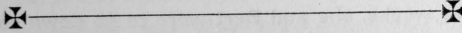


The Exponent

VOLUME VI.

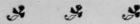
MARCH, 1902.

NUMBER V.



Ah, March! We know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.



When Constans Sang.

Part I. On the Ice.

“FOR Heaven’s sake, Bess, who was that unmitigated chump you took under your wing yesterday on the pond, and attempted to teach the gentle art of skating?”

Bess laid aside the dainty rose-wood violin, from which she had been drawing sweet minor melodies, and carefully rolled up her music before replying.

“Why, really Bert, I don’t know. She was down there all alone and seemed so timid and helpless. Doesn’t know a soul, you see, and then she can’t skate. I felt so sorry for her when I saw her struggling with her skates, I just couldn’t help offering my aid. She thanked me in such a sweet, low voice.”

Bert sniffed scornfully while secretly approving his sister’s tactful kindness.

“We skated together for a long time and I could see she was grateful,” pursued Bess; “though she is not exactly pretty, she has such big eyes and is so self-possessed. I can’t help thinking she’s a foreigner, Bert,—she looks and talks in such a peculiar way!”

“She skates peculiarly, too,” commented Bert, with mild irony; “she was staggering around there like all-get-out, before you got hold of her. She kept up a most wonderful gait,—it’s probably foreign, too! And once her legs got so tangled up in each other, I thought she’d never get ’em untied!”

“Bert!”

“Fact, ma’am! You needn’t get so red! When people fall all over everybody, everything, and themselves, and then call it skating, they must expect a little gentle criticism from their suffering fellow creatures.”

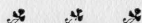
“But she didn’t know how, Bert. And then some people are so born with a natural fear of the ice. She says that she has always lacked the courage to skate.”

“Well, well, Sis, don’t get hot! You’re a good little chicken even to mullet-heads! Get your skates now and let’s go for a spin.”

Bess whirled away and in ten minutes they were trudging blithely along together towards the ice pond.

The Delaplace twins were just seventeen. About the same height, they oddly resembled each other, for Bert's dark hair and twinkling blue eyes were accurately reproduced in Bess, except that the eyes were softer in expression and the varying light and shade of the face suggested the poet and the dreamer. The great passion of her beauty-loving soul was music, and had it not been for her unimaginative, athletic brother, she would have dreamed her life away over her beloved violin, which she played with a skill second only to her intense love for it. The chief charm of her playing was the exquisite expression, the vivid feeling that thrilled through it; for, like a true artist, she threw her whole soul into her work.

And now, in a few weeks, she and Bert were to go down to New York to hear Constans sing *Lohengrin*,—Constans, the young prima donna, Calve's talented protege, over whose marvelous voice the great metropolis had gone wild. Oh, only to hear that exquisite voice echoing among the picturesque scenes of Wagner's grand old opera; to hear the orchestra thundering forth those splendid strains; to peep into that mystic fairyland of beauty and song;—ah! how Bess thrilled when she thought of it!



The twins found the big pond thronged with light-hearted skaters, who welcomed them with much gusto. In a twinkling they were in the thickest of the fray. Bert plunged headlong into the nearest group, skating hither and thither, his arms swinging like windmills, in sheer exuberance of joy. But thoughtful Bess, standing on the outskirts, caught sight of a lonely, shrinking figure on the further side of the pond, wobbling about uncertainly, and finally collapsing upon the smooth hard ice. Before the stranger could struggle to her feet, a sweet sympathetic voice greeted her, "Oh, I'm afraid you are hurt! Let me help you!"

"Ah!" with a swift, grateful glance and an odd intonation of the voice which was almost a foreign accent, "I am so awkward! If you would be so kind."

She was a little above the medium height, and while not actually beautiful, there was a magnetic charm in her dark vivid face that was higher than mere physical beauty. Bess was irresistibly drawn to her, so much so that she forgot her shyness and as she steered her slowly up and down the pond she found courage to say, "I think we should know each other's names, shouldn't we? That is, if you don't mind. Mine is Elizabeth Delaplace."

The stranger hesitated, a queer little smile curving her lips. Then, "Mine is Adela Torrance," she said. "You have a good old Puritan name, Miss Delaplace. May I ask if you are of Puritan stock?"

