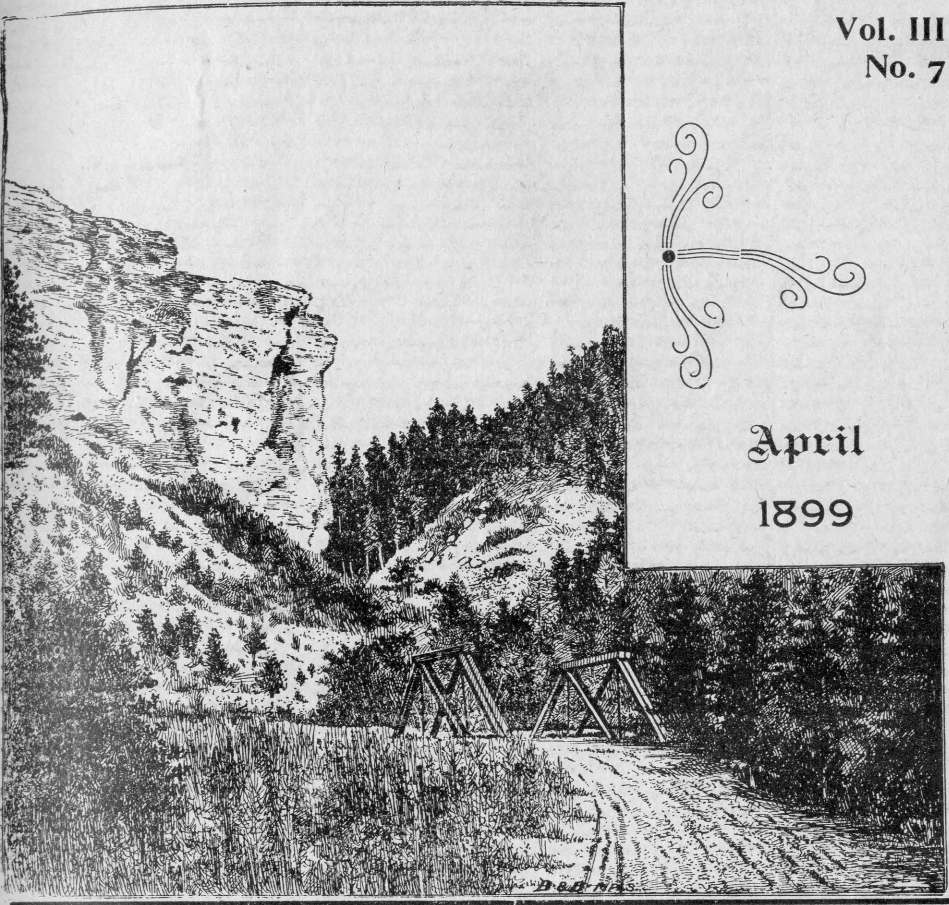
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No. 7



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COLLEGE EXPONENT,

By the Students of the
Montana College
of Agriculture
and Mechanic Arts.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

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VOL. III.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, APRIL, 1899.

NO. 7

COLLEGE EXPONENT.

Issued Monthly During the College Year

By the Students of the Montana College of
Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

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Subscribe for the EXPONENT.

It is suggested that field day be held some time in the latter part of May, this year, instead of putting it off un-

til commencement week. We almost always have rain about the first of June which interferes with field day, but by putting it on the last Saturday in May, we would probably have a good day before the end of commencement week.

The Athletic Association has decided to to have a lecture by Eli Perkins for the purpose of raising money to pay the \$80 debt incurred in the foot ball game with Missoula. It will take a good deal of work to clear this sum, but if every college student buys a ticket himself and sells as many as possible, we may hope to end the college year without debt.

How many members of the Athletic Association have paid their dues this term? The constitution of the association forbids the right of voting to those who have not paid their dues, but there seems to be no attention paid to this. A meeting was held the fourth of this month when not more than three or four of the members had paid their dues for the term, but all those present voted and no objection was made. There is no use having a constitution unless some attention is paid to it. The association must have money to pay its expenses and every member ought to be willing to give fifty cents a term toward paying them.

