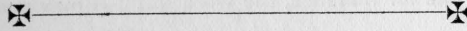


The Exponent

VOLUME VI.

MARCH, 1902.

NUMBER V.



Sweet April! Many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed.

—*Longfellow.*



Slang.

I F you want to be "in the push" in this day and age of the world, you must use slang. It makes little difference what your vocation may be, whether you are boss of a sewer gang, or the "chief mogul" of a collegiate institution, you are never "strictly in it" unless you are very fluent in small talk (which literally translated means talk with small sense) and can use intelligently the most up-to-date slang.

Slang is no new art, although it is rather to be doubted whether the "old boss" William the Conqueror would have fought at Hastings had he been aware that in the course of time his good old Norman-French would be corrupted by the Saxon "push" and that this corruption would become the "hot stuff" for future generations.

Because slang has never been recognized as an art is no sign that it is not gaining prestige. Of course there are some who are still fighting its propagation, among whom may be named college presidents, ministers, teachers, and some foolishly sentimental people "who want to 'go 'way back and sit down" when innovations of this kind are considered, but when we take into account the fact that the gum chewing advocates all over the country recognize the importance of this art, those who "buck" against it need hardly be taken into consideration.

By way of explanation it may be said that the above mentioned art of gum chewing is getting to be almost as important as slang itself. By no scratch of the pen do we expect to add one iota to the beauty of these arts, but if by some poor word expressed, one being should be added to the fold, it would be a source of gratification to those already in the "swim."

As to the best and easiest way to acquire this art, we have three points to consider. First, get a vocabulary. Second, get up speed. Third, equip yourself with the kindred arts which will go hand in hand with this.

First, get a vocabulary. This can only be done as in any other art or language by "keeping after the turkey," and practicing whenever opportunity offers. Whatever you do, overcome the habit of substituting English words for some beautiful expression in the vernacular of this art.

Not long since a young man was heard to make the unpardonable mistake of

saying, "I do not agree with you as to the position you have taken" for that short but epigrammatic phrase "Come off the perch." Of course he was immediately corrected by a connoisseur.

Some may object here to what has here been called the most important point, or more properly speaking the first point to be considered in the discussion of this subject. They will say that the first thing to do in acquiring a language is to get some idea of the declensions and the rules of syntax. Ah! our poor deluded friends, here is where "we have you on the hip." Slang has no such thing as declensions and rules of syntax. More than that, all the words therein have a wide range of meaning. Take for instance, the word "nit"; it may mean nothing, no, and several others.

So then, if one expects to become "cracker jack" in slang he must first obtain a good vocabulary.

Second, as to getting up speed. Anyone can do a thing well if he takes time enough, but the main object in this as in many other things is to be "up to snuff" in speed. Of course one difficulty in getting up speed lies in the fact that the language itself is much abbreviated, but what was said to those acquiring a vocabulary can be said here again, "If you wish to attain speed you must practice unceasingly." Just to show what can be done in this line, permit an illustration. Not long since the writer entered a trolley car of one of our metropolitan cities. The only other occupants at the time, was an old gentleman who was very diligently perusing a newspaper, and a young lady who was reading one of Bertha M. Clay's literary gems. She was very much absorbed in this until one of her lady friends entered at the next block, when an excellent example of getting up speed in slang could have been observed in the following conversation: "Ah, there, Lou, old pard; how're you comin'?"

"Howde, (which is the Missouri version of "How do you do"), Liz; oh about six in a hill. Isn't this weather out of sight? I don't think."

"Well I should say so. Say Lou, were you to the rag last night?"

"Nit, couldn't cut the mustard."

And so this conversation proceeded for from twenty minutes to a half hour.

The old gentleman in the corner who was not an expert linguist, and had not his foreign languages very well classified, leaned over and inquired if those young ladies were speaking French, Italian, or Choctaw. So much for getting up speed.

Now we come to the third point of our discourse, namely: the acquiring of kindred arts and literature. Probably the most important art among these is the art of gum chewing, while the most pronounced literary attainment is that of the works of Miss Yellowback.