"Yes, our family is quite an old one," returned Bess, feeling very uncomfortable, for the sound of smothered laughter and taunting comments was wafted across the pond to her anxious ears and it dawned upon her friends were ridiculing Miss Torrance's rather clumsy efforts at skating,—that these presumably well-bred people were taking advantage of a stranger's embarrassment and ignorance. Her cheeks burned with anger, but she only held her head the higher, haughtily ignoring the subdued mirth on the other side. And Miss Torrance, though she saw it all, held her peace and continued her bright, charming talk, apparently unruffled by the ridicule.

This was the beginning of a series of long delicious conversations between Bess and her new, mysterious friend, for though Miss Torrance's quiet, tactful sympathy had drawn from frank Bess all her past history, the girl knew no more of her own beyond the fact that she was resting for a few weeks at the white house on the hill, accompanied by no one, it seemed, save a benevolent elderly woman, Mrs. Searles,—as mysterious a personage as Miss Torrance herself.

Almost before Bess realized it her beloved violin became a part of those delightful talks and one day she and the violin spent the afternoon at the white house on the hill, and Miss Torrance, playing a soft piano accompaniment to the thrilling voice of the violin, had watched the girl's rapt, dreamy face with a strange, keen gaze. Ah! the enchantment of her room, glorified by her presence! And how fast the bright hours flitted away to the fascinated girl. Here all her hopes and aspirations were poured into Miss Torrance's sympathetic ears; likewise the important fact that she was to hear Constans sing. And Miss Torrance was going too, it seemed.

"They say she is young! Not more than twenty-five," cried the girl aglow with eagerness. "Ah Miss Torrance, do you suppose I shall ever be able to thrill people with my violin as she does with her voice?"

And Miss Torrance, smiling inscrutably, replied slowly, "I believe you can my dear. In fact I am quite sure of it!"

Meanwhile the skating-lessons made little progress. It seemed impossible for Miss Torrance to skate independently, and great was her discouragement over her repeated failures. The other skaters called her "Bess's protegee" and made very merry over her repeated blunders. To Bess's great relief, Bert diplomatically maintained a strict neutrality that called forth his sister's unqualified approval.

One evening, at dusk, the twins hastened down the pond for a scarf Bess had lost that afternoon; the merry crowd was gone, but a single skater occupied the lower end of the pond, and seeing her Bess stopped short, whispering, "She is so sensitive, she practices after they are all gone. I'm going down there, Bert." "Go on, I'll follow," vouchsafed Bert, struggling with a refractory skate. He had hardly gained his feet, when a wild piercing shriek rent the air and the crashing of ice sent him flying down the pond after his terrified sister who reached the scene of disaster a moment before him.

"Quick, quick! a plank! look out, it's all rotten there," she panted, quick witted in spite of her fright. Somehow they got her out. Time and again the thin ice gave away and only their alertness saved them from the black depths below. Drenched, panting, gasping, they half-dragged, half-carried the silent drooping form up the hill where they were met by the panic-stricken Mrs. Searles.

"Oh my deary, the voice! the matchless voice! Oh why did I let her go!" she murmured frantically, chafing the cold hands; the twins were too excited to notice her words.

"Upon regaining consciousness Miss Torrance smiled reassuringly at the anxious duenna then turned to the twins saying half-humorously, half-pathetically, "This is the end. I promise you it is my last appearance on ice! Ah! how shall I ever repay you! You—you—" She broke off chokingly, extending a grateful hand to each.

The severe drenching resulted in nothing worse than a slight cold, but Miss Torrance kept closely to her room for the next five days. A week later Bess, inquiring for her at the house on the hill was intensely disappointed to learn she and the duenna had left that morning,—for New York, the woman thought.



Part II. Lohengrin.

It came at last! That Paradise of romance and song was at last before Bess's dazzled eyes as she sat in the box with Bert and her father beside her. From the moment that the curtain rose upon Wagner's immortal opera she sat in a trance,

Beaverhead.*

Beaverhead among the Rockies,
 Beautiful thou art to see!
 Thousand acres thou dost cover
 Like a vast and inland sea.
 Farms so fertile, pastures green,
 All to thee as debtors stand;

Cattle, sheep, and horses many,
 Graze along thy slopes so grand.
 Bank accounts and happy homes,
 Thanks to thee we now possess.
 Mayst thou evermore flow onward
 Close to us and happiness.