There are not nearly as many members of the association as there should be. There are over a hundred men in the college and only about twenty or twenty-five belong to the association. They may say that they are not athletes, and that it would do them no good to become members. But it is not necessary to be an athlete to become a member, and if it don't do the individual any good it helps the association and the college. Athletics is one of the most important factors in promoting college spirit, and it is impossible to conduct athletic exercises and games without the hearty co-operation of the students and faculty.

"TIM."

BY H. HIDER RAGGARD.

He had been born in a shameful place, and was indeed heir to unkindness and evil days. There were few other legacies; but many gifts were thrust upon him—sneers, snares, neglect, and severance from the luckier born—and these seemed fatal. It may be through a law and love insoluble to us, they proved not so; but measured in the cold, hard, human way, his fate was indeed sorrowful.

The region where he first took up his life was a low one, a sunken, noisome quarter of a great city. But he had never known else! By day and by night, winter and summer, this had been his all, his world, his home, until suddenly, mutation, which makes and unmakes, but yet is nature's savior, opened at last a little fissure in his life, gave him one glimpse of sweet and grateful light, then shut him out in darkness.

He had been spurned that afternoon from that which he had known as home, into the street, where he lay a

long time bruised and full of pain. Then, dizzy and crying, he came away; dizzy from his hurt, and crying because he was leaving the little rag-matted hole under the stairway where he had always slept; because he was parting from the hard faces about him.

For a time he followed the river, limping and sobbing and gazing into its depths, as if yearning after the soft oblivion it might yield; ere long he turned away, however, and came into a beautiful avenue; there he ceased to weep—wonder swept the tears from his hollow eyes. It was the Sabbath—though he knew it not—and the sun was going down in a great flush of clear vermilion far away at the other end of the beautiful street, lighting a thousand soft and glimmering fires among the stately dwellings as it sank. Everywhere were flowers and exquisitely dressed children, beautiful ladies, richly appareled, sitting on the porches, with a background of tinted glass and splendid furnishings.

A light that was alien to the face of little Tim slowly began to illumine his pinched and pallid features. Then he wavered and went back; but that look of strange delight came into his eyes again, and he hurried on as if he were entering the borders of Paradise.

Elegant carriages were rolling softly along the smooth pavements, and hundreds of women and children, clad in satin and velvet, drifted with mingling hues along the avenue. The child forgot his rags, his bare feet and his pain; the look of delight began to deepen in his eyes; then he saw that some stared at him, that others scowled and pressed aside their costly clothing to let him pass, and the light died out of his face and he shrank away to find himself in a little park.

It smelled as sweet as heaven there

among the blossoms, and he lay quite still on the soft grass. Above him he could see the deep, serene summer sky, hung here and there with filmy loops of lace that seemed to burn with pink and crimson from the sunset. It seemed to him he had never noticed it before; his hungry eyes had always been peering into ditches and holes and filth, or blind with tears. How calm and sweet it was there, where the rich dwelt!

Then he saw a form garbed in blue, capped and between him and the peaceful azure of heaven. It was a policeman, but ere the fat paw of the law could secure him, he was gone.

The next avenue seemed fairer than the first, and was alive with beautiful humanity flowing on toward the churches. Down this he ran, like a kind of hunted human animal, and, coming to a larger park, hid himself again, and lay there panting and sobbing, while the shadows began to gather and huddle and group, and the clear stars swarmed into the voiceless deep above him. Then in a short time he crept away and came into the broad avenue again, going, he knew not whither. A huge church rose just beyond him, radiant with light through colored glass, and he drew back with fear. But at that moment a great wave of music went mellowing up through all the glowing structure, and the child's breath stopped and his grimy hands came together with a clutch. Cringing, but, palpitant, he crept into the shadows by the wide, arched entrance, and listened. A stream of people, jeweled, satined and prismic under the shining light, were passing in, but he could hardly see them, his heart was throbbing so. Suddenly there was a sweeter melody; a wave of human voices, strong, smooth, harmonious, that

swelled and sank upon the undulating organ flood, and charged the air with sympathy.

