

The Exponent

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THERE'S MANY A SLIP.

—By Phoebe E. Morgan.—

It is the last week of school. Tomorrow is the regular graduation day and then all will be over. This is almost a perfect evening—you know about the evenings in June. As it happens tonight, there is a musicale at the College and large crowds of people are going. By the students, when it is school time, the way across the country is much to be preferred—its shorter. But tonight, the sidewalk has an easy preference—its longer. On those long evenings in June in Montana, as you know, it isn't dark till very late. As we go up, there is the flush of the retreating sun left in the western sky. The few clouds are wondrously tinted—they seem to have caught some of the pinky hues from yonder wild roses for their linings, and this beautiful flush shimmers through the light gray. As we leave behind us the town, and look before us at the College building in the foreground with the long range of mountains and Spanish Peaks in the background, it brings thoughts, you know, to us who love them. To the right of the College building is the chemical building—further on is the low dark red drill hall and there are the two green houses at the foot of the gradual descent from the College building. As I look, a rush of memory comes, and somehow I feel strangely. Such a little time since I left it all—I loved

it so then and I do yet. To me it meant only a few months of happy associations. There are others leaving tomorrow who have spent years here. What must it mean to them.

* * * * *

The musicale is over. The full moon has risen, and shows the College and grounds in remarkably indistinct distinctness—a trick the moon often has. The lights in the little town about a mile away twinkle and sparkle in a wonderful haze. The people have almost all gone, and it is quiet. The mountains in majestic splendor, look down and the moon being the only one, really interested, kept a record.

* * * * *

Two forms are almost the last to leave the building. They come slowly down the long side walk. At the gate, leading out of the campus, they turn, and look back. "It doesn't seem possible that tomorrow we really and truly graduate, does it, Jack?" "No, it doesn't. And we have been together so long. From the sixth grade through grammar school, through high school and tomorrow will make us through college. At first you were a tiny little girl, with hair in braids, in short skirts, and I was—not just the size I am now"—As he speaks he draws himself up to his full height of six feet, and looks down upon the maiden of five feet

six inches. Someway, there is an earnest look about those dark eyes, and a determined look about the whole face, and he looked like a man who intended to do things. Soon they resume their walk—each has a reminiscent expression upon the face, and still they did not talk much. When people feel the most deeply they never do. Jack seems to have something on his mind. Finally—“Say, Gladys, I’ve got something to say. You see, I’m going away tomorrow and I won’t see you for five years. For a long time I’ve known this, but when we were in College it seemed best not to speak but Gladys I—that is—do you—I mean simply that I love you and if you care the least little bit for me I’ll be glad.” “Jack” and there was a world of tenderness in her voice when she spoke, “I do care for you—lots—but,”—Some-way someone’s arm got out of place. “Please don’t, Jack, I never thought it was that kind of love. Tonight I’m lonesome—and tired—and it seems as if I never can let you go away”—and someway someone was crying, hard. Then when some one else finally had the storm under control they were at her home. “May I have just one kiss, tonight, and tomorrow I’ll see you and we’ll talk it over. Please, Gladys. Give it to me on faith—charge it up—or anything.” Perhaps the ‘Please’ did it—did you ever realize the power of a man’s “Please” over a woman?—or perhaps he was entitled to it. At any rate he went away with a “Goodnight little girl”. He looked toward the wonderfully lighted sky and wondered—did any one know and understand? He thought of the strength of his love—it seemed as if it were a part of himself—it had been growing so long.—Long after he left her she sat by her open window, and looked at the same

bright stars, and thought of everything that had ever happened. She remembered the true manhood of Jack shown at every possible opportunity. She knew she loved him—but it all seemed so unreal.—Sleep came, and soon dawned graduation day, bright and clear.

* * * * *

It is afternoon. The have taken a little walk on the foothills on the last day. “Yes Jack, I’ll agree with just one condition. You will not consider this binding for we are too young for that. You know now how I feel and I feel pretty sure of how you do. And please we will not write much of it to each other. No, upon this point I am decided. You may hear from me often, and unless I tell you otherwise, rest assured that my feelings have not changed. I shall miss you much especially now. But in five years you will be back.” “You see maybe I’ll come back a little sooner than five years now. May five years from today be—” “Jack, we can’t decide that kind of thing yet.” “Yes we can. Please Gladys.” “All right”—please had its way again—“if there is a day.” “If! Alright.” “But Jack, you’ll always be true to the man you are now, and not forget—about things—you know.” Yes little girl, I know, and I will not—forget—I mean, now.

It is the evening after graduation. Good wishes of friends and teachers, and kind words of advice ring in each one’s ear. A good many promises, a last good bye, and all is over. The combined pleasure and pain felt by those who have reached the consummation of four years of faithful work can be described by those who have felt it.

* * * * *

Gladys goes to a quiet little country town and takes up school teaching.

People say—"Why she's throwing away her life." They do not understand that in this she is truly very happy, and is therefore for the present working out the highest purpose of her life.