It cannot be doubted but that the art of gum chewing has its effect upon slang. First let us reason from analogy. Nearly all the best and speediest slang users chew gum; then it is reasonable to suppose that each of these arts affects the other. But there is a more scientific reason than this. Gum chewing exercises the jaws and enables the slang user to get up a better speed and possess a more correct articulation. For the same reason the pianist exercises her fingers, the slang user exercises her jaws. Much might be said on this art of gum chewing, such as, perhaps, the structure, properties, etc., of gum, but that would cause us to digress from our present line of thought. We are here rather taking the position of the metaphysician and attempting to harmonize these subjects than to make an analysis of them.

Not only are there arts which go hand in hand with slang using, but there are branches of literature which must be studied for the full understanding of it.

The works of Miss Yellowback might be called the encyclopedia of slang. It is nearly always the case that a reader of these excellent works is much more fluent in the use of slang than his more illiterate brother.

We do not deem it necessary to close with an exhortation, but only ask that the comparative beauties of the different kinds of expression be carefully investigated and let judgment decide for itself.



A Spring Day in Montana.



I.

The morning wakes in modest beauty,
The heavy perfumed air
Seems sweet with new born flowers, whose slumbers
The zephyrs wake to morning prayer.



II.

Anon, the tear-drops gather in the bright blue heaven,
All trembling, diamond like, about to fall;
A cloud goes by and darkens the horizon.
Again the sun shines over all.



III.

Among the trees a thousand birds are singing
Their thousand voices cheer.
That Spring has come, that Winter now is ended,
The river answers loud and clear.



IV.

But later, when the sun declining
Behind the hill, a golden ray,
And night descends, the earth then freezes over,
And Winter holds the world once more in sway.

—Anon

Studiosa Puella Scribit Themam.

H'M! Another of those wretched themes to write! My last was perfectly threadbare,—old Bangs said so, and he ought to know, I s'pose. Bet forty'ven dollars he knew I wrote it in ten minutes. Never did animal have keener perception than he. Well, here goes. H'm!—Where are those cookies, anyway—* * * * "Wordsworth as a poet." Oh DEAR! This will be worse than the last. Now why can't he give us a decent subject, such as sane people are accustomed to write on? Like "Treatise on Causes and Effects of Pigeon-toed People," or "Why the Science of English Literature Makes Some Profs. More Knock-kneed Than Others." Why I could wax positively eloquent on either one of those,—only Bangsey wouldn't be able to appreciate any one's eloquence but his own. * * * * H'm. * * * Now if it were only Byron! Honestly I can't read the "Battle of Waterloo" without weeping gallons, to save my life. But WORDS-WORTH! Old donkey! Don't believe he ever wrote anything worth noticing anyway.

* * * * "The great genius of this favorite American poet has long resounded thro' the ages—thro the—ages—as the most brilliant star that ever shot out of the Heavens of poetry, since the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob." There! that sounds perfectly sublime! I believe it was a flash of inspiration or—or genius perhaps. Of course that last phrase is only a figure of speech,—to give tone and originality to the whole thing. * * * Goodness, aren't these bonbons frabjous, though? * * H'm! "His poetry, so exquisite in tone, so—er—flowing in soul, is designed—er—to stir the inmost affections———is designed——" That sounds just like Callie Day describing her new waist,—the little greenup! She thinks she looks irresistible in it, too. Electric salmon with chocolate satin trimmings,—just fancy what an excruciating effect it has! And with her complexion! Why, pumpkins aren't in it beside her! How she does chase after those Ivory girls,—just to be popular! The cheek of a brass monkey, I call it! * * * "Wordsworth has written many poetic—er—gems—of surpassing—surpassing—(oh something!)—on such topice as odes, lambs, shepherds,—lovers, and—" I'll declare, that Effie Lear makes me tired the way she languishes around after the boys, and sings love-songs, too! How silly some girls are! Before I go crazy over a boy, I'll quit. Of course, Geoff and I are just friends, and I never think of going out with him more than three times a week and then once on Sunday. Why the other girls hang around the boys all the ti me. That Clayton girl is the worst, carroty-headed thing. I saw her ogling at Geoff the other evening at the reception. I believe she's jealous of me. Well, I'll fix her if she goes to hanging around Geoff! Boys haven't any sense, either. Why, all she has to do is to execute one full-sized ogle and three winks, and the chumps fall over themselves to get there first. The designing, pusillanimous minx! There, I've delivered myself in the most approved Johnsonian style. Would that Bangsey were here to appreciate it! Dear old brick-bat, he would weep tears of joy to hear me! ——* * H'm!