It was stronger than the ragged child; with lips parted and eyes hungry, he entered. Oh! What a beautiful place! Music, light, color and fragrance! He stood bewildered. Then, suddenly, he felt himself pushed, and heard a low, menacing voice bid him quit the place, and he looked up at the great, stately usher, and shrank out of the great doorway into the shadows again.

Then the music fell away into silence, and odors delicate and faint, and sounds subdued and restful, floated out the splendid doorway past the child. Then a voice came—deep, even, mellow, and handled like music. The minister was praying, but prayer to little Tim was something all unknown: Like words that were flowers, it drifted by him, a long train of melodious clauses. He could not understand it, but he felt its beauty. The thread of humility running through it, the tender pleading, the pathos, and gentle adoration sent a wave of great loneliness across him; a kind of clear, thick darkness, an isolation, a crushing medium like enveloping iron. Ah, how widely he was isolated from every heart and every good. He could not comprehend why, but his position crushed in upon him, like descending death, until, wailing and moaning, he sank beneath it, and crouched in the shadow on his bare knees, with his face against the cold wall of the Father's house, he wept and struggled. Suddenly a great peal of music swept up—voices and organ chords in a lifting, joyous flood, and the child, as if the voice of God had called him, leaped in at the doorway and stood straining and wavering in the light. Only a moment he stood

there, wild with a thirst for comfort, quivering to be saved; then that stately presence rose again before him, and the usher's big, white hand grasped and led him to the entrance. There the stately being muttered something, pushed him a little and turned away, and ragged Tim, lame, and almost blind with fright and emotion, tripped and plunged headlong down the flight of granite steps, glanced from the curving base with a cry of pain, rolled into the shadow, and lay still.

The anthem flowed on, but the child did not hear it. "We thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou art merciful," it pealed; "that Thy strong arm doth save the righteous and confound the wicked!" and it swelled again and died away. Then the pastor's lingual music came again, mellow, pleasant, perfect; round, edgeless words that wove like velvet shuttles, a dissolving, beauteous fabric before his people. For an hour it rose and fell; science and revelation, linked and interspersed with poetry and fine allusion! But, ragged Tim, lying there in the shadow, with his oozing temple on the uncushioned granite, gave no heed.

Then the benediction fell, and the doorway to the Father's house was closed; sleep wrapped the pastor and his people in its dream engendering fleece; dew gathered on the wall above the fallen child, and the crickets in the grass fringe around the flag-stones rasped the silence. The moon rose slowly, the stars strove to take it into their silvery net, but lost it to the dawn; the east took fire with morning.

But little Tim slept on. No friend was there; no word of pity; only a cricket singing at his ear, and the dew trickling down the cold wall upon his

piteous face, as if the very rocks shed tears for their dead. E.

Selecting a Subject.

The maiden sat before her desk in her own room—meditating. A pad of writing paper lay there, fresh and white. Her pencil was new and recently sharpened, and a box of Allegretti's chocolates was near at hand, three very important factors of her undertaking. The fourth was hidden beneath her pompadour, but its effect had often been felt in various ways. The maiden's gaze wandered to the little delft clock patiently ticking off the hours. "Dear me!" the maiden exclaimed, "half past nine, and I have not thought of a subject, much less an outline for my thesis. I wish Prof. Blank didn't require so many." The tho't was so disagreeable that she comforted herself with the Allegrettis. "Well, let me think," she continued "I might write on spring? Spring, spring, beautiful spring! Hills clothed in verdant green, rippling waters that dance thro' leafy dells, the sweet, moist, woodsy odors of the forest, all form a fitting accompaniment to the joyous strain of the red-throated robin who carols abroad the message of Spring's return. Quite pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Hopkins," she smiles to the girl in the mirror. "No, Spring won't do, 'tis as old as the verdant hills. What is so rare as a day in June! That would be just as bad. Real nice old-fashioned June days are indeed rare out here in Montana. I must try something I know more about." The maiden chewed her pencil for a moment, and this diet seemed to have a better effect than the chocolates, for she began to write rapidly. The utmost silence reigned while she filled a dozen pages or so, and then she leaned back with a despair-