Jack goes to New York and takes up work on a very large magazine. His success in it all seems almost phenomenal and people say—"What a wonderful use he is putting his education to." They do not understand that in the life of which he is but a part of the mechanism is being bred a constant discontent, and a wish to be higher and higher—not for his own sake but to keep ahead. Also his social life was of the kind that had to it—nothing. He was here also a part of a mechanism and it changed his very nature though he did not know it. Still he is a young man in whom are deeply hidden the germs of perfect manhood awaiting only the warmth of understanding to make them develop into full grown plants. Will that understanding come.

* * * *

Once every week came Gladys' letter. Then she always went away alone to read it, and often there was such a happy resolute way about her when she had finished it. At first his devotion for her was beautiful—she had said never to speak of it but when he did—she was too far away to stop him. But gradually there crept into the letters an air of good fellow ship—something that would have been splendid—yes, she told herself she enjoyed it. Her quiet life nourished the love that was a part of her now. He gradually became indifferent in his letters and it was not much of a surprise when she received the following—"My dear little friend—Last night, we fellows were recounting our love affairs, and thought of

what had represented so much to us three years ago. Isn't it queer how a youngster can think himself in love and make it really mean lots to him? I'm glad both you and I have come out of this without a very serious hurt—for I see from your letters that you feel as I do." And so the letter went on, and on. * * * It had come, and some way it hurt, just a little. But he must never know. It was nice to have a boy friend, and they thought of each other in that way. But when she wrote, she was not artist enough to cover up the hurt,—you never can quite, you know. . . . Imagine a look of quiet exaltation upon some one's face when he read it. "No more stupid pen or ink for me. I take the morning train. Gladys, Gladys, can I have been mistaken?" All day long he seemed changed and in the morning left for the West. He went straight to the little town—he knew her number. It was just sunset when he reached there and he knew he should find her out of doors. The beautiful heavens glow in the last radiance of the day. Sure enough over there under the trees, looking westward, is a form that some one recognizes. Someway, she looks so pale and yet there is a sort of faraway beauty tonight, which he has never seen before. The marks of actual suffering which he sees, bring to him actual pleasure—more than he has ever thought he could feel in her suffering, for he thinks he knows the reason why. . . . "Gladys, darling!" "Oh! Jack" These words say too much. He is holding her in his arms in a second. But, "Jack you mustn't. It isn't right for us, now." "Dearest, you did not mean it little girl. Please say you didn't."—See if please doesn't win.—"I don't understand." And then he explains that he never said anything about it in her letter—that

he thought she was tired—that it couldn't be right to bind her under those conditions—that he always did love her and always would. A happy look came over the pale sweet face but she said only—"Jack, I'm glad. It's too bad when people don't understand things."

* * * * *

On a beautiful little ranch in the valley, in a beautiful little home, may

be found two honestly happy people. All nature seems to help them—the pansies each day nod a happy approval and the meadow larks and robins sing about it all. But Jack's advice is—"Be careful when you write letters, and because of your impulsiveness don't doubt the conservative love of one who has promised it. My doubt nearly cost—a lot." And Gladys agrees with him.



OUR BELOVED M. A. C.

When the mountains breathe vacation
By their perfumes in the air
And the bitter-root, our state flower,
Is blooming everywhere.
Then we'll say goodbye to classmates
Yet still our joy shall be,
In the letters of our college
Our beloved M. A. C.

Though of course we'll miss each other
As we tread life's pathway steep,
Yet we wont forget our College
And her honor bright we'll keep.
And we'll gladly sing her praises
Till all who know shall be
Glad to help us shout the letter
Our beloved M. A. C.

When the golden leaves are falling
And fields are turning brown
Then once more you'll see the students
Hunting lodgings in our town,
Thus may each year bring a harvest
That e'er increased shall be.
To help us shout the letters—
Our beloved M. A. C.

ANNA F. '06.

WHEN GABRIEL BLEW HIS HORN.

—By John H. Kremer, Prep. '05.—

The balmy days of early spring had melted away into the fleeting moments of the happy summer time. Gentle zephyrs wafted the odor of fragrant flowers and sweet magnolia blossoms across the verdant meadows, the woodlands and the fields of corn and cotton.

In the silvery waters of Lake Mendota were beautifully mirrored the magnolias, the chinaberries, cypresses and hanging vines which fringed its borders. The high bluff overlooking the placid expanse of water and the the great dome of heaven, serenely blue, with here and there a white, fleecy cloud floating in its depths, were pictured in all their grandeur and sublimity in the limpid waters

The towering woodlands mantled of the lake. In their emerald foliage swayed their giant branches in the breeze, seemingly overjoyed at this ideal day. Bees flitted here and there, humming away the long afternoon, gathering honey from the flowers and broad-spreading fields of clover. Caroling birds, perched amidst the boughs of the sweet smelling jessamine, tuned their silvery voices to harmonize with the babbling brook, which wended its way through the verdant bowers beneath them.