J. C. Jacobsen.

**Only.**

I.

Only a giddy youth
 With a talent for devilment—
 With a bulging brow and a thoughtful mien
 With a harmless air and a look serene;
 But alas! his heart o'erflowed with guile,
 Though he wore a most super-angelic smile—
 So artlessly innocent!

II.

Only a frisky mouse
 Who ventured too far one day:
 For the youth, while skipping merrily by,
 The miserable mousling did espy;
 He hauled out a box, with fiendish grin,
 And popped the poor kicking animule in,
 So it could not get away.

III.

Only some sweet young things
 A-digging at Physics and Greek:
 Said he to the mouse, "Their hearts we'll cheer,
 Go sing for the pretty ladies, dear!"
 But the rodent had scarce begun to sing
 Ere the rafters with maidens' screams did ring;
 The tables they mounted in panic and fear,—
 And one climbed over the chandelier! !
 Others hopped up on the bookcases new,
 And the ceiling they frantically strove to go thro' ! ! !
 With many a lusty shriek ! ! ! !

IV.

Only a giddy youth
 Doubled up upon the floor:
 And he shook, and shook, like an aspen leaf
 With some strange emotion—presumably grief—
 And he gasped to himself, 'mid the deaf'ning din,
 "'Tis a sight to make e'en a grave yard grin;
 Alack! but my sides are sore!"

—Anon

* The above comes to us from Dillon, Mont., and we take pleasure in publishing it on its merits. We would encourage outside contributions to our publication, and will be pleased if others will follow Mr. Jacobsen's example.—Ed.



The Exponent.



A Journal Published Monthly During The College Year

By The Students Of The Montana State Agricultural College.



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BEFORE long Arbor day will be upon us. This brings up the question: What can we, the students, do towards beautifying a notably unbeautiful college campus. At present the trees on our campus comprise a thin row of infantile specimens, stretching along the front fence—and invisible to the naked eye in the winter, when their foliage is absent; the "lawn" is a stubble of oat stalks, stiff and crackling when walked upon; the fence a plain, ordinary plebeian one of barbed wire and jagged, scrawny cedar posts.

To one who has ever seen a beautiful college campus, all one velvety lawn—with trees scattered here and there, at random, over it—flower beds in bloom beside the walks,—driveways, cycle paths and even walks ramifying and joining again,—one glance at the oatfield in front of our own buildings is depressing, to say the least.

What one of us cannot conjure up a vision of this same grainfield, with its barb-wire fence, transformed, by an expenditure of no great amount of work or money, into a rolling slope of rich green, shade trees here and there upon it—with a great gate in front for a driveway where the walk now is, and walks and cycle

paths beside the driveway,—yea, even that phantasmagorical fountain which graces the picture in the catalogue (how many a disappointment this same picture has caused)!

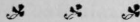
Water? Yes, we have heard that objection raised, but we have our doubts as to the impossibility of getting around it. Gallatin valley has too many streams for that.

If, on Arbor day, every patriotic student in the College (and who can be otherwise after recently hearing what the State Board had to say of us?) will plant one tree,—and plant at random, moreover, except by the main walk, for trees in straight, stiff rows are unsightly except for special locations,—in not many years, with the proper cooperation of the faculty and local board, our campus will vie in beauty with any in the West. We have a suspicion, also, that the authorities might furnish the trees if approached on the subject in the right manner.

Think about it.



"De man dat's too willin' to promise," said Uncle Eben, "makes mo' friends an' mo' trouble dan any yuthuh pusson on the map."—Washington Star.



THERE has, until recently, been less class spirit at M. S. C. than at almost any institution of its size in the West. Of late, we are pleased to note, matters are waking up somewhat, and that element which goes far towards making American College life what it is—class spirit—bids fair to become an actuality in our College. We might remark that some of this spirit has deprived us of certain frozen delicacies; but for the sake of the upbuilding of the weakest element in M. S. C.'s character, we will say that we will gladly sacrifice ten times the amount (or in plain Anglo-Saxon, twenty freezers) if such affairs would assist therein. And they do, if they are confined to what Prof. Mackay calls "clean sport"—not ruffianism.