ing sigh. "No, must give that up too, can't write hardly anything about Kipling, tho' I am sure I ought to be able to. Wouldn't the 'Wonders of nature' be better? I've been to Yellowstone Park, up the Middle Creek and West Gallatin canyons, climbed Old Baldy and had a delightful experience reaching Mysticlake, once. Yes, I am sure I can use that, so I'll just jot it down, for maybe I can think of something better." Here the clock struck the tenth hour and the maiden again aroused herself to her task. Near by, on the floor, is the latest daily paper, and it gives her a brilliant idea. "I'll look through the paper, I am sure I can find something there, I'll just glance at the marriages first. Here's the 'hotel arrivals.' Well, if there isn't Sue Dickson's name here at the 'Sherman.' How nice it must be to be able to run up to the city and shop when ever you want to. How I would like to see the dear girl! Havn't tho', since we were little tots back in Minnesota, at school; now Sue would select 'Ancient Rome,' 'The Career of Julius Cæsar,' 'Characteristics of Napoleon' or something like that. How dear professor Blank would revel in her essays. I am sure I prefer 'De La Mode' and—Allegretti. There! I might write on the famed confectioner, what would my good teacher say?" and the little maiden laughed softly. "Well I didn't intend to write on 'hotel arrivals' any way, but thought I would just look at them. Here it says Kipling is improving. That would be something for my Kipling essay, if I ever could write it. 'Annexation is the cry.' That's a headline in the press. Guess I'll read it thro' and maybe I can make something out of it. Yes, it's a good article. Says that the compulsory retirement of Gomez has further increased the sentiment in Cuba

for annexation. That nearly every Cuban considers it an outrage, and those who have been shouting 'Cuba Libre' for months have signified their intentions of becoming annexationists. After the Americans took possession in Cuba, the condition of affairs has changed for the better, much better, and I know, if they want Betty Hopkins' opinion about annexation, she'd say, 'Do it,' every time. Oh! I've tho't of a perfectly lovely subject, 'Gibson's American Girl.' I could say that she is America's typical daughter, strong, straight, beautiful, intellectual. How her fame has spread thro' two continents, and still thousands adore her. How the—oh dear I did think I could write two or three sheets, and here it is only two or three lines. I am discouraged." Here she takes a stimulant in the form of confections, and in a few moments takes up her work heroically. "What can I write about, that will do? Now the boys have a greater range of subjects, I am sure. I don't care, they seem to know all about most every thing, except fashions, and some of them seem to be pretty well posted in that." She is holding both hands across her forehead and leans forward. elbows on her desk, and her gaze fixed on the clock, the brown eyes twinkle merrily and she laughs softly to herself. The pencil fairly flies over the paper for a moment, and then she jumps up and strikes an attitude: "Ladies and gentlemen, the last on the program and the crowning event of the evening will be an essay entitled, 'The Average Man's College Course.'" Then she makes a sweeping courtesy to an imaginary audience, settles her papers, and after the preliminary 'Ahem' begins.

"The average man's college course,
Freshman—Studies hard

Sophomore—Studies Hardy
 Junior—Studies hardly
 Senior—Studies hearts.

Once more she bows, and with a backward glance over her shoulder, vanishes into an inner room, where she soon forgets subjects, essays and Allegrettis in a quiet slumber.

E. A. E.

Art.