Visitors here explore the place only to come back enraptured, telling of the temple-like forests of pines and other trees which overspread the land on one side of this lake, of the light and shade, of the vivid green feathered against the clear blue, of the white sand underfoot, with its sort red carpeting of dead pine needles, of the quietude—save for the music of the birds—the purity and

almost park-like semblance of order everywhere.

To the other side of this delightful place stretched away an undulating plain, covered by the luxuriant growth of vegetation which only the South can produce. Here the wild rose dispensed its sweetness and a little further on the tall cane-brakes rustled in the breeze. Such was the scene on which the summer sun spent its wealth of warmth and gladness while the bob-white or whip-poor-will chanted his tender song of love to a charming mate.

Even the darkies on the surrounding plantations seemed in a happier turn of mind than they had been for months before. The melodies of old plantation songs, and the sweet strains of "Way Down in Dixie" had been hummed unceasingly throughout each day for the past several weeks. At night the sound of merry voices accompanied by the violin and banjo and the patter of frolicking feet, keeping time to the music of the minstrels, had been borne away on the evening breeze for several miles around.

The anticipation of the coming campmeeting had made the colored population of the community especially jubilant. As the time of the meeting drew near their joy knew no bounds. It was the greatest event of the year to which all the colored gentlemen of that part of the state looked forward to with unbounded pleasure. This promised to be the greatest meeting of years, many noted members of the colored clergy promising to be present, accomplished minstrels consenting to come and furnish music for the notable occasion.

Brother William Henry Napoleon Johnson, the Henry Ward Beecher of the South, and the most eminently pious man and eloquent orator of the colored clergy, had given his word that he would be there to address his brethren and add dignity to the assembly by his presence.

At last the day had come. In the hazy distance could be indistinctly outlined a column of smoke ascending heavenward, the sound of splashing paddle wheels and the shrill prolonged whistle proclaiming it to be a steamboat on the Mississippi. As the boat drew nearer the sound of happy voices and the music of merry minstrels was wafted landward. Already the delegations from the lower plantations were on their way to the meeting which was intended to commence that night.

Colonel Harris who had some political aspirations and desirous of obtaining the negro vote at the coming election had granted the use of his grove for the camp meeting gratis. This pleasure-loving lord who had his troop of colored servants, his fox and bird hounds and all that, was a fine old Southern gentleman, who, though fond of his cups at times, was known to all the country round as a man of no mean ability and a gentleman withal.

In due time the darkies gathered from the surrounding country until Harris' grove had assumed the appearance of a miniature city of Brotherly Love populated by a dusky people garbed in vaudeville stage attire. Most of the ladies were elegantly gowned in brilliant calicos printed in large and flashy designs. Large brooches, set with brilliants in imitation of diamonds, sparkled in the sunlight. They wore their jewelry in the most conspicuous place and few means at their command to adorn

the woman form divine were overlooked. The gentlemen were for the most part garbed in dark evening clothes or arrayed in suits of many colors, while silk hats, the apparel that their masters wore in ante bellum times, crowned their little domes of thought. Around the two story linen collar was invariably tied an expanse of necktie dyed in one or more of the primary colors. Altogether they were adorned in the most gorgeous array of wearing apparel that they were able to purchase for the occasion.

Brother Johnson, a venerable adept in that most commendable of all professions, the ministry, was at his best, and his hearers were deeply moved as each evening, with hands raised heavenward, in a slow and solemn voice, he said, "W-h-o-s-e r-e-a-d-y w-h-e-n G-a-b-r-i-e-l b-l-o-w-s h-i-s h-o-r-n? The unresponsive audience indicated that few were prepared. Above all things did Brother Johnson inveigh into their hearts the terrible-ness of breaking that commandment which makes it a sin to commit a theft. How well those unsophisticated sons of Africa followed the teachings of their sainted brother, whose snowy locks crowned his conical forehead, we will soon learn.

The meeting had been in session but a few days when the white population in the surrounding neighborhood began to miss chickens, pigs, and such other things as would tend to make a delicious dish for a picnic dinner, especially delightful would these things be after being prepared by some black sister. Suspicion fell on the delegates of the colored assembly and the white people were commencing to hope that the meeting might soon adjourn. But the news of the great event had reached distant portions of the country and swiftly

speeding trains were bearing hundreds of colored folks to Harris' grove.

Col. Harris, who had lain in wait one evening, observed a portly darky carrying away his fattest turkey gobbler, the colored gentleman's eyes flashing in the moonlight like two great diamonds, as he stealthily bore away his prize to the nearby grove. Their predatory excursions soon extended over the entire community for several miles around and their casual conflicts at night with the white people served to keep their wits awake and their passions alive. In such cases the detected negro did not put to practice the old maxim to make haste slowly; but covered the distance to the camp in just as short a time as he could manipulate his pedal extremities.

Harris could stand it no longer. He passed into the house and asked good Mrs. Harris the whereabouts of his cornet. A suppressed smile flitted across those dignified features so characteristic of a Southern gentleman of rank, as he raised to his lips the old instrument which had thrilled the 17th Mississippi during the war.