Only, organize these classes and stand by your organization; flaunt your colors in each other's faces; give your yells on all appropriate occasions; steal each other's refreshments, and crow over it; these class enthusiasms all combine cumulatively to produce College spirit. There are eight possibilities for class organization in M. S. C.: four College classes, three Academics, and the Commercials. Of these some are already organized and have established positions in the student body,—some are still drifting. We shall confidently expect, by our next issue, to see not a single unorganized class in the College.



*Men should be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.—Pope.*



TO those who are surprised at the reappearance of the locals and the old regime, we say that, as the EXPONENT is for the students, by the students and of the students; and as alumni who are valuable friends on our subscription list, and likewise numerous students, were disappointed at the loss of the locals, we concluded that it was best to do the greatest good to the greatest number and give students and alumni what they wish. The time simply was not ripe for the change, so we accept the situation and the majority may rule. Those who cry "backed down!" we respectfully refer to a quotation given on page 13 of the Christmas number of the EXPONENT.



A Close Game.

The unbroken chain of victories has at last been broken in a close and hotly contested game of Basket Ball between M. S. C. and the Montana Wesleyan University. The game was called in the Auditorium, Friday evening, March 14th, with an audience of five or six hundred people. The game started off with a vim and rush, which indicated that neither side contemplated defeat. It was at once evident to our boys, however, that they were under a great handicap, for the slippery dancing floor made them very uncertain of foot, while the Helena boys were used to it; also our boys were more timid of rushing into the crowd on fouls, which gave the Wesleyanites a majority of balls. The first point was made by Freeman, who threw the basket on Wesleyan's foul. After about three minutes' play' Waters, one of our best men, was put out of the game because of a sprained ankle.

Trask also should have retired but hung out to the end, though under great difficulties. The score at the end of the first half was eight to twelve in favor of Wesleyan. The final score was fifteen to twenty-one in favor of Wesleyan.



Y. M. C. A. The Young Men's Christian Association has now two basket ball teams in the field. W. B. Freeman and L. F. Nash are the respective captains of the first and second. Rigorous practice has begun, and the Association is considering the proposition of challenging Wesleyan, whose team now holds the State championship for basket by virtue of the recent defeat for our College team.



FROM THE EXPERIMENT STATION.

Sheep Reports.

The reports upon the sheep fed at the Experiment Station this winter have been received from Chicago, and the Station men are highly gratified by the results of their experiments, as shown by the reports from Chicago. The 212 sheep, upon which reports have been received, consisted of 51 yearling wethers, 53 wethers, 53 ewes, and 55 lambs. The average weights were as follows: yearling wethers, 108 pounds; ewes, 95 pounds; lambs, 79 pounds. Prices were: yearling wethers, \$5.85; wethers, \$5.40; ewes, \$4.75; lambs, \$6.50. The average percentage of dressed weight was: yearling wethers, 52.9 per cent.; wethers, 53.5 per cent.; ewes, 50.6 per cent.; lambs, 54.2 per cent.

The Chicago branch of Swift & Co., who made the tests, say of the sheep sent from the Experiment Station: "We consider all of these sheep and lambs a useful class of stock, not too fat, and they dress about 2 per cent. above the average coming to the Chicago market at the present time. The percentage of dressed

weight is figured on a basis of actual weight, immediately after killing, shrunk 3 per cent., which is about what mutton will shrink after hanging over night."

The difference in price per ton, received for the hay fed these sheep, as hay, and the price per ton, when the hay had been marketed as mutton, has not been figured up yet, but there is no doubt it will show a good balance in favor of the hay fed to the sheep, and sold as mutton. The significant fact should be noted that these sheep were shipped 1,500 miles, came in competition with eastern-bred sheep, and yet caught the top price of the market, and dressed 2 per cent. higher than any others coming to the Chicago market. Such are the results of careful and scientific feeding in Montana.