How many times the poor old casts have been snatched from their position on the walls! And, O, how carefully and thoughtfully their outlines have been studied! Now the art room is decorated with several new and beautiful casts, and with what rapture we gazed upon them when our attention was first called to them. After patiently struggling with our work, from some of them, we almost wish that such subjects had never reached our grasp. It is no uncommon sight to see some of the devotees staggering across the floor with the bust of Cicero, Homer or Sophocles, trying to find a location where the proper light and shadows may strike their learned pates. Among the new casts are the masks of "A Nubian Woman," "The Niobe Mother," the death mask of a woman, masks of "The Dancing Fawn," "A French Peasant" and also of Caracalla and Martias, as well as several fine wild animals, works of the famous sculptor Barye; parts of the features, block hands and feet, as well as the finished ones; panels of flowers, fruits and birds and many others, all very fine pieces of work.

Lessons in perspective are given twice a week, also the art lectures to the two classes, freshmen and sophomore. Perspective is called the science by which we draw the appearance of things, and is founded on certain rules

and principles, which, when thoroughly understood, can carry one into very difficult work. The perspective of floors, doors, rooms with windows and doors, cubes, crosses, etc. have already been done. Some say: "How very difficult and perplexing these problems are!" others: "How very interesting! Let us have more of them." This branch of work is very necessary for those who expect to do any severe drawing or indeed to any one who understands drawing at all. The art lectures embrace the periods of all the great artists, the Renaissance painters as Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, Leonardo de Vince and others, also their pictures and where placed. Photographs of these artists, as well as their finest works are placed on the walls where all of the students may see them. These are quite a valuable assistance to those studying about them. Water color painting has been taken up by two more of the students, Miss Ballanger and Mr. Vogel. Miss Wylie is painting butterflies from those borrowed from the entomology class. Indeed, it is hard to distinguish the painted butterfly from the original. This branch of work is quite practical. Oil painting is now pursued by two more industrious people, Mr. Everson and Mr. E. J. Moore. They are quite devoted to their work. Probably the class which attracts the most attention and for which it is the hardest to get models is the life class, which meets on Thursday and Friday of each week. There are five members in this class. Seven subjects have already mounted the throne prepared for them and stared at a mark on the wall from 1:15 to 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon. Of course several resting spells are given them, during which time they may march around and endeavor to find their likeness on the five

different sheets of paper which are supposed to show forth their likeness. One oftentimes hears them exclaim: "Why! I didn't know I looked like that." The artist says: "Perhaps you don't, but that is the way you appear to me, and we must make persons, as well as things, the way we see them." We trust that before long we may hear them say "Oh! I did not know I am so handsome." The water color class is still patiently waiting for the first spring flowers.

A Sermon on the "Mount."

The bicycle season again draws near, and so, for the benefit of the beginner, we write these few lines, trusting that many may profit thereby. We have been there ourselves; so, behold, we offer the following:

Grip the handles tightly, straddle the back wheel, give one or two short hops and—, then arise, brush the dirt from your clothes, straighten the handle bar, all the time looking cautiously about to see who may be admiring your graceful actions, and try again. Grasp the handles tightly, give a hop or two—then take your wheel up on to the sidewalk and wait for the wagon, now four blocks away, to pass.

This is enough for one lesson. It is necessary to repeat this eight or ten times and afterwards all is plain sailing. Don't try to mount a wheel with the expectation of avoiding any of this mode of procedure. It can't be done. Of course, this formula may be accompanied by such relieving expressions as are usual under such circumstances.

To avoid tiresome climbs up long hills on windy days with a high gear—use a low gear.

To insure getting home whole—give

way to the rider who rides as though he were tacking against the wind.

To keep your conscience free and clear—don't mention wheels in connection with the head. I have seen this joke sprung by a defenseless man twenty miles from home. They took him home in the cars.

Use a cyclometer with a key if you wish to do centuries in a "surprisingly" short time.