The next evening Brother Johnson's amiable face showed an expression of joy as he again asked, with hands

uplifted, "W-h-o-s-e ready when Gabriel blows his horn?" There was a moment's pause. Then from the direction of the woods the clear, rhythmic beats of a bugle fell upon the evening air and echoed and reverberated among the bluffs and dells across Lake Mendota. Brother Johnson's cheeks turned to an ashen hue. Again the bugle sounded. The great orator's face had by this time assumed a farewell look and turning to his audience he said, "All who that wants to can stay but I'm going to go."

Shakespeare has said somewhere that doublet and hose should show itself courageous to petticoat, but this bit of advice was not well taken in the general rout which ensued at the sound of the bugle and Brother Johnson's remark. Women were thrown down, children trampled upon and all the weaker persons had to seek safety the best way they knew how.

The next morning Harris' grove was as quiet as a cemetery, only several broken silk hats, torn pieces of clothes, a quantity of chicken feathers and pig's hair were left as a reminder of one of the largest colored camp meetings ever held in Mississippi.



The Exponent.

A Journal Published Monthly During the College Year

By the Students of the Montana Agricultural College.

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EDITORIALS

The recent visit of the neighboring county high schools to our College was among the pleasantest and we hope the most profitable events of the college year. That there should be a fraternal feeling between the Bozeman High School and the College goes without saying. Most of these High School students are all ready fairly familiar with the college work. But with Livingston students it is different. Although only 25 miles away they have little personal contact with the people here and get to learn little of the work we are carrying on. It is necessary to get acquainted both for their benefit and ours; the ultimate object of this acquaintance being that some of the high school students when graduated, will enter our college. These visitors, while we endeavor to "show off" as

best we could, will doubtless see many faults in our school, but they may get their interest aroused, and that is all that is necessary. If a young man or woman remains isolated from all college life they will perhaps never think of attending, but if something occurs to arouse their interest they will soon look upon college as the natural step to follow high school graduation. The College at Bozeman will not seem one half so vague and far away to those Livingston people as it did before they were here.

Now, too, might be an opportune time to say a word to our own students and faculty in regard to the treatment of visitors. We are beginning to realize the importance of showing visitors around and trying to entertain them. It was a pleasure to see the conscientious effort that was

made to give our high school visitors a good time, and the courteous appreciation which the visitors showed for every little attention. The importance of these little affairs can hardly be over-estimated. The writer recently visited two prominent eastern schools. In one we spent an hour gawking around the campus and asking futile questions until at last one old professor told us that they had so many visitors that they made no pretense of showing them around. That school was a little larger than ours but if inhospitality is the result of great size we had better remain small. In the other place, were were taken in hand and shown all the points of interest, introduced to students and professors, given dinner in the dormitory, and in a word treated in the way we all like to be treated. We no longer wonder at the great progress that is being made at the Minnesota Agricultural College.

The organization of the city Y. M. C. A., while not a College affair, is of much interest to College students. College men, because they are College men and have had superior advantages, realize more than any one else the advantages accruing from such an organization. And being young, we feel, of course, a kind of personal interest in an institution organized for our benefit. However there is a tendency on the part of all classes who enjoy the privileges and pleasures of home life to forget that there are others not so fortunate, to forget the thousands of men, especially the younger men just starting in life, who are adrift in the world with at best, nothing better than a lodging place where they may eat and sleep

and be in the way.

But there are those who do not forget. There are those who make it a business to cater to this very homelessness of our young men. They provide them with nicely furnished rooms where they can rest, read the paper, play games or have a social chat with their neighbors. Good music is furnished and everything done to make the time pass swiftly and merrily. Various kinds of these resorts are to be found, to suit the tastes of all. The lowest and most degraded find dives as wicked as they wish while for the more genteel are saloons bearing all the airs of respectability. Can people be blamed so much for patronizing them when they are tired and weary and have no place to go? Actually there is no place where a stranger in town can get a good drink of water and wash the dust off his face and not feel that he is intruding, except in at the saloon. It is alright to preach against the evils of saloons but as long as they continue to hold their monopoly of all the public conveniences and comforts of the city, just so long will they retain the patronage of the people who require those comforts and conveniences. The proposed Y. M. C. A. building will not be a charitable institution, but a public utility, for the enjoyment of all; rich or poor; good or bad.

Now we feel that we may seem presumptuous to discuss so freely a movement that is in charge of men so much older and wiser than we, but it is not because of any superior knowledge or wisdom that we speak, but because we belong to the class most vitally interested, and feel that a word from the young man's point of view will not be amiss.

EXCHANGE.

Many a man's reputation would not know his character if the two met on the same street.

—❧—
 "That," said the man as his wife told him of the loss of her pet poodle, "that is a doggone shame."

—❧—
 Mary had a little lamb.