* * * "His chief and most celebrated works are 'The Old Oaken Bucket' and —(—er—didn't he write—ah—'In Memoriam?' Of course he did.)—and 'In Memoriam.' This last-named gem came from an overflow of soul executed upon the back step of—er—the poet's home and was inspired by—by the fast-fading glories

of an expiring sunset. This—er—sunset was immortalized—” Well, if I were Helen Clem, I'd powder my face, or whitewash it, or something. Positively she'd put any sunset to shame! 'Fore I'd look like a small pox sign, all the time! * * * Where was I? Oh! * * * “Wordsworth resembles Plato insomuch as the calm dispassionate philosophy—” Oh, bother! I'd like to stuff this effusion down Bangsey's throat. Oh, there's Tommy Taft, bless his heart! Hair as artistically tousled as usual. Tommy, I say, Tom! Look up, cant you? I'd come down and talk to you if I wasn't deep in tomorrow's theme Say did you hear of my latest scrape? Oh, it was rich! You see, in one of my happy, irresponsible moods, I tacked up a notice on the bulletin board like this:

ATTENTION!

*Fellers all! Old Fogies! And widders, (grass and otherwise).
Preay better! Now on the road to recovery! What doctors thought was fatty degeneration of the aurora borealis turns out to be only a slight sprain of the intellect.*

Brilliant, wasn't it? Well, I was standing there, graciously acknowledging the applause of an admiring multitude, when 'long comes the great and only Mrs. Professoreess Fitz Orin, and sails pompously up to the board and casts her eye on my notice. Then scorching me with an adamantine look that makes my eyes water, she says, “Miss Haine, you carry on your nonsense entirely too far. You will kindly remove this.” Well, I don't know what got into me, but says I, “Faix mem, indade an' I will! Bless yer swate angel face, it's char-rumed I'd be to do annything for ye, at all, at all, bedad!” Oh but she was mad! She was SO mad! She was in a regular volcanic rage and her face was the color of boiled cabbage. I laugh for two weeks steady every time I think of it. A terror? Why, I suppose I am. Well, ta-ta, Tommy.

Look out, you're trippin' over your cane. Don't sprain your mind studyin', or,—there, he's gone; dear child! he's too hilariously funny for this world. Oh, dear, DEAR! this miserable theme! * * * * *

There! Now I'll wind up with some high-falutin' sentiment that'll lift Bangsey clear off his chair to misty heights of exaltation! (That metaphor is simply divine, if I do say it.) * * * * * At last! It's just got to do. I'll tie the pages together with ribbons, I guess,—brick color in honor of that red-headed Clayton thing and—and—let's see—white, of course! White to typify the guilelessness of my ever-adored Bangsey. There! don't ever want to see the old thing again! It's just terrible how I slave! Here I've been forty-five minutes at this thing, digging like a convict, and now I'm on the verge of nervous prostration. College is just a regular grind. I believe it's dangerous to work so hard, and—. Kit, Kit, where did you hide the cream taffy? Oh I am STARVED ! !



The Exponent.



A Journal Published Monthly During The College Year
By The Students Of The Montana State Agricultural College.



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COLONEL Chisholm's twenty dollar prize for the best oration delivered by the students of this college, has awakened a lively interest in oratory. It is gratifying to all the students to know that some of our townsmen have sufficient sufficient in our Alma Mater to thus substantially manifest it. The importance of being able to express oneself upon the public platform cannot be overestimated, and we have reason to believe that the outlook for the college this year is very promising, and we truly hope to carry off the laurels in oratory if we cannot in debating.



The theory of books is noble.—Emerson.



ONE of the chief traits we should cultivate, is the habit of cheerfulness. It is so easy to find fault, so easy to criticise, so easy to complain, but often so very hard to be cheerful. And what is more discouraging than to see a person

with a sour, sad visage, with a frown upon his brow, fretting over lessons, over cold, over heat, over anything. If things do not please us and we cannot remedy them, let us make the best of it. How much happier the world would be if all would follow this advice:

"Talk happiness, the world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak to these to rest the weary ear
Of earth so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain."



Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them
—Bacon.



THE 30th of May, as we all know, is Decoration Day. It has been suggested by one of the students, that on that day we assemble in a body and decorate the graves of our dear departed fellow students who slumber on the cemetery hill. This is one way to show our college spirit.