A tandem with a girl in front is a good thing to push down, but not up hill. Therefore, if a hill suddenly rises before you, have her dismount while you think you notice a puncture, and then conclude not to remount until you reach the top.

B. I. KER.

Domestic Science.

As one approaches the domestic science room about noon he can hear such exclamations as "baked potatoes for lunch today." "Doesn't that coffee smell good" and similar phrases. Upon entering the rooms, one is not in the least disappointed, and fortunate are the teachers and pupils who may daily partake of the healthful and dainty dishes prepared by Miss Harkins and her accomplished class. Visitors are with them quite often and the student feels much honored, who is looked upon as being capable for a host or hostess upon such an occasion. However, they all take their days for being host or hostess or waiters, and there is no partiality shown to any. Prof. and Mrs. Emery and their friend, Mrs. Edwards of Minneapolis, Pres. Reid and Dr. Wilcox were guests on Thursday.

A thorough course has been given in the making of ices and other similar delicacies. A treat was given the faculty at one of their meetings, of

some very delicious sherbet which the class had prepared.

The class in wseing have almost all completed their samples of work, and have their books all ready for the exhibition at the close of this year. Lessons in cutting and fitting are given to those who wish them. All sorts of tucking, ruffling, hemming, etc. has been practiced, and as a result, some very pretty work has been done. Embroidery and drawn work is being done more beautifully all the time. Miss Mattie Gardner has been chosen by Miss Harkins to assist in the sewing class. Her assistance is found to be quite valuable, as the sewing class has so increased in numbers that it takes more than one to give instructions.

W. D. Howell's Titles.

This simple tale, a bit of realism, is founded on Howell's titles:

It would be only "A Modern Instance" if "Dr. Breen's Practice" in the "Three Villages" should lead to "A Chance Acquaintance" with "The Lady of Aroostook," and if he should take upon himself "A Fearful Responsibility," "Their Wedding Journey" would be "A Foregone Conclusion," after which they would naturally take their "Italian Journeys" through "Tuscan Cities," avoiding "The Garroters"—during the "Indian Summer," in the "Parlor Car" or the "Sleeping Car", of course using "The Register" at the hotel stopping places, at each of which they might take "A Day's Pleasure." They might chance to meet their friends, "Abraham Lincoln," "Rutherford B. Hayes" or "Colonel Silas Lapham." This would all be followed naturally enough by "Venetian Life," where the "Doctor" or "Lady" or both would

make their "Suburban Sketches" and write their "Poems" or "Choice Autobiography Essays." All this would but prelude their farewell to earth via "The Elevator" to the "Undiscovered Country," Would this supposition be "A Counterfeit Presentiment" or "Out of the Question?" How-ells could it be?

A Wonderful Pianist.

Godowski will be here Saturday, April 22, at the Opera House. The opportunity here offered to music lovers is unique and not apt to be repeated very soon. Never before has a world-renowned pianist played in Bozeman on a Concert Grand piano. People who think they know the limitations and possibilities of the piano are always amazed in the presence of a great master. The chief difference between Godowski and Paderewski, so far as we can learn, is that the former's head is adorned with no foot ball mop of hair. Hearing a great artist is worth a month of private study.

Music.

Programme for Thursday, March 23, given in the Assembly Hall by Miss Calvin's pupils:

Polonaise.....	Gurlitt
	Paul Yerkes
Pastoral.....	Hitz
	Helen Hancock
Mazurka No. 2.....	Meyer Helmund
	Grace Griffin
Pierrette.....	Charminade
	Mary Waters
The Merry Miller.....	De Koven
	Chorus Class
Silber Bachlein.....	Spindler
	Edith Brown
Au de Ballet No. 1.....	Charminade
	Miss Blanche Flowers
Polonaise (Two Pianos).....	Schult

A Valuable Gift.