She fed it kerosene,
 One day it got too near the fire—
 Since then its not benzine.

—❧—
 Si: Do you know why they did not play cards in the ark?

Bill: No.

Si: Noah sat on the deck.

—❧—
 A little boy accosted his papa thus,
 "Papa are you growing still?"

"No dear, what makes you think so?"

"Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."

—❧—
 Two hundred fifteen out of three hundred eighty-two members of the last Congress were college men.

—❧—
 Yale is now trying to set up a branch college in China, in the Province of Hunan.

Tom:—What did your father say when you told him my love was like a broad and impetuous river?

Edith—He said, "Damn it."

—❧—
 Jiu jitsu is a form of athletics new in this country, having only been introduced from Japan since the St. Louis Exposition. It is somewhat on the order of wrestling. Harvard is trying it this year.

—❧—
 Some Owls do hoot a great deal and make a lot of noise. One in particular has an exchange column, which is very instructive indeed, it consists chiefly of comments on the covers and pictures of its exchanges.

—❧—
 Missouri University has an Egyptian student who has been there studying for three years. His motto is "Free Egypt." He plans to undertake the liberation of his country which has been in subjugation for 2240 year. He is encouraging others of his land to come to this country to study, believing that this will hasten the work he is so desirous of accomplishing.



ALUMNI AND EX-STUDENTS.

College Alumni—42.

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Vive Pres.—Miss Edna Maynard,—Livingston.

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Mignon Quaw, Miss Edith Brown.

Class of 1896.

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Class of 1838.

Reno Sales, B. S. (Appl. Science), Assistant Geologist, Amalgamated Copper Co., Butte, Mont.

Class of 1899.

Tom O. Caldwell, B. A. C. (Chem.) Assayer, Lewistown, Mont.

Frank B. Williams, B. M. E. Machinist White Latch Union mine, near Helena.

Class of 1900.

Irvin Cockrill, B. A. C. (Chem.) On government survey, Crow Reservation Mont.

Beatrice Freeman, B. S. (Gen. Sci.) Instructor in Botany, M. A. C.

Edna Maynard, B. S. (Gen. Sci.) Teacher of science, etc., Park county High School, Livingston. Mont.

Class of 1901.

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Elers Koch, B. S. (Gen. Sci.) with U. S. Bureau of Forestry, Washington, D. C.

Ellie Moore, B. S. (Gen. Sci.) draughtsman, foundry, Lewiston, Idaho.

Zoe Montforton B. S. (Dom. Sci.) Mrs. Dr. H. C. Patterson, Bozeman.

Class of 1902.

Walter E. Collins, B. S. (Gen. Sci.) Senior in Law School, University of Chicago.

Fred Hutton, B. E. E. (Elec. Eng.), Electrical Engineer with Niagra Falls Power Co., Niagra Falls, N. Y.

Mignon Quaw, B. S., (Gen. Sci.), Teacher of English, Latin, etc., in the Gallatin County High School, Bozeman.

W. W. Schabarker, B. M. E., (M. E.) Mechanical Engineer, Minneapolis,

Minn.

Frank A. Spragg, B. S. A. (Agr.), Graduate student Michigan Agr. College, Lansing, Mich.

Homer C. Thompson, B. S. (Gen. Sci.), Principal of Bridger Public school, Bridger, Mont.

Lee Williams, B. E. E. (Gen. Sci.) County surveyor of Powell county, Deer Lodge Mont.

Class of 1903.

Elbert Allen, B. S. (History) Lawyer and Justice of the Peace, Livingston, Mont.

W. B. Freeman, B. C. E., Graduate student in civil engineering, Cornell University, Ithaca.

Henry C. Gardiner, B. S. A. (Agr.) Veterinary surgeon, Bozeman.

Frank W. Ham, B. S. (Lit.) Graduate student in Physics, M. A. C.

Maurice A. Lamme, B. S. (Chem.) Assistant in Minerology, Columbia, University, N. Y. City.

Edna Lewis, B. S. (Math.) Graduate student in mathematics, Univ. of Cal. Berkeley, Cal.

Garfield T. Morris, B. C. E. Civil engineer with Oregon Short Line, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Lucile Quaw, B. S. (Lit.) At home, Bozeman.

Fred W. Schmidt, B. S. (Chem.) Senior in Mining Engineering, Columbia University, N. Y. Cty.

James H. Sloan, B. C. E. With U. S. Geological survey, Mont.

Frank W. Sloan, B. E. E. Electrical engineer, Chicago, Ills.

Frank L. Tavenner, B. C. E. Senior in electrical engineering, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Class of 1904.

Edith Brown, B. S. (Hist.) Music student and teacher, Bozeman.

Lewis Cowan, B. C. E. Graduate student in Civil Engineering, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Charles D. Flaherty, B. C. E. As-

assistant in Civil and irrigation engineering department, M. A. C.

Burle J. Jones, B. S. (Zoology) Graduate student in Zoology, Univ. of Cal. Berkeley, Cal.