Pink Eye

The existence of "pink eye" in the country may render something on the subject interesting.

Symptoms:—Chiefly by a discharge of the eyes, an intense degree of inflammation of the mucous membranes of the eye, accompanied by swelling of the eyelids and an early clouding or the cornea, or front transparent part of the eye. The flow of tears is mixed with pus, sometimes streaked with blood. The eyes are kept continually closed. The attack is marked from the outset by a high fever, loss of appetite, (partial loss of milk, in cows) and suspended rumination in cows, and separation from the other animals near. This disease is considered contagious, and as it very often blinds the animals for a time and leads to graver troubles, it is of importance to be able to give it treatment. The simplest treatment is given in a special report on diseases of cattle and horses, published by the department of agriculture in 1896.

Treatment: "The animal should be housed in a cool, dark stable, supplied with plenty of fresh water to drink and soft, succulent food, (turnips, carrots, etc). Administer a dose of Epsom salts, the amount to be determined by the size of the animal, dissolved in water.

Give tincture of veratrum viride every two hours in 30-drop doses and half an ounce of saltpetre three times a day. For an eye wash take boracic acid, 1 dram, and pour four ounces boiling water over it. Use as often as convenient. Prevention is better than cure, and as soon as this disease appears in a herd, all unaffected animals should be removed to another locality.

EXCHANGE.

Comment.

Our Exchanges for this month are more literary than previous issues. Some print prize orations and debates and some prize stories. Probably the spring fever of oratorical and debating contests is making itself prominent among our contemporaries as with us. Some of our exchanges show a very distinct life history in following the various phases of the school work dur-

ing the year...As may be supposed, these are of the most interest to the exchange editor.

We have received Vol. I No. 2, of "The Modern Hermes," from the Mattoon High School, Illinois. Though a new paper it is very commendable literary material.

The W. T. M. A. Bugle Notes, from

San Antonio, Texas, is also new to us.
The poem "Texas" is rather a bad pun
on the name of their home state.

The Central Collegian has a new
and novel way of criticising their ex-
changes. Some of the criticisms are
rather severe withal.

The February High School Senti-
ment, from Parsons, Kansas, has a
very jealous complexion... Most of its
contents would bear mending.

Wise and Otherwise.

MY SWEETHEART.

A pair of hazel eyes I know
With glances fond for me;
Two outstretched arms, two rosy lips,
A vision rare to see.

Those hazel eyes, those arms out-
stretched,
Those lips which I claim mine
Are always present to my view,
They're painted on my stein.

—R. W. K., in Wesleyan Lit.

Neither Harvard, Yale, Princeton,
nor Pennsylvania has ever had a single
fatal accident happen to any of its
foot ball players.

Mother—"Well Johnnie what did
you learn to-day?"

Johnnie (who has been visiting his

older brother at school)—I learned
in 'rithmetic class that the square of
the base and perpendicular of a right-
handed triangle is equal to the sum
of a hippopotamus.

We have boiled the hydrant water,
We have sterilized the milk,
We have strained the prowling mi-
crobes

Through the finest kind of silk.
We have bought and we have bor-
rowed

Every patent health device,
And at last the doctor tells us
That we've got to boil the ice!

First Flea—"Been on a vacation,
have you?"

Second Flea—"No, not exactly, but
I've been on a tramp for a month."

The Yale 1905 and the Columbia
1905 teams will race over the Lake
Whitney course of one and seven-
eighths miles on May 10th.

BOSTON!

Street Car Conductor—How old
are you little girl?"

Little Girl—"If the corporation does
not object, I'd prefer to pay full fare
and keep my own statistics."

Do kittens that been mauled and
teased in their infancy become mal-
tese cats in their advanced years?
Consult the editor.



The State Board of Education visited the College March 14th, and addressed the students in assembly.

Don Robinson, a well-known member of class '04, recently won the local oratorical contest at Colorado College, where he is now a student.

The Glee Club will start on their concert trip March 30th. They intend to sing in Butte, Helena, Missoula, Deer Lodge, and possibly Townsend.

Mr. Chas. Willson, floriculturist of the Station, recently left for Butte to accept a position on the Columbia Gardens. Mr. Fisher has been chosen to supercede him.