Hon. Chas. S. Hartman has presented the Arena Literary society with one complete set of congressional records. The Arena feels very proud of this gift, and in time to come some members may be inspired by reading these books to seek the position that the giver held for six successive years. It is said of the late Mr. Dingley that, while in school, he would rather spend the evening in reading the old records of congress than sit and chat with some pretty girl for the same length of time.

The Two Seniors.

First Senior—"My, but I feel wise."

Second Senior—"I don't feel a bit other wise."

LOCALS.

What happened to the Cliolians?

Buy your bike shoes and hosiery at E. B. Lamme's.

The chorus class now practices daily during the noon hour.

All photos finished in a week's time at the Elite Studio.

Students' hair cutting 25 cents, at Bozeman Barber Shop.

Have you got the blues? Just whistle and wait for Eli.

The San Francisco Photo Co. are still doing business at Hanley's old stand.

There are now three dynamos in running order in the mechanical laboratory.

The Story of an Examination—"Cram, Exam, Flunk, Trunk."

If wishes were saw horses, that would be a horse on beggars.

The sophomore mechanical engineers are designing their first boilers.

Don't forget Crocket and Rodgers, repairers, when your wheel needs repairing. All work neatly and quickly done.

Wanted—By the senior class, two more members in order to have enough for class officers.

Students are now finding their way to the San Francisco Co.'s gallery for fine photos.

Mr. Geo. Darlington of the Business Department, returned home at the end of the spring term.

Other colleges are playing basket ball. What is the matter with our team of young ladies?

Dr. J. H. Featherston, Bozeman's leading Dentist. Special prices to students.

It is a strange fact, but nevertheless true, that man's wonderful cheek sometimes covers three or four achers.

Have you bought your new spring suit? E. B. Lamme has them in all wool for \$5.50 and up.

The library has received several new books, among them being a splendidly bound set of "Alliborn's Quotations."

Call on J. H. Harris and get your shoes repaired. I also have the largest stock of men's shoes in the market at the lowest prices. Every pair warranted.

The class which finished constructive materials last term, have taken up the metallurgy of copper, silver and gold.

150 pairs lady's fine shoes are now on sale at E. B. Lamme's, (successor to shoe dep't., Gallatin Valley Merc. Co.,) at the unheard of price of \$1.45 per pair. They are just the thing for college wear.

Dr. E. V. Wilcox left for Washington, D. C., the first of the month, to accept his new position. A farewell party was given him at the home of Prof. Traphagen just before his departure.

The higher algebra class has finished the work required of it, and congratulates itself upon doing better than last year's class, which did not finish the work until the end of the spring term.

Have you seen the latest agoing in negligee shirts? They have fancy wash silk bosoms with white bodies, and sell for \$1.50, at E. B. Lamme's, successor to clothing dep't., Gallatin Valley Merc. Co.

The third year "preps" had their first class entertainment on April 7, in the Domestic Science rooms of the college. After a short program refreshments were served and the class enjoyed a very pleasant evening together.

The regular students and business department men have decided to organize. A meeting was held and a committee was appointed to draw up the constitution and by-laws and the following officers have been elected: President, E. S. Edsall; vice-president, Frank Williams; secretary and treasurer, W. F. Sloan.

The officers elected by the Arena to serve for the spring term are as follows: President, T. O. Caldwell; vice president, J. B. Locke; secretary, W. E. Parkins; treasurer, Jas. Martin; sergeant-at-arms, Stanley Koch; critics, W. D. Provinse and E. S. Edsall.

The executive committee of the Athletic Association have appointed E. S. Edsall manager, and C. A. Henderson temporary captain of the base ball team. The boys are just beginning to practice out-of-doors now, and it is hoped that more interest will be shown in this game by the students than was shown in foot ball last fall.



Eli Perkins

Humor is the Truth.

Humor, said Eli Perkins before the Nashville Y. M. C. A., is simply human nature truthfully rendered. Teniers was a humorous painter. Mark Twain is generally a humorous writer. He has often told me that "Huckleberry Finn" was his best book. "Huckleberry" said Mark was a real character. "I lived on the same farm with him, gradually absorbed his dialect and gave it truthfully in my book."