Lowell R. King, B. S. (Math.) Assistant in Preparatory Department, M. A. C. also P. G. in Math.

Lewis F. Nash, B. S. (Zoology) farmer near Bozeman.

Herbert J. Reese, B. S. (chem). assistant in Chemistry, M. A. C.

Charles T. Sackett, B. C. E. Civil engineer with S. H. Crookes, Livingston, Mont.



SOCIETIES

CORRESPONDENTS.

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Y. M. C. A.—Ralph Benton.

Engineering Society—Floyd Lorentz.

K. S. C.—Agnes Morris.

Hamiltonia—Thos. Quaw.

Arena—Annie Brenneman.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Helen Barnes the National Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., was with us from Apr. 5th to 7th and her visit proved a blessing to our Association for her heart to heart talks with the girls inspired them to a greater interest in the work. Aside from several talks with the girls alone she addressed the students in Assembly and gave a public address in the Presbyterian church.

The Delegation to the Convention at Dillon left Bozeman Friday morning, Apr. 14th and returned on the morning of the 18th after a most delightful trip. The convention was a great success in every respect and the Dillon people certainly did all in their power toward entertaining the delegates. There were five delegates present from the University at Missoula and twelve from Bozeman including several members of the State Committee.

The May Morning breakfast which

was given Saturday morning April 29 at the old Willson building was a great success. There were five tables representing the Freshman, Sophomore and Preparatory classes and the Domestic Science and Business Department with one for the College as a whole. Each table was artistically decorated with the class colors and flowers. About fifty dollars was cleared, but we hope to do better next year.

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of meeting and associating with students of other institutions there are other results to be gained. The forenoons are given over to missionary institutes and classes, Bible Classes, conferences on Association methods and platform addresses. Delegates here have an opportunity to hear such men as John R. Mott, Robert E. Spur, Ed. I. Bosworth, W. F. McDowell, E. T. Colton and Fennel P. Turner. The afternoons are spent in recreation. Field sports, tennis, track work and base-ball under the direction of an athletic committee constitute an important part of the conference. At Gearhart the surf bathing forms an attractive recreation. In the evening life work talks are given upon the various openings for college men and many a man is led to invest his life unselfishly where the greatest need is found to be.

Dr. C. H. Haas, a recent graduate of Michigan University and a traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement will visit the college on May 21st and 22nd.

Hamiltonia.

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Music	Society
Essay—The Foundations of Life—	
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Recitation	Ruby King
Vocal Solo	Belle Osborn
Debate—Resolved that there is more reason for liking poetry than prose—	
Aff. Sarah Chaffee,	Gladys King.
Neg. Eva Bower,	Bessie Thorpe.
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After this a business meeting was held at which the following officers were elected—Pres. Belle Osborn, Vice Pres. Flora Carmicheal. Sec. & treas.

Agnes Mountjoy.

Several of the Arena boys have visited our meetings lately and we hope they were not disappointed in what they heard.

The boys have been so anxious to wear our first Hamiltonia pins that we have decided to get some other and better ones for ourselves, and we are going to wear them too. They are here now and the girls will wear the pretty pins while the boys look at them with envious eyes, not content with what they have. We did not object when the boys wore the others but they will not have the pleasure of decorating themselves with our block H's.

K. S. C.

At the last two lectures Mrs. Marshall gave us a talk on manners, not that she thought the club needed to mend its ways but that such things go to make up general culture. She also read a letter from Mary Waters who is now in Dresden. There are several students abroad this year and the club has had a number of interesting letters from them. The art rooms are a busy place these days as the students are working hard to finish their pictures before the close of school. A number of the girls have been making posters for the May Morning Breakfast, the Y. W. C. A. gave. They are also getting up quite a number of stunning posters for visitors day which is Friday the 12th of May, afternoon and evening. All Montana is invited.

The wild flowers are out and the students in water colors have painted some very pretty studies from them. The annual exhibit is now up and Mrs. Marshall is preparing to send some of it to the Portland Fair as soon as College is out.

sistant in Civil and irrigation engineering department, M. A. C.

Burle J. Jones, B. S. (Zoology) Graduate student in Zoology, Univ. of Cal. Berkeley, Cal.

Lowell R. King, B. S. (Math.) Assistant in Preparatory Department, M. A. C. also P. G. in Math.

Lewis F. Nash, B. S. (Zoology) farmer near Bozeman.

Herbert J. Reese, B. S. (chem.) assistant in Chemistry, M. A. C.

Charles T. Sackett, B. C. E. Civil engineer with S. H. Crookes, Livingston, Mont.



CORRESPONDENTS.

Y. W. C. A.—Ethel Hutton.

Y. M. C. A.—Ralph Benton.

Engineering Society—Floyd Lorentz.

K. S. C.—Agnes Morris.

Hamiltonia—Thos. Quaw.

Arena—Annie Brenneman.

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Engineer's Society.