*"I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles more or less,
And it's the man that does the best,
That gets more kicks than all the rest."*

—James Whitcomb Riley.



SOME students are very careless in throwing ink upon the floor of the class rooms. "By their ink ye shall know them" a college professor was heard to say recently, as she gazed at the much bespattered floor of her otherwise tidy and attractive class room. Would these same students do this in their own home? We think not. Of course this is not done intentionally, it is simply thoughtlessness. If we would but think before we bring muddy rubbers into the halls, tear up paper and throw it on the floors, and leave our books and wraps about in places where they do not belong, how much tidier our College would be.



Basket-Ball.

On March 26, the Y. M. C. A. basket-ball team played its first out-side game, with the High School. This was the first organized effort to uphold the third side of the triangle, and a more skillful exhibition of physical training was never exhibited by our College boys. The speed and accuracy by which the ball passed from the centre scrimmage to our goal was simply surprising. Several of the goals were made as fast as one could count one, two, three, four. The work of Nash and Freeman was especially clever, the former shooting one goal from over half way between the center and basket, and the latter in his quick and accurate efforts at close range which invariably meant a goal. Hartman was the star of the High School team, and his work is to be commended. The score was 60 to 18, in favor of the triangle.

LINE UP:

Y. M. C. A.

Freeman.....	C	Smith
C. Jones.....	R. G	Callaghan
Kinney.....	L. G	Pease
W. W. Jones.....	R. F	Fay Jeffers
Nash.....	L. F	Hartman

HIGH SCHOOL



FROM THE EXPERIMENT STATION.

Feeding Steers for Market.

Feeding began November 13th, 1900. Thirty one steers were fed for shipment. The steers were divided into three lots, according to quality. The food consumed by the steers from Nov. 13th to March 30th, was as follows: Lot 1. (11 steers) 37,455 lbs. clover, and 7,530 lbs. barley meal. Lot 2. (10 steers) 29,335 lbs. clover, and 7,315 lbs. barley meal. Lot 3. (10 steers) 29,235 lbs. clover, and 7,308 lbs. barley meal. The average daily consumption of food, per capita, during 137 days was, for lot 1, 24.8 pounds clover, and 5 pounds barley meal. Lot 2, 21.4 pounds clover, and 5.34 pounds barley meal. Lot 3, 21.3 pounds clover, and 5.39 pounds meal.

The following gains were made during the 137 days feeding period:

Lot 1. (11 steers) 3,015 lbs., averaging 247.1 lbs. per capita.

Lot 2. (10 steers) 2,410 lbs., averaging 241 lbs. per capita.

Lot 3. (10 steers) 2,435 lbs., averaging 234.5 lbs. per capita.

The average daily gains per capita for the three lots, throughout the test were 2, 1.75, and 1.71 lbs., respectively.

The large gains from such light feeding are attributed to the superior quality of the food and the extremely suitable climatic conditions. The clover had been cured beneath a cloudless sky, and the feeding period consisted of an almost un-

interrupted succession of bright, still days. The steers were fed in open yards.

It has been found that with legumes of such quality as can be produced in this valley, that maximum gains can be secured from the use of a minimum amount of grain. Not more than one-half pound per day per one hundred pounds of live weight is required.

The foods were charged up at \$5.00 per ton for clover, and 70 cents per cwt. for barley meal; resulting in a total cost of \$146.34 for lot 1; \$124.53 for lot 2; and \$124.71 for lot 3. Therefore, from the date given we get the following comparative costs per one hundred pounds increase, viz: \$4.85, \$5.16, and \$5.31, the costs increasing as the lots lacked in beef type. These steers were shipped to Seattle, where the sale resulted in a net profit of \$122.59 on the car load, notwithstanding the disadvantage of their age, weight and heavy shrinkage resulting from the five days' trip.

Clover and Grain Hay Compared.

As a result of several tests, the Station believes that, for sheep feeding, clover is better than grain hay, there being a large amount of waste to the latter, though it might be used to better advantage as food for horses or cattle. Of a test, in which clover and grain ration of oats and barley, clover and screenings, and clover only, were used, as sheep food, the best results were achieved by the use of clover and screenings, the increase being greater and cost of production less.