M. S. C.'s the swellest College
Underneath the sky,
Mayhap you can guess the reason
Pretty evident this season
Shall we tell you why?

The seats in assembly are all numbered and each person has a seat assigned him. Absences will not be so numerous from now on—that is unless the lectures become notoriously bad!

Miss Edith Brown gave an "Initial" party to the class '03 Friday evening, March 7th. It was one of the most novel parties of the year. "Long live Pedro!"

Garfield Morris greatly surprised his parents on the morning of March 8th, at 2:30 by shouting "There is a man in the house!" He celebrated this

great event the same evening by a delightful birthday dinner at which were present twelve friends—Misses Bess Williams, Edna Maynard, Grace Wylie, Carrie Gardner, Lucile Quaw, and Edna Lewis; also Messrs. Foley and Herman Waters, Kinney Freeman, Henry Gardiner, and Frank Tavenner. The remainder of the evening after dinner, was spent in listening to the Graphophone and playing whist.

Foley Waters and Arthur Stevenson gave a strawride to a number of their friends Thursday evening, March 13th. The party went out to Mr. Stevenson's home, about five miles from Bozeman, where they partook of a delicious oyster supper, and spent the evening playing games. This party was one of the most enjoyable of the season.

The preliminary debate to the coming intercollegiate, was held Saturday evening, March 1st, in assembly hall. The question was, Resolved: That Trusts are Beneficial to Our National Prosperity. The arguments given by the members on each side were so clear and convincing that it was a difficult matter to determine which three of the eight speakers handled the subject most ably. The affirming speakers were, Miss Bess Williams, Walter Collins, G. T. Morris and F. G. Willson. The negative, Grace Wylie, Foley Waters, Polly Davidson and Zoe Hartman. The judges, Lawyers Luce, Walrath and Hoffman, awarded first place to Miss Davidson, second to Mr. Waters, third to Miss Hartman and alternate to Mr. Willson.

Captain Benton is bringing his company of cadets along in first-rate style.



Walter and Ira Phillips left College March 20, to return to their home in the Judith.



J. A. Davidson '03 took a flying trip to Butte on Friday, the 21st inst., remaining over Sunday.



Alfred Dier recently returned to College after a jaunt in British Columbia and on the Pacific Coast.



Clinton Jackson, Miss Marie Jackson and Miss Anderson left for Livingston Thursday morning, March 27, whence they went to their home in the Judith Basin.



Recently the third year Academic class held its first meeting for organization. The following officers were elected: President, Jacob Vogel; Secretary, Miss Icie Moore.



The Y. M. C. A. gave the citizens of Bozeman full measure, and running over of culture and fun and enjoyment in the lecture by Col. L. F. Copeland the evening of March 18. Everyone was pleased.



Miss Harkins entertained the Montana State Housekeepers' Society in the Domestic Science parlors, Monday afternoon, March 17. Demonstrations and refreshments were the features of the occasion.



The Sophomores met the evening of St. Patrick's Day for organization, at the home of Miss Brown. The same

young lady was elected class president, J. G. Locke vice-president, and Miss Wylie secretary. The class colors are colam and golen.



The Third Academics recently organized. The officers of the class are as follows: President, Jacob Vogel; Secretary and Salutatorian, Miss I. E. Moore; Historian, Harold Baker; Essayist, Ralph Benton; Poet—to be competed for; Valedictorian, Clyde E. Penwell.



OBITUARY.



*"Another hand is beckoning us,—
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path which leads to Heaven."*

The students and faculty were deeply grieved to learn of the recent death of James Cameron, once a student at M. S. C. Mr. Cameron graduated at the Bozeman High School in 1897 and attended College until the Spanish-American war broke out, when he enlisted and went to the Philippines. On his return he entered the Stanford University, where he has been a student for several years, and has won for himself the enviable reputation of an excellent student. His death came suddenly; it is reported that he was only ill seven hours. It is hard to give up a dear one, hard to say "Thy will be done"—yet we are glad that we were once privileged to have him among us, he whose life was so precious that the Master had need of it. We wish to express our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family in this sad hour of affliction.



COLLEGE GLEE CLUB



THE MONTANA STATE