At the regular assembly for Apr. 26 the Engineer's Society appeared outside its usual role and showed itself equally as good in artistic accomplishments as in the technical parts of the engineering profession, the event was the rendering of the following program:—

Violin solo	C. M. Fisher
The Engineering Society its Organization and Aims	H. J. Flager
Song	Engineers' Quartette
Engineering in Montana B. S. Hinds.	
Story	W. Moxley.
Song	Engineers' Quartette

The stage was especially decorated for the occasion in a manner very suggestive of the Engineering profession but nevertheless exciting the interest and admiration of the most disinterested. The different parts of the program displayed much genius and talent; among the best the college can boast of. Although no part was appreciably better than the rest the Quartette probably deserves particular mention as being along a line so different from Engineering. This is the first time that any of the College organizations have given any such Assembly program and it was quite an interesting variation of the usual order of Assemblies. It has brought the college to realize more fully the real

importance of its Engineering department not only in its own particular branch but in everything that goes to make up the all around man.

ARENA.

The Arena society feels that it owes a word of sympathy to our esteemed rivals in the literary field for the trouble and anxiety they have experienced over their society pins. We are sorry from the depths of our tender hearts that the girls should feel obliged to select a new emblem, the more so as they will undoubtedly never find another that will fully take the place of the first one. The original pins, while they might have seemed faulty to the uninitiated, had an especial virtue in their appropriateness to the society they represented. In design, color, form and especially in quality nothing could be more suggestive of the brilliant Hamiltonians. But what pains us most is that they are thinking of getting an expensive block letter pin on the style of the Arena "A". We have always had to credit the Hamiltonians with being at least unique, and it is truly sad to see them falling from their high pedestal of originality in to the slavish conventionalities of the common herd.



On Friday Apr. 29, a baseball game, the first to be played with a visiting team, was played by the Prep. boys of the M. A. C. and the Livingston High School. The game was hard fought throughout there being sever-

al innings in which each nine was effectually shut out. The resulting score stood 7 to 5 in favor of the visiting team much to the delight of the large crowd of Livingston High school people who witnessed the game. The

excellent batting of the visiting team saved the day for them.

On Saturday May 20, an interclass field day has been arranged to take place. The classes which will be represented run as follows: Junior, Sophomore, Freshman, Preparatory dept. and Business department. By the kindness of the faculty a beautiful silver loving cup will be presented to the class winning most points in the meet. This cup will remain in the institution and the class winning the most points each year from henceforth, shall be entitled to engrave their name upon it. Each class will enter several men for every race and the points are to be distributed thus: for 1st place in the race or jump 5 points, second place 3 points; third place 2 points; fourth place 1 point.



The events are as follows:—

50 yard dash—
 440 yard run
 50 yd. egg & spoon race (girls)—
 100 yard dash—
 880 yard run—
 120 yard High Hurdles—
 50 yard dash (girls)—
 1 mile bicycle race—
 220 yd. low hurdles—
 Potato race (girls)—
 Running broad jump—
 Running broad jump (girls)—
 Running high jump—
 Inter class relay race. Each class to enter four men to run 440 yds. a piece—
 Shot Put & Hammer throw—

After the meet the winning class is required to paint the town crimson.



COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Apr. 4.—Howard Flager re-elected captain of the Boy's Basket Ball team for next year.

Apr. 5.—Basket Ball assembly. Anna Krueger elected captain of the girl's basket ball team for next year.

Apr. 7.—Oratorical contest in Assembly hall for the purpose of choosing candidate for the state contest in Helena.

Apr. 8, Gallatin Co. High school 5 College Freshman class 9.

Apr. 9.—Basket Ball party at Edna Tracy's.

Apr. 12.—Prof. Elliott addresses Assembly.

Apr. 13.—Meeting of Executive Committee of the A. A.

Apr. 14.—Gallatin co. High school visits College.

Apr. 15.—Meetings of Arena and Hamiltonia Societies.

Apr. 18.—Sophomore Class gives Maude De Muth a surprise party.

Apr. 19.—Prof. Thaler addresses assembly.

Trig. Exam for Freshmen.

Apr. 20.—Arena & Engineer's Societies have their pictures taken.

Apr. 21.—Third Preparatory Banquet. Recital in Assembly Hall.

Apr. 26.—Engineer's Society has the charge of Assembly.

Apr. 28.—Park Co. High School visits College.

Bouffon dance.

Apr. 29.—Meetings of Arena & Hamiltonia Societies.

May. 1.—Prof. Baker goes to Helena.

May 3.—Mrs. M. K. Hall appears at assembly.