In a test of effect of water supply on fattening lambs, the lambs with constant access to water gained 9.36 lbs. each per month; others watered once a day gained but 7.15 lbs. in the same time. Those which were permitted to take water at will produced 100 lbs. gain at \$3.39, while those with restricted supply cost \$4.51 for the same amount.

EXCHANGE.

Comment. The debating and oratorical fever is still raging among our contemporaries. Many of the school papers print photographs of their oratorical contestants. Many of the March numbers also print photos of their editorial staffs. The Central Collegian has both a photo of the staff and of the State oratorical contestants. Most of the schools seem to have more candidates for oratorical honors than our college. Perhaps a few such lectures as Wendling's "Saul of Tarsus" would give us the needed stimulus.

We have a new exchange from East St. Louis, Ill. Its title is "The Euterpean" and though we cannot tell by what kind of a school it is published, we find it readable and welcome it to our exchange table.

The Oracle, from De Pere, Wis., is a very readable exchange.

Through the efforts of Mr. Paul Johnson, we have the Oregon Weekly and Oregon Monthly, both from the University of Oregon, on our list.

Judging from its papers the University of Oregon must be very lively, especially in athletics.



The March number of the X-Ray from West Bay City, Mich., is exceptionally good.



Another well edited little paper is the High School Review, from Petoskey, Mich.



We wonder when our exchanges will tire of printing upside down that very silly piece of poetical nonsense entitled "For Men Only." It is enough to pass a bad joke around once, but by continued re-hashing it becomes positively odoriferous.



The poem, "Heroism," in the March Spectrum is a very deep piece of verse.



Wise and Otherwise.

It should be the next move of the State Board to provide a violin instructor for some of our young ladies who imagine they are very proficient in handling beaux.



Prep.—"Do fishes talk?"

Wise—"Certainly. You know that cod fish ball and oysters stew."



Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,

Despite his love and kisses,
For while he always hits the mark,
He's always making Mrs.

The Illinois legislature has made hazing a criminal offense. Offenders may be fined \$500 and sent to jail for six months.



It was a smart student who said that the future of the verb "to love" was marriage and that the past participle was divorce.



Sue—"Charley said last night that he was going to tell me the old, old story."

Belle—"And did he propose?"

Sue—"No, he told me about Jonah and the whale."



"Heaven help the wretched Hottentots!"

The missionary said;
But the Hottentots all helped themselves

As soon as he was dead.



A case of kidnapping—A young goat asleep.



Teacher—"Patrick, what is an island?"

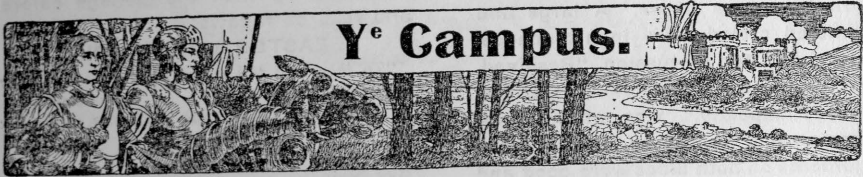
Pat—"Faith, sir, an' its a place ye can't lave without a boat."



There is no tyrant like the vice with which we have compromised.



Every time you laff you take a kink out of life's chain and thus lengthen it.—Josh Billings.



We gladly welcome Lucius Fuller back into the fold.

Fred Brown will return to Bozeman about the middle of May.

There will be one more issue of the Exponent before the holidays.

A new set of wearable book shelves were recently received into the library.

The girls in the sewing classes are at work on their new spring suits, shirt waists, etc. Later they will make their graduation dresses.

Miss Polly Davidson has left the M. S. C. for her home in the country. We were all very sorry to see her go and miss her very much.

Recently the club made a concert tour to Townsend, Helena, Butte, Deer Lodge and Hamilton, which was a great success in every particular.

The Junior yell is:

With a one! With a nine!
With a naught! With a three!
Rah-hoo-ree! Who are we!
Nineteen 'three! Juniors!

We are proud to say that we have the finest glee club in the state. There are at present sixteen members. Prof. Currier himself once a member of a famous eastern glee club, is the director and trainer.

The Clio's and Arena's are arranging to give a play soon.

The Glee Club gave its home concert in the opera house Tuesday evening, April 15.

What the Glee boys did on their tour would fill an octavo volume, so we cannot print all the fun they had. Read the Courier for April 11 and you will see part of it.