"The half sad story of Jonas Harris court-ing Hannah Bell is a good example of pure humor—pure truth:

Seven long years ago, Jonas Harris began to 'keep company' with Hannah Bell, and yet in all that time he had not mustered courage to propose a certain important question. His house was lonely and waiting; hers was lonely enough to be vacated, and still Jonas could not bring himself to speak the decisive word. Many a time he walked up to her door with the courage of a lion, only to find himself a very mouse when she appeared. He had never failed in dropping in to cheer her loneliness on Christmas evening, and this year he presented himself as usual. The hearth was swept, the fire burned brightly, and Miss Hannah was adorned with smiles and a red bow. Conversation went serenely on for an hour or so, and then when they both sat paring red cheeked apples with great contentment, Jonas began to call upon his recollections.

"It's a good many years, ain't it Hannah, since you and I first sat here together?"

"Yes, a good many."

"I wonder if I shall be sitting here this time another year?"

"Maybe I shan't be at home. Perhaps I shall go out to spend the evening myself," said Miss Hannah briskly.

This was a blow indeed, and Jonas felt it.

"Where," he gasped.

"Oh, I don't know," she returned, beginning to quarter her apple. "I might be out to tea—over to your house, for instance."

"But there won't be any one over there to get supper for you."

"Maybe I could get it myself."

"So you could! so you could!" cried Jonas, his eyes beginning to sparkle. "But there would be no one to cook the pies and cakes beforehand."

"Maybe I could cook 'em."

At that moment Jona's plate fell between his knees to the earth and broke in two, but neither of them noticed it.

"Hannah," cried he, with the pent-up emphasis of seven long years, "could you bring yourself to think of gettin' married?"

A slow smile curved her lips; surely she had been given abundant time for consideration.

"Maybe I could," she returned demurely, as she gently stroked the neck of the purring kitten.

"Who?" asked Jonas falteringly.

"It might be you, Jonas," and a film came into Hannah's eyes.

"O, Hannah!"

And Jonas has admired himself to this day for leading up to the subject so cleverly.

The College National Bank of the business department is again doing business, after having closed its doors and suspended payments for two days. The "break" was caused primarily by a \$200,000 loan given without proper security, and as soon as the depositors became aware of the failure to collect this money, a "run" on the bank commenced. Here, as is often the case in actual business life, the "run" resulted in the bank suspending payments to its depositors. Being thus brought face to face with such an emergency, the students have learned many lessons that they would not otherwise have learned.

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Victors at \$50.00

The best Victor ever made, the manufacturers tell us. All the '99 improvements.

Lots of good wheels, only one best,

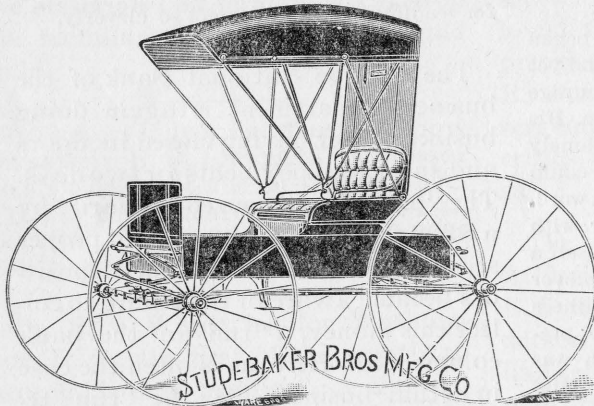
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The Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts is the state school of Applied Science. The purpose is to give to the young men and women of Montana an opportunity to acquire a good college education in Mathematics, Literature, Science and Art. Being a State institution, instruction is free to all residents of Montana of suitable age and requirements. A small entrance fee is charged to cover incidentals and laboratory fees sufficient to cover the cost of material.

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