On Friday the 28 the Park County High School were the guests of the college here in Bozeman. On that day all the pupils and the teachers of the school came over to visit the college as a result of an invitation extended to them by our faculty. They arrived here at 7:30 in the morning and spent the first hour and a half visiting the building of the Gallatin County high school. Then they came up to the college on the street cars, and were divided into several squads each squad having a member of the faculty as a guide, and then proceeded to visit the different buildings. After spending the forenoon in this way they were served with a sumptuous dinner by Miss Harkins and her girl students in the Domestic Science Rooms. After dinner a special assembly was called at which Pres. Hamilton gave an address of welcome to the Livingston people. Prof. Terwiliger answered for the visitors. Music selections were given by the college orchestra and the engineers quartette. Prof. Currier sang a solo taken from the oratorio "Creation". A recitation was also given by Carl Gottschalk. After assembly the different squads were again conducted through the different laboratories and then all the Livingston people and college students went to the ball grounds north of the college campus to watch the ball game between the College Preparatory department and the team of the visiting school. Most of the visitors returned home on the 6:10 train that evening but a good many stayed over

to take in the Bouffon dance and see the ball game of the next day between the Park and Gallatin Co. High schools

Ermine L. Potter, Editor in Chief of the Exponent, made a flying trip east with a shipment of cattle last month. Lowell R. King, Alumni Editor, had charge of the work while he was absent.

Arrangements are being made for a joint meeting of the Hamiltonia and Arena to be held in the Assembly hall promptly at eight o'clock, May 27. An interesting program will be given to which the public is cordially invited.

Spring Hats

FOR THE YOUNG LADIES
FOR THE YOUNG MEN

You will not be thoroughly well informed on the subject of style in Spring Hats until you have seen our offerings.

You will not know how becoming your head might be dressed until you see the hat our expert shows you.

The Willson Co.

Japanese Mattings

Japanese Art Squares

All Kinds of Rugs

D. D. SMITH & CO.

FURNITURE, CARPET AND PIANO HOUSE.

On Friday eve beginning at five o'clock occurred the annual prep. banquet. This feast is given each year by the second Preparatory students in honor of the graduating class. The banquet was given in the Domestic Science rooms and a five course dinner as served by the charming waiters of that department. The affair this time undoubtedly eclipsed all former efforts—both in the amount of eloquence displayed and in the food material which disappeared on the side lines. Charles Shepherd Draper acted efficiently in the capacity of toastmaster and in a humorous manner introduced the speakers. The speech of welcome was fluently delivered by Leslie Waterloo Bechtel and was tearfully answered by R. O. Jones. The following toasts were then given.

Miss Frank—Old Shoes.

Miss Marshall—Speakin'

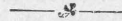
Inga Solberg—Our Motto.

Miss Cantwell—Side Lines.

Pres. Hamilton—Our Hopes.

After the program the class at-

tended the recital. Following the recital they enjoyed an hour of social movements in one of the lower rooms which was artistically decorated for the occasion.



Mrs. Mabel K. Hall went over to Livingston on May 4, to attend the declamatory contest of the Park county High School students. The contest was held for the purpose of selecting a student to represent their school at the high school meet which takes place at Missoula this month, and was won by Miss Elizabeth Short. Miss Short was trained for this contest by Mrs. Hall.



On the evening of Apr. 18 the Sophomore class were delightfully entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Tallman, the occasion being a birthday surprise on Miss Maude DeMuth. The evening was pleasantly spent with fortune telling, and games of various sorts, after which the young ladies adjourned to the dining room and enjoyed delicious refreshments. Miss Ag-

R. D. STEELE,

INSURANCE

REAL ESTATE AND LOANS.

S. C. Kenyon

WOOD AND COAL

The numerous societies connected with the College have been keeping Schlechten, the photographer, busy for the past few weeks. Splendid group pictures have been taken of the Boys track team, Engineers society, Exponent staff, Hamiltonia and Arena. These will all be reproduced later in different publications of the College.

The recital, given by the Musical department in the Assembly hall Apr. 21, was well attended by an appreciative audience. The program was well rendered, and showed that a great deal of time must have been spent in preparing it. The recitals are always a credit to their department and the instructors deserve a great deal of praise for giving the public such a musical treat.

Howard Flager of the class of '05 has been re-elected captain of the boys basket ball team for another year

Tell your neighbor about our Shoe Coupons and what we are doing.

J. H. Harris & Co., the Shoe Men.

Don't forget our Shoe Coupons. The best thing out for you. J. H. Harris & Co., The Shoe Men.

Mr. Oliver will be pleased to meet before Commencement week, any students who wish to take the study of Music as an elective next year. Music has recently been placed on an equality with other elective studies. Mr. Oliver will be in Room 36 on Wednesday mornings and every afternoon.

Tell it from the housetops that we are the shoe store of the town. J. H. Harris & Co., The Shoe men.

President Hamilton in the course of his address of welcome to the Livingston students the other day expressed the hope that many of them would come here to college after graduation from their High school. To this invitation the Livingston students responded by giving the M. A. C. yell. We all appreciated their courtesy.

Prof. Greason has been having some new work benches made in the work shops to be used in pattern making.



DEAN OSBORN

THOS. B. QUAW

LOIS K. HARTMAN

LOWELL R. KING

CHAS. C. BACKES

EVA H. BOWER

ERMINA L. POTTER

MAUDE DE MUTH

CLYDE C. PENWELL