Profs. Brewer and Baker capped the record of the College for mumps by conjointly conspiring to come down therewith at one and the same time. At this writing both are doing finely.

F. W. Ham carried off the local honors of oratory at M. S. C. at the preliminary contest, April 7. Ham is on the Exponent staff, as we all know, and we're proud of it. He incidentally got away with Col. Chisholm's \$20 prize offered for the occasion.

The members of the voluntary company of cadets, who have been drilling for some time past, were recently examined, and the officers announced as follows: Ralph Benton, captain; F. L. Tavenner, 1st lieutenant; W. B. Morris, 1st sergeant; C. D. Flaherty, 2nd sergeant; Burle Jones, 3rd sergeant; Jack Codd, 4th sergeant; H. J. Reese, 5th sergeant; W. A. Flaherty, 1st corporal; Harvey Sloan, 2nd corporal; Willis Ray, 1st musician; Wm. Evans, 2nd musician.

The Intercollegiate debate between Wesleyan University and Montana State College took place Friday, Mar. 28, in the opera house. A large and interested crowd were in attendance. The subject for discussion, "Resolved, That Trusts are Beneficial to Our National Prosperity," was affirmed by Bozeman and denied by Helena. The arguments on both sides were good and showed careful preparation, but Helena did the best rebuttal work and in the end won by a few points. The Bozeman speakers were Miss Polly Davidson, Miss Zoe Hartman, and Mr. Foley Waters. The Helena representation were C. P. Hargraves, W. E. Fisher, and Melvin Hunt. The judges were W. L. Holloway, of Bozeman; Lee Word, of Helena; and Mr. Miller, of Livingston. Prof. Geo. B. Swan acted as chairman. Besides the debate, Professor Baker rendered a vocal solo and the Glee Club sang "Sunset" and "A Medley" in their usual inimitable manner. About fifteen Helena students came over to hear the debate. A lunch was given them in the Domestic Science rooms, Friday morning, at 12:30. The menu was delicious and served in the most highly approved manner. The tables, at which thirty people sat, were beautifully decorated with carnations. Pres. Reid gave a toast on "Trusts," Mrs. Hall on "College Spirit," and Miss Collins and Mr. King were called on for impromptu speeches. After the luncheon there was a reception held in assembly hall in honor of the visitors. Miss Edna Lewis entertained the Helena ladies at dinner the same afternoon, at 5:30.

The State Board of Education visited the College Tuesday, April 1st. Gov. Toole and Atty.-Gen. Donovan addressed the students in assembly. An Easter luncheon was given them at 12 o'clock in the Domestic Science rooms. The tables were artistically decorated with carnations and smilax, and at each plate was an Easter favor fash-

ioned from eggs into little brownies and chickens, etc. The menu cards were tied up with the College colors and read as follows:

EASTER LUNCHEON.

"To thee and thy company I bid a hearty welcome."
—Shakespeare.

"It is a condition that confronts us—not a theory."

MENU.

Egg Soup.	Wafers.
Egg Noodles.	
<i>"The well laid eggs of mony a hen gang all aglee."</i>	
Chicken Pie.	Mashed Potatoes.
Boston Brown Bread.	
Jelly.	Salted Nuts.
Salad.	Bread and Butter.
Cheese Fingers.	

"You will like him, he is a man after your own heart," said the Dealer to the Lettuce.
"That's what I am afraid of," answered the Lettuce sadly.
—Alice Rollins.
Orange Luprese.
Macaroons.
"Neither kisses nor cakes but just macaroons."
Coffee.
Bon Bons.

"We sit to chat as well as eat."

"We meet and greet and sever."

Twenty-five persons were present at this delightful luncheon.

THE SENIORS.

"Hurrah for the gold! Hurrah for the blue!

Hurrah for the class of 1902!"

Seven members grace the Senior class this year.

At present they are all preparing their theses. Miss Quaw is working under the direction of Prof. Brewer, and is editing Wordworth's Prelude. Schabarker, Williams and Hutton have their work under Prof. Williams. They are running boiler tests on about 15 or 20 different kinds of coal. Mr. Spragg's subject is "Grasses in Montana," under Prof. Shaw, and President Reid is directing the work of Mr. Collins and Thompson, who are dealing with the subjects of Economics and Sociology. Mr. Collins is writing upon "Trusts" and Mr. Thompson's subject is "The Value That the Montana State College is to Bozeman."